

SCOTTISH PREMIER LEAGUE

Celtic

versus **ABERDEEN**

CELTIC PARK

**SATURDAY
28th MARCH
1981**

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



**programme
30p**

Ian Skelly customers keep coming back for Moore!



John Moore, that is, our Chief Sales Executive. The number of 'repeat' customers to the Ian Skelly Centre at Dalmarnock Rd is phenomenal, so we must be doing something right.

This is not just a compliment to John, but to the entire Ian Skelly Centre.

And it's proof once more that the staff who work with Ian Skelly and his philosophy for sincere personal attention in sales and after-care, are providing a service which has set the dealership apart from the competition.



OFFICIALLY BRITAIN'S No. 1 VOLUME DEALER
FOR VW/AUDI SALES

**Suppliers of Volkswagen and
Audi cars to management of
Celtic Football Club**

**DALMARNOCK ROAD,
GLASGOW. Tel: 041-647 0511**

**THE
IAN
SKELLY
CENTRE**



FROM THE MANAGER

THE result of today's match will not decide the 1980-81 Premier League championship. But there is no doubt that Celtic are in a good position to bring the title back to Parkhead.

Recent results involving our nearest rivals have all been to Celtic's advantage, but the important fact that should not be forgotten is that **WE HAVE BEEN WINNING WHILE THEY HAVE BEEN FALTERING.**

A championship has to be won. Well, we've brought home full points in our nine Premier League games this year (plus three Scottish Cup victories). And we're geared to take two more this afternoon.

The team has revealed championship character and there is a confidence running through the entire squad that demonstrates itself in their exciting play.

What about some of the goals they've fashioned in recent games? Like the one from Frank McGarvey against St. Mirren? the one Murdo MacLeod finished off at Airdrie last Saturday?

Scores like that come from confidence, skill and teamwork. Yes, the attitude of Celtic players is correct and everyone has worked hard to achieve the winning blend.

Murdo MacLeod's return has been most opportune. His contribution has been first class and is a fine achievement considering he has had a frustrating and lengthy spell out of action with injury.

Yes the attitude is right. Of course we'll have to be at our best this afternoon against the Dons. They are a proud side as befits champions. They'll make Celtic go.

Our aim is to consolidate at the top of the table and in our current mood and form I anticipate another stirring and sterling show from Celtic will bring from our big support spontaneous acclaim and heighten their hopes that they will see Europe's best at Parkhead again next season in the club champions' Cup.

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.

PROGRAMMES GALORE

At Celtic Park (Kinloch St., Adjacent to East Enclosure)
every first team match day before, during and after the game.

**FREE
MONTHLY
CATALOGUE**

Contact:
**GLASGOW
PROGRAMME
SHOP**

208 Paisley Road, Glasgow G5
Open Sat 10.30 - 4 p.m.
Open Sun 11.00 - 4 p.m.

**TOP
REWARDS
PAID**

**FOR YOUR
UNWANTED
PROGRAMMES**
041-429 1142 (Day)
041-632 6716 (Night)

Plan your next move with Allied Irish Banks



Allied Irish Banks
Ireland's only bank in Scotland

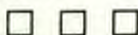
GLASGOW BRANCHES:

1/3 Royal Exchange Square. Tel. (041) 226 4421. 51 Jamaica Street. Tel. (041) 204 1016.
63/65 Kilmarnock Road, Shawlands. Tel. (041) 649 6286

HEAD OFFICE BRITAIN: 64/66 Coleman Street, London EC2R 5AL. Tel. (01) 588 0691

BEHIND THE SCENES

IMMEDIATELY after today's game with Aberdeen a Celtic XI will also head North . . . for Buckie. On Sunday they play the local Thistle in a fund-raising match.



The Celtic - Dundee United semi-final in the Scottish Cup at Hampden on Saturday, April 11, is NOT ALL-TICKET. There are tickets for a limited portion of the centre stand but it is PAY AS YOU ENTER in all other areas.



Celtic resume the Premier League championship march on Wednesday evening (7.30) at Parkhead with Hearts in opposition. This is the match due to be played on Cup semi-final day.

Celtic's list of fixtures now runs:

Wednesday — Hearts (H)
April 5 — Partick Thistle (A)
April 11 — Dundee United (Cup, Hampden).
April 18 — Rangers (A).
April 22 — Dundee United (A).
April 25 — Kilmarnock (H)
May 2 — St. Mirren (A).

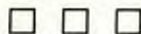


Celtic's top marksmen in competitive games last season . . . George McCluskey and Johnny Doyle with 15 apiece. With games to come Frank McGarvey (27) and Charlie Nicholas (25) whose name did figure in the list last campaign are the leaders.

Celtic's competitive appearances list has altered considerably as well. Peter Latchford and Murdo MacLeod topped it last term with 54 games each.

A hand hurt in training early

in the season saw Pat Bonner grab his goalkeeping chance and this has meant Reserve football for Peter, apart from a couple of first team games. Murdo MacLeod, now free from a long injury spell is way behind last season's total . . . and delighted to be in the thick of the action again.



Celtic fans regard their team as the best in the world. Celtic management, players and staff want to have the best fans in the world following the team.

But there is a section of those who wear green and white who are spoiling the club's reputation with songs and chants on match days that decent folk abhor.

That's why the club has issued today a leaflet which spells out clearly their attitude!

THESE EVIL CHANTS MUST STOP — NOW.

MACKAY & JARDINE LTD

Come along and view the range of:
VAUXHALL CARS
and
BEDFORD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES
plus: always a wide selection of quality used cars to choose from



MACKAY & JARDINE LTD.
VAUXHALL & BEDFORD MAIN DEALERS
West Cross, Wishaw — Phone 73136



A PARK'S OF HAMILTON COMPANY





Tommy Burns

PREMIER LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Celtic	29	22	2	5	70	30	46
Aberdeen	28	15	8	5	50	21	38
Dundee Utd	29	14	8	7	52	32	36
Rangers	28	12	10	6	47	27	34
St. Mirren	29	12	8	9	42	41	32
Airdrie	30	8	9	13	30	42	25
Morton	29	9	7	13	30	43	25
Partick Th.	29	8	9	12	22	36	25
Kilmarnock	30	4	7	19	20	61	15
Hearts	29	4	6	19	23	53	14

**MATCH
TEAMS**

CELTIC (from)

Pat BONNER	Murdo MacLEOD
Danny McGRAIN	Frank McGARVEY
Mark REID	Tommy BURNS
Dom SULLIVAN	Charlie NICHOLAS
Tom McADAM	George McCLUSKEY
Roy AITKEN	Mike CONROY
Davie PROVAN	

ABERDEEN (from)

Jim LEIGHTON	Andy HARROW
Stuart KENNEDY	Steve COWAN
Doug ROUVIE	Mark McGHEE
Andy WATSON	Drew JARVIE
Alex McLEISH	Ian SCANLON
Willie MILLER	Walker McCALL
Neil SIMPSON	Iain ANGUS

**AND
OFFICIALS**

Referee
Mr K. J. HOPE
(Clarkston)

Linesmen
Mr J. K. GLASS
(Dundee)
Mr H. McCALLION
(Dumbarton)

BELL'S

SCOTCH

HALF-TIME SCOREBOARD

A	HEARTS v DUNDEE UTD	
B	KILMARNOCK v AIRDRIE	
C	PARTICK TH. v MORTON	
D	ST. MIRREN v RANGERS	
E	AYR UTD v HIBERNIAN	
F	DUNDEE v BERWICK	
G	DUNFERMLINE v MOTHERWELL	
H	HAMILTON v E. STIRLING	
I	RAITH ROVERS v FALKIRK	
J	ST JOHNSTONE v DUMBARTON	
K	STIRLING A. v CLYDEBANK	
L	ARSENAL v LIVERPOOL	
M	ASTON VILLA v SOUTHAMPTON	
N	EVERTON v MAN UTD	
O	IPSWICH v SUNDERLAND	

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

DONS' SKIPPER

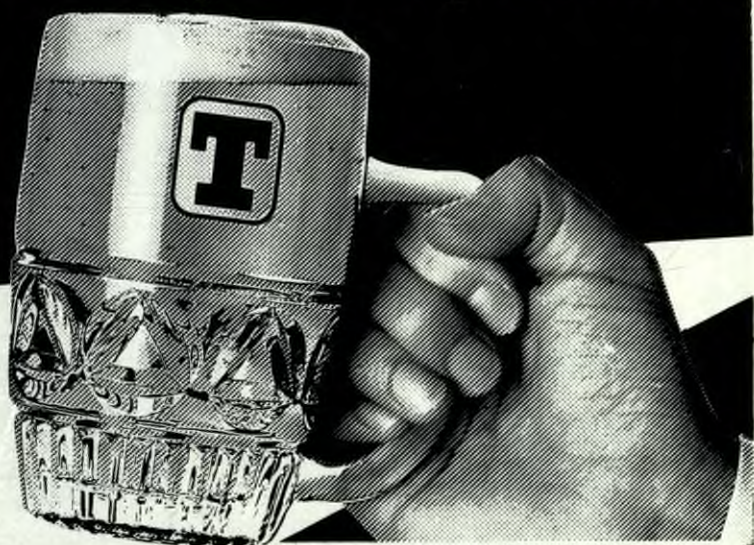


Willie Miller

WHISKY

BELL'S

TENNENT'S
Ready when you are.



**BANK OF
SCOTLAND**

helps you *manage*
your money

IDENTIKIT

YOUR IDEAL FOOTBALLER

BY ROB HUGHES OF THE SUNDAY TIMES

THE FIGURE is intentionally blank, but if you've half an hour to spare and a good eye for the great talents, it's yours to fill in as you will. Think of it as an identikit outline into which you, as the creator, are invited to piece together the great talents you have seen.

Starting at the top, for example, you could give him the forehead of Tommy Lawton, who surely equals any player who ever lived in the power and timing of his heading. If you missed him, it's doubtful you will see the like today, but a selection of modern-day headers to put under your thinking cap would perhaps include Joe Royle, Andy Gray, Frank Stapleton, Paul Mariner, David Johnson, Bob Latchford and David Cross.

