

SCOTTISH PREMIER LEAGUE

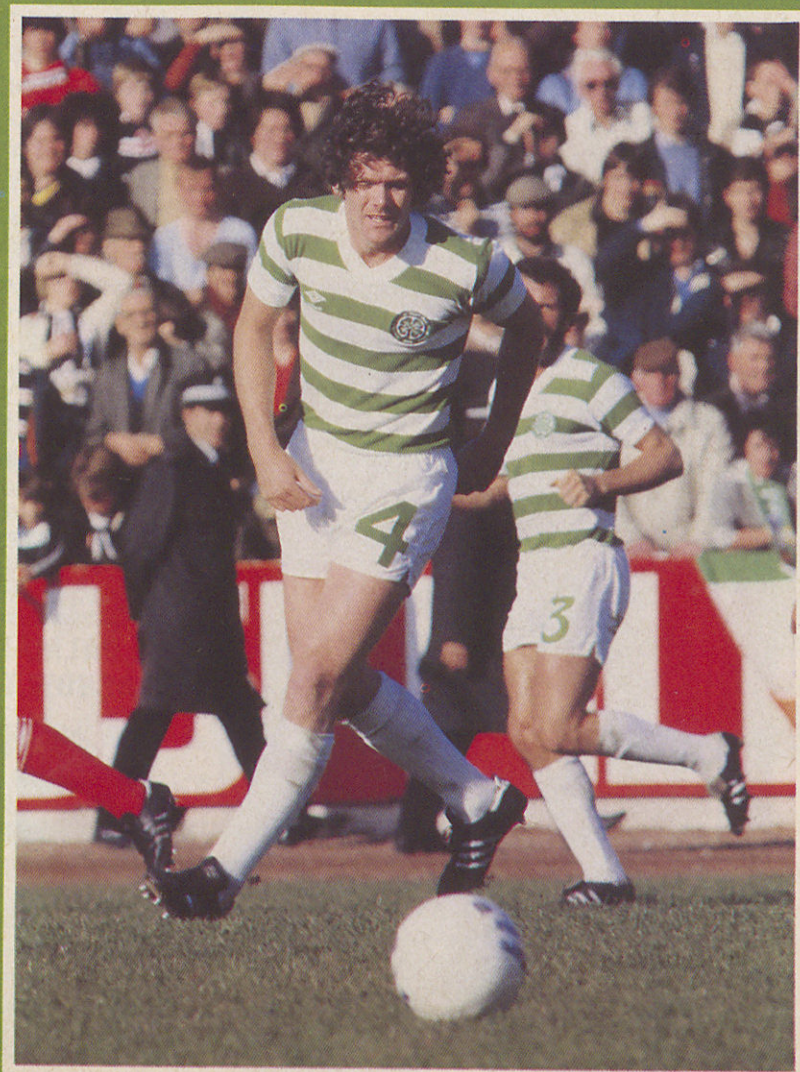
Celtic

versus **ST. MIRREN**

CELTIC PARK

**SATURDAY
14th MARCH
1981**

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



**programme
30p**

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FROM THE MANAGER

NOW that we've made it into the Scottish Cup semi-final with the plum tie, it is imperative that we concentrate this afternoon on picking up where we left off in the Premier League campaign.

What I want to see unfolding against St Mirren is a performance as exciting and fluent as we turned on against Rangers. That was one the fans enjoyed to the full. So did I. I rate it our most stirring show this season so far.

Of course, I look for even better stuff from the squad and I'm convinced that it will evolve. Today could produce a cracker of a match. Celtic and St Mirren meetings are traditionally exciting affairs and we'll enter the fray in determined mood, ready to equal — if possible surpass — the type of game that has brought us a full count of points from six championship fixtures this year.

St Mirren took a Scottish Cup k.o. but they've had impressive League displays. That's understandable for the Paisley side has quality players, players who like to express themselves.

Our last meeting with them at Parkhead saw them take away both points and that's given Celts just a little extra edge for this afternoon's duel. Recollection of that result is easy through the dramatic last minute winner for Saints from full back Alex Beckett.

We want maximum points this time. It is an important game for us and the players accept that. We know we have been playing well in the League recently and maintainance of that form rests solely with us.

The Scottish Cup draw gave the Parkhead scene additional zip, for Celtic and Dundee United are the two best footballing sides in Scotland today. This could be a great occasion at Hampden.

It gives Celtic opportunity to reverse the defeat in the League Cup semi from United, a trophy they went on to retain.

When we set out on the Scottish Cup campaign this time there was deep determination at Parkhead to hold on to the silverware. Now we are just one game from the final

While everyone looks forward to the test with United we'll not be losing sight of the League. That carries a big prize as well . . . entry to the European Cup for club champions next season.

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

FANS, remember that Celts take on Partick Thistle at Parkhead on Wednesday evening in a Premier League game. The kick off is 7.30 p.m.

And don't forget the final League match of the season with the Jags is on a Sunday afternoon (April 5).

This is one further effort to assess the pull of Sunday football before a new season in which clubs keep their own gates in League games.



Where do football folk go when they don't have a match on a Saturday afternoon? Manager Billy McNeill, skipper Danny McGrain and Tommy Burns filled in the time for Sunday's Scottish Cup tie with East Stirling with a visit to the STV studios where they

watched Notts Forest and Ipswich in their English Cup quarter final.



Celts are fast approaching the goals "ton" in competitive matches this season. Total before today's game was 92, coming from 43 games.



Celtic Reserves Davie Moyes and Paul McStay are in the Scotland squad for a match at Brighton on Tuesday. This is against the Brighton Colts and is one of the warm-up games in Scotland's preparation for the European finals in May.



Bobby Lennox was back in a Celtic strip at the weekend . . .

and adding another prize to his long list of awards.

The location was Edinburgh and the event a five-a-side tournament which the club won. Eyemouth United, Berwick Rangers and Hearts (in the final) were eliminated by Martin Stanton, Willie McStay, Jim Duffy, John Halpin, Danny Crainie and the evergreen Robert.



Celtic's young 'uns are off to Easter tournaments on the Continent next month. The Under-16's meet up with European opposition in Brussels and the Under-18's are Germany bound.

"All good experience and an interesting and exciting time for them," said manager Billy McNeill.

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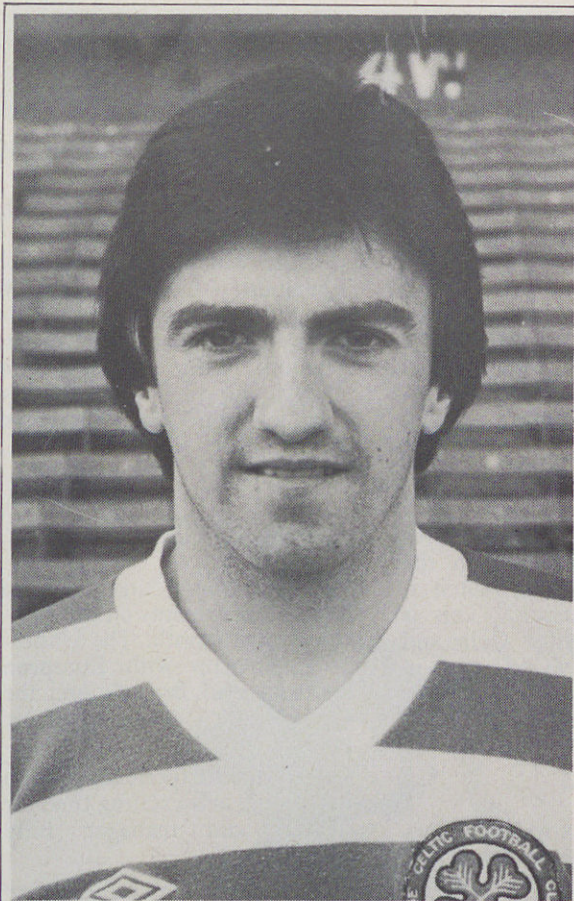


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Mike Conroy who got his first goal of the season against East Stirling in the Scottish Cup.

MATCH TEAMS

CELTIC (from)

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

ST. MIRREN (from)

Billy THOMSON	Peter WEIR
John YOUNG	Alan LOGAN
Alex BECKETT	Frank MacDOUGALL
Mark FULTON	Jimmy BONE
John McCORMACK	Gardiner SPEIRS
Billy STARK	Phil McAVEETY
Billy ABERCROMBY	David WALKER

AND OFFICIALS

Referee
Mr H. ALEXANDER
(Irvine)

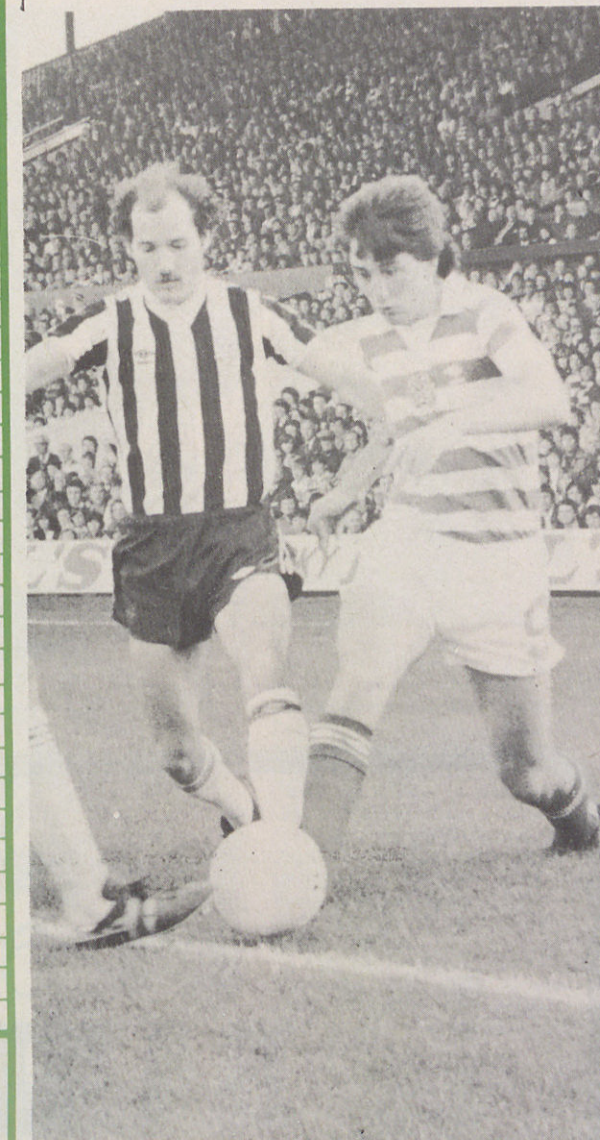
Linesmen
Mr J. P. ROWAN
(Cumnock)
Mr J. HUGHES
(Leslie)

HALF-TIME SCOREBOARD

A	HEARTS v RANGERS	
B	KILMARNOCK v ABERDEEN	
C	MORTON v AIRDRIE	
D	PARTICK TH. v DUNDEE UTD.	
E	BERWICK v AYR UNITED	
F	DUNDEE v RAITH ROVERS	
G	DUNFERMLINE v CLYDEBANK	
H	FALKIRK v HAMILTON	
I	HIBERNIAN v ST JOHNSTONE	
J	MOTHERWELL v E. STIRLING	
K	STIRLING A. v DUMBARTON	
L	ASTON VILLA v MAN UTD	
M	EVERTON v LEEDS	
N	IPSWICH v TOTTENHAM	
O	NOTTS FOREST v BRIGHTON	

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

PARKHEAD DUEL



Full back Alex Beckett who got a spectacular winner on his last visit to Parkhead seeks to halt Celtic striker George McCluskey heading for goal.

