



Solitaire Illustrated



Official Magazine of the "Solitaire Leagues of the MFCA"

Volume 1 Issue 5

July 4, 2013

Independence Day 2013

**A Name on
the Wall**

**Football's
Wartime
Heroes**

**A Shooting in
Music City**

Solitaire Coaches



**Points Challenge
Update**



SCPC
Season One
Final
Results
League
by
League
Final Standings

**From the Locker
Room**

**The Offensive
Coordinator**

**The Defensive
Coordinator**

Special Teams



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From the desk of the Editor

Chris LeMay



Independence Day and the Fourth of July!!! Fireworks, family cookouts, America and patriotism. GOD BLESS THE USA!!!

The Fourth of July brings back many memories, many good and some not so good. It is the celebration of the birth of this great nation and football, from the high school level, to the college level, to the professional level, I often celebrate our military and honors those who have served our country in the armed forces. Red, white and blue are the colors of the NFL logo and many other professional sports logos. They are also the most used colors in uniforms of all sports.

Since the birth of the NFL there have been several former professional football players killed while serving in the military. Pat Tillman is perhaps the one that first comes to mind but there was one other who played for the Buffalo Bills of the old AFL in 1968 who was killed in Vietnam in 1970.

I remember reading an article in Sports Illustrated about Bob Kalsu in 2001 and while doing research for this issue discovered that another pro football player was killed in Vietnam in 1967 and that 23 former NFL men were killed in WW II.

Unfortunately, the Fourth of July is also a day that will forever be remembered in the history of Nashville and Tennessee Titans history as the day that former Titans quarterback Steve McNair was shot and killed in a bizarre story of murder and suicide.

But the main focus of this issue is to celebrate the conclusion of the Inaugural Season of the SOLITAIRE COACHES POINTS CHALLENGE (SCPC) and the announcement of the SOLITAIRE COACHES BOWL CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES Bowl game bids.

The TOP 2 teams in every division have been decided and issued invitations to compete in the 4 Division Championship Bowl Games to determine the Season One SCPC National Champion.

In addition, coaches who own teams that are bowl eligible (6 or more wins) will be playing Bowl Games of their own choosing and creation during the next month in order to gain more SCPC points and move up in the rankings.

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Table of Contents

Volume 1 Issue 5

July 4, 2013

Page 2	From the Desk of the Editor
Page 4	A Name on the Wall
Page 11	Football's Wartime Heroes
Page 13	A Shooting in Music City
Page 14	SCPC Final Rankings
Page 15	Division Leaders and Bowl Eligible Teams
Page 16	The SCBCS National Championship Picture
Page 17	The SCPC Leagues Final Standings
Page 26	From the Locker Room
Page 27	The Offensive Coordinator
Page 28	The Defensive Coordinator
Page 29	Special Teams

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A Name On The Wall

Reprinted from "Sports Illustrated" originally published July 23, 2001

Bob Kalsu had just finished a stellar rookie year in the NFL when he chose to serve in Vietnam—and became the only U.S. pro athlete to die there.

by William Nack

The feeling had gone out of everything. It was like we were zombies. You didn't care anymore. July was terrible. The [North Vietnamese] whacked Ripcord, that hill we were on, with mortars and rocket fire. Day after day, night after night. I was getting shell-shocked. I didn't care if I got out. At night you could hear the [enemy] yelling from the jungles all around, "GI die tonight! GI die tonight!" This was our deathbed. We thought we were going to be overrun.

—SPC. 4TH CLASS DANIEL THOMPSON, wireman at Firebase Ripcord, Vietnam, July 1970

There were always lulls between the salvos of incoming mortars, moments of perishable relief. The last salvo had just ended, and the dust was still settling over Firebase Ripcord. In one command bunker, down where the reek of combat hung like whorehouse curtains, Lieut. Bob Kalsu and Pfc. Nick Fotias sat basting in the jungle heat. In that last salvo the North Vietnamese Army (NVA), as usual, had thrown in a round of tear gas, and the stinging gas and the smoke of burning cordite had curled into the bunkers, making them all but unbearable to breathe in. It was so sweltering inside that many soldiers suffered the gas rather than gasp in their hot, stinking rubber masks. So, seeking relief, Kalsu and Fotias swam for the light, heading out the door of the bunker, the threat of mortars be damned. "Call us foolish or brave, we'd come out to get a breath of fresh air," Fotias recalls.

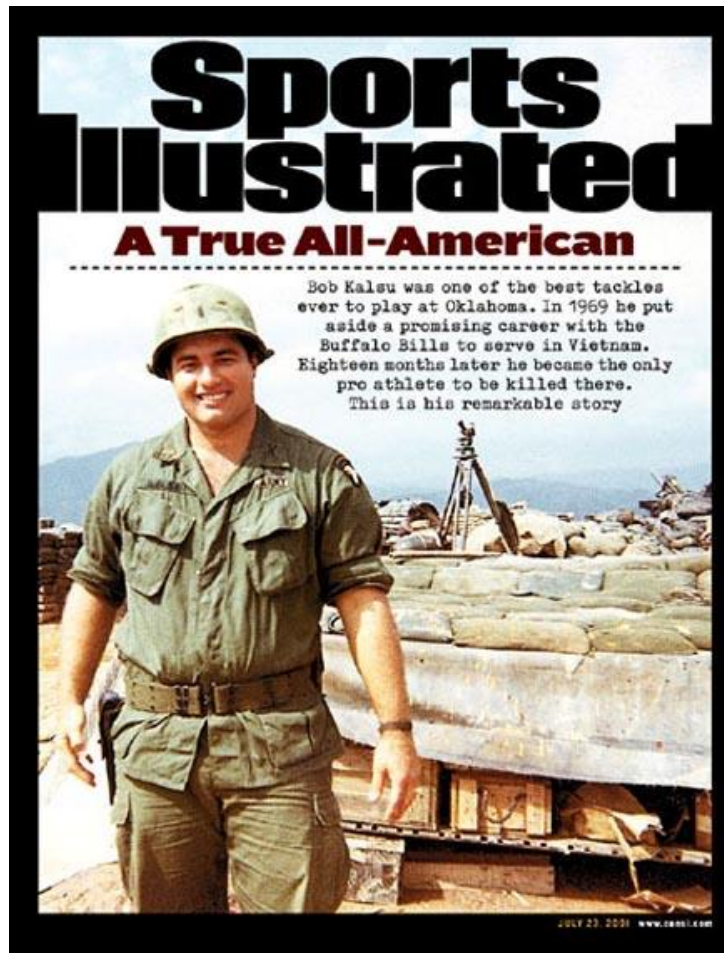
It was Tuesday afternoon, July 21, 1970, a day Kalsu had been eagerly awaiting. Back home in Oklahoma City, his wife, Jan, was due to have their second child that very day. (They already had a 20-month-old daughter, Jill Anne.) The Oklahoma City gentry viewed the Kalsus as perfectly matched links on the cuff of the town. Jan was the pretty brunette with the quick laugh, the daughter of a successful surgeon. Bob was the handsome, gregarious athletic hero with

the piano-keys grin, the grandson of Czech immigrants for whom America had been the promised

land and Bob the promise fulfilled. As a college senior, in the fall of 1967, the 6'3", 220-pound Kalsu had been an All-America tackle for Oklahoma, a team of over-achievers that went 10-1, beating Tennessee in the Orange Bowl. The next season, after bulking up to 250 pounds, Kalsu had worked his way into the starting offensive line of the Buffalo Bills, and at season's end he had been named the Bills' rookie of the year.

While in Vietnam, Kalsu rarely talked about his gridiron adventures. Word had gotten around the firebase that he had played for the Bills, but he would shrug off any mention of it. "Yeah, I play football," he would say. What he talked about—incessantly—was his young family back home. Jan knew her husband was somewhere "on a mountaintop" in Vietnam,

but she had no idea what he had been through. In his letters he let on very little. On July 19, the day after a U.S. Army Chinook helicopter, crippled by antiaircraft fire, crashed on top of the ammunition dump for Ripcord's battery of 105-mm howitzers, setting off a series of explosions that literally sheared off one tier of the hill, the bunkered-down lieutenant wrote his wife. He began by using his pet name for her.



Dearest Janny Belle—

How're things with my beautiful, sexy, lovable wife. I love & miss you so very much and can't wait till I'm back home in your arms and we're back in our own apartment living a normal life. The time can't pass fast enough for me until I'm back home with all my loved ones and especially you Jan and Jilly and Baby K. I love and need you so very much.

The wind has quit blowing so hard up here. It calmed down so much it's hard to believe it. Enemy activity remains active in our area. Hopefully it will cease in the near future.

I'm just fine as can be. Feeling real good just waiting to hear the word again that I'm a papa. It shouldn't be much longer until I get word of our arrival....

*I love you, xxx-ooo.
Bob*

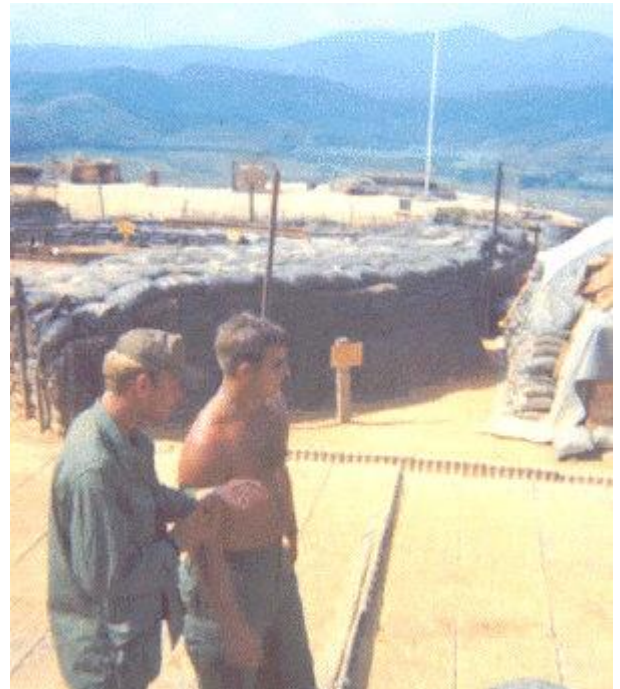
Kalsu was, in fact, involved in the gnarliest battle going on at the time in Vietnam: an increasingly desperate drama being played out on the top of a steep, balding shank of rock and dirt that rose 3,041 feet above sea level and 656 above the jungle floor. From the crest of this two-tiered oblong promontory, on a space no bigger than two football fields, two artillery batteries—the doomed 105s and the six 155-mm howitzers of Battery A, Kalsu's battery—had been giving fire support to infantrymen of the 101st Airborne Division, two battalions of which were scouring the jungles for North Vietnamese while pounding the ganglia of paths and supply routes that branched from the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos, 12 miles to the west, spiderwebbing south and east around Ripcord through Thuathien Province and toward the coastal lowlands around Hue.