Next, the eyes. Again, a player from the past, Alfredo di Stefano, can have no equal in the ability to take in the pattern of play, to foresee moves and openings. Internationally, Poland's Kazimierz Deyna had something of that ability, Frans Beckenbauer and Wilfried van Moer could see with a "wider" vision, Liam Brady has it, and at Ipswich Arnold Muhren spots manoeuvres ahead of time.

The mouth? Johan Cruyff gets into trouble through it on the pitch, but few players have ever proved more influential in the art of verbal communication to lesser colleagues. In this country, we've seen Terry Yorath lead Wales by word of mouth, Frank McLintock had the gift... but particularly if you're a terrace fan you'll have your own ideas on the players who make others run.

Jack Charlton stood head and shoulders above others when it came to a long, flexible neck for getting up in crowded goalmouths, though a Swede Ralf Edstrom has fair leverage too.

Travelling down, perhaps through the shoulders of Big John Charles, we reach the heart of Billy Bremner, the battler Don Revie always said he'd choose first at his side in the trenches. Archie Gemmill came out of the same mould, little Brian Flynn rarely knows when he's beaten, and Alan Ball wasn't noted for conceding many battles.

The elbows, a useful tool for discouraging opponents, were never more destructively used than on Italy's canary-raising Romeo "Assassino" Benetti. Joe Jordan at one time looked a possible rival.

Frank Swift, with a span of 11½ inches, probably had the biggest pair of hands in the business, though today Pat Jennings and Bristol City's recent import Jan Moller, are scarcely endowed with midget palms.

The torso, from where real, solid balance can derive, would have to belong to Gerd Muller, West Germany's unique, squat and phenomenal record goalscorer. His successor today would come from Argentina, Diego Mara-

dona, whose short, cube-like figure is as sturdy a tank as, say, the bulk of Everton's Bob Latchford.

Pele, who could fit into so many characteristics, fills out the thighs in our identikit man. He could catch the ball on his thigh as if it were a hand; from there came the strength to fortify genius, the power for those salmon-like leaps. Look today, even at a relatively slim player like Trevor Francis, and you will be surprised at the awesome muscular build in the thighs, as you will in Kenny Dalglish, the hardest man to shake off the ball in Britain.

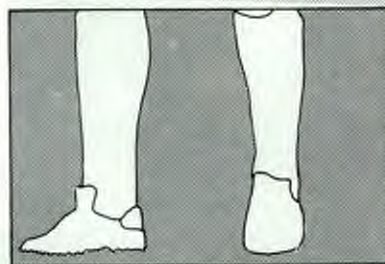
If Stanley Matthews from the past would be rivalled by European Footballer of the Year Karl-Heinz Rummenigge for the precision of his right foot, then Ferenc Puskas's almost infallible left was the supreme instrument ahead of Roberto Rivelino or Michel Platini who bend free-kicks like Uri Geller bends spoons or, from our league, Trevor Brooking, Tony Currie or Liam Brady created from midfield.

Finally, of the physical characteristics, we would endow our man with, the giant, loping stride of Gunter Netzer, longer it seemed than even John Charles or the Dutchman Wim van Hanegem.

But why stop at physical attributes? Speed, such as that of Trevor Francis, is the essence of modern play, and speed of thought as essential. And once we start looking internally at the brain-power that makes the complete player, the Eusebios and Beckenbauers, the Bests and Laws and Charltons, the Blanchflowers, Finneys, Haynes and Mannions crowd our attention.

Instincts, too: Pele, possibly supreme at turning fantasy into reality. Bobby Moore, for sheer, reassuring presence, or Dave Mackay for gusty leadership, were players of the spirit, as was John Giles.

In the end, it is as well the identikit is pure fiction, for the arguments and the choice between styles would drive you to distraction. Yet who would be master of the complete player? Di Stefano, Blanchflower, Cruyff...? Each controlled the moods and strategies of teams, as of course, did Beckenbauer. Many pros would point in the final analysis to Di Stefano, yet if heart as well as mind have a say in pointing to the player of longer-lasting impact on the mind's eye nothing and no-one blurs the memory of Pele.



Your ideal player?

As the transfer deadline approaches, Britain's wealthy soccer clubs step up their search for a crowd-pulling star who can satisfy the appetite of demanding fans and possibly strengthen their challenge for honours.

I said "possibly" because there are so few bargains to be found any more. In fact, the rich reservoir of talent in the lower divisions is drying up and there are few bargains to be picked up north of the border — a favourite hunting ground for First Division scouts.

One disillusioned First Division scout recently claimed: "I just can-

not remember a time when there were so few quality players available. Scotland used to be the place to pick up bargains, but not any more.

"Since Aberdeen sold Steve Archibald to Spurs for £800,000 in the summer the prices for most players has doubled and in some cases tripled. The fees they are asking now for average players are just ridiculous.

"Archibald was a very good buy for Spurs, even at £800,000. But there is nobody in his class north of the border today."

His views are supported by many First Division managers, including

West Brom boss Ron Atkinson.

Says honest Ron: "You tell me where I can pick up a player who will improve my side and I will go out and buy him. But we are not going to throw away money and pay inflated fees for players who have no more than potential and may never make it at First Division level."

One of the big Scottish attractions for the big spenders of the First Division is St Johnstone's 18-year-old striker Alastair McCoist.

He has been watched by all the big clubs, including Liverpool, Villa, Arsenal and West Brom. Scottish League champions Aberdeen have also expressed their interest, but St Johnstone are content to sit and wait on offers.

You can't blame them. McCoist has rocketed into the £300,000 class on the strength of some bright performances this season, and manager Alex Rennie knows that his value could quickly double before the transfer deadline. Whether he can realise that potential is another matter.

Several Scottish imports in the last few seasons have failed to make a big impact south of the border and First Division bosses are wary of getting their fingers burned at a time when finances are tight.

Teenage Celtic striker Charlie Nicholas is certainly proving a magnet for English clubs from Southampton to Newcastle, but many managers know it might take a small fortune to persuade Celtic to part.

Many of League's top clubs have now switched their sights to the continent. Arsenal have been regular visitors to Holland, while Brighton, Stoke, Coventry and Norwich have all been shopping in the "Common Market".

Nottingham Forest, who signed midfielder Raimondo Ponte from Zurich Grasshoppers last year, are also keen on at least one more foreign import.

But manager Brian Clough, who is in the process of rebuilding the fading European champions, is unlikely to fork out another £1 million fee unless he can buy a player of proven quality. Trevor Francis was obviously a player worth that extravagant valuation by today's market standards, but Scottish striker Ian Wallace — another £1 million signing — has failed to make the expected impact since his summer transfer from Coventry.

Ironically, the departure of Wallace — a big favourite at Highfield Road — has accelerated the progress of Garry Thompson, who has now emerged as one of the brightest young strikers in the country. Shrewd Sky Blues boss Gordon Milne signed Birmingham-born Thompson for nothing. And that is one very good reason why First Division clubs know they must put their judgement and their future on the line every time they make a big signing.

STAR TREK

By RAY BRADLEY OF THE SUNDAY EXPRESS

Charlie Nicholas



Green



How green is my valley! That's what Charlton Athletic supporters are liable to be telling rival fans by the mid-eighties, when their massive Valley ground has been completely re-modernised.

Charlton are already making progress with converting their famous South London home into England's first all-seater stadium, holding a 36,000 capacity crowd.

Charlton have moved before a whole host of bigger and wealthier clubs, following the lead set so successfully by Aberdeen, whose Pittodrie Park home has become a sort of show house for British football.

But turning The Valley into an all-seater stadium is not the only change Charlton envisage.

Chairman Mike Gliksten is also keen on the idea of ground sharing — and playing on artificial turf!

Gliksten realises that the days when 75,000 people would pack the terraces at The Valley to cheer on Sam Bartram, Sailor Brown and Co., have long since gone.

But he can see a return to the First Division for a club which was once London's pride.

And when they get there, Gliksten wants Charlton to be ready to welcome the Liverpools, Arsenals, Manchester Uniteds and Nottingham Forests.

Certainly, manager Mike Bailey is on the right road. He has turned Charlton into serious promotion contenders.

He has got Derek Hales scoring goals again with the regularity of clockwork.

Hales has had an enigmatic career. "Blackbeard the Pirate", as he was known in his first spell with Charlton, was a scoring sensation.

He moved to Derby for a huge fee, but didn't really hit it off at the Baseball Ground. On to West Ham — but again he wasn't really happy.

Yet from the moment Hales returned to The Valley, the goals started to flow again. Could it be something to do with horses for courses? Or is there something in the South

London air that gets this swashbuckling striker going?

Whatever the reason, it's nice to see a club like Charlton coming back.

And it's nicer still to see a club like Charlton acting as pathfinders for some of their bigger, wealthier neighbours.

All-seater stadia are a must as we near the 21st century.

I have sat in grounds as far apart as Kuala Lumpur and Kilmarnock, Singapore and Sunderland, Madrid and Middlesbrough.

The most scenic was in Bergen, overlooking the fjords which inspired Greig's magnificent Norwegian music. The most impressive was in Yerevan, near Mount Ararat, where Noah's Ark came to rest after the Great Flood.

British soccer has nothing to compare with sights like these.

But at least clubs like Aberdeen and Charlton are trying to do something about it. Others seem content to remain in the Dark Ages.

A Scottish Ingredient

By PETER CRANE

Brazil, Pele and Soccer have a synonymous ring to them — but no longer in Rio.

The scene has shifted to East Anglia, where Bobby Robson's Ipswich Town have become one of the most exciting club sides England has produced in years.

One of the main ingredients in Robson's refreshing recipe is Alan Brazil, their husky Scottish striker who has been dubbed "Pele" by his team-mates and fans alike.

It would be totally ridiculous to compare Brazil with the immortal, original Pele. Nor would this 21-year-old Glaswegian ever expect it.

But the very fact that he has

earned such an awesome alias proves beyond doubt that Brazil has arrived on the national and international scene to stay.

At first glance, Brazil and Pele could not be more unlike. Brazil is as fair as Pele is deep brown.

And where Pele was the supreme artist, the maestro, the soloist par excellence, Alan Brazil is the totally unselfish, hard-running, hard-working team member.