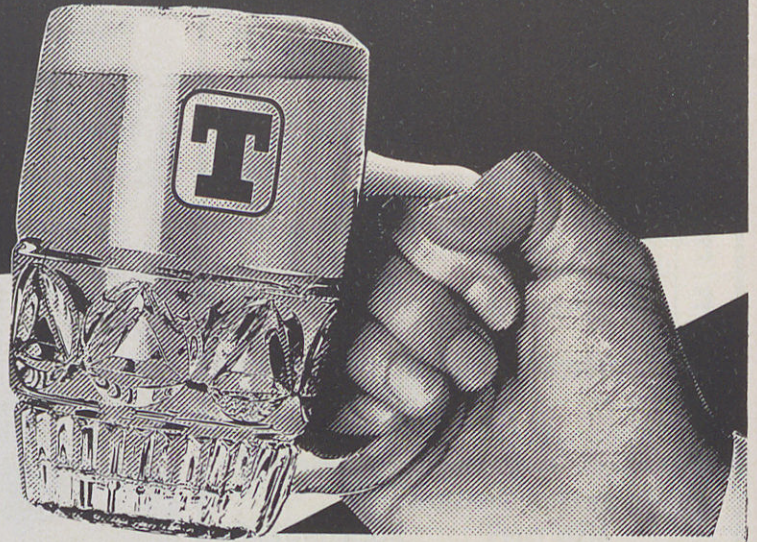
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The old firm of Celtic and Rangers have quite rightly claimed most of the headlines among the Scottish clubs over the past years - for a time it looked as though there need be only one match a year when the two Glasgow Giants could decide who were winners of the League and Cup that year. Nowadays it isn't quite such a formality and I know the big boys welcome this healthy competition.

Scottish football has a fascinating history and has also provided many odd soccer stories. Indeed, some strike me as so eccentric that I sometimes think someone north of Hadrian's wall must have had a dram or three of the national beverage and next time they should 'take more water with it'. There was that splendid occasion beloved of schoolboys and quizmasters when Arbroath beat Bon Accord 36 - 0 to set up the highest score ever recorded in a proper competition in Britain. It was a Scottish Cup First Round game on the Fifth of September, 1885.

According to legend, Andrew Lornie was making his debut in Bon Accord's goal as regular 'keeper Jimmy 'Sniper' Grant was ill. But in truth Bon Accord were actually the Orion Cricket Club of Aberdeen and they were very surprised therefore to receive an invitation from the Scottish FA to take part in the competition. The cricketers decided to change their name to Bon Accord because they thought it sounded better than their real name. After the 36 goal slaughter the red-faced Scottish FA Secretary apologised and admitted that the invite should have gone to the Orion Football Club. No wonder none of the Bon Accord team played in real football boots!

John Petrie scored 13 of the Arbroath goals and when you consider that in those days the goalkeepers changed end after every goal, there were no nets, no penalties, the players didn't wear numbers and goalkeepers were not restricted to handling the ball only in the penalty area, you begin to get some idea of the farce that was presented on that September day 75 years ago.

I particularly appreciate the report on the match in the 'Dundee Courier and Argus':-

'This match - the first cup-tie - was played at Arbroath on Saturday, when, despite the rain, there was a good turn-out of spectators. The match was one of the drollest ever seen here or anywhere else, and baffles description. It was truly 'The Massacre of the Innocents', for a more helpless set of innocents never before met the crack club of Forfarshire. Though unable to describe the match, we can give the result, which we hope no one will doubt. Two forty-fives

TAKE MORE WATER WITH IT...



by Graham Spiers

were played. The first result was - Arbroath 15; Bon Accord 0; second - Arbroath 21; Bon Accord 0. Grand total - Arbroath 36; Bon Accord 0, Milne, the active goalkeeper of Arbroath, neither touched the ball with hand or foot during the match, but remained under the friendly shelter of an umbrella the whole time'.

HARPS WIN 35-0

The second highest score ever recorded in a proper competition in Britain is the 35-0 victory Dundee Harps had over Aberdeen Rovers. Now the interesting thing about this

is that it was recorded on the same day as Arbroath's record win, and in the same competition! Arbroath to Dundee is just 17 miles and so in that short distance the two highest ever scores were set up on the same day.

When you consider that it usually takes a couple of minutes to score a goal and with the goalkeepers having to change ends every time that probably added another minute then there was a goal every three minutes in the first half and a goal every two minutes in the second half. I wonder what the opposing managers said at half-time?

Another unusual Scottish set up is that of the famous Queen's Park club. The oldest club in Scotland, formed in 1867, and of course amateur, the club motto translates from the Latin as, 'To play for the sake of playing'. In 1873 Queen's Park became members of the Football Association and England adopted all the club's rules. The Scottish FA followed with the eight clubs then existing in Scotland. Before this, Queen's had taken part in the FA Cup and had reached the Final twice, meeting Blackburn Rovers both times and losing 1-2 in 1884 and 0-2 in 1885.

From the foundation of the club in 1867 they played for nine years, until 1876 without losing a game and in 1872 for the very first recognised International between Scotland and England the whole Scottish team was provided by Queen's Park!

At Queen's Park the President's Chain of Office is also unusual in that it is made of the various medals, such as International and Scottish Cup, won by the club's players who throughout the years have handed these personal awards back to the club in order to create this unique badge of office.

The club's ground is the famous Hampden Park. This present, the third, Hampden Park stadium, was built in 1903 and covers a total area of some 33 acres.

Another oddity of Scottish League football is that Berwick Rangers, although from the English City of Berwick on Tweed, plays in Division One of the Scottish League. Founded in 1881 the club's single honour came in the 1978-79 season when Berwick Rangers were Division Two Champions. These days Berwick's ground capacity is set at 10,687 although the record attendance is 13,365 and this was established when Rangers visited Sheffield Park for a Scottish Cup First Round match on the Twenty-Eighth of January, 1967. Although Second Division Berwick beat their illustrious First Division rivals Rangers 1-0 they went down by the same score when they visited Hibernian in the Second Round.



DENNIS

By ROBERT WALKER

FOOTBALL may no longer have the fan following it commanded once upon a time — but as long as Dennis Mortimer is around, the game will keep its very best type of supporter.

Mortimer, chunky, inspiring mid-field skipper and driving force behind Aston Villa's bid for the First Division Championship, is proud to be a professional footballer, passionate about the game that gives him a living.

Football could have no better advertisement for itself than this likeable lad from Liverpool, who made his name with Coventry City, and who has emerged with Villa as one of the best motivators in the business.

But first and foremost Dennis Mortimer is a fan!

So when he says defiantly: "Our football is better now than it has been for some time — despite what the knockers say," we should all sit

up and take notice.

Mortimer speaks from First Division summit strength; from the front line in one of the greatest battles for years to decide who will be England's champions.

"Liverpool may have slipped a little," he says. "But not really much.

"The reason for this being the most exciting Championship for years is that so many clubs have improved.

"Liverpool have not cascaded back to the rest of the field. Other clubs have caught up with Liverpool.

"Villa, Ipswich, West Bromwich Albion, Manchester United, Arsenal, Tottenham — they've all improved."

Mortimer, 28, has been around the top flight for a decade now, and knows a bit about the business.

If things were as black as some people would like to paint them, the bearded Villa skipper would be the first to admit it.

But he is adamant that they are not.

"The quality of football in the First Division this season is better than for several years," he says, without adding that Villa's revival has contributed no small part to that situation.

"That's good for the game. So is the fact that so many clubs have been in with a chance of the Championship. It stimulates interest. Brings in the crowds."

Mortimer's efforts in Villa's cause have been Herculean. But the nice thing about Dennis Mortimer is that he is quick to see the good points in others — and is not afraid to praise them, whether they be opponents or team-mates.

He is glowing in his references to Ipswich, who with Villa have remained the main contenders for Liverpool's crown right through the season.

"They haven't a weakness in any department, and some of the football they have been playing is superb," he says.

Others have been saying the same about the Aston Villa team Ron Saunders built, and Dennis Mortimer skippers so superbly.

But that's to be expected, for as I said right at the start, Dennis Mortimer is one of football's true fans as well as being one of its best professionals.



Dave Mackay

PROBLEMS

By JAMES BOWEN

Soccer managers, having a tougher time than ever in England this season - the axe has been swinging with a vengeance - are not the only people with problems.

True Brits abroad are also finding that the problems of football management are world-wide.

The F. A. tell me there are British coaches in almost every Soccer-playing country in the world, and the problems some of them are encountering are enough to make them cry.

Peter McParland, the former Aston Villa and Northern Ireland international - remember his two goals which helped beat Manchester United in Villa's controversial 1957 F. A. Cup Final win? - has recently resigned as national football coach of Hongkong.

The Irishman's reasons were highly understandable. As he prepared to launch Hongkong's bid for a place in the 1982 World Cup Finals in Spain, he found clubs refused to co-operate by releasing players for national squad training.

Oriental can be like that where soccer is concerned. Unpredictability tends to be their long suit.

I vividly recall travelling to Malaysia and Singapore a couple of years back with an English B squad

managed by Ipswich's Bobby Robson; a side which included Joe Corrigan of Manchester City, Paul Mariner of Ipswich, Brian Talbot (then Ipswich, now Arsenal), John Richards of Wolves, Viv Anderson and David Needham of Forest.

Imagine the players' surprise in Kuala Lumpur when giant-sized bats started flying across the pitch when the floodlights came on.

Imagine our surprise when giant-sized lizards came crawling across the roof of the Pressbox.

PUNTERS PARADISE

It was in neighbouring Singapore that former Bournemouth manager Trevor Hartley told me his amazing tale of soccer management abroad.

"It's a punters' paradise here", said Hartley. "The fans will bet on anything connected with the match. On how many goals will be scored. On how many corners a team will get. On which team will take the next throw-in.

Unfortunately for Trevor, who was managing the Singapore national side at the time of our meeting, it wasn't only the fans who did the punting.

The players were at it, too - and they weren't always investing on their own side to win!

Two other good mates went off in different directions - all in the cause of Soccer management.

Brian King, former Millwall and Coventry goalkeeper, headed for Norway, and in a recent communique, told me he has had to call off training - because he was completely snowed in.

SOCCER HAVEN

Dave Mckay, that legendary Spurs and Scotland half-back of the barrel chest, the crunching tackle, and the heart of a Lion Rampant, managed Swindon, Nottingham Forest, Derby and Walsall before moving to the unlikely Soccer haven of Kuwait.

The rugged Scot makes frequent home runs, and on one of these occasions he told me:

"We have some very skilful players out there. My biggest battle is trying to motivate them.

"It's all a bit unnerving when you drive up for training in your ordinary family saloon - and see a whole fleet of Rolls Royces and Mercedes in the players' car park.

"The real choker is that in many cases, those Rolls and Mercs belong to kids who are still virtually apprentices!

"They have everything money can buy, so they are not really hungry for Soccer stardom".