Atop that rock, Kalsu was caught in a maelstrom that grew stronger as July slouched toward August. On July 17, four days before his baby was due, Kalsu was made the acting commander of Battery A after the captain in charge was choppered out to have a piece of shrapnel removed from a bone in his neck. Kalsu and his men continued their firing missions as the NVA attacks intensified. With a range of 13 miles, Battery A's 155s were putting heavy metal on enemy supply lines as far off as the A Shau Valley, a key NVA logistical base 10 miles to the southwest, helping create such havoc that the enemy grew determined to drive the 300 or so Americans off Ripcord. As many as 5,000 NVA soldiers, 10 to 12 battalions, had massed in the jungles surrounding Ripcord, and by July 21 they were lobbing more than 600 rounds a day on the fire-base, sending the deadliest salvos whenever U.S. helicopters whirled in with ammo and soldiers raced for the helipad to carry the shells on their shoulders up the hill.

Kalsu humped those 97-pound explosive rounds along with his men, an officer exposing himself to fire when he could have stayed in the bunker. "A fearless guy, smart, brave and respected by his troops," recalls retired colonel Philip Michaud, who at the time

was a captain commanding the ill-fated battery of 105s. "Rounds were coming in, and he was out there. I told him a few times, 'It's good to run around and show what leadership is about, but when rounds are blowing up in your area, you ought to hunker down behind a gun wheel. Or a bunker.' The guy thought he was invincible."

The grunts loved him for it, and they would have followed him anywhere. David Johnson always did. Kalsu and Johnson, by most superficial measures, could not have been more different. Kalsu was white and the only child of middle-class parents—city-bred, college-educated, married, a father, devoutly Catholic. Johnson was black and the seventh of 11 children raised on a poor farm outside of Humnoke, Ark. He was single and childless, a supplicant at the Church of God and Christ. What the two men shared was a gentleness and childlike humanity that reached far beyond race. So James Robert Kalsu, 25, and Spc. 4th Class David Earl Johnson, 24, became inseparable. "They just clicked," recalls former sergeant Alfred Martin. "You saw one, you saw the other."



**Firebase Ripcord—Thua Thein Province
(1LT Bob Kalsu on the right)**

That lull in incoming fire on July 21 nearly brought the two friends together again. Johnson was standing outside Kalsu's bunker on the pock-marked hill. Cpl. Mike Renner, a gunner, was standing by his 155 with a sergeant who was dressing him down because the jack on the gun had broken, leaving the crew unable to raise it to a different azimuth. At that moment Kalsu and Fotias rose out of the bunker. They stood at the door for a moment, Fotias with his back to it, and Kalsu started reading to him from a piece of paper in his hand. "[It was] a letter he had received from his wife," Fotias says. "I remember the joy on his face as he read the letter to me. He said, 'My wife's having our baby today' "

Some rounds you heard falling, some you didn't. Fotias did not hear this one. Jim Harris, the battalion surgeon, was across the firebase when he heard the splitting crack and turned his head toward it. The 82-mm mortar landed five feet from the bunker door. "I can still feel the heat of the blast coming past me and the concussion knocking me over," says Renner. "It flipped me backward, my helmet flew off, and the back of my head hit the ground."

Johnson fell sprawling on the ground. Fotias, at the mouth of the bunker, saw the sun go out. "I remember this tremendous noise," he says, "and darkness. And being blown off my feet and flying through the door of the bunker and landing at the bottom of the steps, six feet down, and this tremendous weight crushing me. I couldn't see. I couldn't hear. I had dirt in my eyes, and my eyes were tearing. I rubbed them, and then I could see again. I pushed off this weight that was on top of me, and I realized it was Bob."

Kalsu was really a boy trapped inside a large man's body—a player of pranks whose high-pitched cackle would fill a room. He laughed so heartily that he drooled, the spittle coursing from the corners of his mouth down around his dimpled chin and on down his chiseled neck. Once, on hearing the punch line of an off-color joke, he slammed a fist so hard on an adjoining barstool that the stool broke into pieces. He had the appetite of a Komodo dragon, but he loved kids even more than food. Some valve must have been missing in his psyche: His ego, unlike that of most jocks, was not inflatable. He always favored the underdog (he arranged the selection of one girl as high school homecoming queen because no one paid her much mind), and he turned down a high school sports award on grounds that he'd already received too many. "It'll mean more to somebody else," he told his mother, Leah.

Kalsu was born in Oklahoma City on April 13, 1945, and he came of age in the suburb of Del City at a time when coach Bud Wilkinson was leading Oklahoma through its gilded age. From 1953 into '57 the Sooners won 47 consecutive games, still a record for a Division I school, and finished three straight seasons ('54 to '56) undefeated. Twice during that run, in '55 and '56, they were national champions. Like every other 18-year-old gridiron star in the state, Kalsu aspired to play in Norman. Even as Wilkinson's program faltered in the early 1960s—the Sooners were 16-14-1 in the first three years of the decade—the coach's aura was so strong that there was only one place for a local kid to go. When Wilkinson recruited Kalsu out of Del City High in '63, Kalsu signed on.

He was not the first in his family to make the big time in Oklahoma college sports. Bob's uncle, Charles Kalsu, played basketball at Oklahoma State for Henry Iba, whose legend in college hoops was writ as large as Wilkinson's was in football. The 6'6" Charles was a second-team All-America in 1939 and played pro ball with the old Philips 66 Oilers. Charles's brother Frank Kalsu, three inches shorter and two years younger, yearned to follow him to Oklahoma State. "Frank and

Charles were extremely competitive," recalls their younger brother, Milt. "Frank went to Stillwater thinking he could play, he lasted half a semester and came home." Frank married Leah Aguiard, of French Canadian ancestry, became a sheet-metal worker at Tinker Air Force Base in Midwest City, Okla., and settled in Del City.

Frank saw in his son, Bob, an open-field run at fulfilling the dreams that he had left behind in Stillwater. "That's what made him drive his son to be a college athlete," Milt says. "He'd wanted to play basketball for Iba." Frank put the teenage Bob on a rigorous conditioning program long before such regimens were common. Milt still remembers Bob chuffing through four-mile cross-country runs among the tumbleweed and jackrabbits while Frank trailed behind him in the family car.

Early on, the boy began to live for the playing of games, for competition, and he approached everything as if it were a last stand. "He played every kind of ball imaginable," says Leah. "He was even on a bowling team. He loved to play cards—canasta, hearts. We'd play Chinese checkers head-to-head. We played jacks when he was seven or eight. He played jacks until he was in high school. He'd never quit when he lost. He'd say, 'Mom, let's play another.' "

Bob liked football well enough—the butting of heads, the grinding contact, the fierceness of play in the trenches—but the game he loved most was golf. He was a four or five handicap. On Sundays, Bob would go to 7 a.m. Mass at St. Paul's Church so he and Uncle Milt could make an 8:30 tee time. They sometimes got in 54 holes in a day, and they spent hours behind Bob's house hitting balls, always competing. "We'd see who could get [the ball] closest to a telephone pole," Milt recalls.

Kalsu never played a down for Wilkinson, who resigned after his freshman season. However, over the next four years, including a redshirt season in 1964, Kalsu matured into one of the best offensive linemen ever to play for the Sooners. He also developed his talent for leading men, which was as natural as the stomping, pounding gait that would earn for him the nickname Buffalo Bob. Steve Campbell, three years behind him at Del City High, remembers summers when Kalsu, preparing for the next Oklahoma season, would call evening practices for high school players and run them as if he were a boot-camp sergeant. He simply put out the word that he would be working out at the high school and that all Del City players should be there.

Kalsu would appear in a jersey cut off at the sleeves, in shorts and baggy socks and cleats, and begin sending the young men through agility and running drills, racing up and down the field with the players and finally dividing them up for a game of touch football. "We were ready and willing followers," Campbell says. "He had a very commanding air about him."

Fact is, in his comportment on and off the field, Kalsu rarely put a cleat down wrong. "He did everything the way you're supposed to," says former Sooners defensive end Joe Riley, who was recruited with Kalsu. "He didn't cut classes. He never gave anybody a minute's trouble. He became the player he was because he believed everything the coaches told him. He didn't complain. We'd all be complaining through two-a-days, and he'd just walk around with a little smirk on his face. He was a little too goody-goody for some of us, but we respected him. And once you got to know him, you liked him."

By his third year of eligibility, 1966, Kalsu was starting on a squad that was showing signs of a pulse. The year before, in Gomer Jones's second season as coach, the Sooners had gone 3-7, and Gomer was a goner. In '66, under new coach Jim Mackenzie, Oklahoma went 6-4. When Mackenzie died of a heart attack in the spring of '67, Chuck Fairbanks took over, and his rise to the practice-field tower presaged the sudden ascension of the team, which would have one of the wildest years in Sooners history.

Like their 2000 counterparts, the '67 Sooners had not been expected to win their conference, much less make a run at the national title. For guards Eddie Lancaster and Byron Bigby, the tone of the season was set on the first play of the first game, against Washington State in Norman on Sept. 23, when they double-teamed a defensive lineman and rolled him seven yards down the field, springing tailback Steve Owens for a 12-yard gain. Next thing Lancaster knew, Kalsu was standing over him and Bigby and yelling, "Good god, awright! Look at this! Look at what you did!"

Bigby turned to Lancaster and said, in some amazement, "You know, we can do this." The Sooners won 21-0. They kept on winning too and nearly pulled off the whole shebang, losing only to Texas, 9-7. Kalsu was smack in the middle of it all. Elected team captain, he took the job to be more than that of a figurehead. He took it to mean that he should lead, which he did in the best way, by example.

Steve Zabel, an Oklahoma tight end at the time, recalls the day Buck Nystrom, the offensive line coach, got peeved at the taxi-squad players who were going against his linemen in the "board drill," in which two players lined up at opposite ends of an eight-foot-long plank and ran into each other like mountain goats, the winner being the one left standing on the board. Disgusted by what he saw as a lack of intensity, the 215-pound Nystrom—"the meanest coach I was ever around," says Zabel—got on the board and turned his cap backward. Without pads or a helmet, he took on all his linemen, one by one. Finally Kalsu got on the board.

Kalsu, at 220 pounds, had become the biggest hammer on the Sooners' offensive line. He took off down the board. "He hit Buck so hard that he lifted him off the board and planted him on the ground with his helmet on Buck's chest," says Zabel. "Everybody

was running around yelling, 'Kalsu killed him! Kalsu killed Buck!' "

That night Zabel and center Ken Mendenhall were walking into a Baskin-Robbins when Nystrom came out, holding an ice cream cone in one hand and his two-year-old son, Kyle, in the other. He was wearing the same T-shirt he'd worn at practice, and his arms were discolored. "Zabel! Mendenhall!" Nystrom blurted. "Wasn't that the greatest practice you ever saw?" He handed his cone to Zabel, the boy to Mendenhall, and raised the front of his shirt, revealing the black-and-blue imprint of a helmet. "Look at this!" he said gleefully. "Boy, ol' Bob Kalsu liked to kill me!"

On the field that year Kalsu was everywhere, urging the troops on, picking them up off piles. Every time Owens, the tailback, looked up from the ground, there was Kalsu. Owens would win the Heisman Trophy in 1969, but in '67 he was an unbridled galloper who often ran up the backs of Kalsu's legs. One day the exasperated captain took Owens aside. "Listen, Steve, I'm on your side," he said. "Find the hole!"

Owens was in ROTC, and he remembers Kalsu, a cadet colonel, marching his battalion around the parade grounds like so many toy soldiers. "He was all over us all the time," says Owens. "He took that job seriously too."