Yet there can be little doubt that Alan Brazil's contribution to the rise of Ipswich is almost as important as Pele's was to making Brazil World Champions.

The modest Brazil has never pushed himself. Indeed, I have seen him walk from the Ipswich dressing rooms after a match through a posse of Pressmen and say quietly: "Paul Mariner will be out in a minute."

Yet in a day and age when true soccer stars are the exception rather than the rule, Brazil *is* a star in his own right.

He has come a long way since, as a schoolboy, he once hit 62 goals in a season for Celtic Boys Club in his native Glasgow.

That youth side has no real affiliation to Celtic, but most of their starlets progress to Celtic Park.



THE



Alan Brazil (Ipswich) and Danny Thomas (Coventry).

"A lot of my mates joined Celtic. I'm still a fan of theirs," says the man who has now won full Scotland honours.

"But when I received invitations to go for trials to Manchester United, Spurs and Ipswich, I felt I'd like to take the chance of becoming a professional south of the border if the offer came."

Ipswich made that offer, and it is something neither they nor Brazil have ever regretted.

A sharpening-up season playing for Detroit Express in the States – alongside Nottingham Forest's million-pound striker Trevor Francis – gave him that final polish which brought regular first-team football.

Now, he is an automatic Ipswich choice. A genuine goalscorer with the great gift of being unselfish. If Alan Brazil thinks someone is better positioned than he is himself, he'll willingly pass the ball to a colleague.

No player in the Ipswich side is more popular, with his mates and with the supporters.

But as we were saying at the start, Brazil, Pele and Soccer are synonymous. So they should be. Alan Brazil was brought up so close to Scotland's famous national home, Hampden Park, that he readily admits:

"As a kid, I could tell the score in big games just by the roars of the crowd."

STRONGBOW. THE PINT WITH AN EDGE.



A Scottish Ingredient

By PETER CRANE

Brazil, Pele and Soccer have a synonymous ring to them — but no longer in Rio.

The scene has shifted to East Anglia, where Bobby Robson's Ipswich Town have become one of the most exciting club sides England has produced in years.

One of the main ingredients in Robson's refreshing recipe is Alan Brazil, their husky Scottish striker who has been dubbed "Pele" by his team-mates and fans alike.

It would be totally ridiculous to compare Brazil with the immortal, original Pele. Nor would this 21-year-old Glaswegian ever expect it.

But the very fact that he has

earned such an awesome alias proves beyond doubt that Brazil has arrived on the national and international scene to stay.

At first glance, Brazil and Pele could not be more unlike. Brazil is as fair as Pele is deep brown.

And where Pele was the supreme artist, the maestro, the soloist par excellence, Alan Brazil is the totally unselfish, hard-running, hard-working team member.

Yet there can be little doubt that Alan Brazil's contribution to the rise of Ipswich is almost as important as Pele's was to making Brazil World Champions.

The modest Brazil has never pushed himself. Indeed, I have seen him walk from the Ipswich dressing rooms after a match through a posse of Pressmen and say quietly: "Paul Mariner will be out in a minute."

Yet in a day and age when true soccer stars are the exception rather than the rule, Brazil is a star in his own right.

He has come a long way since, as a schoolboy, he once hit 62 goals in a season for Celtic Boys Club in his native Glasgow.

That youth side has no real affiliation to Celtic, but most of their starlets progress to Celtic Park.



THE



Alan Brazil (Ipswich) and Danny Thomas (Coventry).

"A lot of my mates joined Celtic. I'm still a fan of theirs," says the man who has now won full Scotland honours.

"But when I received invitations to go for trials to Manchester United, Spurs and Ipswich, I felt I'd like to take the chance of becoming a professional south of the border if the offer came."

Ipswich made that offer, and it is something neither they nor Brazil have ever regretted.

A sharpening-up season playing for Detroit Express in the States — alongside Nottingham Forest's million-pound striker Trevor Francis — gave him that final polish which brought regular first-team football.

Now, he is an automatic Ipswich choice. A genuine goalscorer with the great gift of being unselfish. If Alan Brazil thinks someone is better positioned than he is himself, he'll willingly pass the ball to a colleague.

No player in the Ipswich side is more popular, with his mates and with the supporters.

But as we were saying at the start, Brazil, Pele and Soccer are synonymous. So they should be. Alan Brazil was brought up so close to Scotland's famous national home, Hampden Park, that he readily admits:

"As a kid, I could tell the score in big games just by the roars of the crowd."

STRONGBOW. THE PINT WITH AN EDGE.



**The
Virginian
saves you
a packet.**



HAND ROLLING TOBACCO

Roll yourself a real smoke.

A BLEND OF VIRGINIA AND OTHER CHOICE TOBACCOS.

GV3G

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



Russell Osman (Ipswich) tackles David Johnson (Liverpool)

FAMILIES

By ROBERT WALKER

SOCCER has long been a game of Happy Families — a game to be played and enjoyed by fathers and sons, brothers, uncles and cousins.

Think of the past happy-family links. Jack and Bobby Charlton probably became British soccer's most famous brothers ever when they appeared together in England's World Cup winning side at Wembley.

"Wor" Jack and Bobby, still described by his brother as "Our Kid", are connected to the famous Geordie family, Milburn, whose most famous member was the legendary Jackie.

Then, of course, Wales have produced the famous family Jones, which included Bryn, Cliff, and my journalist friend and colleague Ken.

Wales also gave us the Charles family, John and Mel, and latterly Mel's son Jeremy at Swansea. And of course the Allchurch brothers, Ivor and Len.

England gave soccer and cricket the Comptons, Denis and Leslie, and those famous goalscorers, Jack and Arthur Rowley.

Northern Ireland contributed Danny and Jackie Blanchflower. And so it goes on....

More recently, we've had the

Black Country's contribution — the Clarke brothers, headed by Leeds United's young boss, Allan.

The father and son combination is carried on by Mark Hateley, who is following in father Tony's footsteps at Coventry, and by Clive Allen, son of the famous Les, and cousin of West Ham's Paul.

Yet there is a less well-known but nevertheless highly successful Happy Families situation at Ipswich, where Rex Osman runs the club's "Centre Spot" restaurant.

Rex is a former Derby County wing-half, and father of Russell Osman, Town's brilliant young central defender who is being tipped as a certainty to star for England through the 1980s.

But the amazing family Osman have more claims to fame than that!

Eldest son Mark, now in the catering trade in Sheffield, was an England schoolboy rugby-union captain — a job he was succeeded in by Russell.

Younger brother Simon is playing in Leicestershire football, and, according to dad, has the ability to go as far as Russell.

Youngest son Russell is in the

Leicestershire Schools side already, and has had several boys' trials with Ipswich.

So it's possible that Rex Osman could well see three of his lads join the professional ranks.

"I'd be delighted," says the likeable Rex, who says his days in the Derby first-team were limited, and back in the past "when newspapers and television hadn't been thought about".

Rex says he has never forced his sports-loving sons into any games. "Apart from siring them, I can take no real credit for their ability, or their keenness," he says.

"But if the two younger boys did follow Russell into professional sport, I'd be delighted.

"For football now is a lucrative profession. For the players who really reach the top, the rewards can be great.

"Let's face it, some players these days are earning more than brain surgeons."

I've mentioned a few members of soccer's great "Happy Families" game. Bet you can think of dozens more.

Lawrie McMenemy, the genial giant who has done so much to put Southampton on the footballing map, is one of several top Football League managers whose own playing careers were less than auspicious, proving perhaps that you don't have to be a good player to become a good manager.

Maybe if McMenemy's own playing days had not been ended by injury virtually before they had begun, he might have followed in the illustrious footsteps of his father's cousin, who played for Newcastle United in the 1932 FA Cup Final, a match won against all the odds by the Tynesiders, who beat the mighty Arsenal 2-1 despite being a goal down after only 15 minutes -- the first time in a Wembley Final that the side that scored first was beaten! Anyway, it was not to be, and after playing for the local non-League stars of Bishop Auckland and being on the books at Newcastle United and Gateshead (his birthplace), the McMenemy talents were turned to coaching.

A spell at Sheffield Wednesday led to the Manager's job at Doncaster Rovers, held from 1968 to 1971. Here in 1969 the Fourth Division Championship was clinched. At Grimsby Town from 1971 to 1973, McMenemy and his methods of management saw further success when the club landed the Fourth Division Championship in 1972. In June 1973, on the recommendation of Don Revie, Lawrie McMenemy found himself signing on as Assistant-Manager at unfashionable Southampton, where Manager Ted Bates was getting ready to call it a day. That day came in November 1973, when the sign on the door was changed to read 'Manager McMenemy'.

Since then, Southampton have had an FA Cup triumph as a Second Division club, regained their First Division status, and are now one of the country's premier clubs again.

Many of the players who have served under 'Big Mac' at the Dell have notched up honours, none more so than current favourites Kevin Keegan, Mike Channon, Dave Watson and Charlie George -- all with far better playing credentials than their boss. Lawrie McMenemy is well aware of this, and yet when I spoke to him at the Dell recently I was admiring once again his calm professional attitude to his job.

A SENSE OF HUMOUR

What strikes you first about Lawrie McMenemy is his wonderful sense of humour, and here I think is a clue to what can often turn a good manager into an excellent one.

One manager who throughout his

footballing life has certainly needed a strong sense of humour is Colin Murphy. He took over at Lincoln City in November 1978. Murphy was on the books of Crystal Palace as a player but never played a single League game. Injury having ended his playing career, Murphy turned to coaching and proved first-rate. He was the Reserve Team coach at Derby County when the club offered him the Manager's post with them. That was in January 1977, and at 33 he was, when appointed, the First Division's youngest boss. Sadly, it was a short-lived reign, and in September of that year he was relieved of the job. Badly bruised and shaken by this experience, Colin Murphy is such a pleasant, dedicated man that his talent was soon in use again, and he stands out as an example of what can be achieved by someone with a great knowledge of the game but with a non-existent League playing career.

