

SCOTTISH PREMIER LEAGUE

Celtic

versus **PARTICK THISTLE**

CELTIC PARK

**SATURDAY
7th FEBRUARY
1981**

**Kick-off
3 p.m.**



**programme
30p**



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FROM THE MANAGER

WELL, while recognising that we have to concentrate and maintain our present surge, the position of the club right now is buoyant.

We've taken over leadership of the Premier League from Aberdeen; the Reserves have won in convincing fashion the West Section of their league; and the under-18s side, having won their first half of the season division began the second competition with a victory at Greenock over Morton.

Of course, with things moving in the right direction for us this is precisely the time to be vigilant and see that the momentum is maintained.

We must continue to express ourselves with attractive, open football, something we have been doing convincingly recently. That must be the pattern right to the end of the season if we are to take prizes.

It is our efforts — and our efforts alone — that will determine how successful a season it will be.

Every game is important and now that we've got ourselves at the top again the pressure will increase. Every opposing team likes to beat the leaders.

Partick Thistle will be in that sort of mood against us today. This is our fifth meeting of the season. Most of our matches have been tight and Thistle are clearly working well under their new manager Peter Cormack.

They've brought off one or two results. We'll have to treat them carefully but the current mood of the Celtic team makes me hopeful that two more championship points will be secured today.

I felt we had a good result at Tynecastle last week. To win 3—0 away from home is a satisfying position irrespective of the strength of the opposition. Mark you, I would have been happier if we'd shot home further goals. Our play deserved a bigger dividend.

Nevertheless, it didn't do our confidence any harm and everyone at Celtic Park knows that they have to continue in this vein for themselves, the club and the fans. The players are prepared to put in a little extra through to the end of the season. I ask the fans, who have been tremendous all the way, to put in a little extra as well. It could be an unstoppable combination.

BILLY McNEILL

CELTIC



FOUNDED 1888

Directors:

Desmond White, C.A. (Chairman),
Thomas L. Devlin, James M. Farrell,
M.A., LL.B., Kevin Kelly.

Manager:

Billy McNeill.

Address:

Celtic Park, 95 Kerrydale Street,
Glasgow G40 3RE.

HONOURS:

League Champions (31 times)

1893, 1894, 1896, 1898, 1905,
1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1914,
1915, 1916, 1917, 1919, 1922, 1926,
1936, 1938, 1954, 1966, 1967, 1968,
1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974,
1977, 1979.

Cup Winners (26 times)

1892, 1899, 1900, 1904, 1907,
1908, 1911, 1912, 1914, 1923, 1925,
1927, 1931, 1933, 1937, 1951, 1954,
1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1972, 1974,
1975, 1977, 1980.

League Cup Winners (8 times)

1957, 1958, 1966, 1967, 1968,
1969, 1970, 1975.

Empire Exhibition Cup 1938.

Coronation Cup 1953.

European Cup 1967.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

THE man who made it possible to call upon all the players who were involved in the Tynecastle match with Hearts last week-end . . . physiotherapist Brian Scott.

He was the busiest individual at Parkhead this week. Sunday was a working day for him tending to Charlie Nicholas and Tom McAdam. And while Monday saw the rest of the staff free he was still coping with a busy treatment room.

"It has been a very active time for Brian", said manager Billy McNeill. "He's been working non-stop with Murdo MacLeod and with Nicholas and McAdam requiring attention there was no day off for him. The pay off came with the availability of Nick and Tom this afternoon."



Another frustrating period of

inaction faces Murdo MacLeod. Just when it looked as if he was on the point of returning to the first team his muscle injury began to pain him in training.

A period of rest was advised by a specialist, though the present situation isn't as serious as the original hurt. And certainly it won't be as long as the month reported in some quarters.



The Criminal Justice (Scotland) Act is now in force and the police powers concerning such items as taking drink into football matches should be studied by all fans. This aspect of the law, plus the carrying of drink on supporters buses has been well publicised and Celtic Football Club hope that all supporters of the team will abide by the new regulations.



JOHN WEIR
celebrates his 21st birthday this month.

Today's match began for Celtic fans the luxury of three home games in a row. It is Stirling Albion in the Scottish Cup next week and then Rangers on February 21. There are still some tickets available for this fixture which seems likely to give Parkhead the biggest crowd of the season.

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Duel of the Macs



George McCluskey (Celtic) and Dave McKinnon (Partick Thistle) in a possession duel.

MATCH TEAMS

CELTIC (from)

Pat BONNER
Danny McGRAIN
Mark REID
Dom SULLIVAN
Tom McADAM
Roy AITKEN
Davie PROVAN

Mike CONROY
Frank McGARVEY
Tommy BURNS
Charlie NICHOLAS
George McCLUSKEY
John WEIR

THISTLE (from)

Alan ROUGH
Dave McKINNON
Brian WHITTAKER
Jackie CAMPBELL
Andy ANDERSON
Kenny WATSON
Donald PARK

Ian JARDINE
Alex O'HARA
Ian McDONALD
George CLARK
John LAPSLEY
Joe SWEENEY
Jamie DOYLE

AND OFFICIALS

Referee
Mr J. R. Renton
(Cowdenbeath)

Linesmen
Mr H. Gould
(Markinch)
Mr L. J. Officer
(Aberdeen)

BELL'S

SCOTCH

HALF-TIME SCOREBOARD

A	ABERDEEN v MORTON	
B	DUNDEE UTD v RANGERS	
C	KILMARNOCK v HEARTS	
D	ST MIRREN v AIRDRIE	
E	BERWICK v MOTHERWELL	
F	CLYDEBANK v ST JOHNSTONE	
G	DUNFERMLINE v FALKIRK	
H	E STIRLING v STIRLING ALBION	
I	HAMILTON v AYR UNITED	
J	HIBERNIAN v DUNDEE	
K	RAITH ROVERS v DUMBARTON	
L	EVERTON v ASTON VILLA	
M	IPSWICH v CRYSTAL PALACE	
N	LEICESTER v MAN UTD	
O	WEST BROM v LIVERPOOL	

Spectators are requested to take care — particularly leaving the ground after the match

CELTIC ARE DOUBLE 'TOPPERS'

CELTIC are tops. They've taken over the leading spot in the Premier League and had a convincing success in the 26-match Reserve League. Even though they've two matches to go they have the division sewn up. Details in "Reserve Scene".

The latest table placings are:

PREMIER LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Celtic	24	17	2	5	51	27	36
Aberdeen	23	14	7	2	45	16	35
Rangers	22	10	10	2	39	16	30
Dundee Utd	23	9	8	6	41	28	26
St Mirren	23	8	7	8	33	29	23
Partick Th	24	8	7	9	19	26	23
Morton	24	7	7	10	26	38	21
Airdrie	23	5	8	10	22	36	18
Hearts	23	3	5	15	18	40	11
Kilmarnock	23	2	5	16	15	53	9

RESERVES LEAGUE (West)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Celtic	24	20	4	0	54	14	44
Rangers	23	14	5	4	67	26	33
Kilmarnock	24	11	6	7	48	31	28
St Mirren	21	11	6	4	38	27	28
Ayr Utd	22	9	7	6	41	31	25
Partick Th	21	10	3	8	34	32	23
Hamilton	23	7	7	9	26	37	21
Motherwell	22	8	4	10	35	38	20
Clydebank	23	8	4	11	29	42	20
Dumbarton	22	5	6	11	27	39	16
Airdrie	21	5	6	10	20	35	16
Queens Park	23	3	8	12	28	45	14
Morton	21	6	1	14	23	40	13
Clyde	22	5	1	16	22	57	11

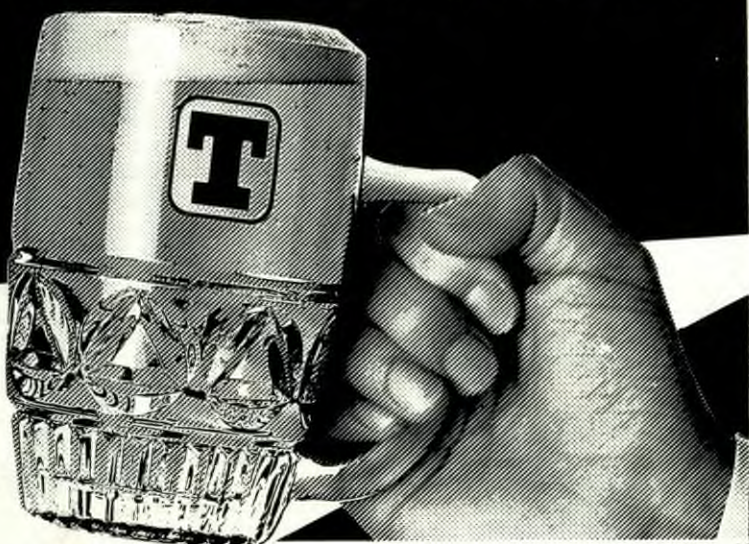
RESERVE LEAGUE (East)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Hearts	22	18	1	3	58	19	37
Dundee Utd	20	17	0	3	57	11	34
Dundee	20	15	2	3	56	23	32

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Big Centre Forwards Live!