Before Kansas State played Oklahoma, Wildcats coach Vince Gibson, who had been studying film of the Sooners, approached Fairbanks on the field. "Kalsu is the best blocking lineman I've ever seen," Gibson said. In fact, after the Sooners' coaches studied all their game film of 1967, Fairbanks said that "our average gain on all plays going over Kalsu, including short yardage and goal line plays, is 6.2 net yards rushing.... This is what we coaches grade as...near perfection."

Kalsu "wasn't better than other players because of his ability," Fairbanks recalls. "He was better because he was smarter and technically better. He was a little more mature in his evaluation of what was happening on the field. There were no problems coaching him. You didn't have to try to motivate him. He came to practice every day with a smile on his face."

At season's end Kalsu appeared to have it all. An appearance in the Orange Bowl. All-America honors. A solid chance at a pro football career. And his marriage, after the Orange Bowl, to Jan Darrow. She and Bob had had their first date on Oct. 15, 1966, and she knew that very night she'd found her mate. "A really cute guy who made me laugh," she says. "I came home, threw myself on my sister Michelle's bed and said, 'I just met the man I'm going to marry.' "

Jan was the third of nine kids—five girls and four boys—and by the summer of 1967 Kalsu had been embraced as the 10th sibling in the Darrows' seven-bedroom house on Country Club Drive. "I always

wanted brothers and sisters, and now I got 'em," he told Lone Darrow, the mother of the brood. Kalsu may have been a fearsome lineman, but what the Darrows discovered was a large, lovable kid who liked to scare trick-or-treaters by jumping from behind trees and who failed grandly in his experiments as a pastry chef. Diane Darrow, four years older than Jan, walked into the kitchen one day and saw Bob with his huge hands in a mixing bowl, squashing the batter. She asked him what on earth he was doing. He said he was making an angel food cake for Lone's birthday. Diane wondered why he wasn't using a wooden spoon. "The box says mix by hand," he said.

Around the Darrows' dinner table, everyone would stop to watch the spectacle of Kalsu's eating. Whole salads disappeared at two or three stabs of a fork. Glasses of orange juice vanished in a single swallow. Kalsu could devour a drumstick with a few spins of the bone, stripping it clean. He also played games endlessly with his new siblings, cheerfully cheating at all of them.

Bob and Jan were married on Jan. 27, 1968, and when they returned from their honeymoon in Galveston, Texas, during spring break, the Darrow family sang the news: "Buffalo Bob, won't you come out tonight?" He had been drafted in the eighth round by the Bills of the American Football League. The NFL's Dallas Cowboys and the AFL's Denver Broncos had also shown interest, but both had backed away, leery of Kalsu's military commitment. Having completed ROTC, he would be commissioned a second lieutenant after graduation in May. He was not immediately called to active duty, however. By the time he reported to the Bills that summer, Jan was six months pregnant.

Within a few weeks with the Bills, Kalsu had worked his way into the lineup, taking the place of the injured Joe O'Donnell at right guard and starting nine games that season. No one watched Kalsu more closely than Billy Shaw, Buffalo's left guard and a future Hall of Famer. Shaw was 29 in '68, nearing the end of his career, and he saw Kalsu as a threat to his job.

"Bob had a lot of talent," says Shaw. "He had real good feet, and he was strong, good on sweeps. In those days we had only one backup, and he was Joe's and my backup. Our forte was foot speed, and Bob was right there with us. He really fit in with how we played, with a lot of running, a lot of sweeps, a lot of traps."

Shaw and O'Donnell were mirror images of each other—both 6'2" and about 252 pounds—and when Kalsu joined them, the three looked like triplets. At the Bills' urging, the 6'3" Kalsu had gained weight by lifting weights and devouring potatoes and chicken ("His neck got so big that even his ties didn't fit him anymore," says Jan), and he was listed at 250 pounds on the Bills' roster. "The thing I noticed is that he was so mature for a young player," says Shaw. "He wasn't your normal rookie. He wasn't in awe."

Bob Lustig, the Bills' general manager at the time, says Kalsu "had a good future in pro football." Lustig recalls something else: "He not only had the talent, but he also had the smarts. He didn't make the same mistake twice."

Kalsu also brought to Buffalo the same love of horseplay and mischief that had marked his days in Oklahoma. He and one of his rookie roommates, John Frantz, a center from Cal, filled a trash can with water and carried it into the head at training camp. They thought their other roommate, rookie tackle Mike McBath, was sitting on the toilet in one of the stalls. They lifted the can and dumped the water into the stall. They heard a thunderous bellow that sounded nothing like McBath. It was six-year veteran Jim Dunaway, Buffalo's 6'4", 281-pound defensive tackle, who rose from the dumper like Godzilla and screamed, "Whoever did that is dead!"

Kalsu and Frantz bolted in a panic and hid in the closet of their room until Hurricane Dunaway had blown over, and they laughed every time they saw the big tackle after that. "Bob was always stirring the pot," says Frantz. "As good an athlete as he was, he was an even better person."

Frantz and McBath used to hit the night spots, chasing girls, but no amount of coaxing could get Kalsu to go along. "Some of the married guys chased around, but Bob, never," says Frantz. "He loved his wife and his kid. He was totally at ease with himself, confident in who he was. We'd go out, and he'd laugh at us: 'You guys can do what you want. I've got what I want.'"

Only seven active pro athletes would serve in Vietnam: six football players and a bowler. Most other draftable pro athletes elected to serve in the reserves. Kalsu's family and friends urged him to go that route. "I'm no better than anybody else," he told them all. It was early 1969. The Vietnam War was still raging a year after the Tet Offensive, and there was no hope of its ending soon. Frantz pleaded with Kalsu to seek the Bills' help in finding a slot in the reserves. "John, I gave 'em my word," Kalsu said, referring to his promise, on joining ROTC, to serve on active duty. "I'm gonna do it."

"Bob, it's hell over there," Frantz said. "You've got a wife, a child."

Kalsu shook his head. "I'm committed," he said.

That September, after nearly eight months at Fort Sill in Lawton, Okla., Kalsu went home one day looking shaken. His uniform was soaked with sweat. "I have orders to go to Vietnam," he told Jan.

They spent his last weeks in the country at her parents' house, with Jan in growing turmoil over the prospect of losing him. They were in the laundry room washing clothes when she spoke her worst fear. "What if you die over there?" she asked. "What am I to do?"

"I want you to go on with your life," he said. "I want you to marry again."

She broke down. "I don't want to marry again," she said. "I couldn't."

"Jan, I promise you, it'll be all right."

They had been married in the St. James Catholic Church in Oklahoma City, and a few weeks before he left, they went there together. Jan knelt before the altar. "If you need him more than I do," she prayed silently, "please give me a son to carry on his name."

Bob was gone before Thanksgiving. In one of her first letters to him, Jan gave Bob the good news: She was pregnant again.

If his letters didn't reveal what he was facing in Vietnam, Jan got a sense of it in May 1970 when, seven months pregnant and with Jill in tow, she met him in Hawaii for a week of R and R. Bob slept much of the time, and he was napping one day in their room when fireworks were set off by the pool. "He tore out of that bed frantic, looking for cover," Jan says, "terror and fear on his face. I got a glimpse of what he was living through."

At the end of the week they said goodbye at the airport. "Bob, please be careful," she said.

"You be careful," he said. "You're carrying our baby."

Jan returned to Oklahoma, Bob to Vietnam—and soon to Fire base Ripcord. For the last three weeks he was on that rock, it was under increasing siege, and his men saw him as one of them, a grunt with a silver bar working the trenches of Ripcord and never complaining. "He had a presence about him," says former corporal Renner. "He could have holed up in his bunker, giving orders on the radio. He was out there in the open with everybody else. He was always checking the men out, finding out how we were, seeing if we were doing what needed to be done. I got wounded on Ripcord, and he came down into the bunker. My hands were bandaged, and he asked me, 'You want to catch a chopper out of here?' " Renner saw that Kalsu had been hit in the shoulder. "I saw the bandage on him and saw he was staying. I said, 'No, I'm gonna stay.' "

The men of Battery A, trapped on that mountaintop, bonded like cave dwellers in some prehistoric war of the worlds. "Our language and behavior were pitiful," says Renner. "We behaved like junkyard dogs. If you wanted to fight or tear somebody else up, that's what you did. It was the tension. But I never heard Lieutenant Kalsu cuss. Not once. He was such a nice guy."

As was the other gentle soul of the outfit, David Earl Johnson. "A kind, lovable person," recalls his sister, Audrey Wrightsell. Growing up in their little Arkansas community, David played most sports. His junior high coach Leo Collins says that David was good at just about everything and best at basketball and track.

"One of the best athletes you could ever wish for in a small school," says Collins. "He was so easy to manage, a coach's dream."

Like Kalsu, Johnson did not take the easy way out of the war. He was paying his way through Philander Smith College in Little Rock, majoring in business administration, when he decided not to apply for another student deferment. "I'm tired of this," he told Audrey. "I'm gonna serve my time."

So it was that Johnson landed on Ripcord with Kalsu, in the middle of the most unpopular war in U.S. history. In May 1970, during a protest against the war at Kent State in Ohio, National Guardsmen had fired on student protesters, killing four. Criticism of the war had become so strong that as the NVA massed to attack Ripcord, the U.S. command in Vietnam decided not to meet force with more force, which would have put even more body bags on the evening news. So Ripcord was left twisting in the boonies.

The men made the most of their fate. Kalsu tried to make a game of the darkest moments. He and Big John, as Johnson was known, "were always laughing and joking," says former sergeant Martin. "For [them], everything was a challenge." When the sling-loads of ammunition would arrive by chopper, Kalsu would call out, "Let's get that ammo off the pads!" He and Johnson would take three of those 97-pound shells apiece and hump them up the hill together. The contest was to see who could carry the most. "Johnson was the biggest man we'd seen until Kalsu came along," says Martin.

They died together at five o'clock that summer afternoon. Fotias rolled Kalsu off him and saw the flowing wound behind the lieutenant's left ear. Kalsu was pulled out of the bunker, not far from where Johnson lay dead, and Doc Harris came running over. He looked down at Kalsu and knew that he was gone.

Renner, dazed from the concussion, saw that Kalsu was dead and picked up Beals, wounded in the blast, and started to carry him to the aid station. "Lieutenant Kalsu has been killed," Renner said. "I don't know what the hell we're gonna do now."

In a hospital where he had been flown after taking shrapnel, Martin got word that Kalsu and Big John were dead. "I sat there and cried," he says.

That evening, the battalion commander on Ripcord, Lieut. Col. Andre Lucas, learned of Kalsu's death. Lucas would die two days later, as the firebase was being evacuated, and for his part in defending it, he would win the Congressional Medal of Honor. As battled-hardened as he was, he seemed stunned by the news about Kalsu. "The tone went out of the muscles on his face, and his jaw dropped," Harris says.

On July 21, 1970, James Robert Kalsu thus became the only American professional athlete to die in combat in Vietnam.

At 12:45 a.m. on July 23, at St. Anthony Hospital in Oklahoma City, Jan Kalsu gave birth to an eight-pound, 15-ounce boy, Robert Todd Kalsu. When Leah Kalsu visited her that morning, Jan fairly shouted, "Bob is going to jump off that mountain when he finds he has a boy!"

