

SCOTTISH PREMIER LEAGUE

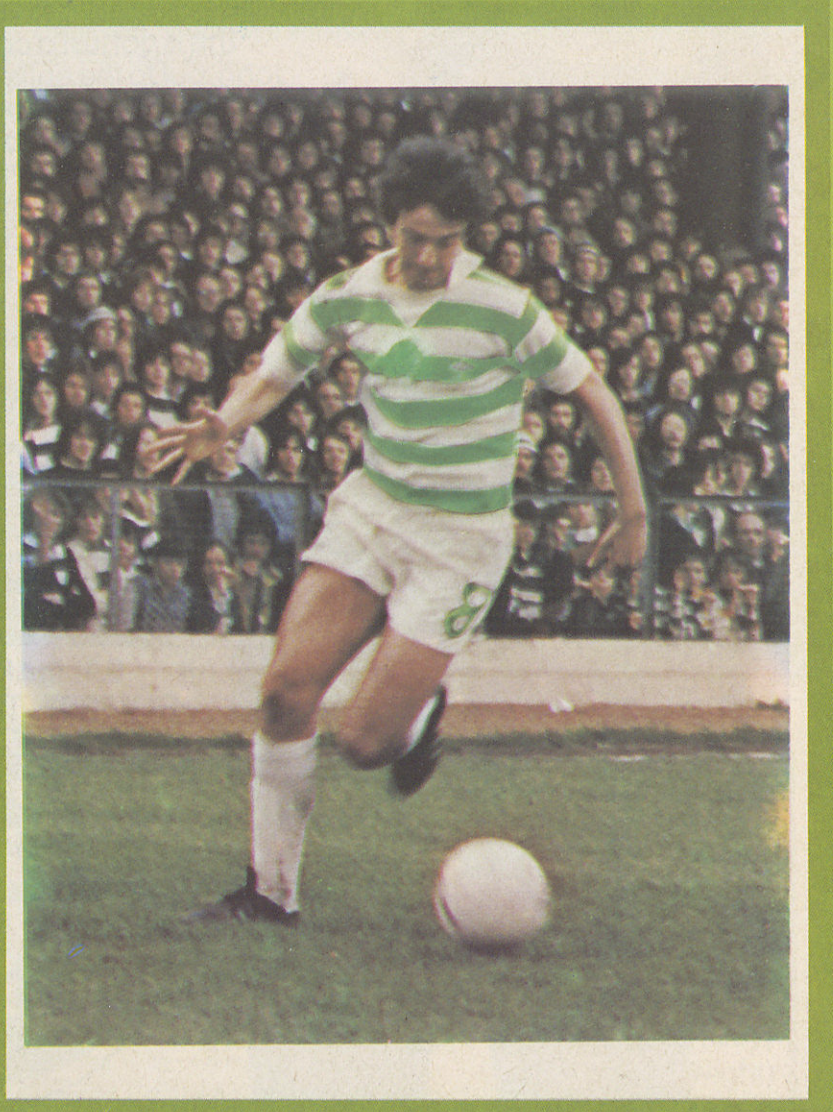
Celtic

versus **KILMARNOCK**

CELTIC PARK

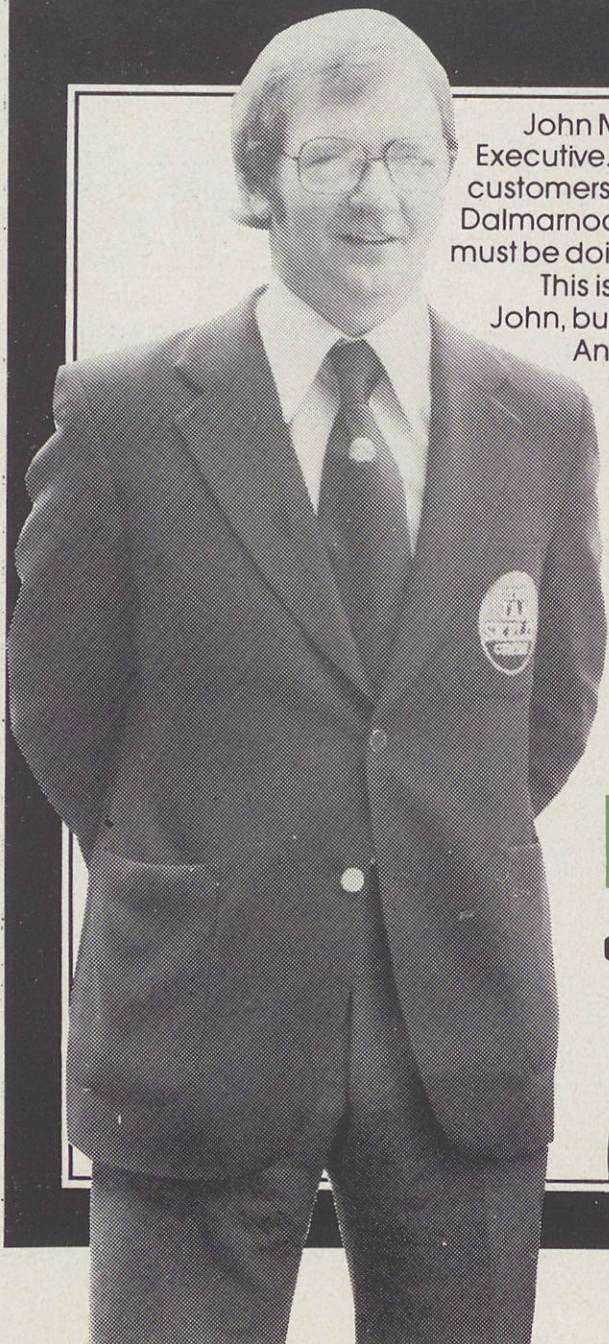
**SATURDAY
25th APRIL
1981**

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



**programme
30p**

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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.

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FROM THE MANAGER

WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS!

THE Celtic team signed, sealed and delivered the 1980-81 Premier League title in magnificent fashion against Dundee United at Tannadice Park in midweek.

It was a tremendous championship-clinching effort. Nevertheless we have three games to go . . . Kilmarnock this afternoon and St Mirren next Saturday in the league, plus a Glasgow Cup final with Partick Thistle the following midweek.

We want maximum championship points from the first two. And it would be satisfying to have the Glasgow Cup housed at Celtic Park next season along with the championship trophy which will be handed over to the club by Scottish League president Tom Lauchlan before today's match.

Celtic will be hailed as worthy champions, a side well equipped to represent Scotland in the European Cup next term.

The players deserve the fullest credit for this 32nd League title. Since the turn of the year to date they've taken 27 points from 14 games and that tells how well they've gone about their task. Not one player has let the club down in the run-in.

The manner of their achievement has been most satisfying. They've done so with flair and style and scored a record number of Premier League goals (82 to date). Other statistical records have been recorded and several others are within our grasp.

I really shouldn't have been astonished at the number of fans who travelled to Dundee to see the climaxing 3-2 win over Dundee United.

For they have proved so often this season that they are solidly behind the club and gave the players a great reception at the finish of the match. The success belongs to our supporters as much as anyone.