TRANSFERS

By RAY BRADLEY OF THE SUNDAY EXPRESS

THERE's no business like transfer business. Don't take my word for it. Take the word of a brigade of bewildered managers who have to live on their judgement...and have lived to regret it.

Trading in the transfer market is a little bit like playing Russian roulette. You never quite know when things might blow up in your face... and get the bullet!

Malcolm Allison knows that sinking feeling better than anyone. He went on a £4 million spending spree at Manchester City and then found himself out of work because his judgement never matched his daring deals.

Striker Mick Robinson was hailed as the kid who was going to set City alight when he arrived from Preston for £756,000. But Robinson could not get on the scoring sheet more than eight times in 30 first team appearances last season...and three of those goals came from the penalty spot.

Robinson paid the ultimate penalty when he was listed and transferred to Brighton this season for a cut-price £400,000.

But a move from the misery of Maine Road to the sunny South Coast has really pepped up Robinson's rating and he is now banging in the goals again.

Kevin Reeves, a £1 million buy

from Norwich in March 1980, is another forward who failed to strike reputed form at Maine Road under Allison. Reeves looked an over-rated buy until John Bond - his former boss at Norwich - arrived on the troubled Manchester scene and got him back in the scoring groove.

But it was perhaps the £1½ million signing of Wolves midfielder Steve Daley that was Malcolm's greatest disappointment.

Daley, a bright star at Wolves, faded into obscurity at Maine Road and was put up for transfer at a bargain basement £200,000 when Bond arrived - the most amazing devaluation of a player's ability in British transfer history.

It is usually strikers who pull in the record-breaking fees and precious few of them have justified the extravagant prices paid for their talents...apart from Trevor Francis, British football's first £1 million transfer and a genuine star who continues to illuminate a jaded Forest side this season despite a long injury lay-off that threatened his future.

Francis has certainly justified the faith of Forest boss Brian Clough, but he is the exception in the crazy transfer market.

Scottish striker Ian Wallace - a



Mick Flanagan

£1¼ million import from Coventry in the summer - has hardly set Forest on fire this season.

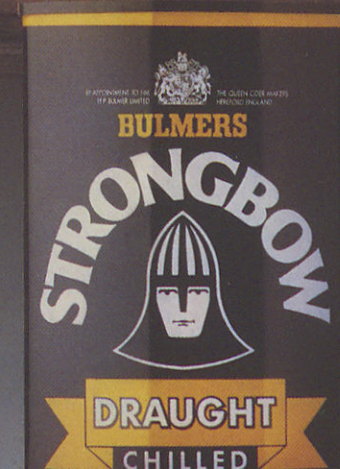
Neither have John Deehan and David Mills, two strikers whose combined fees topped the £1 million mark but have failed to make first team impact at West Brom.

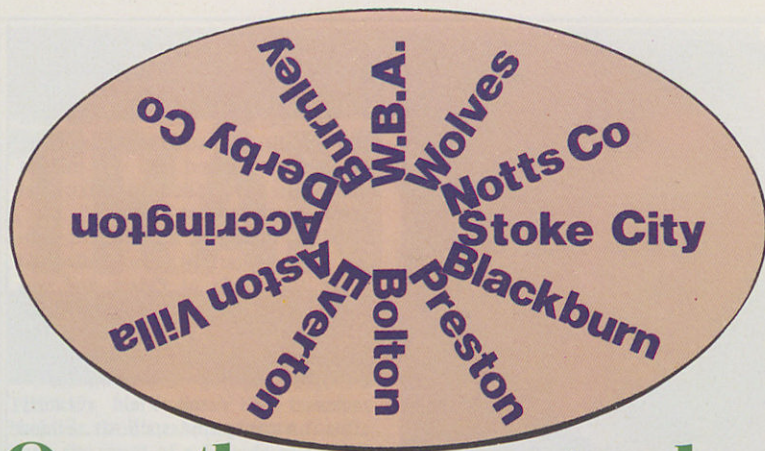
Mike Flanagan, a £720,000 signing from Charlton, also failed to make the grade at Palace and was sold for a cut-price £200,000 to QPR this season. Leeds' Welsh international striker Alan Curtis - a £400,000 signing from Swansea - returned to Vetch Field recently after an unhappy spell at Elland Road.

The list is endless, with Clive Allen perhaps the biggest enigma of all. He has been shuffled around in two £1 million deals since the summer, but is still trying to find his teenage feet in the First Division after a magnificent season with QPR.

Which brings us right back to Malcolm Allison, who tried to save Crystal Palace from relegation. He put unhappy Allen on the list and was still gazing into his crystal ball, trying to come up with a signing that justified his judgement, when, well you know the rest....

STRONGBOW. THE PINT WITH AN EDGE.





Once there were twelve

by GRAHAM SPIERS

Once upon a time — as all the best fantasy stories begin — there were just twelve. Now there are 92.

The birth of the League, then the Football League and later Football Leagues, is indeed a fantastic story. It all began when Scotsman William McGregor, an Aston Villa director, sent his famous letter to Blackburn, Bolton, Preston, West Bromwich and the secretary of his own Club on 2nd March 1888. The major clubs were having ever increasing problems guaranteeing their fixtures. Opponents either didn't arrive or had to complete postponed or replayed cup ties on dates which were already booked. The real problem, though, was that gates were falling as a result, and it was this that prompted Mr. McGregor to think of a proper fixture list and the added attraction of really competitive soccer.

McGregor's letter brought about a meeting at a London hotel on Friday 23rd March 1888, the eve of the Cup Final, but the business of the meeting was not finished until 17th April in the Royal Hotel, Manchester — perhaps more appropriate, as no southern club had taken part in the talks. This meeting realised that no more than 22 dates could be allowed for fixtures. So the number of clubs to form the League would have to be kept at 12. This meant that Nottingham Forest, the Wednesday from Sheffield, and a long defunct Lancashire League club called Halliwell, failed to gain admittance. The remaining 12 clubs became founder members of the oldest League in the world.

Six were from Lancashire: Accrington, Blackburn Rovers, Bolton Wanderers, Burnley, Everton and Preston North End. Five came from the loosely-defined Midlands: Aston Villa, Derby County, Notts County, West Bromwich Albion, and Wolverhampton Wanderers. And making up the dozen from an area between Lancashire and the Midlands: Stoke City.

GOODBYE STANLEY

Except for Accrington, who added Stanley to their name after the First World War but still failed to find success, the rest of the famous twelve are still with us.

Poor old Accrington Stanley. Even before financial burdens saw the club fold in 1962, they had dropped out of the First Division in 1893, only to regain League status by coming into the Third Division (North) in 1921. On leaving the League in 1962, Accrington Stanley hit rock bottom before reforming in 1968, and they now play in the Cheshire League.

But what of the other eleven 'originals'?

Five of the original 12 are currently in the First Division, five in the Second, and one in the Third. Perhaps surprisingly, only on three occasions since the First World War have there been as many as nine founder members of the League in Division One together: in 1919-20, 1935-36 and 1947-48.

Prize for the most honours gained in their long League membership goes to Aston Villa, perhaps appropriately, and an omen for their success this season. They have picked up six league title wins and won the FA Cup seven times out of their nine Final appearances. In more recent times they added three Football League Cup successes to their other honours. Everton just have the edge over Villa in League awards gained by the 'founders'. The Goodison Park unit have won the League Championship seven times and the FA Cup three times in seven Final outings.

Wolverhampton Wanderers have recorded three League Championships and four FA Cup victories in eight trips to the Final and have also had two Football League Cup wins. Their neighbours, West Bromwich Albion, can boast just one League

title success, but in the FA Cup they have held the trophy five times while journeying to the Final round 10 times.

STOKE'S SINGLE SUCCESS

Stoke City, the fifth of the current First Division originals, have fared less well in the honours lists, their single success being in the League Cup in 1972.

Notts County have also had a lean time in their search for success, a single FA Cup win back in 1894 from one of their two Final appearances being their only reward for all those years of League membership. But they are one of the only two originals (Accrington being the other) to have suffered a spell in the Fourth Division. Perhaps this is at last County's year to escape from the lower regions?

LANCASHIRE LADS

Of the three Lancashire originals in the Second Division, Blackburn Rovers can point to the most impressive record and did look earlier this season as though they might be re-joining the top set. Rovers can point to two League titles and six FA Cup wins out of their eight Finals — even though the last of these was back in 1928.

Preston North End are not these days the force they were, but they can look back on two League Championships and a couple of Final wins in seven Finals. Completing the Lancashire trio is Bolton Wanderers, who have never won the League Championships but did take the FA Cup back to that County four times from seven Finals.

Completing the originals' Second Division representation is Derby County, with two League successes and one FA Cup win from four Finals. County seem to have sorted out all their problems at last, and are a good outside bet for promotion this term.

Of the 12 founder members of the League, only Burnley is currently out of the top two Divisions, although they can take some consolation from their two League titles and single FA Cup win from three Finals. At Turf Moor they have been having something of a revival this season and could well be among the final honours.

Just for the record, Stoke City were the first of the originals to drop out of the higher company — in 1890. They resigned, but were re-admitted the following year. Three years later, Notts County and Accrington Stanley became the first clubs ever to suffer relegation, following the formation of Division Two, and Burnley dropped down in 1897. Bolton (1899), Preston (1901), West Brom (1901), Wolves (1906), Derby (1907) and Everton (1930) were the next to leave the exclusive top set. Finally, Blackburn Rovers and Aston Villa left together in 1936 after 44 seasons in the higher company.

The Virginian rolls O.K.

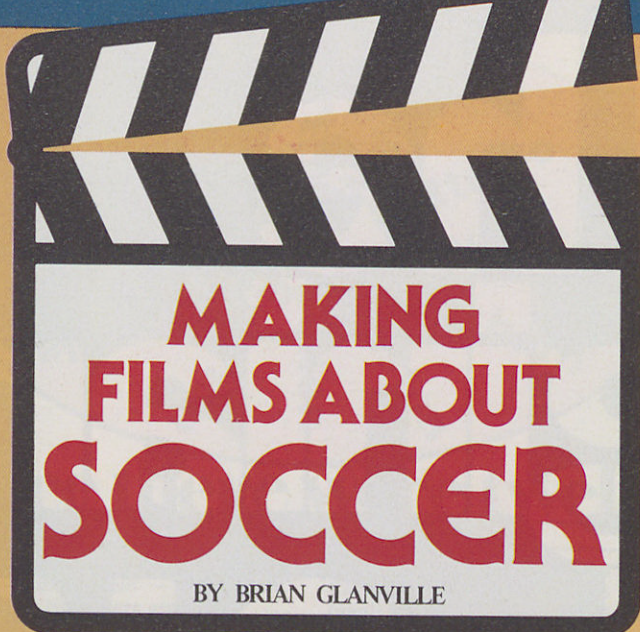


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MAKING FILMS ABOUT SOCCER

BY BRIAN GLANVILLE

FEW documentary films about soccer have had the impact of the recently shown 'City', in which Granada and their clever cineastes explored the fascinating and dramatic events this season at Manchester City: Malcolm Allison, controversial to the last, on his way out, and on to Crystal Palace, and John Bond of Norwich City on his way in, all the way down to the final shoot out at Maine Road when the two clubs were drawn together in the FA Cup. Grimly, Allison muttered that this was a match he — and therefore Palace — had to win. But City, as we all know, helped by a silly penalty, won it 4-0, and all was silence in the Palace dressing-room save for the retching of one poor player, blessedly off camera.