That afternoon, as the clan gathered in the Darrow house to head for a celebration at the hospital, there was a knock at the front door. Sandy Szilagyi, one of Jan's sisters, opened it, thinking the visitor might be a florist. She saw a uniformed Army lieutenant. "Is Mrs. James Robert Kalsu home?" he asked.

Sandy knew right then. "She's at St. Anthony Hospital," she said. "She's just given birth to a baby."

The young lieutenant went pale. Turning, he walked away. Sandy called Philip Maguire, the doctor who had delivered the baby, and told him who was coming. At the hospital, the lieutenant stepped into Maguire's office and sat down. He was shaking. "Do you think she'll be able to handle this?" he asked. "I don't know what to do. I'm not sure I can do this."

Maguire led the officer to Jan's room, slipped into a chair and put his arm around her. "Jan, there's a man from the Army here to see you," he said.

"Bob's been killed, hasn't he?" she said.

The officer came in and stood at the foot of the bed. He could barely speak. "It is my duty..." he began. When he finished, he turned and left in tears.

Jan asked to leave the hospital immediately with her baby. She did one thing before she left. She asked for a new birth certificate. She renamed the boy James Robert Kalsu Jr.

The funeral, a week later at Czech National Cemetery, brought people from all around the country, and the gravesite service was more anguished than anything Byron Bigby, Kalsu's old Sooners teammate, had ever seen. "I looked around," he says, "and there was not a dry eye. We walked out of there biting our lips."

Barry Switzer, who had been a young assistant under Fairbanks during the '67 season, was walking to his car when he turned and looked back. What he saw haunts him still. "Bob's daddy got his wife and Jan back to the car," Switzer says. "After everyone was gone from the gravesite, he went back and lay down on the casket."

Three decades have passed since Kalsu died. Jan has sought ways to deal with the void, but times were often difficult. She struggled financially, frequently living from one government check to another, determined to remain at home while raising her kids.



She did not have a serious relationship with a man until the mid-'80s, when she began seeing Bob McLauchlin, an Oklahoma businessman. In 1986 they visited the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. They found Kalsu's name on the wall, and McLauchlin shared Jan's bereavement. They married in 1988. Last fall McLauchlin took Jill and Bob Jr. to a reunion of Ripcord survivors in Shreveport, La. Her children persuaded Jan not to go. They didn't want to see her cry as she had for so many years.

Jill and Bob Jr. have suffered a keen ambivalence for years. From all they have heard about their father from Jan and the Darrow clan, they have grown to love and admire him without having known him. They are proud of all he accomplished and the honorable way he conducted his life, but they are angry at him too. They grew up fatherless, after all, having to comfort a lonely, grieving mother whose pain and struggles continually touched them.

The children turned out well. Jill, outgoing and warm, is a housewife in Oklahoma City, the mother of three with a fourth on the way. Bob, soft-spoken and reflective, is an aviation lawyer in Oklahoma City and the father of two. Asked what he would say to his father, Bob says, "I would embrace him and tell him I love him. It would not be derogatory, and it would not be mean, but I would ask him, 'Did you fully contemplate the consequences of your decision? I feel like I lost out, and I wish you had not made the decision to go.' " Bob Jr. considers what he's said for a moment, then goes on: "I'm equally proud he made the decision. That's the kind of man I want to be, to have the integrity that he had." That, of course, is the rub. Bob Kalsu made that decision precisely because he was the kind of man he was.

All who knew him remember him in different ways. The clan, as a family man. The football players, as a tough jock. Then there are those who knew Kalsu on that terrible hill. They have the most painful and poignant memories of him. Fotias has trouble talking about Kalsu, his voice soft and filled with sorrow. So does Renner. He walked over to Kalsu's body lying outside the bunker and peered into his motionless face. He would see that face for years. Now, however, "I can't see the face anymore," Renner says. "I can see his silhouette. I can't see a lot of their faces, only their silhouettes."

Renner is having trouble getting out the words. They come in a whisper. "I've thought of him every Memorial Day," he says. "In my heart, I pay homage to him. And Johnson. They are all very important." He closes his eyes and bows his head and quietly weeps.

Football's wartime heroes

from www.profootballhof.com

Former Arizona Cardinals' safety Pat Tillman) was killed in action in Afghanistan. He is the first member of the NFL community to be a war casualty since Vietnam.

In April 2004 Pat Tillman tragically lost his life in Afghanistan while taking part in Operation Enduring Freedom. Tillman, a member of the U.S. Army Rangers, put his lucrative NFL career on hold in the Spring of 2002 to serve his country.

A seventh-round draft pick of the Arizona Cardinals in 1998, Tillman soon became the starting safety and broke the team's franchise record for tackles in 2000 with 224. Visitors to the Hall of Fame can learn more about Tillman and see his U.S. Army Ranger jacket as well as a jersey worn by him that is on display in the Hall's traveling exhibit, Pro Football and the American Spirit: The NFL and the U.S. Armed Forces. The maquette seen in the display is a replica of the statue displayed at the University of Phoenix Stadium in Glendale, AZ and was donated to the Hall by the Bidwill family.



The National Football League's World War II Casualties

World War II claimed the lives of 23 NFL men – 21 active or former players, an ex-head coach and a team executive. Listed below are the NFL personnel killed during the war.

Cpl. Mike Basca (HB, Philadelphia, 1941) – Killed in France in 1944.

Lt. Charlie Behan (E, Detroit, 1942) – Killed on Okinawa in 1945.

Maj. Keith Birlem (E, Cardinals-Washington, 1939) – Killed trying to land combat damaged bomber in England in 1943.

Lt. Al Blozis (T, Giants, 1942-1944) – Killed in France, 1945.

Lt. Chuck Braidwood (E, Portsmouth-Cleveland-Cardinals-Cincinnati, 1930-1933) – Member of Red Cross. Killed in South Pacific, winter 1944-1945.

Lt. Young Bussey (QB, Bears, 1940-1941) – Killed in Philippines landing assault in 1944.

Lt. Jack Chevigny (Coach, Cardinals, 1932) – Killed on Iwo Jima in 1945.

Capt. Ed Doyle (E, Frankford-Pottsville, 1924-1925) – Killed during North Africa invasion in 1942.

Lt. Col. Grassy Hinton (B, Staten Island, 1932) – Killed in plane crash in East Indies in 1944.

Capt. Smiley Johnson (G, Green Bay, 1940-1941) – Killed on Iwo Jima in 1945.

Lt. Eddie Kahn (G, Boston/Washington, 1935-1937) – Died from wounds suffered during Leyte invasion in 1945.

Sgt. Alex Ketzko (T, Detroit, 1943) – Killed in France in 1944.

Capt. Lee Kizzire (FB, Detroit, 1937) – Shot down near New Guinea in 1943.



Lt. Jack Lummus (E, Giants, 1941) – Killed on Iwo Jima in 1945.

Bob Mackert (T, Rochester Jeffersons, 1925).

Frank Maher (B, Pittsburgh-Cleveland Rams, 1941).

Solitaire Illustrated page 11

Pvt. Jim Mooney (E-G-FB, Newark-Brooklyn-Cincinnati-St. Louis-Cardinals, 1930-1937) – Killed by sniper in France in 1944.

Lt. John O’Keefe (Front office, Philadelphia) – Killed flying a patrol mission in Panama Canal Zone.

Chief Spec. Gus Sonnenberg (B, Buffalo-Columbus-Detroit-Providence, 1923-1928, 1930) – Died of illness at Bethesda Naval Hospital in 1944.

Lt. Len Supulski (E, Philadelphia, 1942) – Killed in plane crash in Nebraska in 1944.

Lt. Don Wemple (E, Brooklyn, 1941) – Killed in plane crash in India in 1944.

Lt. Chet Wetterlund (HB, Cardinals-Detroit, 1942) – Killed in plane crash off New Jersey coast in 1944.

Capt. Waddy Young (E, Brooklyn, 1939-1940) – Killed in plane crash following first B-29 raid on Tokyo in 1945.

Two Vietnam Veterans Remembered

Representatives of the Buffalo Bills traveled to the Pro Football Hall of Fame in the fall of 1978, to present the museum with a plaque honoring guard Bob Kalsu, the team’s 1968 Rookie of the Year and former Oklahoma standout. The plaque recognized Kalsu, who entered the Army as a second lieutenant following his promising rookie season, as the only pro football player to lose his life in Vietnam, as a member of the United States military.



The plaque describes how on July 21, 1970, following eight months of heavy combat, Lieutenant Kalsu was killed when his unit fell under heavy fire while defending Ripcord Base on an isolated jungle mountaintop. The Hall was

pleased to receive the inscribed tribute plaque and proudly hung it in a prominent place for museum visitors to see and read.

Some 30-plus years since Bob Kalsu’s untimely death, the Hall of Fame learned of a second pro football player, Don Steinbrunner, who died while serving his country in Vietnam. Steinbrunner, an end from Washington State, played offensive tackle in 1953 for the Cleveland Browns.



Steinbrunner, who joined the ROTC while in college, was called to active duty following his rookie season with Cleveland. Upon completion of a two-year tour of duty as an Air Force navigator, the Bellingham, Washington native considered returning to the Browns, but instead opted to pursue a military career.

In 1966, Steinbrunner was called to serve in Vietnam. Not long after his arrival, he was shot in the knee during an aerial mission. Due to his injury, he was offered an opportunity to accept a less dangerous assignment, but declined, preferring to return to his unit. According to his family, the 35-year-old Steinbrunner reasoned that he was better suited to serve his country than many of the younger, less seasoned soldiers he’d observed. It was a decision that cost him his life. On July 20, 1967, Steinbrunner’s plane was shot down over Kontum, South Vietnam. There were no survivors.

Posthumously, Don Steinbrunner was awarded the purple Heart and the Distinguished Flying Cross. His citation read in part, “Disregarding the hazards of flying the difficult target terrain and the opposition presented by hostile ground forces, he led the formation through one attack and returned to make a second attack. The outstanding heroism and selfless devotion to duty displayed by Major Steinbrunner reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.”

A Shooting in Music City

On Saturday, July 4, 2009, in Nashville, Tennessee, at approximately 1:45 pm, football fans were shocked to learn of a shooting involving former Titans quarterback, Steve McNair.

When the Tennessee Titans came to Nashville in 1997 (first as the Tennessee Oilers) after 37 years in Houston, Texas and as one of the original American Football League (AFL) franchises, hopes were high and many Tennesseans, like myself, were just glad to have a professional football team calling the Music City home.

Memphis had been the home of professional football three times previously with the Memphis Southmen of the WFL in 1974 and '75, the Memphis Showboats of the USFL in 1984 and '85, and in 1995, the Memphis Mad Dogs in the CFL's US expansion experiment.

The Oilers did play one season in Memphis before making the move to Nashville for the 1998 season and then completed the move by changing their name to the Titans and moving into the Adelphia Coliseum (now LP Field) in 1999.

Steve McNair grew up in Mount Olive, Mississippi and was a four sport star (football, baseball, basketball and track) leading Mount Olive High School to a state championship as a junior and was an All-State and "Super Prep" magazine All-American in 1991. He was also drafted by the Seattle Mariners in the 35th round of the 1991 MLB amateur draft.

Steve chose to play his college football at tiny Alcorn State University, a historically black university, after initially being offered a full scholarship to Florida. He set 1-AA career passing and total offensive yard records that still stand today. McNair won the 1993 Walter Peyton Award as the top 1-AA player and finished third in the Heisman Trophy voting behind RaShaun Salaam and Ki-Jana Carter.