I thank the fans for their support in the good days and especially so when things were not so bright as at present. That kept the team going.

I have to acknowledge the contribution made by the backroom boys at Celtic Park. Without their behind-the-scenes efforts the team would not be proudly titled today as champions of Scotland.

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

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BEHIND THE SCENES

ACE scorer Charlie Nicholas won £1000 this week — and handed it to charity! The prize is offered jointly by the Sun newspaper and Winners Matches each week and covers all Britain.

Man of the Match nominations by Sun football writers are scrutinised by a panel of judges who chose Charlie for his performance against Rangers at Ibrox. This is the second time the competition has been won by a Scot. Alex Beckett of St Mirren was the other.

Soon after receiving the award, which goes to a charity of the player's choice, Charlie was handing over the £1000 cheque to St Joseph's Home, Rosewell.

* * *

A new season ticket will be available for Celtic Park next season. It will guarantee the

holder a specific seat in Section B of the upper stand for every game, European matches included, but not testimonial-type games.

The tickets cost £80 and are offered in the first instance to present holders of upper stand season tickets and are transferable.

Applications, complete with name, address and season ticket number, together with £10 to: Desmond White and Company, Chartered Accountants, 28 Bath Street, Glasgow G2.

If any tickets remain they will then be offered to front stand season ticket holders.

This may result in front and upper stand season tickets becoming available for next season. In this case applications will be invited in due course.

* * *

The Celtic Souvenir Shop celebrated its first year in busi-

ness with a sale today. It continues after the match this afternoon.

The shop will also be open EVERY SUNDAY during the close season along with the Sunday Market in the club car parking area.