What was so impressive and unusual about 'City' — and I speak as one who has been concerned in the making of numerous documentaries about football — was its sheer access. The unit's cameras were permitted to enter dressing-rooms before the games and at half-time, to enter the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Manchester City boardroom to see the directors discuss John Bond's appointment; and even to interview him about it. We saw Malcolm Allison paying his sad farwell to his City troops at the training ground; and saw him, on that same training ground, arguing with the man he bought, so disappointingly as it proved, for £1.4 million, Steve Baley.

Generally speaking, professional football clubs are much more jealous with their secrets, especially in England, where dressing-room doors that would swing wide open in the States remain dourly and permanently closed to the press — and the cameras. For reasons that remain a little obscure (the more so after the

figure the club and its directors cut) Manchester City generously allowed Granada in. In consequence, we saw and heard things which usually go unseen, and unheard.

And yet there was still something missing, which is probably less a criticism of those who made the film than of the genre itself. One of the best respected English football journalists told me how disappointed he was with the programme, of which he had been led to expect so much. I was not disappointed; perhaps because, having so long been involved in documentaries — my first, the BBC 'European Centre Forward' won the Berlin Prize for 1963, but dissatisfied me for reasons I shall explain — I was expecting less.

My critical colleague was saying, in effect, that the film did not go far enough. There was what the philosophers call, grandly and obscurely, an Undistributed Middle. You or I might simply say that there was something missing. We knew that Allison had probably got things wrong because here were City losing all their matches. Yet what had he got wrong, and why? Moreover, if he kept getting things wrong, why had he been appointed in the first place, the more so as City had employed and sacked him before?

As for John Bond — placed in fascinating juxtaposition to Allison, who'd patronised him as a West Ham team mate — what was he now doing *right*? What changes had been made? Above all, how did he really feel? I don't think, were I a Manchester City player — or any sort of British professional player — I'd have been too happy with the film. There is not to reason why, it seemed to say of the players. You saw them being harangued, rebuked, told to turn up on time for training or else, told to

wear collars and ties on a match day, assured by the City Chairman that their views on the going of Allison carried no weight. You did hear that Joe Corrigan, the giant, veteran goalkeeper, had been critical of Allison's policies and thought that he should never have been re-engaged in the first place, but you never did hear why.

What I am saying, I think, is that even a documentary as good as 'City' runs the risk of being no more than a polished exercise in voyeurism. The fly on the wall technique was splendidly pursued. Time and again, I envied it. When Stephen Hearst, the BBC director, and I made 'European Centre Forward', mostly in Turin, with Gerry Hitchens, the English international centre-forward as protagonist, we had no such verisimilitude. It wouldn't have been much use if we had, since everyone was talking in Italian.

But I was reminded of the wise words of Al Maysles, a famous American documentary maker (he and his brother pioneered the so-called cinema verite, true cinema, and made a famous film about the Beatles in the States). He, Hearst and I were involved, in New York in 1964, in making a documentary about boxing. Maysles said that the essence of documentary filming was patience. You simply had to hang about until the crucial, the vital, the dramatic, thing happened. The trouble was that people lost patience. "And that's when they begin to interview!"

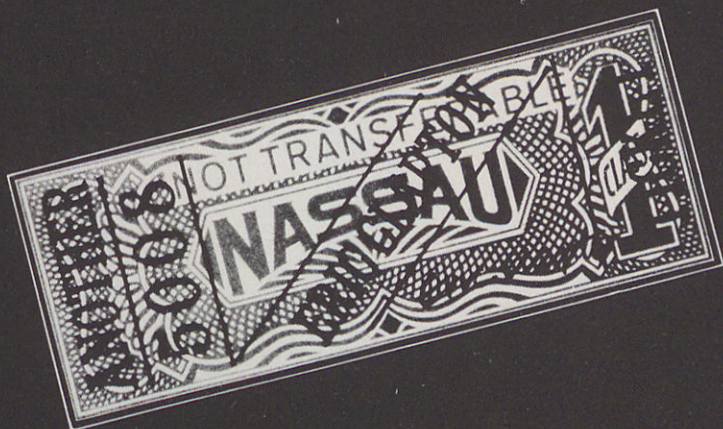
Ah, the interview, that curse of the television age, the cop-out, the compromise, the wherewithal for all those dreary chat shows which have made stars out of the utter mediocrities who do the interviewing (or, in some cases, barely do it at all!). Yet even if the fly on the wall is seeing everything with his compound eyes, he cannot *know* everything; what people are thinking, *why* they are doing what they do.

That's where fiction, oddly enough, can be so much more truthful than fact. Give me a pen, and I can write for you in a matter of minutes the fictitious yet authentic scenes, the conflicts and the conversations, which tell you what was *really* happening. The poor documentary maker just has to hang around and *hope* he will be there at the decisive, revealing, moment.

So 'City' took us part of the way, but couldn't take us the whole way. To that extent, riveting though much of it was, it was probably unfair; too harsh on some, not harsh enough on others, while the players' case went wholly by default. Still, if you do have the time and the patience, which usually boils down to having the available money, it is encouraging to see what documentary cinema can do; even if, in the last analysis, it will never be able to do enough. Fact isn't always truer than fiction, though it may be stranger.

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HOME GROWN TALENT

by Paul Joannou

AS the current recession bites deeper there are few football clubs that haven't felt the pinch and in the North-East the facts of life are hitting the 'Big 3' perhaps a little more than others. Newcastle United recently reported that they are £239,000 in the red at the bank, and this figure would have been a lot higher but for the transfer of Peter Withe to villa for £½ million, while Middlesbrough down the road at Ayresome Park had had to attempt to balance the books with an average crowd of only 18,739 last season. Even Sunderland, with a successful promotion season behind them, last term published year-end figures that would give fright to any club.

A sorry tale for the once 'Hotbed of Soccer' but out of the gloom there are bright lights shining through spelling... 'Youth Policy' ... for in order to reduce the astronomic cash outlay for transfers all three clubs have stepped up their youth programmes and are in varying stages of development.

In the past, locally produced talent has of course come through the ranks: stars like 'Pop' Robson on Tyneside; Colin Todd at Roker; and at 'Boro they can boast Brian Clough; but it has always been a sore point amongst NE soccer fans as to why their clubs miss so many kids from the Northumberland and Durham nursery that make it big elsewhere, names like Eric Gates and Ray Kennedy, to name but two of many in the game today.

Newcastle's boss Arthur Cox is determined to produce the local stars. He was quoted as saying, "What I want are all the young footballers on Tyneside queing up to join us, knowing they are going to receive a fair chance. If anyone, Ipswich or the like, takes a good young player from under our noses then I will hold an inquest at this club."

Cox has already shown that he will give the kids a fair crack of the whip. Newcastle-born Kenny Wharton, just out of his teens has been a virtual regular this season in midfield, a slightly built lad he's a terrier on the left-hand side of the



Kenny Wharton

park and has an admirer in Big Jack Charlton who said that he would buy him tomorrow if given the chance. 'Keeper Kevin Carr is another to grab his place this season, while several youngsters from United's high riding Central League side are pushing for an opportunity too. 18-year-old centre-forward Chris Waddle, a cousin of Swansea's Alan Waddle, is one with a big future. He has greatly impressed everyone this season with skilful running at defences and the ability to drop a shoulder and beat defenders at ease. Other names to watch out for are Peter Withe's younger brother Chris, a skilful full-back and also central defender Bruce Halliday who made his debut at Chelsea a few weeks back.

While Newcastle's youth scheme is just starting to produce the goods, ten miles away at Roker Park Ken Knighton's has already brought dividends. Kevin 'Ossie' Arnott made his debut back in the 76/77 season as an 18-year-old and has now established himself in Division One as an attractive midfield player of class while 21-year-old Alan Brown has frightened many a defender with his devastating pace up front. Alongside Arnott for many a game this season has been Glaswegian Gordon Chisholm, a 6-foot ball winner and anchor man who also came through the junior pipeline. Recently, little John Cooke, not yet 20 and to many a young 'Pop' Robson, has claimed the No. 9 shirt, impressing with his nippy displays. Big, strong Rob Hindmarch is yet another product who is challenging hard for a senior spot. He's pushing Elliott and Allardyce for the central defenders role.

Middlesbrough, so long the poor relations of both Newcastle and Sunderland, but now the 'Cock of the North', have seen their youth programme of the last few years develop to such an extent that they now possess home-grown players worth a fortune. Top of the pile is midfielder Craig Johnston, a South African born Scot, with an Australian passport, would you believe, and already into the England Under-21 side. His non-stop work-rate, superb vision and the ability to get into scoring positions at will has prompted many observer to tip him as a certainty for full England honours. While Johnston grabs all the headlines fellow Under 21 international David Hodgson from Gateshead is another valuable asset, his ability to throw off the roughest tackles in the box has made him one of the sharpest front runners in the game. The list is almost endless at 'Boro

for added to both Johnston and Hodgson are Mark Procter, a former England youth captain, midfielder Graham Hedley, and full-back Ian Bailey as well as those who have come through the ranks in the past, men like David Armstrong and Stan Cummins, now at Roker, and Peter

Johnston now at Newcastle.

Quite an array of talent then, and more coming through the system. Scouts from out of the area beware, pickings aren't going to be quite as easy as in the past, the North-East is determined to put a stop to the 'poaching' of their young players.



David Hodgson



Never on Sunday!

Let me at once, as they say, declare an interest. Two, to be exact. I write for a Sunday newspaper, the SUNDAY TIMES; I run and play for a Sunday football club, the Chelsea Casuals. There is therefore good, subjective reason for me to oppose the idea of Sunday League and Cup football at professional level; though I hope to show in the course of this article that there are good objective reasons, too.

When the 92 League club chairmen recently got together, it was provisionally decided that clubs be allowed to play their League games at any time between Friday and Sunday. My first thought was that in allowing this, the Football League would become the only major tournament of its kind in the world which did not concentrate all its chief week-end games on the same day. True, mid-week games can be

played on almost any day of the week, though they are largely confined to Tuesday and Wednesday. True, clubs such as Tranmere Rovers, just across the Mersey from the two giants, Everton and Liverpool, have for many years played home games on a Friday night. But the First and Second Divisions play all their week-end games on a Saturday, and the consequent impact is enormous. That is the day on which the whole country awaits and eagerly discusses the results, marvelling over the inevitable surprises, feverishly working out the League tables, the effect of the day's matches on Championships, promotion and possible relegation. To throw away this dramatic impact would, to my mind, be a shocking error.

Behind the idea of potential Sunday football lies, quite obviously, the hope and wish that a new

audience might be found; ideally, a family audience. Well, would it?

In the first place, we are, whether we like it or not, in the middle of an alarming recession. Even a club such as Liverpool, eternally successful and most loyally supported, can no longer draw the huge, regular gates it did. I remember how astonished and bewildered their manager Bob Paisley was when recently I talked to him, just after his team had defeated Aberdeen in the European Cup at Anfield, in front of a mere 36,000 spectators.