McNair was the third overall pick in the 1995 NFL draft but saw limited action in his first two seasons while backing up Oilers QB Chris Chandler. In 1997 he got his chance to start.

In 1999, the Tennessee Oilers became the Tennessee Titans and McNair lead them to the franchises's first and only to date Super Bowl appearance. They were defeated by the St. Louis Rams in Super Bowl XXXIV 23 - 16.

Over the next six seasons McNair would lead the Titans to the playoffs 3 more times and be named NFL

Co-MVP in 2003 along with Baltimore Colts QB Peyton Manning.

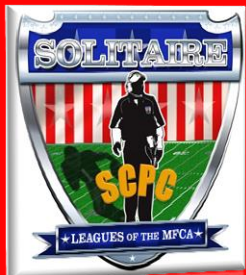
After several season ending injuries over the next two years, he was traded to the Baltimore Ravens following the 2005 season. Steve played two seasons with the Ravens leading them to the playoffs in 2006. Injuries again plagued McNair and in April 2008 he announced his retirement from professional football.

On July 4, 2009, McNair was found dead of multiple gunshot wounds, along with the body of a young woman named Sahel Kazemi, in a condominium rented by McNair, at 105 Lea Avenue in downtown Nashville. McNair had been shot twice in the body and twice in the head, with only one of the shots

coming from closer than three feet. Kazemi had a single gunshot wound to the head, which was proved to have been fired from a gun that was held to her temple. McNair was believed to have been asleep on the couch when the shooting occurred. The bodies were discovered by McNair's friends Wayne Neely and Robert Gaddy, who called 911. The Nashville police declared McNair's death a murder-suicide, with Kazemi as the perpetrator and McNair as the victim. The 9-mm gun used was found under Kazemi's body and later tests revealed "trace evidence of (gunpowder) residue on her left hand." Kazemi had a worsening financial situation and also suspected that McNair was in another extramarital relationship.

McNair, who was married at the time, had been dating the 20-year-old Kazemi in the months prior to their deaths. Two days before their deaths, Kazemi was pulled over in a black 2007 Cadillac Escalade in Nashville with McNair in the passenger seat and Vent Gordon, a chef at a restaurant McNair owned, in the back seat. The vehicle was registered in the names of both McNair and Kazemi. She was charged with driving under the influence of alcohol. McNair was not arrested, instead leaving in a taxi with Gordon, despite Kazemi repeatedly asking the arresting officer to tell McNair he could come to the police car to talk to her. However, McNair later bailed Kazemi out of jail. Police later stated that after release from jail, Kazemi purchased the gun from a convicted murderer she met while looking for a buyer for her Kia.





Solitaire CoachesPoints Challenge Regular Season Final Rankings

**Regular Season Total Points National Champion
and 4.0 Inclusive Division Champion**



Ray Sugg

#1 1972 Miami Dolphins 10-0 142 points

3.3 Limited Division Champion

Al Dunham

#3 That 70's Rams 10-0 136 Points



3.3 Tweaked Division Champion

Ed Morgans

#11 Arkansas Razorbacks 7-2 98 Points



Unlimited Division Champion

Brian Witkop, Sr.

#4 Michigan Wolverines 9-1 133 Points



Final Rankings by Division and Bowl Eligible Teams

3.3 LIMITED

RANK	TEAM	OWNER	WON	LOST	POINTS
3	That 70's Rams	Al Dunham	10	0	136
6	San Francisco 49ers	Mike Veliky	9	3	121
8	New York Jets	Chris LeMay	10	0	118
9	Houston Texans	Mike Veliky	7	2	111
10	New Zealand Zombies	Al Dunham	7	3	105
15	New York Jets	Charles Angell	7	2	91
17	Columbus Crimson Knights	Mike Veliky	7	1	90
19	Philadelphia Eagles	Charles Angell	7	2	87
20	Baltimore Colts	Charles Angell	6	2	86
21	South Park Cows	Al Dunham	6	2	86
22	Los Angeles Rams	Charles Angell	6	2	86
23	New York Giants	Mike Veliky	6	3	86
24	Cleveland Browns	Mike Veliky	6	3	84
29	2002 Tampa Bay Buccaneers	Ray Sugg	6	4	80
42	Minnesota Vikings	Mike Veliky	6	1	66

3.3 TWEAKED

RANK	TEAM	OWNER	WON	LOST	POINTS
11	Arkansas Razorbacks	Ed Morgans	7	2	98
12	Baylor Bears	Ed Morgans	6	3	98

4.0 INCLUSIVE

RANK	TEAM	OWNER	WON	LOST	POINTS
1	1972 Miami Dolphins	Ray Sugg	10	0	142
2	1966 Green Bay Packers	Ray Sugg	9	1	139
14	1975 Pittsburgh Steelers	Ray Sugg	7	3	95

UNLIMITED

RANK	TEAM	OWNER	WON	LOST	POINTS
4	Michigan Wolverines	Brian Wittkop Sr.	9	1	133
5	U of M Golden Gophers	Brian Wittkop Sr.	10	0	125
7	1985 Chicago Bears	Ray Sugg	8	2	119
13	Indiana Hoosiers	Brian Wittkop Sr.	8	2	95
16	Ohio State Buckeyes	Brian Wittkop Sr.	7	3	91
18	1976 Oakland Raiders	Ray Sugg	6	4	88
27	Purdue Boilermakers	Brian Wittkop Sr.	6	4	81
32	Northwestern Wildcats	Brian Wittkop Sr.	8	2	78
52	Iowa Hawkeyes	Brian Wittkop Sr.	6	4	60

3.3 Limited Championship Bowl Game

#3 That 70's Rams (Al Dunham) vs. #6 San Francisco 49ers (Mike Veliky)

4buzzball.com 3.3 Tweaked Championship Bowl Game

#11 Arkansas Razorbacks (Ed Morgans) vs #12 Baylor Bears (Ed Morgans).

4.0 Inclusive Championship Bowl Game

#1 1972 Miami Dolphins (Ray Sugg) vs. #2 1966 Green Bay Packers (Ray Sugg)

Unlimited Championship Bowl Game

#4 Michigan Wolverines (Brian Wittkop, Sr.) vs. #5 U of M Golden Gophers (Brian Wittkop, Sr.)

Who will claim the NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP?



**#11 Arkansas Razorbacks
VS.
#12 Baylor Bears
(Ed Morgans)**



BOWL CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES



**Division Championship Game
#3 That's 70's Rams
(Al Dunham)
VS.
San Francisco 49ers
(Mike Velikey)**



**Division Championship Game
#1 1972 Miami Dolphins
VS.
#2 1966 Green Bay Packers
(Ray Sugg)**

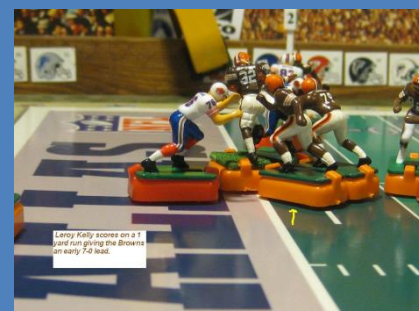


**Division Championship Game
#4 Michigan Wolverines
VS.
#5 U o M Golden Gophers
(Brian Witkop, Sr.)**

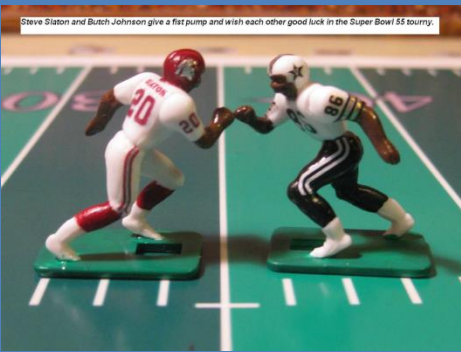


The "North Jersey Legends Miniature Football League" (NJLMFL) is owned by Mike Velikey (dogwood30). It is a 62 team tournament style league. All teams are 3.3 Limited Division pro style teams made up of NFL, USFL and Fantasy teams. To date Mike has completed 56 Super Bowl Tournaments. Mike had the most teams competing in the SCPC and wound up with 6 teams bowl eligible.

Rank	Team	Won	Lost	Points
6	San Francisco 49ers	9	3	121
9	Houston Texans	7	2	111
17	Columbus Crimson Knights	7	1	90
23	New York Giants	6	3	86
24	Cleveland Browns	6	3	84
42	Minnesota Vikings	6	1	66
** Bowl Eligible Teams**				
28	Hartford Renegades	5	3	81
31	Dallas Cowboys	5	3	79
35	Miami Dolphins	5	2	74
38	Pittsburgh Steelers	4	3	71
44	Buffalo Bills	5	3	65
48	Tennessee Titans	5	3	62
51	Denver Broncos	4	3	61
53	Arizona Cardinals	4	3	60
55	El Paso Warriors	4	1	58
57	New York Jets	4	4	58
58	Baltimore Ravens	4	2	57
67	Omaha Wranglers	4	3	51
71	Boston Shamrocks	4	3	49
72	Virginia Brigade	3	2	49
76	Louisville Mustangs	3	2	45
77	Charleston Pirates	3	3	45
79	Memphis Blues	3	4	44
80	Indianapolis Colts	2	4	43
81	Vicksburg Cannons	4	1	42
84	Wichita Cyclones	3	2	41
86	Daytona 500's	3	0	40
90	San Diego Chargers	3	3	39
92	Montreal Metros	2	5	39
94	Milwaukee Wildcats	4	1	38
96	Los Angeles Rams	3	2	38
99	Oklahoma Longhorns	3	2	37
100	New Jersey Generals	2	4	37
102	Kansas City Chiefs	3	3	36
106	Tampa Bay Buccaneers	2	4	35
107	Green Bay Packers	2	4	35
110	San Antonio Oilers	2	2	33
113	New England Patriots	2	3	32
114	Philadelphia Eagles	3	2	31



Rank	Team	Won	Lost	Points
117	San Jose Breakers	2	3	28
118	Carolina Panthers	2	4	28
120	Orlando Thunder	2	2	27
123	Reno Bandits	3	1	26
126	Little Rock Bobcats	1	3	25
127	Jacksonville Jaguars	1	4	25
128	Atlanta Falcons	1	3	24
129	Detroit Lions	1	5	24
130	Chicago Bears	2	3	23
131	Birmingham Freedom	1	3	23
132	Cincinnati Bengals	1	4	23
133	Oakland Raiders	1	4	23
136	West Virginia Cougars	0	5	21
142	St. Louis Show Boats	1	4	19
145	New Orleans Saints	1	3	18
155	Washington Redskins	0	4	16
160	Dakota Outlaws	0	4	15
164	Portland Sharks	1	2	14
175	Montana Mavericks	1	1	12
176	Seattle Seahawks	0	4	12
185	Richmond Rebels	0	3	10
216	Utah Trappers	0	1	5
230	Providence Hornets	0	1	3