Not every football story, though, has a fairy tale ending. Mike Smith's football career was concentrated in the amateur game. He was a member of Great Britain's Olympic Football team in 1960. The man with that most English of surnames enjoyed great success as Manager of the Welsh National teams from 1974 to 1979, but in December 1979 he was persuaded to take over at Hull City. The 'Tigers' seem rather toothless these days, and for the unfortunate Smith it has turned into a horror story.

In a playing career lasting ten years and ending in injury in 1961, Dave Sexton, the Manchester United Manager, saw service with five League clubs and yet rarely caused much of a stir. How things changed for Sexton (an excellent coach who early in life wanted to become a priest) when he used that coaching talent! In charge at Chelsea, he guided the club to their first-ever FA Cup win in 1970 and added the European Cup Winners' Cup to their sideboard a year later. The following year saw Chelsea as League Cup finalists.

Born in London's tough Islington area in April 1930, the son of a professional boxer, Dave Sexton is one of soccer's nice guys, a wonderful public relations man and a fine ambassador for the game he loves. He has always been distressed that a small element of the supporters of the clubs he has managed sometimes do the game so much harm by their loutish behaviour.

MR. MIDDLESBROUGH

You probably don't remember much about the playing career of John Neal either. A full-back with Hull City from 1949 to 1955, Swindon Town (1956-58), Aston



**GOOD
PLAYERS
MAKE
GOOD
MANAGERS**



...or do they?

Villa (1959-63) and Southend United (1964-67), it was not until he took over the Manager's job at Wrexham that Neal's name began to mean anything to football fans.

Yet another of those so-successful Geordies from North Shields, John Neal took over at Middlesbrough in May 1977, and with limited resources has continued and advanced the excellent work done at the club by Jack Charlton before his departure for Sheffield Wednesday.

The quiet man behind the success of Notts County was born in Glasgow in February 1922, but I doubt whether you recall Jimmy Sirrell as a player with Celtic, Bradford Park Avenue, Brighton and Aldershot? No. But even worse, you've probably forgotten that he was manager at Brentford from 1965 to 1969, then Manager of Notts County from 1969 to 1975! During his first spell at the Meadow Lane ground, County were Fourth Division Champions, with a record number of points, and were Third Division runners-up in the 1972-73 season. Between 1975 and 1977, Sirrel was Manager at Sheffield United, but following his sacking from that club he returned in October 1977 to Notts County, who, in the meantime, had obviously realised his true worth. Here he began the team-building which has taken the League's oldest club to the threshold of the First Division.

Many of the clubs who are finding the going tough this season can boast managers with marvellous playing records. Brighton's Alan Mullery picked up almost every honour going during his distinguished playing career, including 35 England caps. Terry Cooper of Bristol Rovers was capped 19 times by England during his time playing top flight soccer with Leeds United, but has yet to taste any managerial success. Fellow England star 'Nobby' Stiles, with 28 international awards, including the World Cup Winners' medal, must be finding a very different atmosphere at Preston North End after his heady days at Old Trafford. Blackpool's Alan Ball, too, capped 56 times for England and, always at the top, must be wondering what he has done to upset the gods now that he's in the Manager's hot seat.

Finally, spare a thought for John McGrath at Port Vale. Not enjoying much success at the foot of the Fourth Division these days, he was a fine defender in his playing days. It must seem longer ago than February 1961 when his move from Bury to Newcastle United cost £30,000 or the time when he was an Under-23 International. But then a week is often a lifetime in football. Ask Malcolm Allison!

By GRAHAM SPIERS

BRIAN GLANVILLE



WRITES

YOU cannot, thank goodness, keep the skilled individual down; however much the Alf Ramsey era in England, the Claudio Coutinho regime in Brazil (a far worse offender) may have done their best to achieve it. Ramsey's Wingless Wonders of 1966, with their dire emphasis on something called Work Rate, may have won the World Cup, but they set English football back for years. The moment of truth, for me, came in Berlin in 1972 when England, beaten 3-1 at home in the first leg Nations Cup semi-final by West Germany, put out a craven team of cloggers in the return; a team which could not, by the wildest stretch of imagination,

have managed anything better than the craven 0-0 draw it got.

Afterwards, Gunter Netzer, the brilliant West German inside-left, remarked drily, "The whole England team has autographed my leg." That, effectively, was the end of the Ramsey era, even though it dragged on for another, embarrassing, two years. It was followed, after that happy parenthesis of 1974 under Joe Mercer, when fine individuals were actually encouraged to play, by the still worse regime of Don Revie. Things, now, are a little better; but there is still much room for improvement.

Brazil, under the likeable polyglot Claudio Coutinho, were a per-

BACK COMES THE INDIVIDUAL



Klaus Aloys (West Germany).

fectly dreadful side in the 1978 World Cup. To be fair to Coutinho, whom I know and like, for all his negative tactics, the Brazil of the 1974 World Cup, under Mario Zagalo, had been little better, kicking and scrapping their way to the final stages, when, after a fearsome brawl in the rain, they were well beaten at Dortmund by the Dutch (themselves no angels).

But in the recent Mundialito tournament, played in Uruguay, Brazil at long last took wing again. Those famous individual skills, with which one traditionally associates the Brazilians, were allowed free and full rein. It was particularly significant to me that one of the outstanding successes of the team was the right midfielder Cerezo, who superbly linked attack and defence, deploying all the celebrated finesse of the classical Brazilian footballer. In the 1978 World Cup in Argentina, Cerezo had been there; but he had been a grey, inconclusive figure. Coutinho, an Army captain who had come into football as a physical trainer, modulating into a coach who wanted to play the "European" way (as he saw and misinterpreted it) had ground the joy, originality and life out of the Brazilian World Cup team.

After the Mundialito, Gigi Riva, the striker who played in the 1970 World Cup and was one of the finest Italian forwards of the past twenty years, observed: "Skillful football has come back into fashion, the kind of football that promotes individual talents. And I am referring to the South Americans."

As well he might. By general consent, Argentina achieved their 2-1 victory over a West German team which had dominated most of the game thanks to sheer, and mere, individual brilliance.

The West Germans, by general consent, were a much better team, but the individual excellence of Diego Maradona, the stocky little inside-forward who is surely the best, most exciting player in the world, and Diaz, the young centre-forward who played with him in Argentina's World Youth Cup winning team, were eventually decisive. When, in their second match, the West Germans played Brazil, individual brilliance again tipped the scales.

West Germany actually went into the lead through their much admired left winger, Klaus Allofs, but in the last half hour, the penny (or the cruzeiro) dropped and the Brazilians simply ran riot. Players such as Socrates, the deep lying, lanky, centre-forward, Ze Sergio, Cerezo and Serginho simply ran riot, evoking memories not only of the fine Brazilian team which won the 1970 World Cup, but of the team, which won in Stockholm in 1958. I still remember the Brazilian fans triumphantly chanting, "Samba, samba!" as the marvellous Brazilian forward, Pele and Garrincha, not to mention Zagalo among them, tore



Gunther Netzer (manager of Hamburg).

the heavy Swedish defence to shreds, on a rain soaked pitch which should have been in the Swedes' favour. Then, going still further back, there was the coruscating Brazilian attack of 1950, the team which, like that of the 1981 Mundialito, lost 2-1 in the decisive game to Uruguay.

Roque Maspoli, who kept goal almost miraculously well in the packed Maracana Stadium for Uruguay that distant, day, and was the manager of the 1981 Mundialito winners, said that the current Brazilian attack could not be compared with that of 1950; the forward-line with the inside trio of Zizinho, Ademir and Jair, scorers of thirteen goals in the two previous Final Pool games against the hapless Swedes and Spaniards.

The Uruguayans themselves produced the appropriate individualists that day in Chico Ghiggia, a little hunchbacked outside-right, and Juan Schiaffino, a tall, pale, inside-left, whom Tommy Docherty would later describe as the best inside-forward he ever played against; including Ferenc Puskas. These two scored the goals which horrified the vast Brazilian crowd and took the Cup to Uruguay. Their successors in the Mundialito were a splendid quick little 21-year-old striker called Paz, whom everybody wants, a swift right winger called Ramos, a 28-year-old centre-forward called Victorino.

The irony of it is that as the game becomes ever more defensive, ever

more organised, so the value of the individual star becomes still more priceless. One of the most interesting of the kind to emerge this season in British football has been the Yorkshireman Simon Stainrod a £300,000 transfer from Oldham to Queens Park Rangers. Stainrod has always been left alone to play; or has always been capable of refusing to be drilled into conformity. His heroes are the likes of Tony Currie, George Best, Charlie George, Alan Hudson. His manager, Terry Venables, says soberly that if he disciplines his talents he could be brilliant; if not, he could suffer the fate of so many individualists, "and just be nothing". The perennial risk.

★ FREE ★

PROGRAMME CATALOGUE

Send 15p in unused stamps (to cover postage etc.) for a FREE copy of our Current Catalogue listing several thousand different near mint condition programmes available including Finals, Semis, Internationals, English and Scottish League teams etc., plus Bargain Bundles of various seasons.

STEVE EARL
FOOTBALL PROGRAMMES (PP)
5 EARSHAM ST. BUNGAY
SUFFOLK ENGLAND NR35 1AH
(Phone 0986 - 2621 for Enquiries Only)

Coventry City's Steve Hunt will win no medals this season — despite his club's good runs in the League Cup and F.A. Cup.

But what this exciting young midfielder star, who is being seriously talked about for England honours, should win is a place in the Guinness Book of Records.

For in a day and age when soccer faces financial disaster, when clubs are finding it harder and harder to pay their way, Steve Hunt is a player in a million.

He turned his back on a glittering career with New York Cosmos to send himself to Coventry — and halved his wages in the process.

"Some people thought I was mad, and of course the big drop in wages did hurt a bit," says this friendly and talented Brummie, a former Aston Villa winger who has been a revelation in midfield with Gordon Milne's Coventry Kids.

"But there was something more to my career than cash. I wanted to prove to myself that I was good enough to command a regular place in English First Division football.

"I wanted to prove to Aston Villa that they were wrong to let me go after just a handful of matches in their first-team," says Hunt.

This flaxen-haired flyer has no

Steve Hunt

By KEN MONTGOMERY
of the Sunday Mirror

hard feelings towards Villa. "I'm pleased at the success they are having in the First Division," he says openly.

