

‘Twas the Night Before the PFRA Meeting,

or The Curse of Worse Verse Than You’d Hear in a Hearse

By Bob Greenleaf Carroll

I had a nice dream the other eve
(Caused by a late snack, I believe).
EVERYONE came to the PFRA Meeting!
(I’ve sure got to watch that junk I’ve been eating.)

Here’s John Hogrogian, a Big Apple lawyer,
But deep in his heart a Researching Warrior.
The Jets and the Titans are grist for his milling.
Hey, John, write some more. The *Corner* needs filling!

Here’s the always-top-grade Jimmy Campbell,
Who every few years gets urges to amble
To new footballish spots of employment.
Why does he do it? I guess for enjoyment.

Here’s Joe Horrigan, at the Pro Football Hall,
Among pro historians he stands very tall.
I can’t count the times that I’ve wanted to know
Some obscure fact, and thought, “I’ll ask Joe.”

Here’s Joe Plack, and here’s some big news:
Without good ol’ Joe, we’d have to up dues.
His printing our books keeps us in the black.
Let’s all say together: “Thank you, Mr. Plack!”

Here’s our PFRA Prez, the busy Jack Clary,
Whose books on pro football are must reading -- very!
His *Great Moments* series, his best-selling *PB*
Are ALMOST as good as I’d ‘a done. (Tee-hee!)

Here’s Stan Grosshandler, a doc for the Ages,
Whose various stories have filled up these pages.
A wonderful memory, a wonderful fella.
As editor, I’m most glad he’s a wonderful spella’!

Here’s Vince Popo, our treasurer treasure,
Who banks all our checks and then, at his leisure,
Pays all our bills. He does it so neat he
Was rumored to’ve been last seen in Tahiti.

Here’s the ubiquitous David S. Neft,
Who researches sports with a style that is deft.
A “Walking Sports Encyclopedia,” you think,
But if they should duel, the Ency would blink.

Here’s our secretary Greg Kukish.
Though well-read, he ne’er comes off bookish.
A quick helping hand, a ready broad smile.
If you’re ever in jail, he’ll send you a file.

Here’s Bob Gill, Mr. Enthusiasm.
Few have researched as much football as him.
Those yellowed newspaper pages are right up his alley.
Have you read his book *Down in the Valley*?

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Here's Vic Mastro, who isn't from Yonkers.
No, sir! It's the Bronx that makes him go bonkers.
Anything footballly that hap't in that borough
Will set him to researching it all good and thorough.

Here's Emil Klosinski, on whom we depend
To to tell tales of early pros in South Bend.
Of Rockne and Hunk and Cofall and Slip
And who could forget the mighty George Gipp?

Here's a favorite phone friend, Raymond Lee,
Whose calls are always welcomed fondly.
No matter how far we are in the dumps
His cheerfulness always gets rid of our grumps.

Here's Bob Van Atta of west Pennsylvania,
Greensburg-Latrobe is his football mania.
The number one expert on his part of the nation,
This ex-marine earns a standing ovation.

Here's Bob Sproule, the man who knows
More Canadian football than any ten Joes.
Ask him 'bout a "single" and he will proclaim,
"It's a way to score in my favorite game!"

Here's that busy young writer Ed Gruver.
Lombardi-ish stuff is right in his *oeuvre*.
A fellow so kind, if the truth be tol',
He wrote a whole book about a Nice Bowl.

Here's the Pro Football Hall's Peter Fierle.
For his extra efforts, we thank him sincerely.
And Trish and Saleem of the library staff,
They're great, but that doesn't say it by half.

I dreamt to myself, "If this dream continues,
I'll list every member who's paid in his dues!"
But ere I could name the rest of the folk,
My telephone rang and -- darn! -- I awoke.

I hung up without switching my long-distance service,
And sat by my phone getting mightily nervous.
Would Don, Jim, Ed, Tod, Mark and the rest
Not finding their names here be very distressed?

So with nary a bit of flim-flam or flummery,
Consider this as my "post-dream" summary:

For help, friendship, and support I thank

(Please put YOUR own name in the blank).