Dream Season

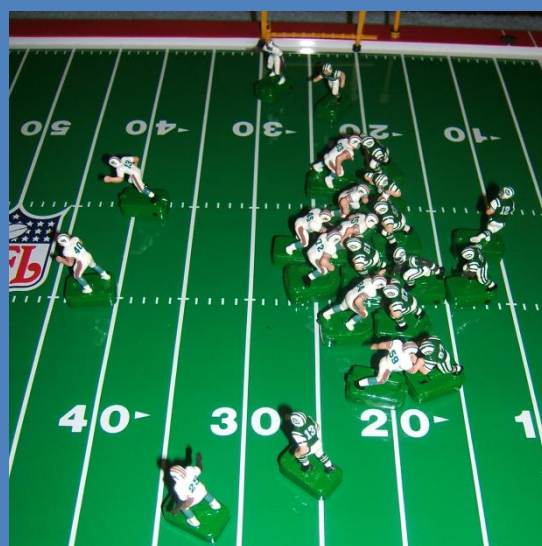
Electric Football League

"Dream Season Electric Football League" (DSEFL)

Owner Ray Sugg (Troutbun)

This league is made up of all 32 NFL teams and one late addition CFL team. Ray played a 3 game round robin season before beginning a single elimination playoff format. He also had teams in 3 of the SCPC Divisions. This allowed his teams to gain extra points in the Strength of Schedule rules of the SCPC with Division Bonus Points. Ray's 1972 Miami Dolphins went undefeated and won the overall SCPC Season One Point Total

Rank	Team	Division	Won	Lost	Points
1	1972 Miami Dolphins	4.0 Inclusive	10	0	142
2	1966 Green Bay Packers	4.0 Inclusive	9	1	139
7	1985 Chicago Bears	Unlimited	8	2	119
14	1975 Pittsburgh Steelers	4.0 Inclusive	7	3	95
18	1976 Oakland Raiders	Unlimited	6	4	88
29	2002 Tampa Bay Buccaneers	3.3 Limited	6	4	80
** Bowl Eligible Teams***					
54	1970 Baltimore Colts	4.0 Inclusive	5	2	58
59	1989 San Francisco 49ers	4.0 Inclusive	4	3	57
65	1999 St. Louis Rams	3.3 Limited	4	3	52
68	1982 Washington Redskins	4.0 Inclusive	4	3	51
69	2003 New England Patriots	3.3 Limited	4	4	50
85	1998 Denver Broncos	3.3 Limited	3	4	41
87	1977 Dallas Cowboys	4.0 Inclusive	3	3	40
116	2000 Baltimore Ravens	3.3 Limited	2	4	31
119	2009 New Orleans Saints	3.3 Limited	2	4	28
124	1999 Jacksonville Jaguars	3.3 Limited	2	4	26
137	Montreal Alouettes	Unlimited	1	0	20
150	1968 New York Jets	4.0 Inclusive	1	2	17
153	1988 Cincinnati Bengals	3.3 Limited	1	2	16
154	1969 Kansas City Chiefs	4.0 Inclusive	1	2	16
158	2008 Arizona Cardinals	3.3 Limited	1	2	15
159	2004 Philadelphia Eagles	3.3 Limited	0	3	15
166	2003 Carolina Panthers	3.3 Limited	1	2	14
167	1998 Atlanta Falcons	3.3 Limited	0	3	14
170	1991 Detroit Lions	3.3 Limited	1	2	13
171	1999 Tennessee Titans	3.3 Limited	1	2	13
172	1986 New York Giants	4.0 Inclusive	1	2	13
173	1986 Cleveland Browns	3.3 Limited	0	3	13
179	2011 Houston Texans	3.3 Limited	0	3	11
180	2005 Seattle Seahawks	3.3 Limited	0	3	11
183	1990 Buffalo Bills	3.3 Limited	0	3	10
184	1973 Minnesota Vikings	3.3 Limited	0	3	10
205	1994 San Diego Chargers	3.3 Limited	0	3	7



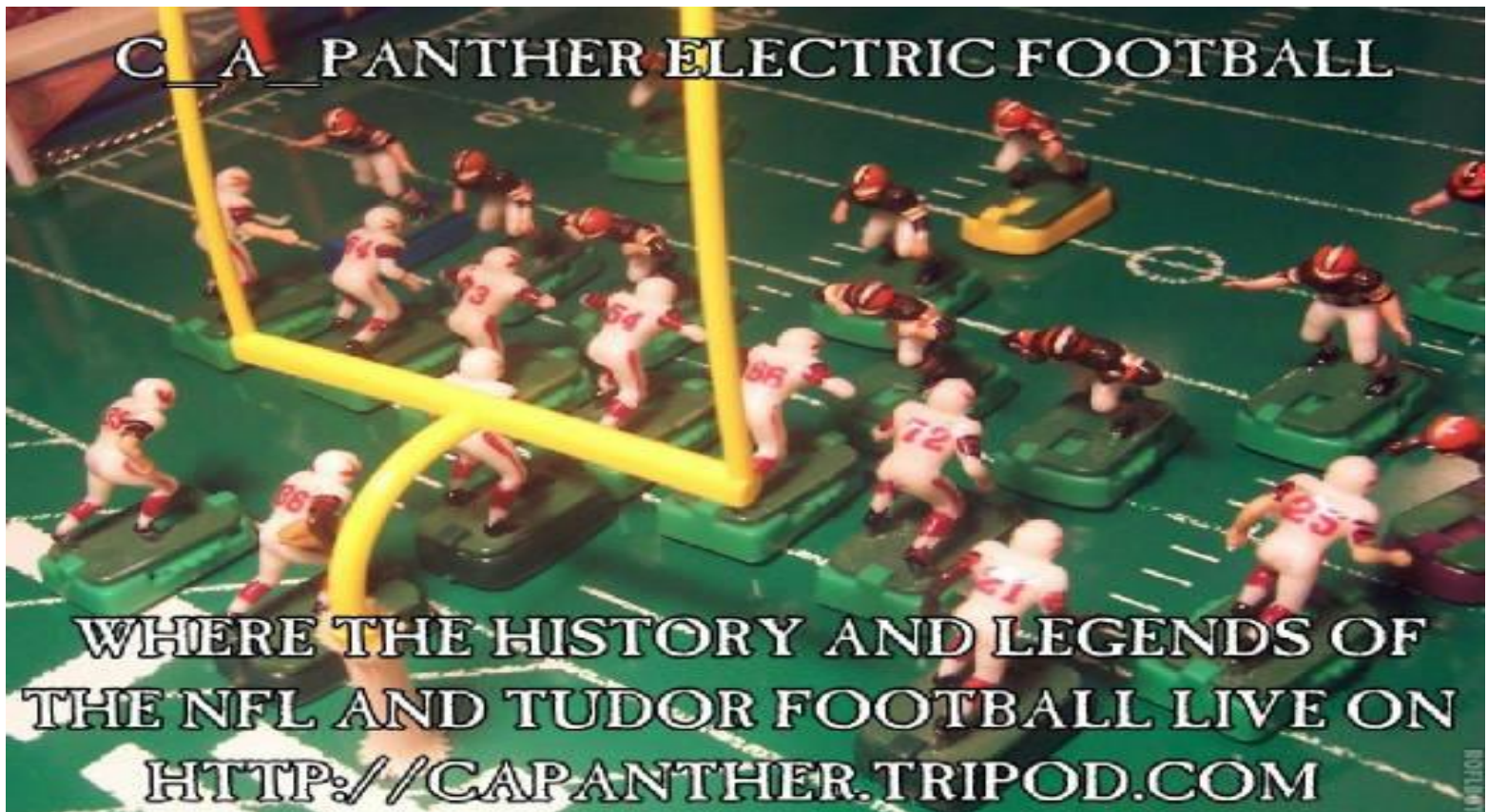


“Northern Michigan Electric Football League” (NMEFL) **Owner Brian Witkop, Sr. (wolverine)**

Brian’s NMEFL is a college league featuring schools of the Big 10 Conference. All 10 teams played a full 10 game schedule with 26 other NCAA DIV 1 schools helping to complete the season. Brian was a late comer to the SCPC but he was able to come up with 7 bowl eligible teams and his #4 Michigan Wolverines and undefeated #5 University of Minnesota Gophers will compete for the SCBCS Unlimited Division Championship.

RANK	TEAM	Won	Lost	Points
4	Michigan Wolverines	9	1	133
5	U of M Golden Gophers	10	0	125
13	Indiana Hoosiers	8	2	95
16	Ohio State Buckeyes	7	3	91
27	Purdue Boilermakers	6	4	81
32	Northwestern Wildcats	8	2	78
52	Iowa Hawkeyes	6	4	60
** Bowl Eligible Teams**				
30	Michigan State Spartans	4	6	80
49	Illinois Fighting Illini	4	6	62
97	Wisconsin Badgers	1	9	38
108	Notre Dame Fighting Irish	2	1	34
144	UCLA Bruins	1	1	18
162	Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets	1	0	14
163	USC Trojans	1	1	14
168	Washington Huskies	1	0	13
189	Oregon Ducks	1	0	8
192	Florida State Seminoles	0	2	8
194	Georgia Bulldogs	0	2	8
195	Penn State Nitny Lions	0	2	8
199	Colorado Buffalos	1	0	7
201	Miami Hurricanes	0	2	7
202	Kansas State Wildcats	0	2	7
204	Wake Forest Demon Deacons	0	2	7
212	Syracuse Orangemen	0	1	5
213	Arizona Wildcats	0	1	5
217	Alabama Crimson Tide	0	1	5
218	Arkansas Razorbacks	0	2	5
219	Clemson Tigers	0	2	5
220	Oklahoma Sooners	0	2	5
222	Virginia Tech Hokies	0	1	4
226	Tennessee Volunteers	0	1	4
227	Texas Longhorns	0	1	4
228	Florida Gators	0	1	4
234	LSU Tigers	0	1	3
237	University of North Carolina Tar Heels	0	1	3
239	Ole Miss Rebels	0	1	3
240	Oklahoma State Cowboys	0	1	2





Capanther's Electric Football (CAPEF) Owner Charles Angell (capanther)

Charles Angell's CAPEF uses the 26 teams of the NFL available from Tudor in the 60's and 70's. All teams are vintage Big Men, Hog Leg, Chicken Leg, and Haiti figures. Charles completed his Season 24 tournament this year and finished with 4 Bowl Eligible teams in the SCPC's 3.3 Limited Division

RANK	TEAM	Won	Lost	Points
15	New York Jets	7	2	91
19	Philadelphia Eagles	7	2	87
20	Baltimore Colts	6	2	86
22	Los Angeles Rams	6	2	86
** Bowl Eligible Teams **				
46	Dallas Cowboys	4	3	63
60	St. Louis Cardinals	5	3	56
62	Kansas City Chiefs	5	1	53
88	Houston Oilers	2	2	40
89	Buffalo Bills	4	3	39
95	Pittsburgh Steelers	3	2	38
109	Cleveland Browns	2	4	34
121	New York Giants	2	3	27
134	Chicago Bears	2	2	22
138	Washington Redskins	1	3	20
139	Cincinnati Bengals	1	2	19
140	Detroit Lions	1	3	19
141	New Orleans Saints	1	3	19
152	Oakland Raiders	1	2	16
182	Denver Broncos	0	3	10
187	Boston Patriots	0	2	9
196	Green Bay Packers	0	2	8
197	San Diego Chargers	0	2	8
203	Minnesota Vikings	0	2	7
208	Atlanta Falcons	0	2	6
221	San Francisco 49ers	0	2	5
223	Miami Dolphins	0	1	4





“Ed’s College Football Association” (EFCA)

Owner Ed Morgans (RooMorgans)

The league celebrates the college teams of the Big 8 Conference before the dissolution of the Big 8 when its member schools joined the Big 12 Conference. All teams competed in the 3.3 Tweaked Division of the SCPC and Arkansas and Baylor (non conference teams) will play in the SCBCS 4buzzball.com Bowl Tweaked Division Championship Game.