BY ROBERT WALKER

They used to call James Braddock, that unlikely heavyweight champion of the world, the Cinderella Man. Such an appellation might equally apply to Horst Hrubesch, West Germany's hero of the 1980 European Nations Cup Final, scorer of both goals against the Belgians; a stinging angled shot into the right hand corner, a forceful if unopposed header from that late left wing corner.

Yet a couple of years earlier Hrubesch, then already 27, was just a West German Second Division player, who would apparently serve out his career in decent obscurity. Gunter Netzer, Hamburg's general manager, and not long ago the inspiration of the West German midfield, saw him, was impressed, and signed him. Almost at once, Hrubesch proved an admirable foil to Kevin Keegan. Hamburg won the Bundesliga and, the following season, fought their way into the Final of the European Cup in Madrid.

Who knows what might have happened had Hrubesch been truly fit? Alas, he wasn't, and when he came on in the second half against Nottingham Forest, he could only limp about, showing none of that power in the air which had led the Real Madrid goalkeeper to quit the field in terror in the Volksparkstadion, where Hamburg wiped out their earlier defeat on this same ground in Madrid.

Came the Nations Cup finals, and the West Germans found themselves in need of a centre-forward, Klaus Fischer, the reigning choice, having a broken leg.

BIG OX

Hrubesch was scarcely an automatic successor. His critics thought him a big ox, an old fashioned buster, relying on brawn rather than skill, capable, it is true of winning ball after ball in the air, sometimes knocking them down to Keegan as John Toshack once did, sometimes heading them into the net, but on the ground, he was quite clumsy.

So the West Germans took him to Italy for the Finals but they started

the tournament without him; dismally. I saw that opening game in Rome where their attack, against the modest but well organised Czechs, was a mere blunt instrument. I also saw their next game against Holland in Naples when Hrubesch played and, in the opening minutes, had already transformed his team. His bulk, his strength, his sheer, eager aggression sowed alarm in the Dutch defence. Twice, with foot and head, he almost scored in the early stages, and though in the event Klaus Allofs got all three of the West German goals in a 3-2 win, there was no doubt in my mind which had been the decisive forward.

In the Final, there was Hrubesch

again to show his enormous value. West German teams, in fact, traditionally like to play, perhaps even need to play, with a classical centre-forward. There was, for many years, Uwe Seeler, that squat, infinitely determined little figure, of whom Jimmy McIlroy the Northern Ireland and Burnley star once said to me, "If the ball was on the other side of this wall, he'd run through it and get it."

Then, in a somewhat different vein, there was that master opportunist, Gerd Muller, scorer of over 60 goals in international football including the winner in the 1974 World Cup Final, an inspired loiterer with intent.

LOVE A FIGHTER

In the 1972 European Nations Cup finals, West Germany, playing Yugoslavia in the semis in Belgrade, suddenly threw on as their substitute the burly Dieter Muller of Cologne, who had never been capped before, and who promptly responded with a hat trick. "Germans," the former Bayern and Munchengladbach manager, Udo Lattek, said to me during the 74 World Cup, "love a fighter, and Muller is not a fighter." But he was still a great centre-forward, of a kind that even the Germans had in the end to appreciate. Meanwhile, the innate need for a centre-forward seems, in West German football, to persist. Nor is it unknown elsewhere.

The "battering ram" centre-forward, the Target Man, call him what you wish, is generally assumed to have been a phenomenon of the 1930s, the inter-war period when the invention of the Third Back game, with its concomitant W formation, necessitated a big, strong centre-forward, left to do battle with the ever attendant policeman, or third back, centre-half fighting much of the time for high balls down the middle.

EFFECTIVE

He wasn't the most scientific or technically gifted of players, but he was often exceedingly effective, and when it came to the likes of those two superb Everton centre-forwards, Dixie Dean and Tommy Lawton, he had a lot more to offer than mere physique. Both these players were deadly in the air, and Lawton, in particular, was exceedingly skilled and alert on the ground. I would place in the same category John Charles, the Welsh giant, who began with Leeds as a boy wonder centre-half, then was transformed into a centre-forward capable of immense success, even hero worship, in Italy where he played for Juventus of Turin.

All these were much better footballers than Hrubesch, which makes it the more interesting that at this supposedly advanced, refined and sophisticated moment in the history of the game, years after the invention of Total Football, a player of his kind should still be so outstandingly successful.

THERE'LL NEVER BE A BRITAIN



Joe Jordan - Scotland

BRIAN GLANVILLE



WRITES

Recently, in the course of a broadcast interview for the overseas services, I was asked how I could deplore the participation of minor Afro, Asian and North American soccer countries in the World Cup, when Britain still fielded four different teams. It's a question which always irks me, though goodness knows I have come across it often enough before. A few years ago, there was a sustained and, in my view, peevish move among the South American nations to cut down Britain's World Cup representation, but though the egregious Joao Havelange - not yet, then, the perambu-

lating President of FIFA - inexcusably backed it, it came to nothing.

The argument against Britain having four separate countries in world competition tends to go roughly as follows. First, Britain is in fact one country and a small one at that. In international terms, the four home countries, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, have no separate identity.

Secondly, their performance in World Cups over the years has been of little distinction. Only England have ever won it; and even they have not been among those present at the last two World Cups. Wales and Northern Ireland have only once ever qualified for the finals, and the Welsh got in, in 1958 (the same year as the Irish) only because they were given a second bite of the cherry, eliminating Israel, whom Uruguay, themselves already eliminated, were too proud to play.

APPALLING CHEEK

If I became angry when such arguments are advanced, it is because they have always seemed to me to represent an appalling cheek; the arrogance of the upstart. The four home countries were busily playing one another when the rest of the footballing world, so to speak, lived in caves. The first official match between England and Scotland - though not the first actual match -

took place in Glasgow in 1872; a goalless draw which presaged the football of today! Wales first played Scotland in 1876 England at The Oval in 1879, and have now, of course, completed their centenary, as have the Northern Irish, though the first game they played was against England in 1882, a 13-0 home defeat; a year in which they also played Wales, in Wrexham.

Not till 1899 did an F.A. touring team feel it was worth going to Europe. They toured Germany, flattening all opposition, and two years later the Germans sent a team to Britain which played an all amateur England team at Tottenham, a professional team in Manchester, conceding 22 goals in the process. You won't find those results in the official records of the German F.A.

PROUD INDEPENDENCE

It was fully twenty years after the foundation of the Football League, let alone the Football Association (born in 1863) that a foreign team was able to give any kind of account of itself against a strong British side. That was when the Danes, the pioneers of soccer on the Continent, entered the Olympic football tournament at Shepherd's Bush, and lost honourably to the all English United Kingdom team in the Final; a margin repeated

when the Danes again reached the Final in Stockholm, four years later.

Football is football, history is history. Though another carping quarrel with the existence of four British countries is that almost all Northern Ireland and Welsh players appear in the English League, there is a sharp difference to be drawn between political and footballing realities. If you are really foolish enough to think that Scotland, in footballing let alone national terms, has no basis in fact, then go along to a game against England at Hampden; or even, save the mark, in recent, terrifying years at Wembley. The Scots would no doubt be delighted to win the World Cup, quite pleased to win the European Nations Cup, but when their team meets the Auld Enemy, the occasion is, for them, one that dwarfs any others.

PIONEERS OF SOCCER

This rivalry is, for the Scots, intensely real, and you sometimes feel that their continuing existence as a separate footballing nation stands also for their proud independence as a distinctive country. Besides, for South Americans, in particular, to dare to suggest that Scotland as a separate footballing entity should disappear represents the grossest superficiality and ingratitude. For Scotland can properly claim to have invented football as we know it, and to have laid the basis of the modern game.

While, in England, muscular, six foot public schoolboys were running endlessly with the ball in death or glory solos, the Scots quietly invented the passing game. When professionalism burgeoned in Lancashire, it was to Scotland that such clubs as Preston North End turned, for footballers who crossed the border and mysteriously found money in their boots. Aston Villa was another great club which would have been nothing without its pioneering Scots.

Later, it was Scottish coaches who went out to teach the game to the world. Jimmy Hogan, the mentor of Austrian and Hungarian football, the man who sat at Hungary's quest of honour in the Royal Box when England were thrashed 6-3 at Wembley in 1953, was, it is true, not a Scotsman but a Lancastrian. It remains true, however, that he learned all he first knew about coaching - by his own admission - from the Scottish professionals he found with him at Fulham in his active days before the first world war.