"And I'm grateful to them, really. Let's face it, they sold me to New York Cosmos for £30,000, and as a result I played in two American Bowl finals, finishing on the winning side each time, and once being voted Most Valuable Player in the Tournament."

Cosmos reluctantly let him return to Coventry for a modest £40,000 — but only with the proviso that if he ever leaves Highfield Road, Cosmos have first option to buy him back for the same price.

"Going to the States was the best

thing that happened to me," says Hunt.

"I played alongside Pele and Beckenbauer — me, a £30,000 Villa cast-off, in the same side as probably the two best players the world has known.

"And both helped me enormously. I didn't know how they'd take me. I mean me, just a slip of a boy from England, lining up with men who had won World Cup Final medals.

"But both were absolutely great. They couldn't have been more helpful, and I'm sure my career has benefitted from playing with them.

"I was a bit of a hot-head. If someone 'did' me on the pitch, I wanted to go in and kick them right up in the air in retaliation.

"Pele and Beckenbauer impressed upon me that I should cool it. Let my football, my skill, answer back for me.

"They constantly discussed my game with me. How I could improve this or that. It was a great experience."

One day, Hunt may go back to the city the Americans call "The Big Apple".

For the time being, Coventry fans reckon he's a real pippin.



DOUBLE STRIKE

If a manager wants to get ahead in the harsh competitive business of winning titles and top honours, there is a simple solution - sign a couple of greedy strikers.

Spurs struggled for conviction last season before manager Keith Burkinshaw finally sorted out his biggest problem - lack of fire power.

He solved that big headache in the summer when he made a spectacular double swoop for Steve Archibald and Garth Crooks. Now he possesses the most lethal strike partnership in the country.

Archibald cost a cool £800,000 when he was prised away from Aberdeen; Crooks a tidy £650,000 when he decided to move south from Stoke.

That's a lot of money by even today's transfer standards. But Burkinshaw and Spurs fans consider it well spent and a tremendous investment for the future.

As Burkinshaw says: "One consistent scorer is happiness: having two is sheer bliss."

First Division defences will testify to that as this lethal partnership gobbles up the goals and spearheads one of the most exciting sides in the country.

Good strikers hunt in pairs. They feed off each other, help each other and draw inspiration from a prospering partnership.

When Archibald was having a lean spell in his early days at White Hart Lane, it was the darting, lithe Crooks he leaned heavily upon for inspiration.

"We worked hard on each others assets," says this quiet spoken Scot. "Now I think we know each others' moves inside out. Certainly, having Garth alongside me helped me through that lean patch when the fans were starting to give some stick.

"Now the fans really appreciate that we are a team in every sense of the word. Things have gone well for us this season and we feel we can only improve with more experience of playing together."



RAY BRADLEY
OF THE
SUNDAY
EXPRESS

Garth Crooks - Spurs



Over at Highbury, arch rivals Arsenal have struggled to find consistency this season, and that can be put down firmly to the fact that strikers Frank Stapleton and Alan Sunderland have been slightly off the boil.

Last season they totted up 47 goals between them in all competitions, but this term the vital spark has been missing up front and the Gunners have had to lean heavily on their defensive strength.

Ipswich are riding high this season - thanks to the inspired pairing of Paul Mariner and Alan Brazil. Although Eric Gates and midfielder John Wark give Ipswich an attacking edge that is envied by every side in the country, it is the prospering partnership between Mariner and Brazil that has sparked off a glut of Portman Road goals this season.

Mariner's all-round class and vision make him arguably the best-equipped centre-forward in the country. Now Brazil's emergence as a striker of real quality gives Ipswich a double-edged sword to cut down defences.

Says manager Bobby Robson: "Alan has taken time to settle into the side, but is now playing with such skill and confidence that he is sure to be capped for Scotland."

West Ham, back at Wembley for the third time in nine months, have dominated the Second Division scene this season. A lot of their success can be attributed to the summer capture of QPR striker Paul Goddard, who has forged a magnificent partnership with big David Cross.

At Southampton Steve Moran has burst into the spotlight as another youngster of real quality and has now formed another double strike force with England star Mike Channon in an exciting Saints line-up that is a credit to manager Lawrie McMenemy's belief in attacking football.

Yes, if you want to succeed, you must put your money on a win double. You can bet on it!



E1K/78M

MIDDLE TAR

As defined in H.M. Government Tables

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

So you want to be different?



X Pack Capri

FACED with a world where the car in your life may be made at the rate of a thousand a day, or even double that in the case of the *really* successful models, how do you stay an individual?

For many younger motorists—and some experts who have been in the game for longer than the youngsters could read—the answer is contained in the word *customising*.

What does it mean?

Basically tailoring any vehicle, and I mean *any* car or van, to suit your own tastes.

Of course there are very few people who really have the strength of character and imagination to set their own style in cars. So many of the 'customised' cars appear with the same features!

CHARACTER

The idea is to look for a mass production car that is cheap to buy on the secondhand market, yet has enough character to be remembered by others with affection.

Thus cars like the old Ford Populars and Zephyrs are favourites, along with the primeval Popular, in Britain. In the States, where this kind of work inevitably started, the choice would probably be between a General Motors machine like a 1957 Chevrolet, complete with fins enough to scare a killer shark, to a Ford Thunderbird, Mustang, or something from almost any 1930s manufacturer.

Because the cult came from America there was a very strong influence from the straight line quarter mile acceleration sport they call Drag Racing.

So, you may see cars with enormous back wheels, elevated rear ends (possibly illuminated in the really rude examples!) and tiny front wheels, cruising in the popular spots like the Kings Road, Chelsea. These are based on the genuine competition altered cars that had these features plus an enormous (and prob-

ably supercharged) American V8 engine hiding within their innocent old-fashioned outline.

Such cars have enormous straight-line speed in competition trim, maybe reaching over 140 mph in 440 yards from standstill (about 400 metres, if you are a metric swinger).

In Britain they may seem a bit pointless because we have these frequent natural phenomena known as Bends, Curves or Corners!

MAGAZINES

That has not deterred the youth of Britain. The idea of customising your car has caught on in a big way. There are now two or three specialist magazines following in the footsteps of the irreverent pacesetter in this field, *Custom Car*.

And their readership adds up to a sizeable percentage of all motoring magazines sold. Articles on how to do anything from a paint touch-in job to creating a brand new look for almost any unpromising machine around, and most of the young readership seem to love it.

Quite how the British were convinced that their machinery and climate could adapt to the California Surfing/Detroit V8 world of Customs is difficult to establish. Magazine articles and importation of genuine American quarter mile specialists to show how it should be done, must have made some difference.

"IMAGE"

Of course the biggest boost came from television coverage, not only of racing but also BBC Nationwide's interest in the custom shows that have been organised in many British cities, usually by *Custom Car*, notably in Bristol and London.

Naturally the big manufacturers had to get in on this 'individual'

customising act too . . . that is, if they wanted to look as though they wanted to sell cars to youngsters: image, they call it in the business!

Rather like motorcycles, the first car customising steps from big manufacturers have come on a racing theme. Thus we have cars offered like the Vauxhall Chevette HSR 2300, and the Ford X-pack series, which means a range of Fords tricked up to look very different, and often to corner and go in straight line in a way that is very different, and a lot more fun, than the standard product.

DIFFERENT

Initially the idea was providing a car that the manufacturer could use in competition (eg Ford Escort TG/RS 1600/RS 1800 series), but now Ford especially seem to have caught on to the idea that people may want a car that looks different, but still has standard straightline performance in terms of (most important) mpg and speed.

Thus the X-series of cars. These are special parts, particularly noticeable for the large wheels and wheel arch extensions, plus stripes and special paints, that they offer on popular cars like Fiesta, Capri and Escort.

We all know Escort has been recently changed to front drive, but I've driven the ultimate Ford offer in Fiestas (a 1600 capable of 105 mph plus and over 26 mpg) and Capris (130 mph, and cornering better than a Porsche) in the X-series and can only say, if your dealer's got a demonstrator, give it a try! The prices are high, but maybe it will give you ideas for what you want out of mass production cars, ideas that you can blend with the makers' ideas.

Motoring with Jeremy Walton

BRIAN GLANVILLE



WRITES

People tend to discuss football as though it were in some sense an exact science, a thing of tactics, strategies and predictable consequences, in which logic played an overriding part. Games are talked about in prospect, and even when they are over, as if it were possible to analyse them almost mathematically. It team A had done this, then team B couldn't have done that. The trouble is, logic is always falling to pieces, intelligent forecasts are forever being turned upside down; a kind of anarchy seems to steel into the game. Perhaps, come to think of it, that is the essence of its enduring charm.

Let us get down to cases. Some weeks ago, the French international team, including several players from the famous Saint Etienne club, went to play West Germany in Hanover. They were thrashed 4-1, even though the Germans were without their probable European Footballer of the Year, Karl Heinz Romanigge. The French were scarcely in the game at all, the mighty German centre-forward, Horst Hrubesch, played ducks and drakes with their defence, and French critics were left miserably admitting that while their youth teams were often good enough to beat the Germans - as they had been at this very time, in Monaco - by the age of 22 or so, the Germans were far ahead, physically superior, immensely better endowed with stamina.

One week passed. Harold Wilson has told us that a week is a long time in politics. It appears to be quite a long time in football. At the end of that week, Saint Etienne were due in their turn in the North of Germany to meet Hrubesch and Manny Kaltz's Hamburg team in the UEFA Cup. There seemed no doubt about it; they would be butchered to make a German Holiday.

What happened? They proceeded to win 5-0. Michel Platini, who had done nothing at all to speak of for France against West Germany, scored two of the goals, one of them an amazing effort direct from a free kick in which he struck the ball with the inside of his right foot and swerved it over the wall into the top left hand corner of the net. "The most fantastic event since man

walked on the moon?" demanded one leading French critic. "Don't bother to look. It happened last Wednesday night at the Volkspark Stadium in Hamburg in front of a crowd so stunned that it hadn't even the strength to get angry".