RANK	TEAM	Won	Lost	Points
11	Arkansas Razorbacks	7	2	98
12	Baylor Bears	6	3	98
** Bowl Eligible Teams **				
26	Texas A&M Aggies	4	4	82
37	Houston Cougars	5	4	74
40	TCU Horned Frogs	4	5	70
41	Texas Longhorns	4	6	68
45	SMU Mustangs	4	4	65
50	Texas Tech Red Raiders	3	5	62
91	Oklahoma State Cowboys 4.0 Inclusive	2	1	39
93	Rice Owls	1	7	39
147	Missouri Tigers 4.0 Inclusive	2	0	17
161	Kansas Jayhawks	1	0	14
193	Oklahoma Sooners	0	2	8
206	Iowa State Cyclones	1	0	6
239	Kansas State Wildcats	0	1	2



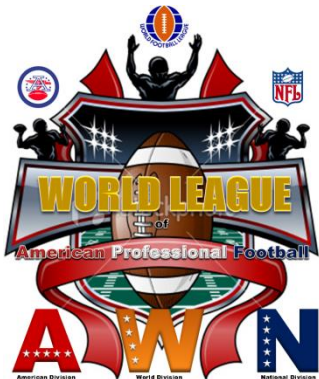


"Western Michigan League of Miniature Football" (WMLMF) Owner Al Dunham (RavennaAl)

A pure Fantasy League with 16 teams all competing in the 3.3 Limited Division. 3 teams made the Bowl Eligible list and "That 70's Rams" took the top spot in the Limited Division. Lynn Schmidt's (Weirdwolf) Kansas City Super Sumos also competes in this league.

RANK	TEAM	Won	Lost	Points
3	That 70's Rams	10	0	136
10	New Zealand Zombies	7	3	105
21	South Park Cows	6	2	86
** Bowl Eligible **				
43	Cleveland Cadavers	3	6	66
56	London Union Jacks	4	3	58
61	Battlin' Bozos of Battle Creek	4	4	56
63	Three Mile Island Toxic Waste	4	2	53
64	San Francisco Flaming Fairies	3	5	53
66	Arctic Tundra	3	4	52
70	Weirdwolf's Werewolves	2	5	50
74	Canadian Sasquatch	3	4	46
78	Midwest Menonites	3	3	44
83	Egypt Ra	3	3	42
101	Kansas City Super Sumos (Lynn Schmidt)	1	5	37
105	Kalamazoo Killer Bees	2	5	36
125	Munich Third Reich	1	4	26



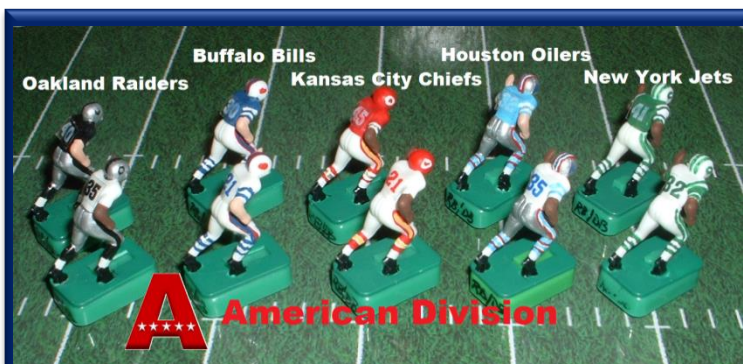


"World League of American Professional Football" (WLAPF)

Owner Chris LeMay (eflfanatic)

What started out as the AFL vs. NFL vs. WFL Solitaire Electric Football League with 12 teams competing, became the WLAPF half through the season with the addition of 2 more teams. This league featured custom painted Haiti Repro figures with teams from the American, National, and World Football Leagues playing a series of "What if" Super Bowls and World Bowl Championship Games. All teams were 3.3 Limited Division teams but only one team was able to win more than 5 games to become SCBCS bowl eligible.

RANK	TEAM	Won	Lost	Points
8	New York Jets	10	0	118
	** Bowl Eligible **			
25	Dallas Cowboys	5	5	83
33	Green Bay Packers	5	5	76
34	Kansas City Chiefs	4	6	76
36	Oakland Raiders	5	4	74
39	Cleveland Browns	4	4	71
47	Minnesota Vikings	4	3	63
75	Houston Oilers	3	1	45
82	Baltimore Colts	3	2	42
111	Florida Blazers	1	5	33
112	Buffalo Bills	1	5	33
122	Birmingham Americans	1	5	27
177	Memphis Southmen	1	1	11
188	So. California Sun	0	2	9





The Rest of the Leagues

The following are the rest of the participants in the first season of the SCPC grouped by league or individual owner but failed to complete 10 games or have any teams eligible for SCBCS Bowl Games. We do want to thank these coaches for participating and hope that they will consider a more active participation in Season Two of the SCPC.

Mail Order Football League (MOFL)

Rank	Team	Owner	Division	Won	Lost	Points
98	Pacific Sharks	Al Dunham	4.0 Inclusive	3	1	37
115	Possum Lake Lodge Golden Ducts	Shane Hooper	4.0 Inclusive	2	3	31
149	Cincinnati Bengals	David Roller	4.0 Inclusive	1	1	17
156	New England Patriots	Mark Francis	4.0 Inclusive	1	0	15
178	Boston Stranglers	Chris Fields	4.0 Inclusive	1	1	11
210	Northern Lights	Derrick Gross	4.0 inclusive	0	1	5
229	Richmond Rebels	Brian Wittkop Sr.	4.0 Inclusive	0	1	3
233	Dallas Cowboys	Scott Hooper	4.0 Inclusive	0	1	3

Helmet Row Show (HRS)

Rank	Team	Owner	Division	Won	Lost	Points
103	Bemidji State Beavers	Derrick Gross	3.3 Tweaked	2	2	36
104	U of M Golden Gophers	Derrick Gross	3.3 Tweaked	2	2	36
135	U of M Duluth Bulldogs	Derrick Gross	3.3 Tweaked	1	2	21
143	Colorado Buffalos	Mantaraydre	Unlimited	2	1	18
148	Bringham Young University	Tom Roesink	3.3 Tweaked	1	1	17
169	University of North Dakota	Derrick Gross	3.3 Tweaked	1	1	13
174	North Dakota State University	Derrick Gross	3.3 Tweaked	1	1	12
181	Miami Hurricanes	Mantaraydre	Unlimited	1	0	10
231	Arkansas Razorbacks	Mantaraydre	Unlimited	0	1	3
235	Tennessee Volunteers	Mantaraydre	Unlimited	0	1	3

MPANNMEFSL owned by Derrick Gross (Drk)

Rank	Team	Division	Won	Lost	Points
146	Camp 53 Shays	3.3 Limited	2	0	17
157	Northome Bears	3.3 Limited	1	1	15
165	Caldwell Busties	3.3 Limited	1	2	14
190	Plum Creek Pioneers	3.3 Limited	1	1	8
191	Wildwood Woodsmen	3.3 Limited	0	2	8
200	Grattan Swamp Loggers	3.3 Limited	1	0	7

NFLGTSL owned by Reginald Rutledge

Rank	Team	Division	Won	Lost	Points
151	1985 Chicago Bears	Unlimited	2	0	16
198	1994 Dallas Cowboys	Unlimited	1	0	7
232	St. Louis Cardinals	Unlimited	0	1	3
236	1987 Washington Redskins	Unlimited	0	1	3
242	1967 Green Bay Packers	Unlimited	0	1	1

Independents

Rank	Team	Owner	Division	Won	Lost	Points
73	Skulls	Owen Gross	3.3 Tweaked	5	1	47
186	Miami Dolphins	Walt Davis	3.3 Limited	1	0	9
207	Oklahoma State Cowboys	Bryan Nutt	4.0 Inclusive	1	0	6
209	2012 Atlanta Falcons	Andy McLaughlin	Unlimited	1	0	5
211	Indianapolis Colts	Derrick Gross	3.3 Limited	0	1	5
215	2012 New Orleans Saints	Andy McLaughlin	Unlimited	0	1	5
214	Clemson Tigers	Derrick Gross	3.3 Limited	0	1	5
224	University of Miami Hurricanes	Derrick Gross	3.3 Limited	0	1	4
225	Iowa State Cyclones	Bryan Nutt	4.0 Inclusive	0	1	4
241	Kansas City Chiefs	Walt Davis	3.3 Limited	0	1	1

From the Locker Room

Jerry McGhee recently published a “How to Guide” on building scale electric football fields or “the Big Board”. More and more miniature electric football coaches are realizing the benefits of playing on a “Scale” board. I had the privilege of playing a scrimmage game with Jerry on his original scale board at the “BAMA BLAST” in 1998 and was amazed at how much more you could do in the way of play calling options and how much more you could spread your offenses and defenses to achieve more realistic play results.

“Scale” is considered to be $1/2" = 1$ yard. This matches the scale of Tudor’s traditional Fab Five figures.



“This scale of electric football fields opens up the game and makes for a more satisfied experience for your coaching enjoyment.

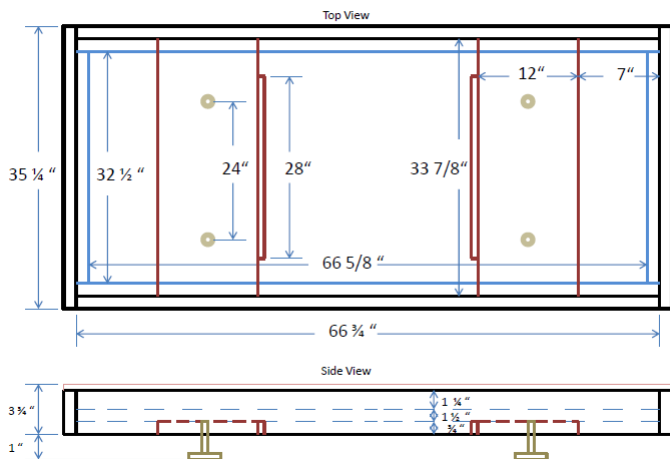
My hope is that you will try and build this game board, enjoy playing on it and I know it will open up new dimensions and possibilities in your electric football experience.”

-Jerry McGhee

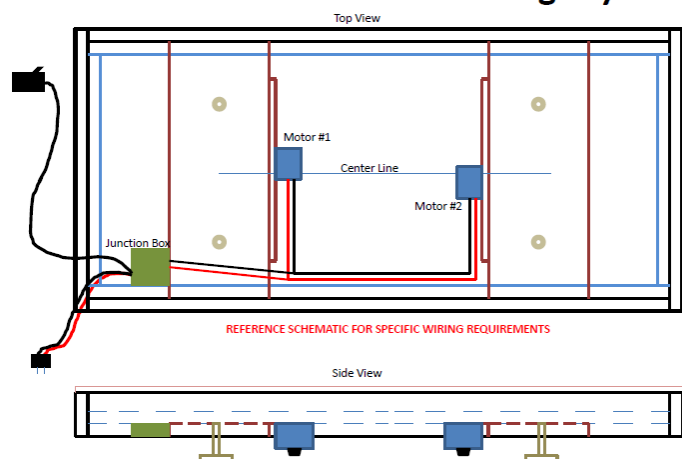
Jerry explains in great detail how to build a big board with excellent construction drawings, pictorial illustrations and valuable safety tips.