Wales, too, have a fiercely individual identity. Between the wars, they several times won the British Championship out-right, although time and again their splendid unofficial manager, the Welsh F.A.

Secretary Ted Robbins, was obliged to rebuild his teams at the last moment because English clubs would not release their players. The fervour inspired by the red jersey of Wales became a byword; Third Division players would be transformed for a

brilliant, breathless afternoon.

As for Northern Ireland, who can forget their World Cup exploits of 1958; Italy eliminated, the quarter-finals reached?

The four Home Countries have earned their right to exist separately.

Kenny Dalglish - Scotland





by Eric Nicholls

Put yourselves in the shoes of a Board of Directors or, as in this case, those of the Chairman, and just imagine what you would do if your team won the Cup and League double. Whatever you dream up you've got it all wrong.

First you sack the Chief Coach. Your top scorer happens to be No.2 in the country and No.5 in Europe. He's got to go, so you sell him.

That's enough for starters, but we haven't finished the celebrations. Most of your players are in the category of young and

highly promising. So, you don't need to be told you need at least one older hand to guide them. No problem there. Your captain is also skipper of the national team. So you fail to renew his contract and let him go!

One of your promising youngsters is 22, good enough to be in the national squad and rated by most as one of the keys to your club's success in the future. Your new Chief Coach is one of his fans, too, so you wait until the Chief Coach is on holiday and sell the lad.

Tell all that to anybody at

Highbury or White Hart Lane, to say nothing of Anfield, and they'll offer you the names of a first-class team of "trick cyclists".

The club? Ajax. The chairman? Tom Harmesen.

This "re-building" over the past year has seen the once great Ajax heaved out of the European Cup by Bayern Munich and currently occupying a position in the Dutch first division that will almost certainly see them miss entry into all three UEFA competitions next season.

Cor Brom was the Chief Coach. He's doing very nicely in Belgium. Ray Clarke was the goal ace who went to FC Brugge on his way to Brighton and Newcastle. You've guessed the skipper's name. That was Ruud Krol (somehow missed by Arsenal!) who trotted off to Vancouver Whitecaps and Napoli. And the promising youngster? Simon Tahamata, a stocky little winger Nottingham Forest will remember. He's doing well in Belgium, too, and still in the Dutch national squad.

THE

Chairman Harmsen's new name in Holland? Football's answer to Tommy Cooper!

You are far from satisfied with the topsy-turvy form of your team, so you form a group of wealthy supporters and make a takeover bid. We've heard it all before.

But right now Schalke 04 are in the centre of a takeover rumour. Their group have bid £1½ million. They want changes in the boardroom and on the field. One of their aims is to buy Alan Simonsen, the Danish international star, from Barcelona.

The trouble is they have offered five times too much to meet West Germany's FA regulations. And even that sum would have to be classified as a "gift". All the club say is that if anyone wants to give them the sum allowed "we'll look at it". Maybe they should ask Ron Saunders for a little advice!

Thought you'd like to know that Liberia's national squad have not been jailed - yet! Mr

Samuel K. Doe, the president of the Liberian FA, threatened this action if his team should lose a game.

Mr Doe, known in most Continental countries as "Sergeant-Major Doe" has since then seen his team draw 0-0 with Gambia. Rumours that 23 prisoners were released from prison the day before the match have neither been confirmed nor denied!

If he's good enough, he's old enough. Now there's a well known saying in football. But our dear Spanish friends don't agree. The Spanish players' union have threatened strike action because of a new rule that states all clubs in or below the second division must field two or more players aged 19 or under. What a funny game!

Money talks in football. But sometimes it says the wrong thing to clubs. It has just made a statement of fact to Washington Diplomats that the past two seasons have cost just about £150,000 below £3 million -

nearly three-quarters of that last season alone.

Of course, that wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that Johan Cruyff joined them last season would it?

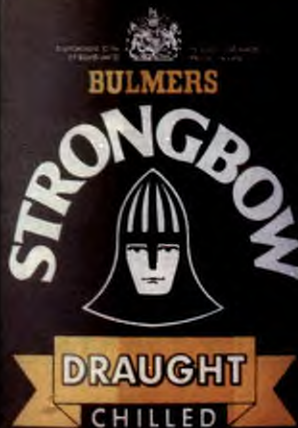
Washington crowds have averaged between 11,000 and 19,000, not enough to foot the bills. So the owners, Madison Square Garden Corporation, have said the club is up for sale.

While those dollar kings up the road - New York Cosmos - giggle in their bourbon, the Washington players have the little matter of their own future to consider.

That shouldn't be too difficult for people like the two old Dutch internationals, Johan Cruyff and Wim Jansen. Arsenal might be interested!

But the timing of the Washington Diplomats' announcement was a little strange, to say the least. The team was on a tour of the Far East and Cruyff had just scored the first goal against Hiroshima. What a name! Maybe his bonus per goal is a bit too high for Madison Square Garden Corporation!

STRONGBOW. A PINT WITH AN EDGE.



The Virginian



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**RAY BRADLEY
OF THE
SUNDAY
EXPRESS**

The Great Midlands explosion is under way. Aston Villa lead the assault, West Brom stay tucked up behind in a strong challenge for honours and Birmingham are the back-up boys as Liverpool at last find themselves rated only as contenders for the championship they sewed up last season.

Villa, for so long concerned with board room battles and internal politics, now find themselves as shock title favourites after a tremendous start to the current campaign.

No club in the country can match their massive incentive bonus scheme to keep them in that coveted top spot - £250 a point or around £500 for every win.

The size of the bonuses being lashed out has raised more than a few doubting eyebrows, especially as the Midland kingpins suffered a huge loss on last year's accounts.

But new chairman Ron Bendall says with refreshing confidence: "I do not begrudge the players one penny. They deserve high bonuses as a reward for continued success".

Even though Villa's gates have dipped below the 30,000 mark, you will find no glum faces in this traditional stronghold of British football.

Stone-faced manager Ron Saunders firmly holds the view that success on the field must generate success at the turnstiles - especially if Villa continue to play attractive, attacking football.

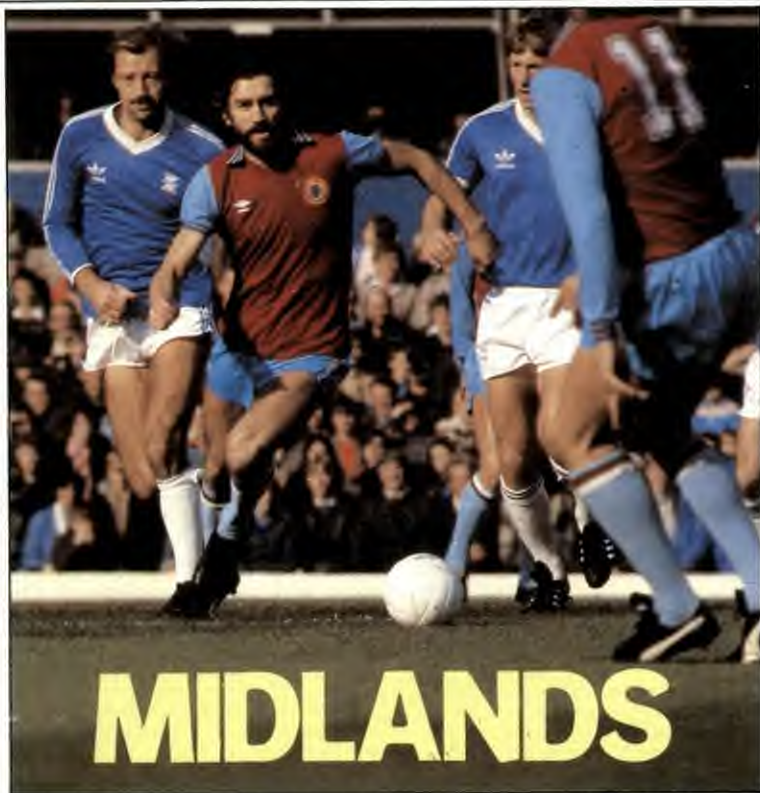
But the cost of their stunning success this term has been high and several of their established players unable to hold down first team places are up for grabs.

INCENTIVE

Certainly, the players are delighted with the incentive bonuses they have been banking and skipper Dennis Mortimer - surely now right on the fringe of deserved England honours - succinctly sums up their



Ron Atkinson



Midlands Combat

success as a "real team effort", and adds "Anybody who expects us to slip up now are going to be disappointed. We have a target and we do not intend to let anyone knock us off course".

The new wave of confidence at Villa Park after a year of back-biting and board room upheavals is shared by top Midland rivals West Brom - one of the most talented and entertaining teams in the First Division.

Manager Ron Atkinson, their larger-than-life, extrovert manager has carefully assembled a squad that feels they are striking towards an Everest peak of achievement and says simply: "We must take every game as it comes. We have murdered some teams this season, but we have not won anything yet. So we are content to stay in contention and not shout the odds".