* * *

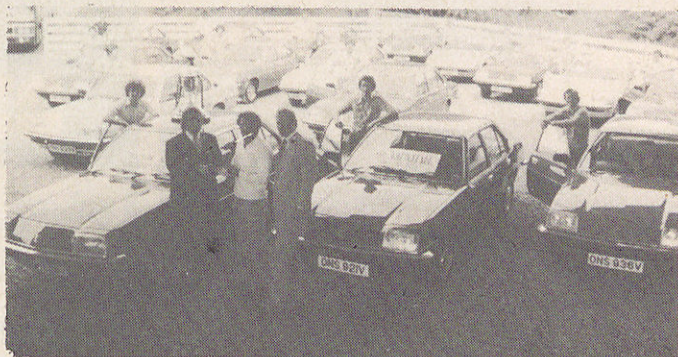
April brought birthdays to four Celts — Dom Sullivan (1st), Tom McAdam (9th), David Moyes (22nd) and Jim Duffy (27th). Next month brings six player birthdays — Danny McGrain (1st), Davie Provan (8th), Johnny Doyle (11th), John Buckley (18th), Danny Crainie (24th) and Pat Bonner (25th).

* * *

The Scottish WOMEN'S Football Association stage their international with Wales at Douglas Park, Hamilton, tomorrow afternoon. The kick-off is at 2.00 p.m.

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DAVIE PROVAN
in the Scotland player pool for the World Cup
match with Israel next week.

MATCH TEAMS

CELTIC (from)

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

KILMARNOCK (from)

Alan McCULLOCH	Alister MAUCHLEN
Stuart McLEAN	John BOURKE
Jim COCKBURN	Ken EADIE
Jim CLARK	Tom BRYCE
Ken ARMSTRONG	Gordon CRAMOND
Derrick McDICKEN	Keith ROBIN
Gordon McCREADIE	Bobby STREET

AND OFFICIALS

Referee
T. Muirhead
(Stenhousemuir)

Linesmen
R. G. Robertson
(Edinburgh)
W. Moulds
(Hamilton)

BELL'S

SCOTCH

HALF-TIME SCOREBOARD

A	AIRDRIE v HEARTS	
B	DUNDEE UTD v ABERDEEN	
C	PARTICK THISTLE v RANGERS	
D	ST MIRREN v MORTON	
E	AYR UNITED v MOTHERWELL	
F	CLYDEBANK v EAST STIRLING	
G	DUNFERMLINE v DUNDEE	
H	FALKIRK v DUMBARTON	
I	HAMILTON v BERWICK	
J	HIBERNIAN v RAITH ROVERS	
K	ST JOHNSTONE v STIRLING ALBION	
L	ASTON VILLA v MIDDLESBROUGH	
M	IPSWICH v MAN CITY	
N	MAN UNITED v NORWICH	
O	SPURS v LIVERPOOL	

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



JIM CLUNIE
Kilmarnock Manager

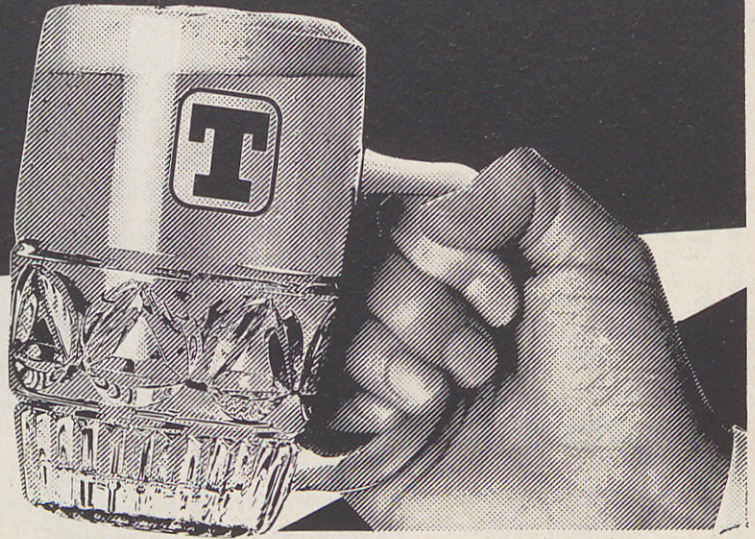
PREMIER LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Celtic	34	26	3	5	82	33	55
Aberdeen	34	19	10	5	61	24	48
Rangers	34	15	11	8	55	31	41
St Mirren	34	16	8	10	51	46	40
Dundee United ...	33	15	8	10	59	39	38
Partick Thistle ...	34	10	9	15	29	44	29
Airdrie	33	9	9	15	31	47	27
Morton	34	10	7	17	34	54	27
Kilmarnock	34	5	7	22	21	64	17
Hearts	34	5	6	23	25	66	16

