

## THE GREATEST GAME EVER PLAYED

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By Victor Mastro and C.C. Staph

"DEE-fense!, DEE-fense!" is the Bronx cheer,  
Katcavage, Little Mo, Robustelli, and Grier.

Johnny Unitas, fresh, young and smart,  
Pitches to Berry and Moore from the start.  
Through the packed stadium's azure sky,  
The fearless Colt lets that ball fly.  
Trapping and baiting -- Baltimore fun!  
He has our brave Giants on the run.  
Mix guile with magic. All can see  
The score at the half -- 14 to 3.

"DEE-fense!, DEE-fense!" is the Bronx cheer,  
Katcavage, Little Mo, Robustelli, and Grier.

The Horse is reined in short on its call.  
Heroic Giants defend that wall!  
Remarkable comeback! We're up by three!  
The clock's running out. A victory?  
Gifford carries. Just scant inches more?  
Gino and Daddy slam shut the door!  
Johnny Colt's turn with the ball.  
Eternities later, Steve Myhra ties all.

"DEE-fense!, DEE-fense!" is the Bronx cheer,  
Katcavage, Little Mo, Robustelli, and Grier.

Giants' death knoll ready to chime.  
"Seventeen-Seventeen!," A first Overtime!  
Giants dark blue, Colts in pure white.  
The first to score will win this night.  
Our New York pros have plenty of heart  
But brash Johnny U. picks them apart.  
Blue-clad Giants, tired -- tired and old.  
Dusk descends; the last bell has tolled.

"DEE-fense!, DEE-fense!" is the Bronx cheer  
Katcavage, Little Mo, Robustelli, and Grier.

Unitas gold arm and Berry's soft hands.  
Fatality stills the sad New York fans.  
Irresistably moving down the field,  
The Colts force our Big Blue Dee to yield  
Down to the one-yard-line. Alas!  
A field goal? Or one more Johnny U pass?  
The Horse bolts over. That's our fate  
On this day of glory in fifty-eight.

Katcavage, Little Mo, Robustelli, and Grier.  
"DEE-fense!, DEE-fense!" was the Bronx cheer.