What are we to make of that; the more so as, in the interim, Saint Etienne had managed to lose a League match on their own ground 2-1 to the unfancied, newly promoted, Tours team?

national team competing in the finals of the European Nations Cup. To everyone's surprise, Kubala and Barcelona made a disastrous beginning. They were thrashed time and again on their own ground, bundled out of the UEFA Cup by Cologne, till finally and humiliatingly, Kubala got the sack; only a few months into the season.

Whom to appoint? Barcelona brought back the veteran Helenio Herrera, now in his sixties, who had

**IT'S ALL
IN THE MIND**

But then, football is full of mysteries. People are still trying to work out just how Watford managed to whack seven goals past Southampton this season in the Football League Cup; not to mention putting another four past Nottingham Forest. As that same French critic remarked about Saint Etienne's win, a 1-0 success would have been saluted as a great achievement; and so it would in the case of Watford. Seven goals! Against Southampton!

With the reigning England centre-half in the Southampton defence. I wasn't there that night, and I have still to hear a fully satisfactory explanation. The truth seems to be that Southampton were, like Hamburg, too confident in their approach to the game, and that once an early goal had gone in, they were simply unable to redover their balance.

If it is not all in the mind, then much of it seems to be. How is it that little Wales have traditionally been able to transform, like an alchemist, the equivalent of gold into dross, turn ordinary players into heroes for an afternoon, once they put on the magical red shirt? How is it that a team which has played wretchedly under one manager is suddenly transformed as soon as he is replaced; even though time may show that he is really no better than his predecessor. If you want a recent example of this, look what happened this season at Barcelona.

Last summer, they sacked their manager, Rife, and appointed in his place Ladislao Kubala, then serving as manager of the Spanish inter-

briefly taken them over last season, but whose real period of glory there had taken place nearly twenty years ago, when he got them to the European Cup Final. After his short, remedial, spell last season, Herrera, who was later the successful manager of Internazionale, the Milanese team, was put out to graze. The club kept him on the pay roll as a kind of super scout, domiciled in Venice. Malign wags suggested that he had been appointed their ambassador to Venice.

Well, back he came to succeed Kubala, and at once everything began to go right both at home and away, not least when Barcelona beat their deadliest rivals, Real Madrid, 2-1 at Nou Camp.

All in the mind? Have you ever considered how great an advantage it is for a team to play at home; and why it should be so? Logically, especially when the visiting team does not travel from abroad, it should surely not be so great. True, the home players know the ground better, but except in unusual cases, when pitches are very cramped or sloped, there is not much difference between one and another, while soccer pros are hardened to putting up with the hostility of away crowds. Yet to win at home is infinitely more common than to win away; even if in these tactical times, an away team is actually likely to be given more space for its counter attacks because the home team traditionally takes the initiative.

Again, it seems to me that subjective reasons enter the argument. It's all - or almost all - in the mind.

We'll make you a believer in Computer Dating

How will we do it?

When you complete the *Free Matching Test*, below, our amazing computer, a PDP 11/34 with two 40 million byte disk drives, will search through the personality profiles of tens of thousands of other Dateline members to find the *ideal partner* for you.

Then if you want, the Dateline computer can run for one year to introduce you to as many people as you would like to meet. Many may be living in your area; people with whom you'll have a lot in common... someone your own age... who likes the same things you like... has

similar interests. Someone you'd really like to meet... who would like to meet you.

How long has this been going on?

14 years ago Dateline introduced this new concept into the lives of millions of single men and women. Now we are more in demand than ever, and are happy that we have helped so many people, not just through love and marriage, though there our success rate is high, but simply through giving people the chance to meet and expand their social lives. *To take the first step to becoming a believer...*

Take this free test today!


If you're over seventeen, simply complete the coupon below, telling us what you're like and what you want, and we'll send you, *COMPLETELY FREE, and without obligation* the name and a description of your ideal partner.

PLUS a full colour brochure telling you how Dateline works, and much, much more about Dateline introductions. Now's your chance! *Mail the coupon today to:*

Dateline International,
23 Abingdon Rd.,
London, W8
01-938 1011

CONFIDENTIAL

I am over seventeen and would like you to send me completely free and without obligation, a description of my ideal partner. Plus a free full colour brochure. And lots more information about Dateline. I enclose two first class stamps.

1. Start here by ticking the two photos that appeal to you most. 

2. Do you consider yourself:

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shy | <input type="checkbox"/> Generous |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Extrovert | <input type="checkbox"/> Outdoor type |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Adventurous | <input type="checkbox"/> Creative |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Family type | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Clothes-conscious | <input type="checkbox"/> Intellectual |

3. Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pop music | <input type="checkbox"/> Politics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fashion | <input type="checkbox"/> Classical music |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pubs and clubs | <input type="checkbox"/> Art/Literature |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sport | <input type="checkbox"/> 'Live' theatre |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pets | <input type="checkbox"/> Science or technology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Folk music | <input type="checkbox"/> Creative writing/painting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jazz | <input type="checkbox"/> Poetry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Travelling | <input type="checkbox"/> Philosophy/Psychology/Sociology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cinema | <input type="checkbox"/> History/Archaeology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Good food | <input type="checkbox"/> Conversation |



Your Sex M or F Your Height ft. ins

Your Age yrs Age you would like to meet MIN MAX

Christian Name

Surname

Address

Nationality Religion

Occupation

Dateline

Send today to:
Dateline, Dept (SPR)
23/25 Abingdon Rd.
London W8.
01-938 1011



by Eric Nicholls

Select a 10p coin, toss it in the air, catch it on the back of your hand, and take a look to see whether it's heads or tails. That's the way I suggest you play your own guessing game concerning the "Is he...isn't he...will he...won't he" wheeling and dealing in football around the world.

Never has a saying been closer to the mark than the old one that tells you to believe nothing you hear, and only half of what you see.

We would not, of course, accuse any clubs of operating nice little publicity stunts! But just think back to the chasing of Johan Neeskens by Nottingham Forest, despite the fact that on his own admission Neeskens was at the time engaged in hitting the bottle, among other things, in New York.

Then there was Forest's interest in René van der Kerkhof. Really? To say nothing of Forest's alleged interest in Mario Kempes, who happened to be collecting a lot of tax-free money from Valencia, whose interest happened to be revealed a few days before Forest's home leg against Valencia in the European Super Cup.

Arsenal wanted Johan Cruyff. And it so happened that his first appearance for the Gunners would have been as a guest player in the friendly at Highbury against Tony Woodcock's FC Cologne. Hmm!

And when it comes to Frank Arnesen, the brilliant young Danish international who is captain of Ajax, the names of clubs determined to snap him up would fill more than a page — and include our own Forest, Arsenal and Leeds United.

Psst, want a bet? Time — or that 10p coin — will tell, but I reckon this Euro chase will get Arnesen a bigger and better contract to keep him with Ajax for a long time.

So it goes on. Oh, I almost forgot. Napoli wanted to keep Ruud Krol and, as I told you recently, Vancouver Whitecaps insisted he was back in Canada for the start of the American season. Well, Napoli have engineered an about-turn by Vancouver. Krol is now on a three-year contract with Napoli and they have forked out a cool one-and-a-half million quid for him. Not bad for a 32 year-old.

Who could possibly say 'No' if the Dutch FA offered them the post of national coach? Well, Rinus Michels has. He prefers to stay with FC Cologne. Michels knows more than most about the job. He was the national boss for the 1974 World Cup finals. But, of course, times change, and with Holland going through a difficult period of re-building, life will be tough for the new boss.

Dr Artemio Franchi is an Italian and also chairman of UEFA. Well, after that organised chaos in Italy last June for the final stages of the European Nations Cup, he and his UEFA chaps have at last seen the light.

Following more criticism than the white-collar gents of any FA, including European rulers, can take in peace, UEFA have decided that the organisation and pattern of run-up to the final in 1984 might possibly be changed.

Eight nations will compete in the final stages, but how the competition will be run will be talked about at a special conference in July. About time!

Whatever nice-talking chaps like Gordon Jago say about football in the United States, it must be streets behind Europe and South America as a serious sport.

By this I mean the game, not the marketing and public relations, in which the Americans have taught us a few things.

Let's be honest. It still remains a camping ground for elderly football gentlemen. Bernd Holzenbein, skipper of Eintracht Frankfurt, is the latest to sign the necessary bit of paper that will take him to the States when his West German contract ends this season. He's going to Fort Lauderdale for two years and he happens to be 34. There he will join players like Jan van Beveren and Lex Schoenmaker, ex-Dutch internationals, and, you've guessed it, also in their thirties.

With only five months to go before the World Cup Group match against Uruguay and Columbia, little Peru have no national coach. The Argentinian, Juan Carlos Lorenzo, has left the post for "personal reasons".

Could be an old substitute from the Peru dugout. Marcos Calderon, who was their chief coach during the 1978 World Cup finals, has been coaching Sporting Cristal, the Peru champions, and has dropped a hint that he might be interested in getting his old job back. Maybe the Peru 'referees' should wave on No 12.

May 15 is going to be quite a day in the Parc des Princes Stadium. France play Brazil in a friendly, which is interesting enough for European coaches to update their information books.

But Pele is to get a special trophy as "Champion of the Century", organised by a French sports paper. Sprinter Jesse Owens was second, just nine votes behind Pele. Belgian Eddy Merckx, winner of the Tour

de France, and not so long ago the world's top cyclist, was third.

Ajax have created another little note for their record books. They've passed the 5,000 mark for goals in official competition games. The guy who got No. 5,000 was Tscheu La Ling. You could say that the Dutch are running out of luck if they have to send for a Chinaman to set records.

With a name like that, no doubts about his ancestry. BUT... while La Ling's parents are Chinese, he was born in Holland, carries a Dutch passport and is a Dutch international.

The Dutch have got themselves a new national coach. Kees Rijvers is not exactly well known outside Holland, but he did play for Feyenoord, St. Etienne, and is an old Dutch international. As a coach he is the ex-boss of Philips sponsored PSV.

But the important fact is that he is Dutch. The Dutch Coaches Association protested to the KNVB (Dutch FA) that no way should they appoint yet another foreigner to run the national team.

Ernst Happel, who finished in Argentina in 1978, was the last foreigner in charge, but their number has included over the years Englishman Dennis Neville.