The trouble is, on Merseyside, that Liverpool's very success has made them an expensive proposition to support; they are by and large playing a couple of matches a week, and where do you find the money for those if you are on the dole? Down South, on my way to a Crystal Palace home match with Liverpool, I

fell in with a group of teenaged Palace supporters from Surrey who lamented that to go to a game cost them, all told, some fifteen pounds.

The clubs which want to play on a Sunday are, by and large, the smaller clubs, the economically desperate clubs. But would it work? We hear a lot about the large attendance at matches played by the Fulham Rugby League club at Craven Cottage, but to proceed from there to argue that the Fulham soccer club would attract big gates on a Sunday is illogical. The people who go to watch Rugby League are attracted by the game, and by its novelty in London.

The idea that a London fan who does not usually support Fulham would, having paid to see his own club on a Saturday, fork out again on a Sunday in these hard times, seems to me chimerical. It simply

wouldn't, in the majority of cases, happen. A club that cannot sell itself on a Saturday would be most unlikely to sell itself on a Sunday; not least because I just cannot see the "family" audience which is postulated.

In countries such as Italy and Brazil, it unquestionably exists. I remember how surprised I was, when first attending Italian Championship matches in the early 1950s, to find the stands full of pretty women. True, the more benign climate had something to do with that - though it can be bitterly cold in Italian winters, too. In Britain, however, soccer has traditionally been the essential preserve of the working class male. In terms of class, the audience has unquestionably been enlarged since the war, but women are still the exception who prove the rule. Why on earth should they stand on windy,

BRIAN GLANVILLE



WRITES

rain swept terraces, or be condemned to primitive facilities?

Moreover, there is the endless, appalling problem of hooliganism, which didn't exist before or just after the war, and has already deterred thousands of people, not least the fathers of young sons, from going to games. Is it to be presumed that hooligans will take Sundays off?

Several eminent churchmen certainly don't think so, and they have publicly expressed their fears and alarms about the effect the Sunday game might have on local residents. I share those fears, and feel for people who live, poor devils, around professional football grounds, subject to the clamour, at best, and the intimidation, at worst, of marauding fans. The people who lived around the Derby football ground were, some years ago, doing so virtually in a state of siege. Until the problem of hooliganism is solved, you can forget the idea of a family audience; and even if it ever were solved, I am still not convinced, despite all those costly executive boxes which are now becoming the fashion, that it is there to be found

Remember, too, that many thousands of young fans like to watch their favourite teams and then to play on a Sunday. Were those teams to start playing on a Sunday, there would be a thoroughly messy conflict of interest which would I think damage the game both at professional and recreational level. It could well be, too, that a great many youngsters would decide to play on a Sunday rather than watch. The present dispensation allows them to do both.

Significantly, the West German First Division, the Bundesliga, switched some years ago to Saturday play, while in Italy, where there has been much comment in favour of changing to Saturdays from Sundays, the fashion now is to play international games on a Saturday. Let us, please, leave things as they are.



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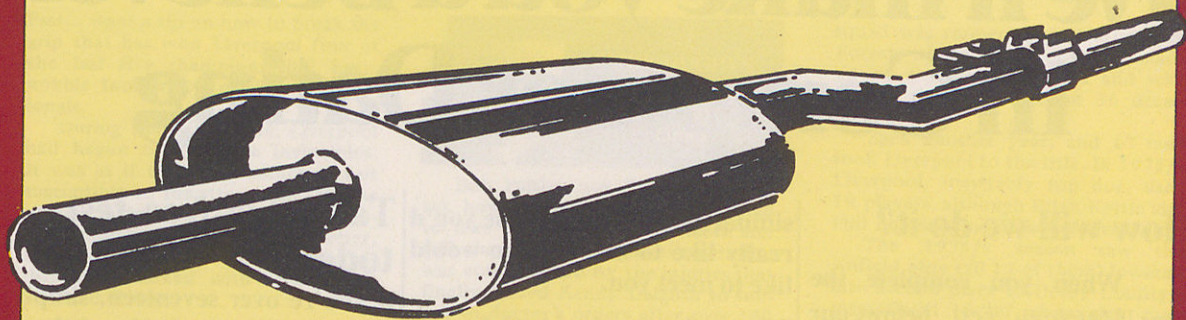
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Motoring with Jeremy Walton



EXHAUSTED?

Tyre-fitting-and-supply specialists have long been part of British motoring. Often the tyre distribution outlet was part of a major tyre company; the same applied to some of the outlets that went into the specialist supply of car batteries. Then the lessons of offering a quick-fitting service for less than the customer would pay at a garage, began to sink in.

The most recent expansion of this kind of trade has been the spate of centres offering a faster fitting, cheaper, exhaust replacement service. Quickfit, Standard Tyres, Pitstop, Fairway — these are just a few of the names currently in the business.

The motives are obvious. Exhausts cease functioning properly, with an embarrassing amount of noise, pretty regularly. Just like tyres and batteries, there is a constant need for replacement, and just like tyres and batteries, the motorist is likely to be making what is called "a distress purchase". In other words, you wouldn't buy it unless you had to ... rather like petrol!

Once the bright marketing boys had worked this out, in the sixties, the pioneers began to open up. In most cases the idea was to provide a half-hour or so service — instead of the punter having to leave a car all day, to be dealt with as and when garage staff could get round to it. Unlike some garages, many of the centres provided clean and agreeable premises on which the customer might buy a cup of coffee and read a paper while the job was done.

Not all the centres are like that, as we discovered when visiting a number for this article.

Typical of the deal now being offered all over the country are Motorway tyres and accessories outlets. Known as Fairway, they offer a deal with which it is hard to quarrel, including as it does a 12,000 mile/12 month warranty.

They reckon to cope with most popular cars in half-an-hour. On a Cortina, that could cover replacing everything after the main cast iron exhaust manifold, which means all the tubing and silencer boxes under the car, right up to the tail silencer and pipe.

The price? "About £45", I was told, "and that's about the same as a Ford dealer will charge *before* he adds the labour charge."

Of course, we haven't all got cars that are popular and in production. So what about the guy who brings in a 1955 Austin, or something like an Alfa Romeo?

"We can't carry more than exhausts needed to cope with the popular models," the manager of one smaller department told me, "but we reckon to get pretty well *anything* within an hour."

Incidentally, one small popular car is no friend to these faster exhaust centres. "Sure, the Mini breaks the pipe quite often," I was informed, "but the damn things will often come back *again* right in the tail-end of the warranty. It's no friend of ours, that car...."

Shouldn't exhausts last longer then?

One common solution is to buy a stainless steel system at two to three times the price of the more readily available painted or bare metal systems. Yet these have snags, or so

we were led to believe....

"The trouble is not with the system itself. Usually these stainless steel exhausts have a five-year guarantee and they'll probably go that long, but it's the clamps. They're not stainless steel and have to be checked once a year. They will rot or be damaged during the warranty period," said one detractor. Yes, but they'll cost less to replace than a complete exhaust system. Still worthwhile, in my opinion, if you keep your car over three years and plan to keep it another few years more.

Another similarity with the tyre and battery trade — in fact you will often find tyre and battery replacement are offered on the same site — is that of a discount price war, especially in these troubled times. One manager grimaced and said, "It's just murder our there, but the customer gets a good deal."

So what are typical prices? Difficult to say, but one centre we checked reckoned £14 for a Hillman Imp's skimpy rear engine pipe-work to £180 for a big Jag, covering the most common price range. Generally they reckon to charge the same as the car maker's dealership would, minus the labour — which can easily be three hours at £11 an hour in the case of the Jag.

In these hard times, you can probably better that pricing, but make sure you've got a guarantee, and that all the clamps and mountings are in good condition, or new after the job, or that nice new system could be rudely dumped in the street!

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FIT FOR A CHAMPION

Psst... want a tip on how to break the grip that has won Liverpool four of the last five championships? Easy, nubble four or five of their internationals.

During the last decade, Liverpool had begun to look like invincibles. It was as if they were somehow not susceptible to the stresses and strains of the marathon League chase. No-one could pace the distance better, and the Reds' consistency was indisputably linked with maintaining a settled eleven.

Yet, suddenly, by mid-term this season, Liverpool had been forced to dip into the well of their reserves. Nineteen players had already been used on First Division duty – and no club has won the Championship in the last decade using a higher number.

Liverpool's frailty, the whiff of vulnerability, emerged in the rock on which their dependability was built – the defence. Phil Neal remains the epitome of reliability, as Chris Lawler was in the No. 2 shirt before him. Yet Neal, who has not missed a game in 5½ years, has been the only permanent familiar face in front of goalkeeper Ray Clemence.

Alan Hansen, Phil Thompson and Alan Kennedy have all been cracking up with relatively long-term injuries; Colin Irwin, Richard Money and Avi Cohen have all deputised with skill but obviously unable to knit the pattern as tightly as the practised first-choice men (although Cohen's cultured offensive play is at least as effective as Kennedy's aggression).



ROB HUGHES
of the
Sunday
Times

Bob Paisley was finally heard to ask how his team could be expected to take out its best set of teeth and still chew the food! His exasperation was compounded by the injuries that finally forced Kenny Dalglish to submit to doctor's orders after over 140 consecutive appearances.

So, despite Liverpool's costly reserves, despite the grooming that persuades all Liverpool teams to play a similar pattern, despite the confidence the substitute players may have had after winning the Central League title 10 out of 12 times, we were to witness a shakier start to the new year than Anfield has endured for 15 years.

Simple arithmetic supports the theme. Last year's championship side employed just 17 players, of whom the first choice eleven each managed 37 or more games. Indeed, Steve Heighway (2), Avi Cohen (3) and £75,000 deputy keeper Steve Ogri-zovic (1) would only just require more than one hand to count their contribution.

The year before that, champions again of course, Liverpool's closed shop embraced a mere 15 first-teamers, and Sammy Lee appeared just once and David Fairclough three times.

In 1977/8, Liverpool's 18 man

squad was runner up to Nottingham Forest, whose champions were made up of a mere 16 players and who fielded the same side on 36 occasions.

Back another year, and 17 men took Liverpool to the title. In 1975/6 Liverpool, inevitably top dog, used 19 players, although Brian Kettle and Phil Boersma took the field just once.

The 1974/5 season saw the Anfield elite (all 17 of them) lowered into second place to Derby County's magnificent 16 (of whom eight men played 37 or more League matches). Leeds, with 19 players on call, pipped Liverpool, with 20, to the 1973/4 title, but in 1972/3 Clemence, Lawler, Lloyd, Hughes, Keegan and Callaghan played either 41 or all 42 games to win a championship that again required a mere 16 names on the teamsheet.

To complete the decade, Liverpool had to watch closely behind Arsenal (who required just 16 players to win the League and Cup double in 1970/1, and had eight men contributing to 40 or more games) and then to Derby, who fielded in all 15 fellows, ten of whom appeared on 38 or more occasions.

What all those figures suggest is that the much-acclaimed value of possessing a large squad and "talent in depth" is only partially relevant to staying the championship course. More crucial is the fitness and form of the basic 11 team-men... and there the medical expertise of the clubs plays a major part.

Liverpool's training in pre-season is renowned for exhaustive severity and, like most things at Anfield, its common-sense approach to the welfare of players is fundamentally home grown. It is doubtful if there is any man in football – certainly any manager – who can match Bob Paisley's "eye" for a player "hiding" an injury, either in his own ranks or the opposition.