But perhaps the biggest revival of sagging fortunes has been made at Birmingham where honest Jim Smith has assembled a side of vast experience that is now beginning to make a real First Division impact after promotion last season.

DOWN TO EARTH

Smith is not a man given to exaggerated hyperbole. He is a down to earth realist.

He says without a trace of arrogance: "A lot of people expected us to struggle this season and we had a few minor problems. But what some

people do not realise is that we have a team who have made consistent development over the last couple of years and I am reasonably satisfied with our progress".

Smith, typically, refuses to single out individuals, but even he admits he has been pleased with the increasing commitment shown by the performances of his extrovert striker Frank Worthington.

He has demanded extra commitment from Worthington this season and the 31 year-old former England forward has responded with a glut of goals and safe unselfish running to solve one of Smith's greatest problems - lack of convincing fire power up front.

Says Worthington: "The boss had a bit of ago me earlier this season and I think I have made a solid contribution in the team's good run."

"I think the boss has built a side steeped in experience and it has paid off, besides bringing on some very talented youngsters who are now on the verge of England honours".

Yes, the Midlands is buzzing again and the Mersey supremacy of Liverpool has been thrown down an authentic challenge. It remains to be seen if Villa, West Brom and Birmingham can sustain their challenge in the coming months and bring some much-needed glamour to an industrial area hit hard by recession.

More over Liverpool, the Midlands are on the march again.

THE EXCLUSIVE 700 CLUB

BY GRAHAM SPIERS

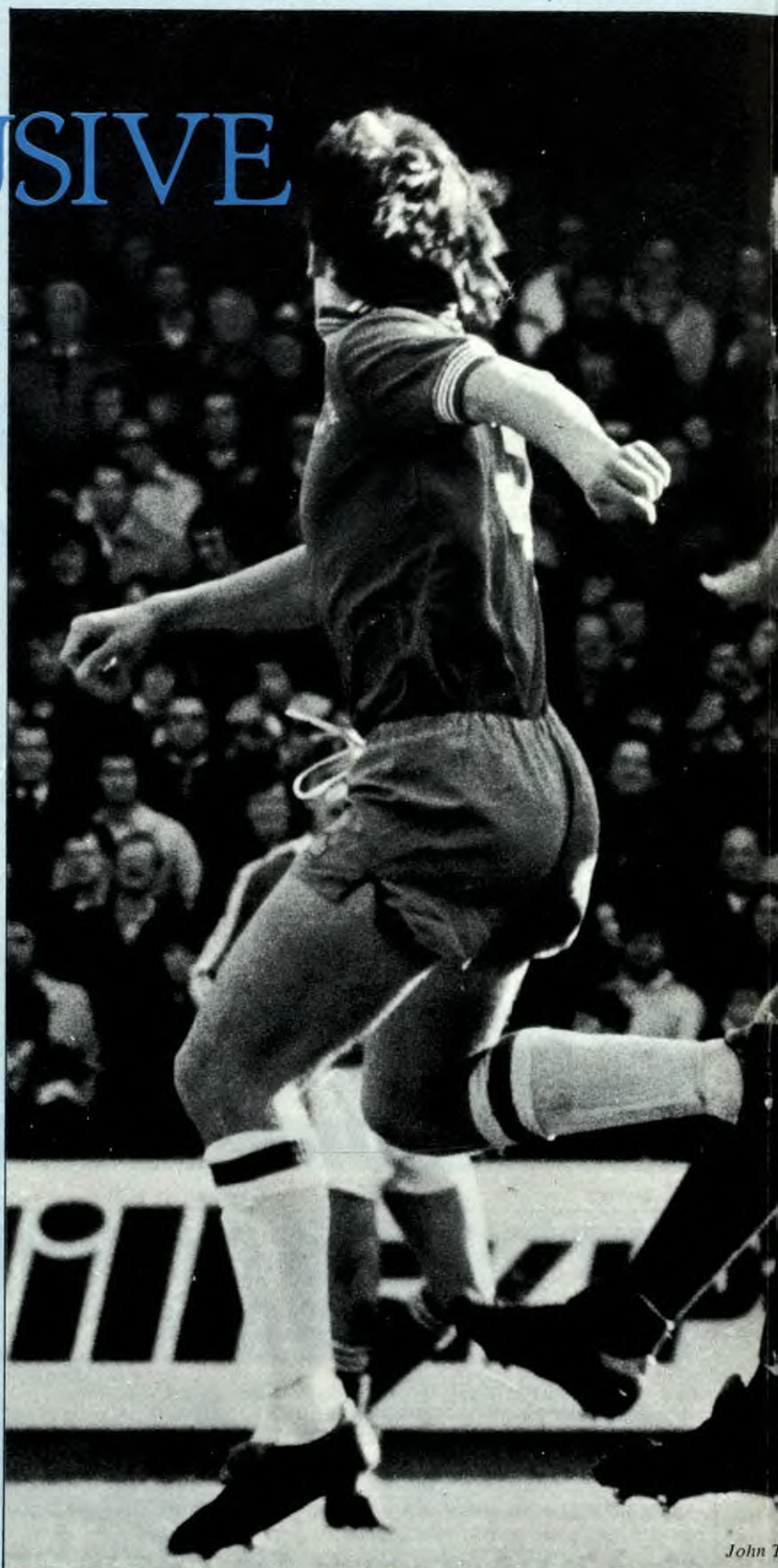
A club with only four members is very exclusive and it looks very much as though that's all the members the club will ever have. I am referring to that exceptionally select quartet of '700' men - the four players who have played over 700 Football League games for the same club.

When 17 year-old Norman John Trollope left his native Wroughton in Wiltshire to travel the three miles to Swindon in July 1960 he could have had no idea of what the future held. He duly signed on with Swindon Town and a month later he lined up in his favourite full-back position in the 'Robins' first team. He missed only two League games that season and then began a run of 360 consecutive League games which only ended when he broke an arm at Hartlepool during the 1968-69 season.

As soon as he was fit again it was back to first team duty and another ever present turn out for the 1969-70 campaign.

By the 1974-75 season Norman Trollope was recording yet another complete total of League outings and on the Fifteenth of February, 1975 his team mates and the visiting Preston North End team lined up to form a guard of honour as he ran out onto the County Ground pitch to record his 600th. League appearance for the club.

At the end of the 1978-79 season Trollope had clocked up only 16 League outings - his worst ever total since he came into the first team as a 17 year-old. He decided to call it a day and those very well worn boots were about to be hung up. He didn't turn out in the 1979-80 season and the club cancelled his playing contract in January 1980. He took charge of the Youth team. But suddenly as Swindon hit a bad patch at the start of this season Norman took down his boots from the shelf and was back in action for his beloved 'Robins' once again. It was then that he thought of going for



John T



Trollope (right) in action for Swindon.

the League appearance record which had stood for 15 years.

RECORD BREAKER

On Saturday the Eighteenth of October, 1980 Norman Trollope became a record breaker when he played for Swindon Town versus Carlisle United at the County Ground - his 765th. Football League game for his only club.

The man whose record Norman Trollope took over was another of those wonderful one-club servants - James William Dickinson.

The great Jimmy Dickinson had to travel 10 times further than Norman Trollope when he signed on with his one and only League club. From his birthplace in Alton, Hampshire to Portsmouth is still only 30 miles and at least it's in the same County.

After playing local school and youth club football in Alton Jimmy went along to Fratton Park to sign on for 'Pompey' in January 1944 as an 18 year-old. He had to wait a while for his League debut which came in 1946 and from then, until his retirement on the Twenty-Fourth of April, 1965, his fortieth birthday, he missed only 38 League games - and 17 of those missed games came in a single season!

Unlike Norman Trollope, whose only major honour was a League Cup winners medal in 1969, Dickinson picked up many honours during his playing career. There were the two League Championship winners medals in 1949 and 1950 to start with. Then between 1949 and 1957 a magnificent 48 England caps with 45 of them won as a stylish left half although he played in all the defensive positions for Portsmouth at various times.

In 1962 with 'Pompey' glory days long gone Jimmy Dickinson stepped up to collect a Third Division Championship winners medal with the club. In June 1964 his magnificent skill and loyalty resulted in the award of the MBE.

Having completed his outstanding total of 764 League appearances and 50 Cup ties for Portsmouth Dickinson was Public Relations Officer and Scout with the club before, in July 1968, appointed the club's Secretary. When Ian St. John left the Manager's job at the club Dickinson took over but illness forced him to become the club's Chief Executive and hand the managerial reins over to Frank Burrows.

MR. PORT VALE

From the time that he signed with his local League club, Port Vale, in the 1949-50 season until his retirement in 1972 defender Roy Sproson was the complete one-club man. Born in Stoke on the Twenty-Seventh of September, 1930 Sproson kept on racking up League appearances with Vale until, with a total of 761, he decided his playing days were over. Sadly, like so many before him, his attempt at managing his former club, proved less success-

ful than his playing performances for them.