This time Holland had Happel, plus Feyenoord chief coach Vaclav Jezek (Czechoslovakia) high on their wanted list after Rinus Michels had rejected a move from FC Cologne.

You would have thought that a country like Holland, which has given us so much over the past 10 years, would have automatically gone for one of their own nationals to build the new Holland. But when it comes to organisation they could still learn a lot from us.

Talking of Dutchmen, it would be a good idea if somebody gave Franz Beckenbauer the tip that the World

Cup game between West Germany and Austria on April 29 - his possible come-back day - will be controlled by Dutch referee Charles Corver.

So, what's special about that? Remember England v Brazil at Wembley, when the Brazilians kicked about everything except the ball? And remember Arsenal v Juventus (first leg) when David O'Leary lost count of the stitches he needed in a shin wound and all the Italian guy got was a little yellow card? Well, that man Corver was in charge of both! Enough said.

Jolanda de Rover, Brigitte Hemeltjen, Ingrid Visser, Yvonne van de Hurk, plus Fred Eefting, Berjan Cornelisse, Edward Maasdijk and Kees Vervoorn. Now there's an interesting set of names for you, particularly since they are all going to Barcelona.

Remember what we told you recently about the Spanish climbing down to recognise women's football? Well, before you get the idea Barcelona intend to field a few glorious shaped ladies to pack their stadium, we had better be honest and admit that this mixed bunch make up a swimming team that is taking part in an international meeting in the Barcelona baths. Still, could be enough to attract the attention of a few Barcelona football fans!

Despite FIFA's efforts to cool it in South America, the chances are still on that Brazil will be given two choices to stage a World Cup. Officially, their name is pencilled in for the 1994 finals. But... nobody is yet certain whether Colombia will be able to put on the 1986 finals. When you look down south from the USA, you get the impression that however old the place might be, England could still stage manage the World Cup affair in stadiums like dear old Wembley!

Bad news for David Loggie, the English striker with Dutch club

Sparta, managed by Welshman Barry Hughes. He's had a great season till now. But a hip bone injury has proved serious enough for the club doctors and specialists to advise a four months rest from the game. That means, needless to say, an early bath as far as this season is concerned.

Maybe those nasty East German government people read about people from East European countries who had used football tournaments as a means of escape.

Three East German national players got themselves arrested because there were suspicions that they just might try to sneak over the border into West Germany.

The trio, all from Dinamo Dresden, were Gerhard Weber, Mathias Muller and Peter Kotte. They were due to fly off to play against Argentina.

Trouble was the news of their intentions leaked out *before* they left East Berlin Airport. How lucky can you be!

When in trouble send for an Englishman to help you. That's what Heracles have done. This club are too close to the bottom of the Dutch second division for comfort, so they have signed George Cooper, a 24-year-old midfielder from St. Albans City. He's the second player they have grabbed from St. Albans. The first was Gerry Kerr, a 19-year-old striker. Now, we'll see what the British can do.

★ **FREE** ★

PROGRAMME CATALOGUE

Send a stamped addressed envelope or 15p in unused stamps (to cover postage etc.) for a FREE copy of our Current Catalogue listing several thousand different near mint condition programmes available including Finals, Semis, Internationals, English and Scottish League teams etc., plus Bargain Bundles of various seasons.

STEVE EARL
FOOTBALL PROGRAMMES (PP)
5 EARSHAM ST. BUNGAY
SUFFOLK ENGLAND NR35 1AH
(Phone 0986 2621 for Enquiries Only)

**£350
prizes**

SPORTOPIA POET OF THE 1980/81 SEASON

soccer poets

We wish to express our thanks to all persons who have sent poems to us – the response has been overwhelming. We will never be able to publish in this season all the excellent poems submitted. Originally the competition was to be judged on all poems PUBLISHED. Due to the response we now feel that it is only fair to judge all the poems RECEIVED for the Sportopia Poet of the Season. The winner will receive a £250.00 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).

As the standard of many poems has been so high – sometime in the future we may publish a book of all your poems. We therefore request that any persons having objections to us maybe using their poems in the future should state so in writing to us.

A MORALISTIC TALE OF HOW NOT TO TEACH SOCCER IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA

I was on holiday in Africa,
When besieged by a group of boys,
Who wanted to know about soccer,
The rules, the skills, the ploys.

Well I was slightly flumuxed,
So I wandered about my hut,
And decided I would have a go,
And we played with a coconut.

I thought we'd start with heading,
But when the nut hit head,
I spent the next couple of days
Visiting the lads in bed!

But determined not to give up,
We eventually got a ball,
And I taught them how to dribble,
Which didn't please their mothers at all.

After a couple of exhausting days,
The lads were ready for a game,
And it was just like Wembley,
When the whole village came.

The red loin cloths against the blue,
And I was the referee,
But I tripped and fell on my whistle,
And eventually found my pea.

The sun blazed down, the game began,
The crowds were wild with glea,
Or so I thought from the native cries,
Which was really abuse at me.

I thought I did extremely well,
But obviously some others not,
But I'll have time to contemplate that,
As I sit in their boiling pot!

*John Graham,
Coventry*

TIMES CHANGE

They can talk about the good old days,
Of stars between the wars,
Of men who played for twenty quid,
And didn't drive fast cars.

Of men who played for the fun of it,
When the game was all that mattered,
When fathers took their sons to games,
And none of them got battered.

When Dixie Deans scored sixty goals,
And Barnsley won the Cup,
Goal Average was the 'in-thing' then,
And only two went up.

Long shorts/Short longs were fashion then,
The ball it weighed a ton,
The Cup was won by Bury – Six,
And Derby County – None.

The League was won by Huddersfield,
Three times in a row,
But things have changed – My God they've changed,
Just look where they are now.

Bury's in Division Four,
And Huddersfield's in Three,
There's new teams in the Top Flight now,
Like Stoke and Coventry.

Where's Barrow, Gateshead, Accrington?
Ipswich joined us late!
And Liverpool weren't doing too well,
In Nineteen Fifty Eight.

So when the 'Old Boys' have their say,
Don't argue – Don't get caught,
Remember this – It all depends,
On which Team they support.

The Transfer Fees are soaring,
And the Gates are falling fast.
Free-spending Clubs will one day soon,
Be memories in the past.

We know the Game's not perfect,
Don't let it get you down,
Look to the Headlines years from now,
'League Champions – YEOVIL TOWN'!!

*G.M. Bimson,
Carlisle*

THE LIFE OF BRIAN

Brian who? You may well ask, as if you hadn't heard enough,
For all you men who support the Reds, there's only one Brian and that's Clough.

Some say he is a big mouth, some say he is quite odd
But most men I know worship him, they think he is a god.

His right hand man is Taylor, there could be no-one neater,
And as everyone god's right hand man was said to be Saint Peter

Together they make a heavenly combination,
They took Europe by storm and shocked the whole nation.

But Cloughie is only a mortal man, and often takes a risk.
He's broken into the pop world and cut himself a disc.

Will it get to number one? That would be a shocker.
But somehow I cannot see Brian Clough as a punk rocker.

He's also made a commercial, will he be making acting a career?
I think advertising Parker pens, Burt Reynolds has nothing to fear.

He could even become a roller disco king, as everything comes to he who waits
I could just imagine him at Maddisons pirouetting on a pair of roller skates.

But I don't think disco dancing will become his main ambition,
Because now he has made a bid to become a politician.

He would probably get a great response, with votes from north and south,
And if he joined the Labour Leader, would they be termed as Foot and Mouth?

Could Clough be the next one to take over at Number Ten?
Maggie Thatcher will have to watch her step or else she'll lose her den.

But seriously folks! With his winning ways, you would think him a magician
His talent and flair prove him to be a real football technician.

He can spot a striker and make him a star,
With his favourite saying "this boy will go far"

As Trevor Francis well knows, he shot to fame like a rocket,
But at one time Cloughie told him to take his hand out of his pocket.

Cloughie may be outspoken, and some say he is too much,
But to his faithful supporters he has the Midas golden touch.

Clough and Taylor have proved over and over again
That they are the best in the football game.

Who else could have taken over a Second Division team
To win a First Division championship, we only thought was a dream

And also the League Cup seemed an impossible feat
But to win it two years running gave the fans a real treat.

But the European Championship has to be the best achievement yet.
To win that two years running will be something we'll never forget.

And so to the incredible duo I dedicate this poem,
Because of the enormous amount that all we fans owe 'em.

And not forgetting the players, with their own individual styles,
They have indeed throughout the season, brought thousands of happy smiles.

*Roslyn Knowles,
Annesley Woodhouse, Notts.*

World Cup Winners Competition

12 SONY WALKMAN
PRIZES

SOLUTION:

- No. 1 Beckenbauer
No. 2 Stiles
No. 3 Peters
No. 4 Charlton (J)

WINNERS

Mr. J. Copeland,
27 Severn Way,
Brickhill,
Bedford.

R.D. Elliot,
68 Whyteways,
Boyatt Wood,
Eastleigh,
Hants.

Mr. B. Walsh,
63, Campion Dr
Haslingden,
Lancs.

Reece Ireland,
33, Birch Ave.,
Hollins,
Oldham,
Lancs.

Mr. M. Elvins,
40, Willow Road,
Bromsgrove,
Worcs.

Mr. West,
67 Ovington Grove,
Fenham,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mr. L. Brennan,
61 Titchfield Road,
Biddick Village,
Washington,
Tyne & Wear.

Mr. Todd,
49 Kingsley Avenue,
Hartlepool,
Cleveland.

Mr. Valentine,
7 Ruthven Place,
Bishopbriggs,
Glasgow G64.

Malcolm McKie,
121 Newcomen St.,
Holderness Road,
Hull,
N.Humberside.

Robert Hicken,
Lawton Heath House,
31 Lawton Heath Rd,
Church Lawton.

Mr. J Gesshlick,
10 Weare Gifford,
Thorpe Bay,
Essex.

WORLD LEADER



Rothmans King Size

THE GREATEST NAME IN CIGARETTES

the best tobacco money can buy



MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.
H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

RESERVE SCENE

CELTIC players are earmarked for major roles in Scotland's Youth teams this year. None more so than Paul McStay who is on course to create a record . . . playing for the Under 16, Under 17 and Under 18 teams.