And, whereas some other contenders are well-known for pushing an injured man beyond the brink, part of Liverpool's "secret" of sustaining a settled side is to spot niggling injuries before they develop into more serious ones, and easing the training load which might otherwise jeopardise the player's availability.

At the end of the day, two other things play a part. First, that winning players seldom want to cry off (and with winning reserves seldom dare!), and second, that the injuries are not of the violent kind suffered by Hansen, Thompson and Dalglish this season. No amount of preparation or cure can abbreviate the rehabilitation process then... and while time heals, points slip away, even for Liverpool.



Ray Clemence



by Eric Nicholls

Ipswich Town will be looking for more than a few tulips in Amsterdam next summer. Jack van Zanten, the organiser, tells me Ipswich are the third top club to give him a 'Yes' for the popular annual international tournament in Amsterdam in August.

Van Zanten, who also looks after travel arrangements for the Dutch national squad, is naturally delighted to have persuaded Bobby Robson to agree to what is, after all, a more than useful-season warm-up - something that is presented in England by out-dated and ridiculous rules about pre-season friendlies.

Bayern Munich, SV Hamburg and Barcelona are among those who have played in this tournament. Van Zanten has time on his side, but so far the clubs who have agreed to join Ipswich are both Dutch - Ajax and AZ '67.

Whisper it quietly around Anfield or Villa Park, but wouldn't it be nice if those two Dutch aces, Frans Thijssen and Arnold Muhren, could show off their League Championship medals to their friends in Holland?

* * *

Roberto Rivelino is not a name you need such a long memory to dream up mental pictures of wizardry on the field. The famous Brazil international played his last game for his country in the 1978 World Cup in Argentina.

Then he was transferred to Saudi Arabia to earn around seven and a half grand a month with Hilal.

Well, he's got himself a three month suspension for being a naughty boy, on and off the field.

In a game against Ittihad the old Brazil captain found it a little difficult to control himself. And the "battle" continued outside the stadium afterwards, involving cars and Ittihad supporters.

Getting an accurate report of such

happenings is virtually impossible. You'd need to be a top lawyer to get to the bottom of it all!

Enough, however, for Prince Faisal Ibn Fahd, son of the Crown Prince, to say that nobody could accept this kind of game and that Rivelino's unsporting conduct had been a discredit to football in Saudi Arabia.

Over there, they can be even more "yellow card happy", in an administrative sense, than UEFA. The referee, Fahd Al-Dahmash, who is on FIFA's list, got himself a three month suspension, two players from Ittihad received shorter suspensions, and a vice-President of Ittihad must stay away from the team for a year.

Well, well, well.

* * *

You don't need such a long memory to be reminded of some of the Amsterdam kids who made their way to the top with that rather well-known Amsterdam club, Ajax.

Johan Cruyff, Ruud Krol, Wim Suurbier, Piet Keizer, Barry Hulshoff and Jack Swart are enough for starters - at least for those who live outside Holland.

Stars come and go. But right now an 18-year-old blond kid from the backstreets of Amsterdam is hitting the headlines as a new Ajax striker.

His name is Wim Kieft, and if I were you I would keep my eyes open for this talented forward, who gives you more than a distant impression that there is something of Kevin Keegan, Trevor Francis and Tony Woodcock about him.

He lives about half a mile from the Ajax stadium and travels by tram to training sessions and matches. Unlike his star team-mates he has to wait to take his driving test and he hasn't yet got a car.

He's been a member of Ajax for 12 years - they have a lot more teams for youngsters than we do. And it may be pure coincidence, but it is worth noting that he is the youngest player to reach the Ajax first team since Cruyff did as a 17-year-old in 1964. That is not a bad name to follow!

* * *

Since we are often prepared to knock Spain, whether it concerns on-the-field behaviour or back-room dealings, we ought to be sporting enough to give them a put on the back when they deserve one.

Barcelona, the club involved in causing income-tax problems for people like Cruyff and Rinus Michels, have staged a friendly game against a world eleven. They won 3-2 and 90,000 supporters turned up to watch the game.

So? Well, it just so happens that all the money Barcelona collected that day went to UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund. Well done, Barcelona!

* * *

Luxemburg, we must admit, have never exactly kept us awake at night to watch live games, plus action replays. And with Yugoslavia and Denmark in their World Cup group, life is a bit difficult. Trouble is, whatever else they can do, the Luxemburg players just can't score goals. They've managed none in their first four qualifying games, and they sit on the bottom of the table with 13 goals against, and no points. That's hardly what we could describe as "de luxe".

* * *

HSV Hamburg are not content to be top of the West German Bundesliga without thinking of the future. While they have Franz Beckenbauer back in Germany, they are still scouting Europe for good young 'uns. Latest target? Danish international midfielder Soren Lerby, who right now is playing for Ajax. They have offered £300,000 for the 22-year-old when his contract expires at the end of this season. And that's good money in the continental transfer market.

* * *

Hans Kraay, the old Dutch international who became manager of Ajax and AZ '67, and who had to pack up coaching for medical reasons, is trying his hand as a television commentator-cum-talker. Well, if Bob Wilson can do it for BBC, it's natural that Kraay is doing it for NOS Studio Sport on Dutch TV.

* * *

It's nice to have a British boss when you join a foreign club. David Loggie has discovered that. The 23-year-old English player has just had his contract with Sparta, in Rotterdam, expended for two years by Barry Hughes, the Welshman who happens to be the Chief Coach.

* * *

So the Olympic Committee have at last got round to pushing that word "amateur" under the mat and demanding a more reasonable description of the word "professional". Think back a few years to the day when our Football Association scrapped senior amateur football, let it go "open", and did away with those "shamateur" tags. The FA did us a real favour.

* * *

YOU can't keep a good man down. As Rinus Michels is finding out — yet again. Michels is the man who built the great Ajax team of the early seventies, looked after players such as Johan Cruyff and Johan Neeskens at Ajax and Barcelona and then was national coach for the Holland team that reached the final of the 1974 World Cup.

Since Jan Zwartkruis has said 'bye-bye' to the Dutch FA, they are chasing Michels again. The trouble is that he is now Tony Woodcock's boss at FC Cologne and this little affair has developed into a mini tug-of-war, with Michels in the middle.

Michels is under contract to Cologne and no way do they intend to lose him. As a result of diplomatic chit-chat at Dutch FA headquarters it looks as though Michels will be Holland's "technical advisor" for their World Cup game against France in the Feyenoord Stadium, Rotterdam on March 25.

But if Cologne find themselves

with a postponed fixture re-arranged for that mid-week, watch out for the fireworks, which should be seen right across Europe.

* * *

Despite a mini players' revolt and subsequent disciplinary action by the Polish FA, all seems relatively quiet on the Polish front. Quiet enough, as far as team spirit goes, for the Poles to visit Tokio and beat Japan 2-0. For your records Buda and Nowick got the goals.

* * *

It's always fun to look at some distant parts of the world and consider how lucky we are, despite our trouble makers on the terraces and in town before and after games.

Take Managua for instance. That's in Nicaragua, in case you didn't know. The local team, Buffalos, met Coharca in a league game and the referee was foolish enough to award the visitors a penalty.

Pandemonium broke out. Stones and bottles were followed onto the pitch by hundreds of "supporters" with their own tactics for staging a penalty protest.

The referee and the players had to run for shelter. The trouble was that the game was staged in the vicinity of the local university and the "run-for-your-life" battles carried on all over the university grounds.

Well, it's always possible the students felt in need of a "break" from their studies!

* * *

Don't worry, British managers and coaches. You poor chaps who spend your time between the office, the training field, the stand and the dugout are not alone in living life on a tightrope. It's the same in Italy.

Fiorentina decided that not winning a game since September 21 was too much to live with. Particularly since it puts them firmly on the bottom of the Italian first division. So they have sacked Chief Coach Paola Carosi. Surprise, surprise!

* * *

Other news from Italy is simply hard luck for AC Napoli and Ruud Krol. Napoli (that's Naples to us) wanted to keep Krol until the end

of the season. But Vancouver Whitecaps, who hold his contract and do a European winter deal with Napoli, have said 'No'.

That means Krol is back in Canada by April 1 at the latest. Maybe this could be described as an April Fool's Day for the Italians who believed that these days anything is possible in football. They forgot that contracts are also contracts.

* * *

Hans Krankl, the Austrian international, is back home again — on loan. He has been snapped up by Rapid Vienna until the end of the season. The trouble was that Krankl was the third of Barcelona's foreign imports and two is the maximum in the same team. So they said he could go on loan.

Rapid didn't stop there on the business front. They have signed Antonin Panenka, the Czechoslovakian international. Maybe Rapid Vienna remember their glory days.

* * *

It looks as though Ajax will have a new Chief Coach next season. And he happens to be the man they let go two years ago — Yugoslav Tomislav Ivic.

It's not been the best of seasons for Ajax — and that's putting it mildly. Since they let Ruud Krol go and sold Simon Tahamata to a Belgian club, they have been left with a bunch of youngsters, with skipper Frank Arnesen only 24.

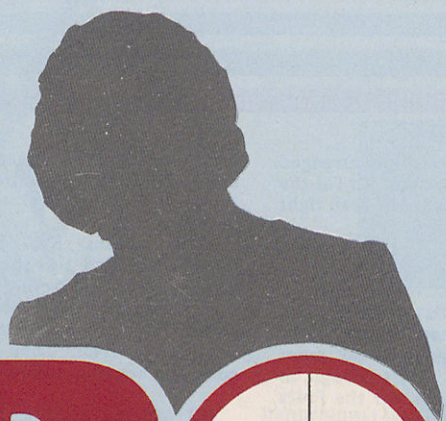
The arrival of the Dutch international Wim Jansen from America was a bit too late to stage a revival. Ivic is now with Belgian club Anderlecht where he stays until the end of this season.

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BOND

BY KEN MONTGOMERY OF THE SUNDAY MIRROR

The name is Bond.... J. Bond. And naturally, he is employed by "M".

But the Bond in question — John of Manchester City, not James of 007 fame in her Majesty's Secret Service — was recently given a licence to cure, not kill, by that ailing aristocrat with a mansion named Maine Road.

John Bond came from Norwich to Manchester City in one of the most sensational managerial changes ever, replacing Malcolm Allison and probably saving Manchester City's First Division future.

Which is exactly why City paid Norwich an eventual £100,000 in compensation for the man they wanted to shake and stir their club cocktail back to life.

ITV captured the amazing overthrow of Allison and the coronation of Bond, in a highly controversial documentary called "City".

No recent programme on football has created such a stir. Some loved it. Others hated it. Few — inside or outside football — chose to ignore it.

Yet what could well prove to be the last of the great in-season sackings — chairmen now feel it would be more dignified to keep their managers during the course of the season, and sack them in

the summer — might never have come about but for one of soccer's most-travelled players.

Ted MacDougall, that centre-forward of Liverpool, York, Bournemouth, Manchester United, West Ham, Norwich and Southampton fame, knows John Bond better than most. He should. He played for him for long enough, at Bournemouth and at Norwich.

And in that tell-tale TV documentary, Bond came out with the admission: "Ted once told me, 'Don't ask players what they should do — *tell them.*' I'm sure he was right.

"I think players like discipline."