Making up the exclusive quartet of 700 Up players is Terence Lionel Paine and yet again we find that Winchester born Paine didn't go far to sign on with the League club which played such a major part in his life - Southampton.

Born on the Twenty-Third of March, 1939 Terry Paine signed professional with Southampton in February 1957 and made his League debut in March, a week before his 18th, birthday.



Swindon full back John Trollope takes the field for his 765th League appearance for Swindon against Carlisle.

Paine's 700th. League game for the 'Saints' was against Newcastle United at the Dell on the Fifth of February, 1974 but after a further 13 League matches for the club he moved to Hereford United as player-coach.

In addition to his 713 League games for Southampton which resulted in a magnificent Testimonial at the Dell in 1975 for which almost 15,000 supporters turned up, he picked up a Third Division Championship medal in 1960 and, between 1963 and 1966, 19 England caps.

If he had one failing as a player Paine's was that he was sometimes rather petulant, perhaps this helped him in his other role - as a town councillor - but it was perhaps typical that when he reached his 750th. League game, playing for Hereford at Preston on the Twelfth of April, 1975 - he was booked!

Soccer is our most popular sport. In addition to 5,000 professional soccer players another 1½ million play the game through 37,000 clubs in practically every part of the country. Despite the ups and downs of the professional game there is never a shortage of those who want to go out and kick a ball just for fun. The Kevin Keegans and Peter Shiltons of the Sunday morning industrial leagues bring a level of enthusiasm to their game which helps to compensate for any lack of skill. Unfortunately this very enthusiasm sometimes produces unpleasant results.

All too often the weekend soccer player or athlete will launch himself into non-stop activity without attempting to go through a "warm-up" routine. The agony of a torn muscle or ligament can easily be the result.

Professional soccer players who are in regular daily training still recognise the need for a "warm-up" session before every match. International athletes who have reached the heights of physical training frequently "warm-up" for as long as one hour even though their chosen event may last no more than seconds.

A "warm-up" consists of a series of stretching exercises specially selected to prepare the body for vigorous sport enabling it to per-

form at maximum efficiency and so minimise the risk of injury.

AIMS OF THE 'WARM-UP'

1. To increase the blood supply to the muscles.

The blood carries the energy for the muscle to contract. Increasing the blood supply helps the muscles to perform more efficiently.

2. To stretch the muscles through their full range.

When a muscle contracts it shortens and becomes wider; the muscle is then at its strongest. When a muscle is stretched it elongates and becomes thinner; at this position the muscle is weakest and is prone to injury.

If stretched beyond these limits it will tear under the stress. Torn-muscles often occur as a result of slipping or over-striding after inadequate exercise. A proper "warm-up" will also help to ease stiff muscles and enable you to check any external strappings and supportive bandages for comfort.

If you would like to know more about pre-sport preparation an in-

teresting full-colour wall chart has recently been produced by the makers of Deep Heat Rub.

This wall chart contains a great deal of useful information including illustrations of stretching exercises to cover the major muscle groups. It will help to keep you playing instead of sitting on the sidelines nursing an injury. Copies are available 50p each (post free) from The Mentholatum Company Limited, (Dept. S.E.), Longfield Road, Twyford, Berkshire RG10 9AT.

Take a tip from the professionals, before you play your Sunday soccer, warm-up properly. It takes a few minutes only. Your game will benefit because you will be able to get into top gear from the first whistle. It's a good way to catch the opposition cold in the opening minutes of the match.

Further enquiries about their chart to:

Ron Andrews
Advertising & Public Relations
Manager.
The Mentholatum Company Limited
Longfield Road
Twyford
Berkshire

Telephone: Twyford (0734) 340117

Warm-Up for Soccer



Ron Andrews of The Mentholatum Company Limited (Left) discusses the new DEEP HEAT wall chart with Kevin Morris, physiotherapist, Swindon Town F.C.

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REVEALED at the Birmingham Motor Show was a new model in the Vauxhall range. It fits in just one slot below the top line six cylinder Royales and coupes, splitting them off from the Carlton, Cavalier, Astra and Chevette below.

Called the Vauxhall Viceroy, it is a 2½ litre six costing £7,863 and designed to compete against lower spec Granadas, Ghia Cortinas or the smaller-engined Rovers, amongst others.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of this new 'Vauxhall' is its history, which confirms the increasing dependence of Vauxhall upon Opel in Germany for new car products. Look at the Viceroy and you actually see a re-badged Opel Commodore, which is now also available in Britain with differing levels of equipment for slightly less money, or a lot more £s with a sunroof and alloy wheels added to an already generous specification.

General Motors, who own both Vauxhall and Opel, and are the biggest makers of cars in the world (Toyota are second now with Ford third), have confirmed from their US base that Vauxhall will now be primarily about Bedford trucks and vans so far as new products are concerned. Opel will concentrate on cars for Europe.

Looking at figures provided by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders (SMM&T) you can see that pattern emerging. In the first nine months of 1980 Vauxhall sold 69,748 cars made in Britain (over 10,000 down on 1979); 10,926 made in Germany with Vauxhall identification (that's 7994 more from Germany than in 1979, a 250% increase!) and very slightly more 'Vauxhalls' made in Belgium. About 11,400 last year and 11,662 in 1980.

That's small beer compared with Ford, who imported 71,345 from their Cologne plant (over 20,000 down on 1979 though), just over 48,000 from Belgium, roughly 10,500 from Eire and a whopping 60,898 from Spain. That was very nearly double what we took in in the first nine months of 1979, and a very sore point with many in the British motor industry as we effectively cannot export to Spain, yet they are queued up waiting to join the Common Market!

BACK TO OUR VICEROY...

So the Viceroy is typical product of the European motor business today, crossing tariff barriers casually and providing qualities of performance, handling and accommodation that are acceptable not only in Europe, but, in appearance at least, also Australia and New Zealand. 'Down under,' a Commodore, manufactured by Holden in Australia, looks much the same and has been a success for over a year, carrying a much broader range of engines, from inline fours to awesome 5-litre V8s. Units powerful enough to beat the best in touring car racing.

Motoring with Jeremy Walton



Carlton Saloon

VICEROY IN SHOCK SPLIT OF ROYALE AND CARLTON

For British motorists the Viceroy version of Commodore offers a single 115 bhp inline six with Opel's characteristic cam-in-head layout, which is virtually the same as having an overhead camshaft in all but detail.

That engine should provide up to 111 mph (109) with the excellent GM three-speed automatic and consumption that government tests reported as varying from 20.8 mpg around town to 33.2 at a constant 56 mph.

Both to drive, and in layout, the Viceroy is a no-nonsense package that gets on with a job without fuss.

The MacPherson strut-type front suspension, a system popularised ironically by Ford, gives an absorbent and comfortable ride when allied with the well-restrained, coil-sprung back axle. The latter a GM feature that Ford went for on Cortina.... Swap!

Servo assisted disc brakes, with drums at the back, are well up to the job. The power-assisted steering just adds to the general feeling that this is an easy car to drive, one that makes no demands on the driver.

Combine this with a size that's really more Cortina than Granada and you have a car that will really appeal to the man on his way up who does not want to appear flash, but does appreciate the creature comforts that go traditionally with more

luxurious and prestigious names. Viceroy should do well, but will it?

SILVER DREAM MACHINE

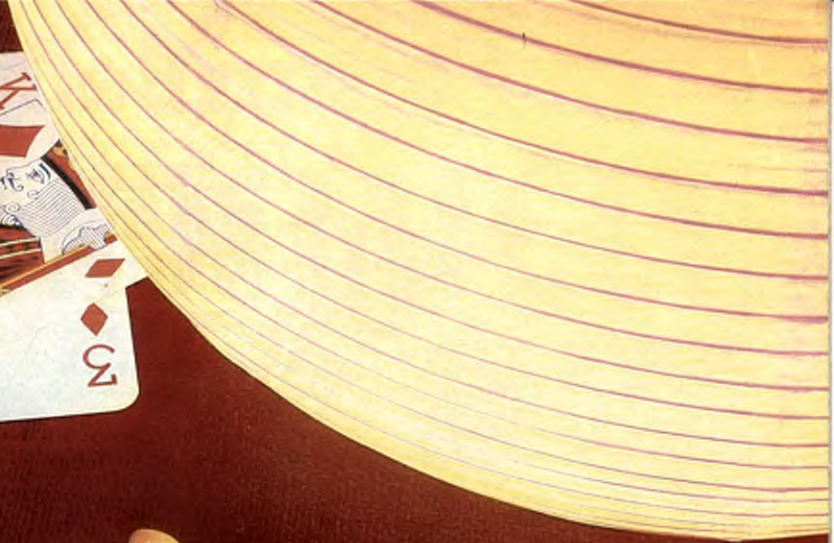
It's a shame that a comparatively minor role seems to have been chosen for Vauxhall on the car side, because the styling studios in Luton have always been able to turn out really exciting show cars. Remember the Equus sports car? Or the special Chevettes? In many cases they drove as well as they looked, but actual production is a different matter. Latest example is the Vauxhall Silver Aero.