He's played in the three squads in warm-up games and now he's poised to do so in full-blown international events in the dark blue of Scotland.

SFA director of coaching, Andy Roxburgh, says: "It has not been done before and it represents a hectic programme for Paul . . . nearly full time. Of course we spoke to his manager Billy McNeill about it and his attitude was that the experience would accelerate his progress."

Paul sets off with the Under

17's in the Cannes world youth tourney starting on April 14 in a formidable section that includes Italy, Brazil and East Germany. Another Celt, John Sludden, is in the squad.

Scotland's top Youth squad, the Under 18's are in West Germany in May for the European championship finals. England will be one section opponents, Austria and Spain look certain to complete the group.

A Celt captains the squad — David Moyes. "He's a tremendous leader" says Andy Roxburgh. "He reminds me of his own manager, he could be a new Billy McNeill".

David Kenny and McStay gives Celtic a three-player representation in this squad.

McStay captains the Under 16's who have home and away games with Iceland (June and



PAUL McSTAY

August) in another European championship. John Sludden, Paul Nicholas and Ronnie Coyle are other Celtic representatives.

**WEAR
THE
COLOURS**
OFFICIAL CELTIC SPORTS
AND LEISURE WEAR
BY UMBRO
INTERNATIONAL



umbro
SPORTSWEAR



TODAY'S VISITORS

ABERDEEN

CELTIC scored one "victory" over Aberdeen this week . . . beating the Dons for the signature on an S form of 13-year old Cambuslang schoolboy Sandy Fraser, youngest ever signing by the Parkhead side.

The men from Pittodrie, who have had an unlucky and depressing time since 1981 came in, are super keen to avoid a second one this afternoon.

Parkhead is approached positively . . . as the spot where they put aside their inconsistent pattern and zoomed back to the form which had them topping the table last time they were at the Glasgow ground (November, 1980) and through to the end of the year.

They can make the forceful point that they've not had the best of good fortune in the matter of injuries.

One man doesn't make a team but the removal of Scotland's Player of the Year of last season, internationalist Gordon Strachan, and John McMaster from the midfield engine room of the side has made a significant difference to the Premier League fortunes of the Dons.

Now they trail six points behind league-leading Celts though they have a game in hand. For them this, if not the last chance to hang on to the championship, comes pretty close.

It puts them into a pressure situation every bit as tense as

that facing Celts. Probably more so. Strachan and McMaster (though he returned to the Reserve scene this week) are not going to be around for the crucial tests and the Aberdeen task looks most formidable.

As champions they'll battle on. They've got a lot of fine players. Alex McLeish and Willie Miller were Scotland's central defence against Northern Ireland at Hampden in mid-week.

Full backs Stuart Kennedy and Doug Rougvie make up a "wall" which gives excellent protection to a fine young goalkeeper in Jim Leighton.

The problem point has been the midfield and a general view is that, until that department is thoroughly settled again, the pattern of Aberdeen's play (and results) will tend to be inconsistent.

Strikers like Mark McGhee and Ian Scanlon have also gone off the boil.

In short the Dons do not carry the championship zip that characterised their play earlier in the season.

They are still a threat in today's action. Players talent just doesn't vaish. And a vital match like today's is just the type of test that can restore it.

The stage, too, is important. The atmosphere at Celtic Park is one on which the Dons seem to thrive. They revelled in it when they made their last visit five months ago.

They are just one of three sides that have beaten Celts in the League at Parkhead this season. The others, Rangers and St. Mirren, have been demolished in recent weeks. Is this to be the revenge hat-trick?



Ian Scanlon

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)
Sept 3	ECWC	DVTK (Hungary)	(a.e.t. Agg. Celtic 6-2)	A 1-2	(Nicholas)
			(Agg. Celtic 7-2)		
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	3-0	(McGarvey, Burns, Sullivan)
Feb 14	SC	Stirling Albion	H	3-0	(McGarvey, McCluskey, Burns)
Feb 21	PL	Rangers	H	3-1	(Nicholas 2, Aitken)
Feb 28	PL	Morton	A	3-0	(McGarvey 2, Provan)
Mar 7	SC	East Stirling (Quarter Final)	H	2-0	(Conroy, MacLeod)
Mar 14	PL	St Mirren	H	7-0	(Aitken, McGarvey 3, McCluskey 2, Nicholas)
Mar 18	PL	Partick Thistle	H	4-1	(MacLeod 2, Sullivan, McGarvey)
Mar 21	PL	Airdrie	A	2-1	(McGarvey, MacLeod)

... AND THE SCORERS

McGarvey	27	McAdam	3
Nicholas	25	McDonald	3
Burns	10	Doyle	2
McCluskey	10	Own Goals	2
MacLeod	6	Weir	1
Sullivan	5	Douglas	1
Provan	5	Conroy	1
Aitken	4		

FLASHBACK ON...

THE last time Celtic faced Aberdeen at Celtic Park, on Saturday November 8, 1980, the clash attracted a 29,000 crowd.

In the early stages Celtic looked to be in impressive form and they pushed the Dons back into defence.

Despite the domination of the home side however, they failed to make any real scoring chances.

In the 32nd minute Aberdeen, who had only been seen fleetingly as an attacking team, took an unexpected lead.

Despite Celtic protests for offside play was allowed to continue and Mark McGhee

was able to cut the ball across goal for Walker McCall to score from close range.

Eleven minutes after the interval Aberdeen increased their lead when once again McCall scored from a McGhee assist.

Despite the late substitution of Johnny Doyle for Frank McGarvey Celtic couldn't find a way past the Aberdeen defence and the scoreline was

unaltered at the end.

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

ABERDEEN: Leighton; Dornan and Rougive; Watson, McLeish and Cooper; Strachan and McCall; McGhee; Bell and Scanlon. Substitutes: Considine and Hewitt.

CELTIC v ABERDEEN

ABERDEEN F.C. 1980-81



WANT A CLEAROUT?

Rent-a-Skip[®]

... and relax

Where you want it, when you want it, Rent-a-Skip — the best name in the business.

PHONE 041-

427 6666

a member of the **LAFFERTY** group

QUIZ TIME

- 1 Who were Celtic's top scorers last season?
- 2 What country won the international Rugby championship?
- 3 The first British club to play in the European Cup was . . . ?
- 4 Can you name the season?
- 5 At which ground do Fulham play?
- 6 Which horse won the Cheltenham Gold Cup last week?

Answers:
1. George McCluskey and Johnny Doyle (15), 2. France, 3. Hibernian, 4. 1955-56, 5. Craven Cottage, 6. Little Owl.

UNIVERSAL TRAVEL AGENCY LTD

Top of the League
in Scotland for
Football and
sports travel



Let's face it...

Hiring a coach is the best way for your Supporters' Club to follow your team around. Prices are moderate. Ask for full particulars from the Private Hire Department of your local bus office — the address is in the telephone directory.

SCOTTISH BUS GROUP

W. ALEXANDER &
SONS (MIDLAND) Ltd.
EASTERN SCOTTISH
(SCOTTISH
OMNIBUSES LTD.)
WESTERN S.M.T. CO.
LTD.
CENTRAL S.M.T. CO.
LTD.

City Link



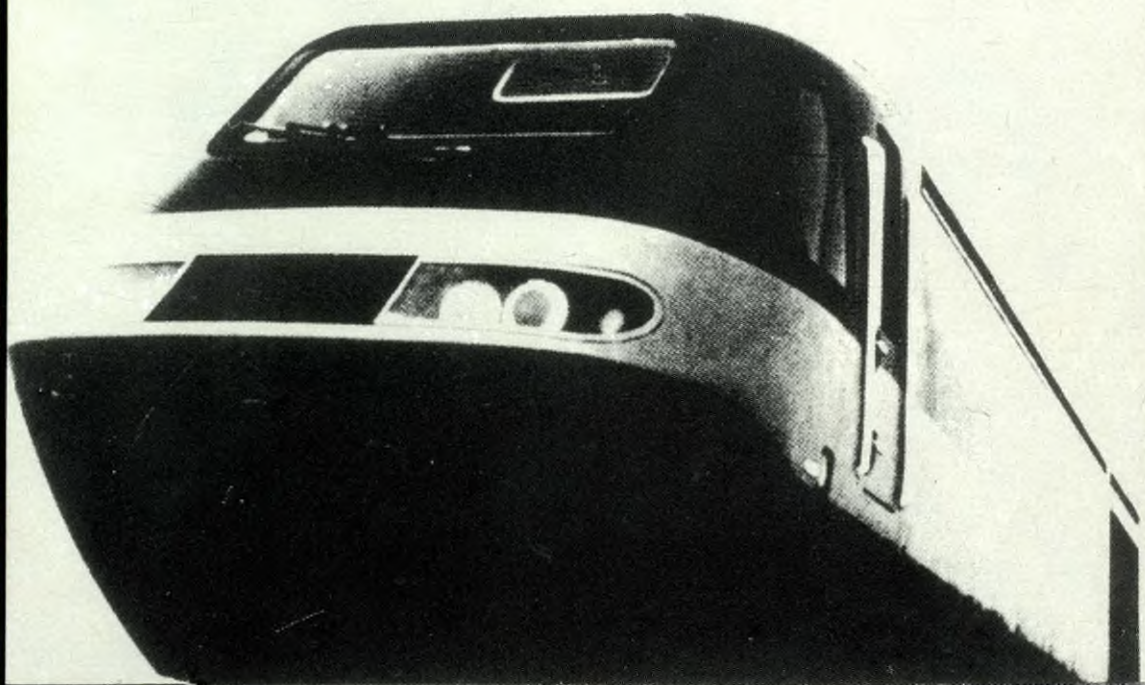
City Link



Red Star

***The fastest door-to-door
parcels service in Britain.***

RED STAR IS SUPERFAST. WITH CITY LINK IT'S UNSURPASSED



Your local City Link agent:

Glasgow
041-336 3361
Telex 779454

Edinburgh
031-332 7671
Telex 727954

Aberdeen
0224-28086
Telex 739518

Proprietor: Mr. T. Fraser



#ARP

**stays sharp
to the bottom of the glass.**