That's why Bond insisted from his first day at Maine

Road: "You'll call me boss." Why he warned that players would be fined for being late for training. Fined if they turned up without jackets and ties on match days.

The Bond approach has been highly successful for Manchester City. They have pulled spectacularly clear of the relegation zone and have had a great run in League Cup and FA Cup.

So Peter Swales and his Board were right to remove their manager during the season, and replace him with another.

Fans of Manchester City will tell you they are pleased with the outcome.

I'm not suggesting for a minute that clubs should go around axing managers every day in season. Far from it. But I think the case of Bond and Manchester City proves that if the circumstances require drastic and immediate change, that change should not be left until the end of the season.

By then, it could be too late.



By KEN MONTGOMERY OF THE SUNDAY MIRROR

ONE of my favourite and more far-seeing football managers — no names, no pack drill — has bet me £20 that we will have a British Super League before the 1980s are out.

I hope I lose my two tenners!

Football in this country is traditionally slow to accept change of any kind. And although a British League has been mooted for more years than I've had hot dinners, it is still as far away as ever.

But would it be a bad thing? Or would it give our game the fillip it so desperately needs?

Football is a game of opinions. I think fans from Aberdeen to Arsenal would come flocking through the turnstiles if the best in Britain did battle.

Just think of it! Liverpool, Manchester United, Aston Villa, Arsenal, Sunderland, Ipswich, Southampton, Aberdeen, Dundee United, Celtic and Rangers, all battling for places in a "Best of British" hierarchy!

Obviously, if my manager mate is right, there would have

to be an early warning system, giving clubs at least two seasons to do enough to qualify for a place in the Battle of Britain.

The traditionalists, the die-hards, will throw up their hands in horror. Why?

Such a League would hardly interfere with the First Division Championship, or the Scottish Premier League.

There was violent opposition to our clubs playing in Europe. Hibs, in their heyday — remember that famous forward-line of Smith, Johnstone, Reilly, Turnbull and Ormond? — defied everyone and entered the European Cup back in the fifties.

Their action was described as "suicidal". Yet soon, Manchester United followed. And Liverpool. And Forest.

Our clubs were soon competing in the Cup Winners Cup and the Fairs Cup, now the UEFA Cup.

What was described as a move of madness has been the salvation of many of our clubs. Soccer without European matches now is unthinkable.

Many English friends and colleagues reckon the Scots simply couldn't compete.

I beg to differ. Admittedly, Scotland's current cocks of the north, Aberdeen, were no real match for Liverpool in the European Cup this season.

But they are learning fast, the Dons of Pittodrie.

Didn't Celtic K.O. Leeds in the same competition a few years back, when Leeds were sweeping all in England before them?

And when the best of Scotland and England got together in a memorable Coronation Cup tournament, wasn't it Celtic who took the trophy back to Parkhead?

Obviously, people will claim that there is no room for these matches in an already-overcrowded fixture list.

There are plenty of "fors" and plenty who are totally "anti". But it's certainly worth talking about.

Either way, I'm lucky. I can't lose. I either win £20 — or get to see some real Battles of Britain.

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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.

VOICE OF SPORT

Saturday comes, and with it,
A voice to shake the nation,
The mouth, complete with arms and legs,
Causing all round aggravation
They know all, of the sporting world
Or so thats what HE says,
If somebody were to listen to him,
He would talk away for days.
He commentates, on the match in question.
Tells everybody round him,
What is happening on the pitch,
And how the ref astounds him.
"Corner, throw in, PENALTY!"
"Oh, what a side to pick".
"That's it lads, come on now shoot!"
"Its a GOAL Kick"
Half time? Now thats the worst,
For we are all enlightened.
On the finer point of our national game
And how it should be brightened.
"Bring back Ramsey, thats what I say"
"Now was'nt he a one?"

"All those cups and championships"
"He won at Luton Town"
"And there is no arguing with him,
Oh no, out of the question.
For the mere suggestion, of getting a word in,
Isn't worth a mention.
The only time our ear drums,
And spared another dose,
Is at the end of ninety minutes,
When the final whistle goe's
But next week, I'll watch in peace
Cos' I'll move around the ground
But probably, with my kind of luck,
He'll follow me on round;
Yes, every ground has got one,
A walking match report,
The know-it-all of soccer
Called simply - VOICE OF SPORT.

*B. R. Neil
Newcastle - upon - Tyne*

REFEREES

Thru' the week nonentity,
The long day's toil, then home for tea,
But "Saturday", at five to three,
He treads the green, a referee!

His metamorphose so complete,
45 thousand, all entreat,
"Go and get lost, you old dead beat",
so blind, so deaf, so indiscreet!

The curses, threats and epithets
Echoing round the parapets
Coaches fume and managers 'Fret
At this old B', so dripping "wet"!

Final whistle, he loudly blows,
Emptying terrace, soon exposed,
Thru' the tunnel, the villian goes,
And changes quick, to mundane clothes,
Homeward bound, amorphous now,
His darling wife, a kiss endows,
That old dastard, who caused such rows,
His darling wife, still loves somehow!

Some years ago, before aggro
A penny whistle he would blow
No pen or book or card he'd show
For hand ball, foul or going slow,
But now the game, much more complex
The points he counts, and avid checks,
And ten yards back, he shoves biceps!
And subs new boots, he keen inspects,
And obscene talk and shaking fist
They all go down, upon his list,
And foreign names, they do persist,
He's got to be, a linguist,
And, by his side, he'll soon 'insist,
He'll have to have, a sweet typist!

*J. Jones
Middlesbrough, Cleveland*

OWED TO THE FUTURE

Way back in seventy three,
My Sunderland scarf and me,
Both sat to watch T.V.
and what a game we both did see.

Wembley we were at,
winning was our means,
we were classed as underdogs,
and Leeds were classed as kings.

The players all walked out,
Ha'way Sunderland we did shout,
Its time for the kick off game as started,
my tension and me never parted.

Ha'way the lads, was that a goal,
oh, no its bounced back from the pole.
Leeds, now, have got the ball,
Is this defeat for us all.

The Leeds supporters were really surprised,
when Monty with his squinted eyes
saved the goals from going in,
and did his best for us to win.

Sunderland then took the ball
and fireily moved it down the green,
Porterfield then took a shot, It's a goal! It's in!
Sundreland could be here for a win.

As the teams played injury time,
we thought it would never end
one nil was the score, but Leeds wanted more,
and Sunderland had to defend.

Sunderland got the cup,
on that final day
The kings got defeated,
and the underdogs got their say.

Now in nineteen eighty one,
Players and managers, have passed us by
But now we've got Ken Knighton,
Perhaps another try.

Miss J. Colling Ryhope, Sunderland

'Latics at home today, what a treat,
It makes the weekend quite complete,
Get up early so as not to miss
The Saturday morning - no school, bliss!
Get my scarf from the wardrobe floor,
Say good-bye and quick, out the door.

It's just two o'clock, an hour to go
Before the kick - off whistle will blow.
Plenty of time I think, "no hurry",
The bus is due, no need to worry.

At quarter past two, the bus hasn't come,
Nothing to do but chew at some gum.
Only half an hour to go, I see,
I'll open my flask for a cup of tea.

Quarter to three and still no sign,
But wait, heres one, yes its mine.
Make it snappy driver, here's my fare
To Boundary Park, I must get there.

"Sit yourself down and keep your mouth closed,
I'm not getting t'bus dirty, its just been hosed";
So to my seat to sit and be patient,
I'll get thrown off if I'm not silent.

Oh no! that's just my luck,
The bus broke down at three o'clock.
A mile to go, I'll have to run.
At least today we have the sun.

A REVIVAL

Out of darkness cometh light,
John Barnwell's men will all their might,
They almost dropped into division two,
But, have finished sixth, winning the league cup too.

The Molineux spirit is at it's peak,
Good results come week after week.
Those hungry Wolves come out to play,
With two points in sight at the end of the day,

The manager has built a wonderful team,
A twelve month miracle it has been,
Shades of the fifties a great decade,
Another side we have who are unafraid.

Three signigns only we have completed,
Too add to a team who hate being defeated,
Emlyn Hughes arrived, the price being a snip,
What a fine captain to sail the ship.

Two more men came here to play,
They being Rafeal and Andy Gray,
More will follow to join this band,
The first team in all the land.

The future looked grim the glories past,
But, John Barnwell has built to last,
He's groomed this side to hold their own,
The seeds of success have been sown.

*Mr. I. Gowing
Wolverhampton*

I start to sprint but soon get tired,
I think its time a taxi was hired,
But with only thirty pence to spend,
I won't even get to Shaw Road End.

It's on the cards that today's a curse,
I'll probably end up in a hearse.
I'll take a cut round the building site,
And see the second half - or at least I might.

But back I go when the foreman says -
"I'm sure there are plenty of other ways".
"Aha", I think, there's Sheepfoot Lane,
There's only one thing that can mean.

I'm nearly there, and its not too late,
To get in before they shut the gate.
Legging down the lane I go,
As fast as I can but that's quite slow.

So here I am at the ground,
But what's this notice I have found.
Match Abandoned against Sheffield Wednesday.
Hope you'll come again on Tuesday.

*Paul A. Clegg
Oldham, (Aged 16)*

JUNIOR POETS

SKY BLUES

I'm nine year's old,
And only a lad
But, its the greatest team
We've ever had
Blyth and Sealey
Between the posts
Coop and Roberts
We also Boast
Gilespe, Dyson, Daly, Blair,
Plus Gooding and Thomas
Whats good spares
There's Peter Bodak, Roger van Gool
Young Mark Hateley
and He's no Fool
Garry Thompson, Mick Ferguson too
There's still some missing
We all know who
One of them has an English name
and Hunts the greatest in the game
So I end the poem
or, fairy story
whishing the team
a season of glory.

*Wayne Shanks
Tile Hill, Coventry (Aged 9)*

THE GOLDEN BOY OF SOCCER

He cultured his skills on cobbled streets
Kicking a tennis ball around
Developing magic in both his feet
A talent that is born, not found.

He really wasn't very tall
With a mop of golden hair
Destined for the top in football
He gave the team that extra flair.

Idolised, by those who saw him play
Admired by his fellows gro
No one could hold him on his day
A feint made many look rather slow.

Always moving on his toes
Like Astair in football gear
Was seen to put on a personal show
Causing the crowd to chant and cheer.

Hanging in the air, as if held by thread
Dribbling, round one, two, three or more
He was just as deadly with his head
As with his feet upon the floor.

Defenders held back and thought again
Not to commit that fatal sin
Trying to match that football Brain
The'y would be sorry just lunging in

When he scored the crowd went wild
Chanting, "Wilfy Mannion" and tears of joy
From the elders to the youngest child
Because you'll always be our golden boy.

A. T. Ward Cleveland

The first day of the decade,
The teams were running out,
From all those in St. James' Park
Came out almighty shout.

The red 'n' whites at one end
And the black'n' whites at the other,
It's not uncommon on this day
To see brother oppose brother.

Sunderland were first to score
Cummins was the man,
Their fans all went wild with delight
Praising little Stan.

Newcastle though soon hit back
They did it through young Carty,
After that goal had gone in
The Newcastle fans were hearty.

In the second half they struck again
When Cassidy hit the net,
That's a goal the georgie fans
Certainly won't forget

Shaun Elliot then handled
Though he claimed that he had not,
This gave United their third goal
As shoulder scored from the spot.