The latest in the show line was shown at Birmingham. Even my wife, who finds all cars boring until the price tag makes your eyes water, thought this was a good looker.

Based on a Cavalier hatchback, Silver Aero had a body modified to give better aerodynamics than any production rivals, a luxury-sports interior, skirts underbody (like Grand Prix cars!) and - 2.4 litres of the usual 2.0 four cylinder ex-Opel motor, turbocharging and supervised by Rayjay electronic equipment to continuously monitor temperature and mixture.

Vauxhall say that the car "has been built in three phases, each, or all of which, can be applied to any of the Sports Hatch models."

We shall see...



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Every time.*

11K/77J

MIDDLE TAR

As defined in H.M. Government Tables.

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Brian Bethell

meets

Mark McManus

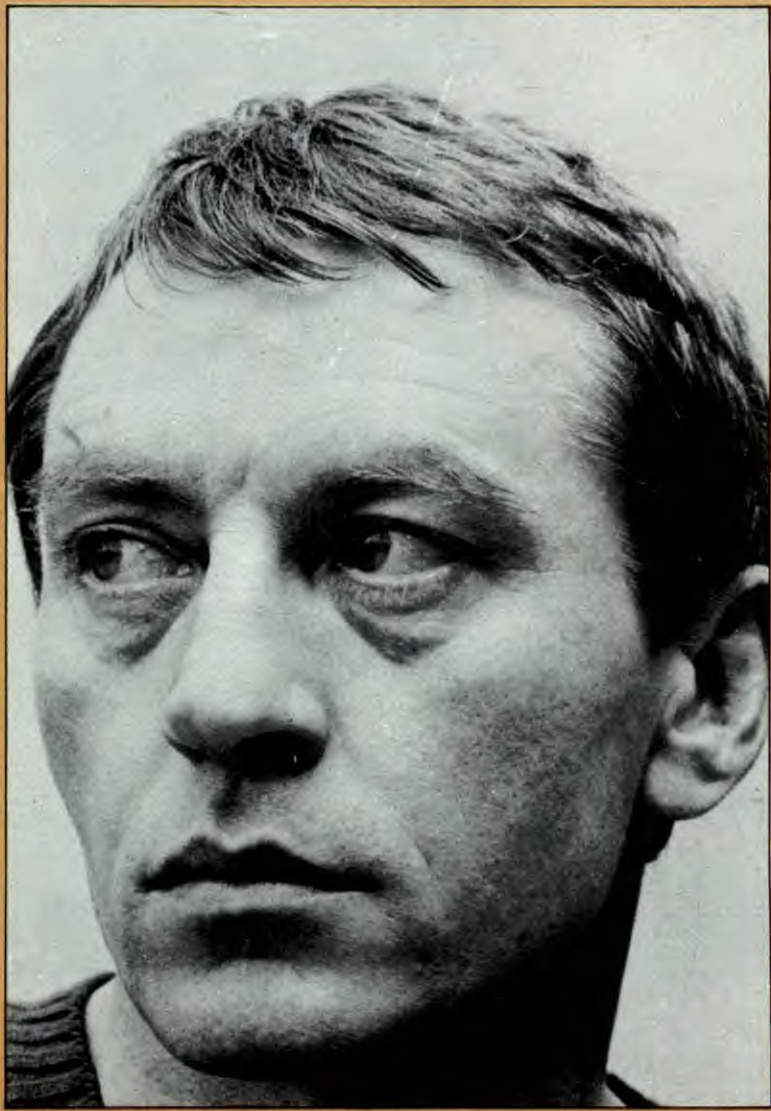
Mark McManus, who plays the tough head of The Inter City Squad in Granada Television's highly successful drama series Strangers, is very keen on sport and not just as a spectator. As a boy he boxed and later, when he was drifting around Australia, used that early knowledge of ringcraft to earn a living. His boxing there was however very different from his amateur bouts and owed little to the Marquess of Queensberry. Often it involved travelling

four or five hundred miles on dusty roads in a car packed with two or three other fighters and their manager. Then donning trunks and gloves and going six or eight rounds in a smoke-filled hall somewhere in the outback, where there was little if any official control over the bouts. Rubbing his fingers over his often broken nose he recalls that period of his life as a particularly painful one. It was while he was in Australia

that Mark first took to the stage and in the ten years or so he remained down under he made a great many theatre, television and film appearances.

Returning to England he joined the Royal Court and embarked on a television career that included appearances in Colditz, The Brothers and Sam, the latter part establishing him as a nationally known face. Working in the evening, especially when in London, provides Mark with the opportunity to spend much of the summer watching cricket, and on fine days away from rehearsals he is often to be found relaxing in the sun at Lords or The Oval. However, given his Scottish blood, his first love remains football, and Mark, who hails from Hamilton in Lanarkshire, is like all his fellow countrymen fiercely proud of his national side. He recalls the time he was appearing in Manchester and Scotland qualified for the World Cup Finals in Argentina. The performance over, Mark and a friend journeyed north to join in the celebrations and found themselves in what he describes as a 'horizontal city' and during the finals he turned down lucrative offers of work so that he could follow the side's televised progress more closely.

As an actor Mark is conscious of the value of a good performance and therefore appreciates sportsmen who, not only do their job on the field of play efficiently, but entertain as well. Having said that, it is hardly surprising that high in his list of sporting heroes are the names of two all time Scottish Greats, Jim Baxter and Dennis Law, and of the players from south of the border he holds Trevor Brooking in high regard. All without doubt fine sportsmen but each with more than a hint of the showman about them. Perhaps this is not so strange, for as Mark points out, it takes the same single minded dedication to succeed in the highly competitive business that characterises both football and acting, and the same uncertainty and knife edge between success and failure exists in both a cup final and an opening night. Awareness of this link between stage and sportsfield causes Mark to express surprise that more football fans don't go to the theatre and he suggests they give it a try. For if they did, he for one is sure that they would find the same quality of drama passion and emotion there as they do in the stands and on the terraces.



Ivor Allchurch

LIVING NOSTALGIA

BY ROB HUGHES OF THE SUNDAY TIMES

Cardiff Arms Park, which even soccer folk know is the shrine to Welsh rugby union, was an odd place to catch up with an unseen football genius. Yet it was there, in the first week of this season, I first saw Ivor Allchurch in the flesh.

During the journey of 200-miles, the mind was filled with doubts: Ivor's hey day had probably been the 1958 World Cup, he is now 50 and taking part in an unreal match between Welsh soccer and rugger internationals to kick off the Welsh RFU Centenary season. What on earth could you expect from the man?

Whatever it was, he surpassed it. The once eye-catching blond hair all but disappeared, the surge that took him past two and three opponents has mellowed into a graceful trot, but much remains of a player without whom spectators of the Fifties and Sixties feel little compulsion to attend football.

You can see at once the figure he cut then because he is within a few pounds of his best weight, kept at that peak by playing in Welsh minor league soccer until "retiring" this summer. You can see, as he cleanly, swiftly strikes for two quick goals in a matter of minutes the finish which gave him 251 League goals - 166 of them for his beloved Swansea City in whose colours he loyally gave his peak years with the exception of a brief sojourn with Newcastle United.

Yet his instincts for scoring were nowhere near the sum total of the Allchurch who gathered a record 68 Welsh international caps. You could see at Cardiff, even accounting for age, how the man wanted to be guardian of his side's rhythm - and how renowned internationals past and present were delighted to let him. You gained some insight into the care and pride with which he strikes a ball.... "I like to hit the ball, to stroke it along nicely," he says. "I'm a storeman nowadays, back home near Swansea, and I'm happy alright. But nothing compensates for football".

A regular at Swansea, he enjoyed watching the game, though when pressed, Ivor admits: "There is more pressure nowadays - so much to win or lose. I preferred our style, I suppose; we put our foot on the ball, looked around, whereas they do



Ivor Allchurch, Cardiff

tear around today. Still, that's change. You talk about systems today, we had systems too - a player with ability has to adapt".

Allchurch, whose brother Len was playing at his side that night at the Arms Park, cannot credit players who quit in their prime or who admit the game is no more thrill to them than a factory job. "They don't know they're born, some of them", he says. "Playing soccer - oh, what a lovely life".

Nevertheless, his two sons, who inherited a great deal of ability, chose not to follow in the lovely life. The elder, a solicitor, plays striker for Ammanford, the younger mixes cricket with rugby, both are satisfied to enjoy the game at local level. "I think they enjoyed family life", explains Allchurch, conceding that nowadays a player is likely to live at home during his apprenticeship or to pursue a profession outside the game.