Warrior TOC Board Total Frame Dimensions



Warrior TOC Motor and Wiring Layout



Jerry will build a board for you but you have to come to Florida to pick it up.



Frank B from Venice Beach, FL

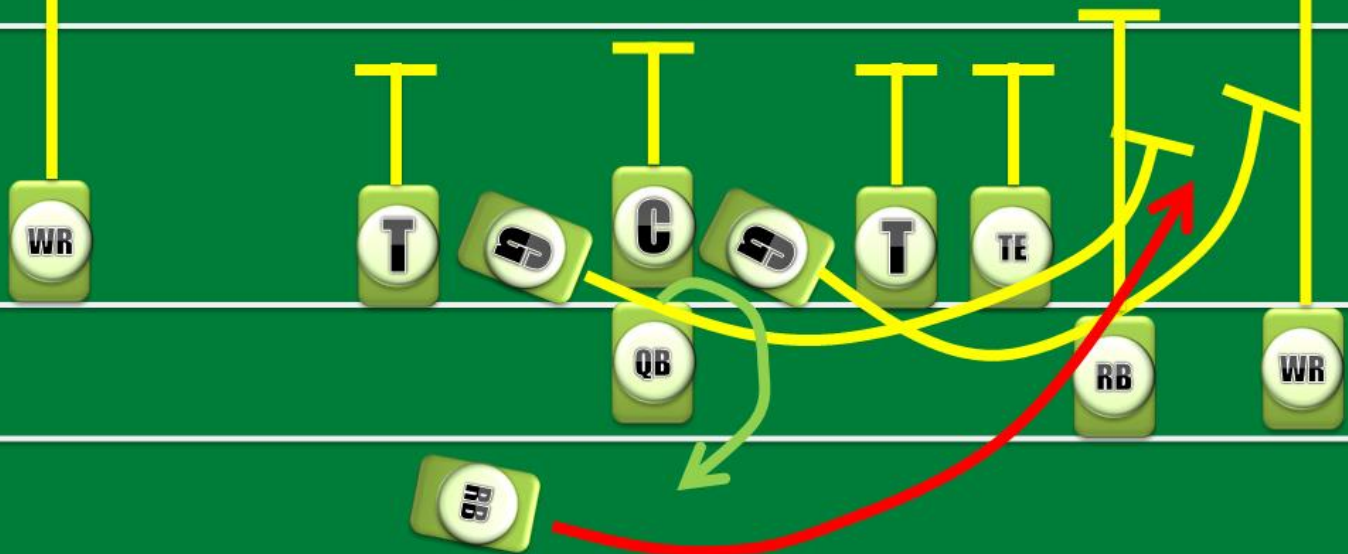
To download the guide go to

<http://miniaturefootball.org/2013/03/27/diy-scale-size-warrior-toc-electric-football-field/>

The Offensive Coordinator

The Packer Sweep

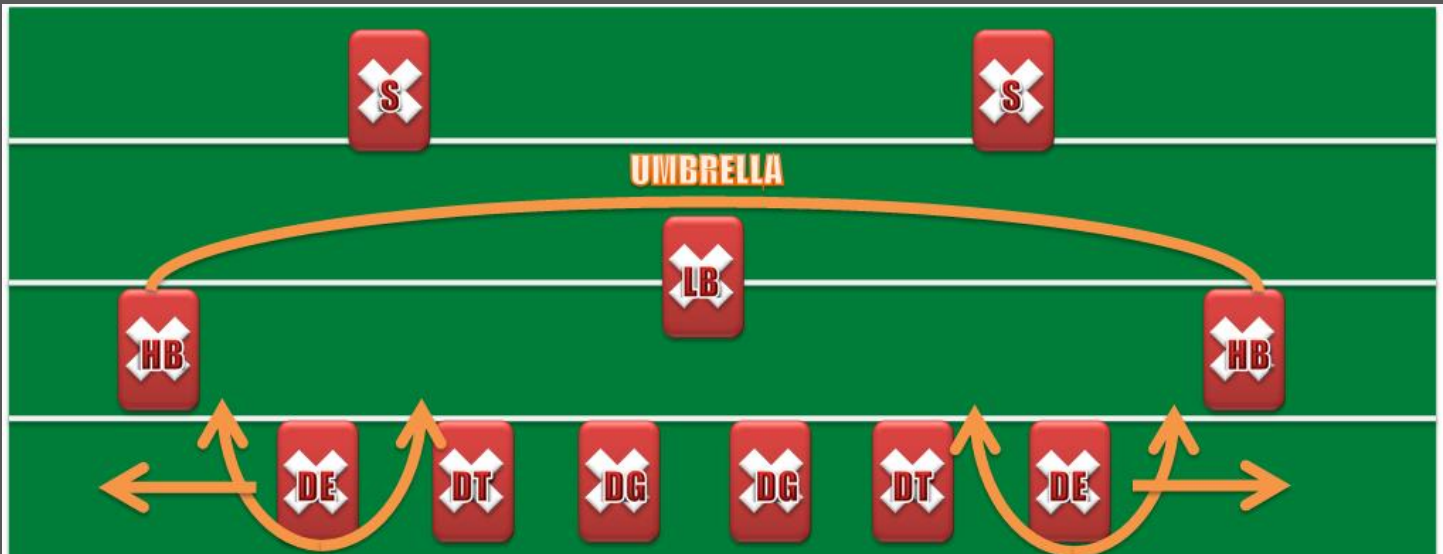
Right Guard and Left Guard Pull to the right. QB lined up under center, spins right and hands off to the #3 back who is lined up behind the left guard and sweeps around the right end following the blocking of the Right and Left Guards.



During the 1960's, the Green Bay Packers dominated pro football, in no small part because of the sweep. A deceptively easy play, Vince Lombardi used the sweep to maximum effect. In Green Bay's playbook, it was known as "49" when run to the right and "28" when run to the left. "There is nothing spectacular about it," Lombardi said. "It's just a yard gainer. But it is my No. 1 play because it requires all 11 men to play as one for it to succeed, and that is what team means."



The Defensive Coordinator



The 6-1-4 UMBRELLA

The 6-1-4 or 6-1-2-2- Umbrella Defense is the forerunner of the modern era 4-3-4 used by most pro football teams during the 1960's – 1980's. Steve Owen, Head coach of the New York Giants from 1930 – 1953, developed the Umbrella defense in 1950 and used it against the Cleveland Browns to give the Browns their only two losses of the 1950 season.

The Umbrella set up as a normal 6-1-2-2 defense. Giants defensive ends sometimes rushed and at other times dropped back at the snap to become linebackers, changing the defense to a 4-3-2-2. But the Umbrella really "opened" when the ends floated out into the flats. This disrupted the Cleveland passing game.

When the All-America Football Conference collapsed, Owen picked up almost half his defensive team by adding backs Tom Landry, Otto Schnellbacher, and Harmon Rowe, guard John Mastrangelo and tackle Arnie Weinmeister.

"In 1950 we developed a defense against the Browns that came to be known as the Umbrella," recalled Em Tunnell, later a Giant assistant coach. "Our ends, Jim Duncan and Ray Poole, would drift back and cover the flats while tackles Arnie Weinmeister and Al DeRogatis and guards Jon Baker and John Mastrangelo were charged with rushing the passer and containing the run. The lone linebacker, John Canady, was told to follow the Brown fullback wherever he went.

"Tom Landry played the left corner, Harmon Rowe the right, I was the strong safety and Otto Schnellbacher the weak. If you would look at this alignment from high in the stands it looked like an opened umbrella. In truth, it was the same 4-3-2-2 used today. We did go into other formations, but mostly we used this 4-3 arrangement. It was so successful against the Browns that we beat them twice. The first time we played them we shut them out, the first time that had ever happened to them."

Special Teams

The following was originally published in "The Tweak", Summer 2007 - Issue One under the title "Solo Mio – Tips for Solitaire Play" by Al Dunham

Kick offs. There's one to start every game, as well as every second half and after every score. It's an important aspect of the game, but one that is often overlooked or ignored. Many of us simply place the ball on the 20 yard line and go from there without kicking. For many years I used a chart for kicks and returns. I'd simply roll the dice and go with what came up. Some leagues use the TTQB to actually kick. The only drawback is when the coach has a kicker who can kick it out of the end zone every time. There's also LeMays kicking cards. The cards are nicely made and work well, but there are no out of bounds or touchbacks. Some coaches put the ball at the goal line and return it from there, but that means that the kick is the same every time. So what can a coach do to get the best simulation for kicks?

Here's one idea. I made a chart of 36 squares, 6 rows across and 6 rows down. In each square is a different length kick, with TB being an automatic touchback and OB being out of bounds. I then roll 3 dice (having 3 different colored or size dice works best, but can also be done with 1 or 2 dice) One die is designated as being across and one as down and the third die spots the ball on the field. Here is how it works. Let's say I rolled a 5 - 3 - 4. According to the chart, 5 across and 3 down is a 58 yard kick. From the 30 yard line that means the ball is caught at the 12 yard line. But where on the 12? That's where the third die comes into play. A '1' would place the ball near the right side line. A '2' halfway between the right sideline and right hash mark. '3' is at the right hash mark, '4' the left hash mark, '5' half way between the left hash and left sideline and '6' is near the left sideline. In this case, you would place a magnet on the 12 yard line at the left hash mark. Then you place the return man on the magnet and set up your return team. The kicking team lines up his men at his 30.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	OB	68	70	66	60	TB
2	71	65	57	64	59	69
3	TB	77	61	72	58	OB
4	60	58	68	71	77	60
5	64	51	OB	70	63	66
6	59	TB	55	58	69	79

Now you are ready to turn the board on. But for how long? Most coaches run the board between 3 – 5 seconds and then shut it off. The biggest problem with this, is that different boards and coaches run at different speeds. On one board 4 seconds could mean that the kicking team hasn't even reached the 50 yard line, while on another board 4 seconds will have the kicking team into the opponents end zone. How do you regulate the time to leave the board on so that you can get a realistic return? Here's what I do. I run the board until one of the kicking teams players reaches the return teams 40 yard line. Then I shut it off, take the return man off the magnet and turn any player not engaged in a block. Then I turn the board back on until the return man is tackled, goes out of bounds or scores. Using this method, I've found that my average return is to the 20 - 25 yard line, though sometimes I'm lucky to get to the 10 and other times I get out past the 30 or even score. Occasionally the kick is a touchback or goes deep enough that the return team has to decide whether to return it or take it at the 20. Getting an out of bounds is a bonus as you get to take the ball at the 40, just like in the NFL.

If you're looking for something different to spice up your game, give it a try. As I said earlier, for many years I just used my dice for both kicks and returns. When another coach showed me how he did returns, I combined the two. I never knew what I was missing. Now, I couldn't imagine doing kickoffs any other way.

Solitaire Coaches Points Challenge

Season 2



Begins

September 1, 2013