When the final whistle went
There was one big cheer,
This scoreline left the Sunderland fans
Crying in their beer.

*Anna Coxon
Tyne & Wear, (Aged 14)*

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Billy Abercromby sees safely out of play a scoring effort from Frank McGarvey, the Celtic striker.



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TODAY'S VISITORS

ST. MIRREN

ST MIRREN no doubt feel that they could have been a shade better prepared for today's trip to Celtic Park.

They've had to undertake the assignment without the services of Jackie Copland, Lex Richardson and Doug Somner who are under suspension.

The trio represent a lot of experience, skill and scoring power and manager Ricky McFarlane, while taking the situation with a confident front, understands the extra pressure in the situation.

"Sure we could have been doing with them but you have to face up to such things in football and get on with the programme," he commented.

He puts in his replacements with confidence and expects them to come through the test set them.



JIMMY BONE

In the running for a place in the side is Jimmy Bone who can place Celtic among the list of his ex-clubs. And that is one of the little points to give any player an extra piece of motivation.

Alex Beckett is a member of the Paisley squad that the Park-head fans are not likely to forget for some time. His thundering, long-distance winner on Saints last call at Celtic Park is still recollected, though not happily.

It came at a point in the season when life wasn't going as smoothly as they would have liked. And Alex Beckett would hardly be a Parkhead pin-up if he repeated his scoring spectacular this afternoon. Celts fans take comfort in the knowledge that full backs (like lightning) seldom strike twice in the same spot!

Saints have probably just not got full value for a lot of their clever work this season but they are still in there pitching with a European place the objective.

Peter Weir has in recent weeks been turning on the class of football which brought him Scotland recognition last season. He thrills the fans with genuine wing work in which he doesn't hesitate to take on opponents.

The Love Street boss Ricky McFarlane made the transition from backroom member to manager in fairly smooth fashion.

This even though he does not possess a host of international caps from a long playing career. But then the game has had notable managerial figures who didn't have their names in lights



RICKY McFARLANE

as players and Ricky McFarlane could well be another.

He tackles today's game with a side that, in the pattern of Celtic, is at its best and happiest when going forward.

That matching outlook has produced some outstanding and thrilling encounters in the past and another one today would be to the benefit of all football at a time when it requires all the "lift" it can obtain.

CELTIC GAMES

Wednesday—Partick Thistle (H)
Saturday—Airdrie (A)
April 5—Partick Thistle (A) Sunday.
April 11—Dundee United (Hampden, Scottish Cup).
April 15—Hearts (H) (Prov.)
April 18—Rangers (A)
April 22—Dundee United (A)
April 25—Kilmarnock (H)
May 2—St Mirren (A)

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)	H 4-1	
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)	A 2-2	
Sept 27	PL	Aberdeen	A	2-2	(Nicholas pen, Burns)
Oct 1	ECWC	Politehnica (Rumania)	A	0-1	
			(Celtic lost on away goal rule)	A 0-1	
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)	H 4-1	
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)	H 1-2	
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)

THE SCORERS

A new name on the Parkhead scoring list . . . Mike Conroy. His first goal of the season against East Stirling was a neat header after a build up from Danny McGrain and Davie Provan.

Murdo MacLeod got his first goal for the League side in a long spell. It was a cracker and must have given him a big boost in the comeback after injury.

Of course, Charlie Nicholas and Frank McGarvey are still way out in front in the individual scoring list.

Nicholas	24
McGarvey	22
Burns	10
McCluskey	8
Provan	5
Sullivan	4
MacLeod	3
McAdam	3
McDonald	3
Aitken	3
Doyle	2
Own Goals	2
Weir	1
Douglas	1
Conroy	1

FLASHBACK ON...

CELTIC v ST. MIRREN

WHEN St Mirren last visited Celtic Park, on Saturday, November 22, 1980, they found Celtic still reeling from their midweek League Cup semi-final defeat at the hands of Dundee United.

Davie Provan failed a late fitness test and Dom Sullivan came back into the team. Celtic opened strongly and a couple of good Tommy Burns' wing runs got them off to an encouraging start.

The first half failed to produce a goal and did nothing to excite the crowd.

George McCluskey replaced an unwell Charlie Nicholas at half-time but the game didn't really improve in entertainment with the play being confined largely to the middle of the park.

Then, as so often can happen in football, three goals were produced in the last six minutes after 84 minutes of insipid play.

Carelessness in the Celtic defence enabled Richardson to score for Saints.

Immediately after this Tommy Burns was pulled down in the penalty box and George McCluskey made no mistake with the penalty kick.

Then, with just two minutes remaining, Beckett scored with a tremendous shot to secure both points for the Paisley side.

It was a frustrating result for a Celtic team that had fought

hard throughout without ever finding good form.

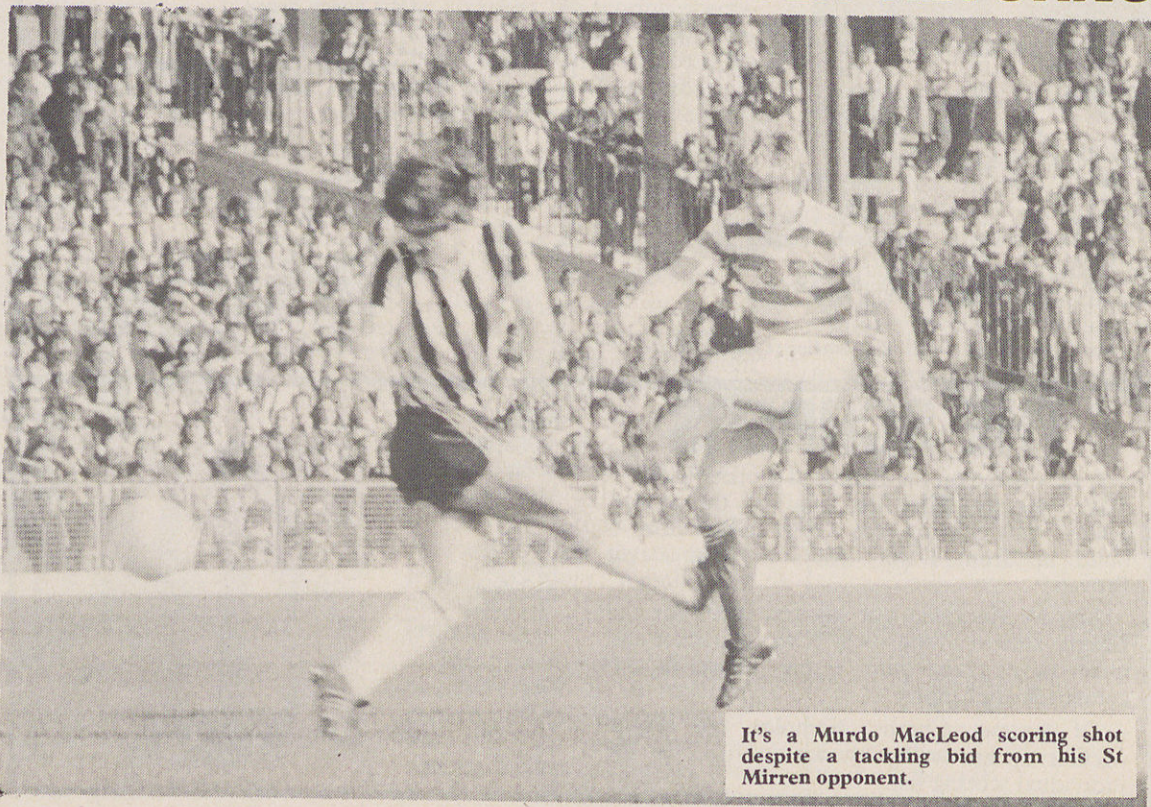
The teams were:—

CELTIC: Bonner; McGrain and Reid; Aitken, McDonald and McAdam; Sullivan and Weir; McGarvey; Burns and Nicholas. Subs. McCluskey and Doyle.

ST MIRREN: Thomson; Beckett and Abercromby; Richardson, Fulton and Copland; McCormack and Stark; Somner; Weir and Bone. Subs. Young and MacDougall.

Referee: Mr M. Delaney (Cleland).

MURDO'S SHOOTING POWER RETURNS



It's a Murdo MacLeod scoring shot despite a tackling bid from his St Mirren opponent.

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QUIZ TIME

- 1 Name the ground of Hull City?
- 2 With which sport do you associate Buster Mottram?
- 3 How many victories have Scotland scored in World Cup finals?
- 4 Who is president of the Scottish Football Association?
- 5 Who is Dundee United's top scorer?
- 6 And who leads St Mirren's marksmen?

Answers:
 1. Boothferry Park. 2. Tennis. 3. Two. 4. Willie Harkness. 5. Davie Dodds. 6. Doug Somner.

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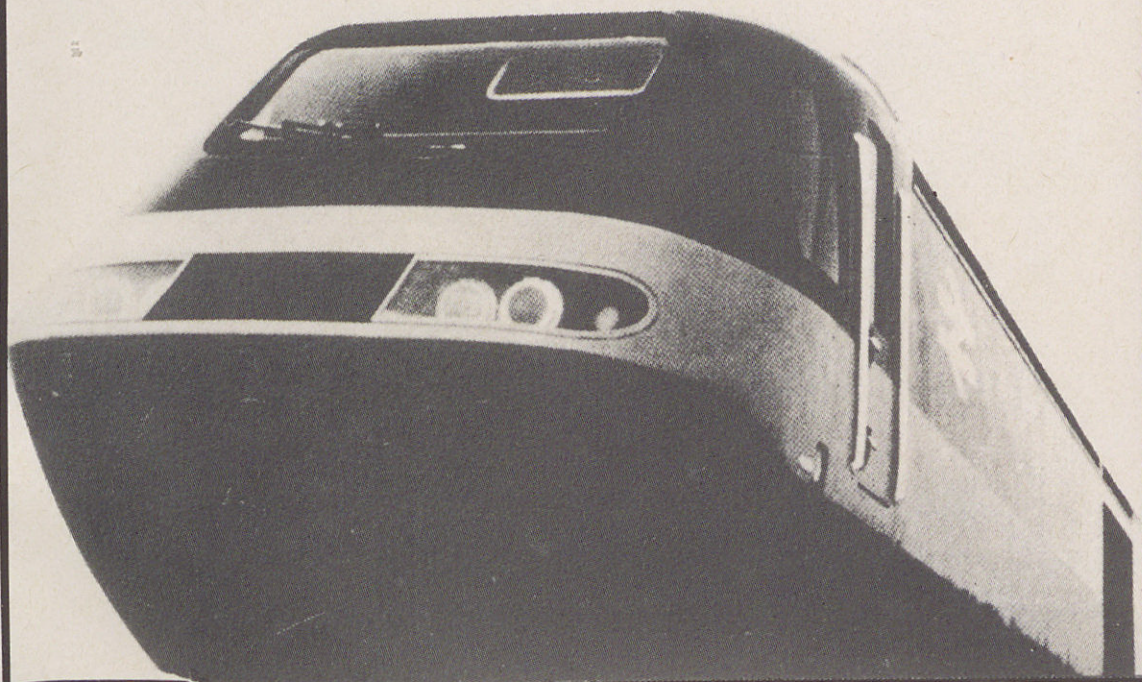
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