Yet, despite the moaning we occasionally hear, Allchurch believes "they got to love the game, and the professionals I know, older and younger ones, do. Perhaps a lot don't like having to go out and play hard, but I still think even if there wasn't so much money about they'd give 100 per cent. We played for the love of it, but we wanted to win,

too".

He wanted, he still wants, more than that out of his lovely game. You glimpsed at Cardiff the impeccable slight of foot which had defenders backing off him in two minds, you saw him pass the ball with either foot (though the right was predominant) with a telling accuracy and inventiveness that even today would stand out as a great talent, and you were made to feel the FUN he communicated from the field to the stands.

After he had drawn his last pay packet - the £20 maximum wage variety "but we still made a good living" - he persisted for 12 years for his village side "because I enjoyed it and they seemed to appreciate it, too". I'll bet they did, and even now Ivor isn't too sure why he decided his innings was over. It simply appears that everyone was telling him 50 was a nice round figure on which to declare.

So he has to content himself training Tuesday and Thursday nights with Bishopstow and playing squash and tennis while waiting for the call of the charity circuit matches. Like Sinatra, they may have to bury Ivor Allchurch and his kid brother Len before they stop doing what comes naturally.



Liam Brady when playing for Arsenal.

CHIPPY

LIAM BRADY — "Chippy" to his still-faithful Highbury fans — robbed Britain of our best midfield player when he left Arsenal in the close-season for Juventus.

But will the delicately-built Dubliner with a left foot like a surgeon's scalpel plant his roots in Turin? Or will he be back in the First Division before long?

Certainly, we shall not see Brady's magnificent, sometimes majestic midfield skills in the Football League for a few years yet.

But I have always been convinced that Brady, who listened intently to the advice of England's Kevin Keegan before going abroad, will be like Keegan — and come home to conclude his career.

A recent flying visit to London by Brady did little to alter my opinion, for on the day Italy played a World Cup qualifying match against Yugoslavia in Rome, Brady preferred the colder climes of Highbury, a huddled-up spectator at Arsenal's 2-2 draw with West Bromwich.

The young Irishman, who angered many with his book, published on the eve of his departure for Juventus — and the lovely lira that transfer involved — has fitted in well with the

wealthy giants, Juventus.

He and Roberta Bettega, Italy's matinee-idol striker, have struck up a particularly strong rapore.

Yet Brady's best friends remain in England. Graham Rix. Frank Stapleton. David O'Leary.

Sitting in a B.B.C. television studio, discussing Arsenal's performance with Jimmy Hill, it couldn't help but strike me how Brady continued to use the word "We" when he talked about Arsenal.

"We might have shaded it." "We came back well."

Whether or not Brady's return to these shores is with Arsenal — or Manchester United, who tried so desperately to keep him here, even at a cost of £2 million — is anyone's guess.

Obviously, the return of the prodigal is not yet imminent. It is, however, distinctly possible.

Meantime, Brady admits: "There are many differences between English and Italian football ... but none that have provided me with any great deal of difficulty.

"It also has its advantages. I think in Italy they give you a little bit more time on the ball."

It was interesting listening to Brady when he discussed the

differences in training between England and Italy.

Many of our players don't seem to realise it, but they have more time off than on the Continent.

"We train five days a week, not four," said Brady. "In England you usually get one midweek day off. Not there."

"But training with Juventus is easier than with Arsenal. Much easier."

Chippy Brady admits to being homesick some times. But only when he is actually "back home" — in Dublin or in England, with his friends and family.

For the rest of the time, he and his young wife are adjusting well to life in a strange land. Both are taking Italian lessons.

That, too, suggests that they plan to remain for some time in Turin.

But I have known Liam Brady since he burst into the Arsenal side. We have often argued passionately — about football, about footballers, about football writers.

I may be wrong. But somehow I feel that later if not sooner, we will welcome the return of the prodigal Dubliner.

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All poems received will be judged for the Sportopia Poet of the Season. The winner will receive a £250 cheque and the 2 runners up will each receive cheques for £50. In addition a special Prize will be awarded to the Sportopia Junior Poet (under 16 years of age). Closing date for poems January 5th 1981.

RAMSEY & HIS ARTISANS OR 1966 & ALL THAT

They called him stubborn, rude and blunt,
But Good Queen 'Beth has dubbed him:
Sir Alf-of-England's finest hour'
And truly, since, who's touched him?

The pundits scoffed and sneered and said:
'No flair - each one's a carthorse!'
But Alf stood firm against such lies
And, Midas-like, delivered: Gold of course!

The 'Flash' be spurned and rightly so,
The 'flash' can't graft, can't battle:
He needed Yeomen, hearts of oak
To brave the sabres' rattle

In future days, old men will gaze
Into their fire and say:
Privileged and rightly proud
They were that July day.

For on that day, some names became
The household sort, forever:
The godlike Moore, the gap toothed, Stiles
And ball, the hell - for leather.

With Banks of England, (oh so safe),
Jack Charlton, Cohen, Wilson
Closed ranks to thwart Old Seeler's braves
And forced capitulation.

Unselfish Hunt, the hat-trick Hurst,
The Peerless Bobby Charlton
And last, not least, from London's East,
Came West Ham's Peters - Martin.

I can't think why, but in this land,
We love to knock our heroes:
Dear 'Winnie, Lloyd George, Kitchener,
All followed 'highs' with 'zeros'.

And so, with Soccer's vitriolites:
'He won it in this country,
Defensively, unstylishly'
And so on, from these gentry.

It's damnable to denigrate
What Ramsey's lads performed:
They were in 'Sixty Six, the best
The very heights they'd stormed.

No fuzzy perms, no tantrums thrown,
But honest hearts, endeavour
Had got us to Jules Rimet's throne,
That's fact, not never-never.

Since then, our international scene
Has wintered, discontented;
So, call me Jingo chauvinist
But Alf's win gleams - undented!

*Roy. D. Outram
Swinton, Mexborough*

THE MANAGER

'It'll be alright in the Cup lads'
Said the manager to the team
Up with the chins and shin pads
That was his well worn theme.

Up and at them, give them a bashing
He pleaded with a smile
A one goal win would be smashing
We havn't won for a while.

'Yes I know our best player's missing
And our goalie's only four foot ten
But don't hang about out there messing
We've eleven, same as them.

'They maybe a few places above us
Alright twenty one to be exact
But there's no need to make such a fuss
They're scared of us and that's a fact.

'Now remember your special training
Don't forget all those new ploys
And don't sit there bloomin' complaining
I've done all I can for you boys.

You've a new telly and it's colour
And there's hot water in the showers to try
And I'd say you've been well and truly smothered
With every luxury that money can buy.

Now come on lads a really big effort
Things aren't always as bad as they seem
Let the crowd have something to support
'By the way - whose in the team?

*P. K. Galliford
Basingstoke, Hants*

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

The summer of nineteen eighty
Brought us nothing but rain
Yet something much more weighty
Was resting on my brain.

The thing that really worried me
It seemed could not be cured
But for me and the whole of Burnley
It had to be endured.

Burnley F.C. had been relegated
Down to lowly Division Three
It seemed the Clarets were fated
But why did that have to be?

The team had had some bad luck
But some weren't good enough
No need to pass the buck
The manager had to be tough.

A lot of players were given away
And James was sold to Swansea
Five men were bought but could they play
And would they help The Burnley?

The team, though, are doing us proud
They've started to win again
And now I can't even see a cloud
And the sun shines through the rain.

Now the team play as a team
The defence is the best for ages
And at last it would seem
Everyone deserves their wages!

*Peter B. Toner
Blackburn, Lancashire*

THE COST OF HAPPINESS

I take my boys to the ground each week
It costs six pounds, my knees go weak.
We stand out there. Be it fine or cold
Shouting on Wolves. In our black and gold.

We get to Wembley. A special day.
Kids and grown men sing and sway.
The teams, the flags, the sky is blue.
Wolves V Forest too good to be true.

The game goes on, and on, and on.
Come on Wolves, just score one.
The ball comes through. We have a chance.
Andy scores. We sing and dance.

Back home at last.
Our voices weak,
Home to watch Wolves.
Six pounds so cheap.

*Mr. J. Chard
Wolverhampton*

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RESERVE SCENE

EVEN though they have still two matches to play Celtic have won the West Section of the Scottish Reserve League with something to spare.

Their nearest challengers, Rangers, can only obtain a maximum of 39 points and the Parkhead squad has five more than that now, the result of sweeping through the season to date without a single defeat.

One has to go back to November 24, 1979, to record their last defeat in a League match. Aberdeen got the better of them (3-1) at Pittodrie.

It is a splendid record of consistency that reflects the highest credit on the players, the Parkhead coaching staff and leadership.

It is reflected, too, in the promotion to the first team squad this season of players like Charlie Nicholas, Pat Bonner, Mark Reid and John Weir after their fine apprenticeships.

Since December 1, 1979 until last Saturday the team had played 45 matches winning 38 of them and drawing seven.

LEAGUE CUP

The final games in the present league season are against Clyde and St Mirren and after that the team moves into the League Cup competition.

Only three teams are in contention for the East section of the Reserve League — Hearts, Dundee United and Dundee.



WILLIE McSTAY,
a regular in Celtic's successful Reserve side

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TODAY'S
VISITORS

PARTICK THISTLE

PARTICK Thistle "newcomer" to Celtic Park today is the Firhill team boss . . . Peter Cormack! He took up the post after Celts had won both Premier League points at Firhill on December 6 with a George McCluskey goal.

This is the fifth time the clubs have met this season, for there were two ties in the Scottish League Cup tourney.

Apart from Celts 4-1 win in the first Premier League encounter all have been close run affairs with just one goal between the sides. On every occasion it has gone Celtic's way.

Yet despite what looks a dismal record the Thistle boss, while respecting the Parkhead side, is not at all pessimistic about the action.

"We tend to raise our game against the top teams". And when one considers that the Jags under their new boss, have drawn with Aberdeen, drawn and beaten (in the Glasgow Cup) Rangers there is substance in the claim.

And he may well feel that fifth time could be lucky for him today.

Since he arrived in December, Thistle have gone down on just two occasions . . . to St Mirren at Paisley and Morton at Cappielow.

At the same time he is — like every other manager in the game — ever on the lookout for

new blood to increase team efficiency.

"Sure I'd like to get one or two class players to strengthen the pool but they are difficult to obtain. However we'll keep the search going."

EXPERIENCED

It is an attitude that sums up the ambition of the entire Firhill club. They'd like to participate in Europe next season via the league or the Scottish Cup.

They've got some highly experienced practitioners to help them towards their target.

Alan Rough, like some other goalkeepers, seems to reserve his best form for matches against Celts. The Scotland man gets better with the seasons and if his eye is in even that remarkable scoring pair, Frank McGarvey and Charlie Nicholas, could have a frustrating afternoon.

With Jackie Campbell and Andy Anderson at the heart of the defence and the remarkable Dave McKinnon and Brian Whittaker at full back Thistle have a "wall" that requires skill, strength and inventiveness to pierce.

McKinnon just back after the removal of a kidney played the club's last three games in the space of eight days to prove his fitness — and courage.

Thistle's major problem is finishing. Manager Cormack's search for a striker is perfectly understandable from a glance at the Premier League record. Only 19 goals have been scored in 24 fixtures!

Four against Clyde in their Scottish Cup replay last week has brightened the scene a little

but not so much as to halt the player search.

"I hope the game with Celts will be a good one and that the fans will leave the stadium feeling they've had value for money" commented manager Cormack.

"I played many times at Parkhead and I'm looking forward to today's visit for I have a lot of friends there".

Manager Cormack is currently living in Edinburgh and travelling to Firhill. Now that he is "getting the feel of things in the West" he will be looking around for a house in the Glasgow area. "I hope to be settled in completely for the start of next season."



KENNY WATSON

THE RECORD SO FAR

Date	Comp	Opponents	H/A	Result	Scorers
1980					
July 26	DC	Ayr United	H	0-1	
Aug 9	PL	Morton	H	2-1	(McCluskey, MacLeod)
Aug. 16	PL	Kilmarnock	A	3-0	(McGarvey 2, Sullivan)
Aug. 20	ECWC	DVTK (Hungary)	H	6-0	(McGarvey 3, McCluskey 2, Sullivan)
Aug 23	PL	Rangers	H	1-2	(Burns)
Aug 27	LC	Stirling Albion	A	0-1	
Aug 30	LC	Stirling Albion	H	6-1	(Nicholas 2, Burns 2, Sullivan, Provan)
			(a.e.t. Agg. Celtic	6-2)	
Sept 3	ECWC	DVTK (Hungary)	A	1-2	(Nicholas)
			(Agg. Celtic	7-1)	
Sept 6	PL	Partick Thistle	H	4-1	(Nicholas 2, McGarvey, MacLeod pen)
Sept 13	PL	Hearts	A	2-0	(Nicholas, Provan)
Sept 17	ECWC	Politehnica (Rumania)	H	2-1	(Nicholas 2)
Sept 20	PL	Airdrie	H	1-1	(Nicholas pen)
Sept 22	LC	Hamilton Accies	A	3-1	(Nicholas, Burns, Doyle)
Sept 24	LC	Hamilton Accies	H	4-1	(McGarvey 2, Nicholas, Burns)
			(Agg. Celtic	7-2)	
Sept 27	PL	Aberdeen	A	2-2	(Nicholas pen, Burns)
Oct 1	ECWC	Politehnica (Rumania)	A	0-1	
			(Celtic lost on away goal rule)		
Oct 4	PL	Dundee United	H	2-0	(Nicholas, McGarvey)
Oct 6	GC	Queen's Park	H	2-0	(Doyle, Douglas)
Oct 8	LC	Partick Thistle	A	1-0	(Nicholas pen)
Oct 11	PL	St Mirren	A	2-0	(McDonald, o.g.)
Oct 18	PL	Morton	A	3-2	(Provan, Aitken, Nicholas)
Oct 20	LC	Partick Thistle	H	2-1	(Burns, McDonald)
			(a.e.t. Agg. Celtic	3-1)	
Oct 25	PL	Kilmarnock	H	4-1	(Nicholas 2, McGarvey 2)
Nov 1	PL	Rangers	A	0-3	
Nov 8	PL	Aberdeen	H	0-2	
Nov 12	LC	Dundee United (S/F 1st Leg)	A	1-1	(Nicholas)
Nov 15	PL	Airdrie	A	4-1	(Aitken, McGarvey, Nicholas, McAdam)
Nov 19	LC	Dundee United (S/F 2nd Leg)	H	0-3	
			(Agg. Dundee United	4-1)	
Nov 22	PL	St Mirren	H	1-2	(McCluskey pen)
Nov 29	PL	Dundee United	A	3-0	(McAdam, Weir, o.g.)
Dec 6	PL	Partick Thistle	A	1-0	(McCluskey)
Dec 13	PL	Hearts	H	3-2	(McDonald, McGarvey, McCluskey pen)
Dec 20	PL	Airdrie	H	2-1	(McAdam, McCluskey)
Dec 27	PL	Aberdeen	A	1-4	(Nicholas)
1981					
Jan 1	PL	Kilmarnock	A	2-1	(McGarvey 2)
Jan 3	PL	Morton	H	3-0	(McGarvey 2, Provan)
Jan 10	PL	Dundee United	H	2-1	(Nicholas, McGarvey)
Jan 24	SC	Berwick Rangers	A	2-0	(Nicholas, Burns)
Jan 31	PL	Hearts	A	3-1	(McGarvey, Burns, Sullivan)

CELTIC have played 39 competitive matches since the start of the season. The record is: Won 26, lost 10, drawn three.

A total of 81 goals have been scored spread over 13 players with a contribution of two own goals from opposing sides.

The strike force of Charlie Nicholas and Frank McGarvey has contributed 41 of the goals.

THE SCORERS

The details:

Nicholas — 22	McAdam — 3
McGarvey — 19	Doyle — 2
Burns — 9	Aitken — 2
McCluskey — 7	MacLeod — 2
Provan — 4	O.G. — 2
Sullivan — 4	Weir — 1
McDonald — 3	Douglas — 1



FLASHBACK ON...

CELTIC v PARTICK THISTLE

THE last time Celtic were hosts to Partick Thistle, on September 6 of last year, they won the game in stylish and convincing fashion.

As a matter of fact the Parkhead side put the result beyond doubt in a two minute spell in the first half. It started in the 20th minute when Frank McGarvey lobbed Alan Rough for the first goal and two minutes later, after the striker was tripped in the box, Murdo MacLeod added a second from the spot.

Ian Gibson got one back for

Thistle and that was the way things stood at the interval.

In the 69th minute Charlie Nicholas scored another goal and ten minutes later he added a fourth with a magnificent swerving floated ball past Alan Rough.

Despite a great deal of Celtic pressure until the end no further goals were added to the tally.

CELTIC: Bonner; Sneddon and McGrain; Aitken, McAdam and MacLeod; Provan and Sullivan; McGarvey; Burns and Nicholas. Subs McCluskey and Conroy.

PARTICK THISTLE: Rough; Doyle and Whittaker; Jardine, Campbell and Welsh; Park and Gibson; O'Hara; Higgins and Watson. Subs Scott and Lapsley.

FRANK OPENS THE SCORING



Frank McGarvey salutes the scoring of his 19th goal for Celts this season at Tynecastle against Hearts.

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