WHISKY

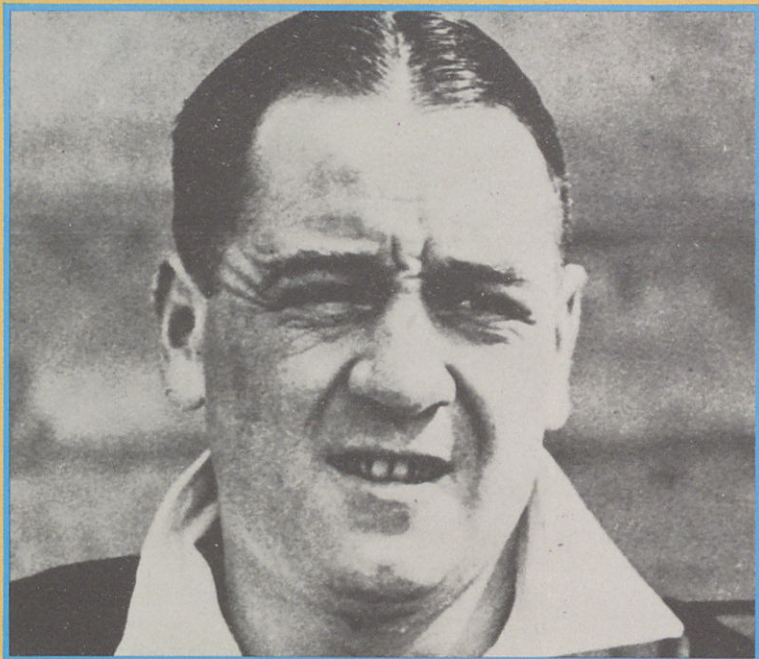
BELL'S

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Alex James

Experience

Ray Bradley of the Sunday Express

Any soccer manager will tell you there is no substitute for skill. Wiser ones will add: "There is no substitute for experience either."

When runaway Second Division leaders West Ham knocked Coventry out of the League Cup to reach Wembley again, there was one vital ingredient that separated two sides who were equally matched in skill and commitment. That was experience and it finally separated the men from the boys.

West Ham held a vital winning hand in those battle-scarred old campaigners Billy Bonds — a skipper supreme — Trevor Brooking and Frank Lampard, who between them totted up more than 30 years professional experience.

Coventry, for all their youthful endeavour and enterprise had to lean heavily on the undoubted skills of Steve Hunt — the veteran of the side at 24!

When the crunch came in this second leg at Upton Park it was the experience of men like Bonds, Brooking and Lampard that shaded a thrilling match in Hammers' favour.

Four days later I saw West Ham cut a youthful Chelsea side down to size with the ageless Brooking sealing an emphatic 4-0 victory with two magnificent goals.

After Brooking's vintage perfor-

mance, even that down-to-earth manager John Lyall confessed: "What can you say about him? He just gets better and better — like good wine."

West Ham have always had a reputation for breeding skilled footballers — Moore, Peters, Hurst — the list is endless, but there has always been a rich sprinkling of experience in the side to bring out the best in the youngsters.

Today, that experience is paying off bigger than ever and made them the envy of most managers in the League.

Experience of the big occasion is one of the main attributes of any good side, as Liverpool, Leeds and Arsenal have proved so often in the past.

It is the stabilising influence that can ease the pressure of competition at all levels of the game.

Denis Compton once told me of the story of his debut for Arsenal. He sat there in the dressing room shaking before the match — hit by an attack of nerves.

Suddenly Alex James put his hand on his shoulder and said comfortingly: "There is nothing to worry about, laddie. You just play to instructions.

"When I say 'Go' you run down that bloody wing and when I say

'Stop' you just wait while I size things up."

Said Denis: "He was the greatest player I have ever seen and he made it all seem so simple. He just used to chip the ball over the full-back and all I had to do was run down that wing and centre the ball."

James, of course, was a genius. He shielded everybody around him and inspired them just by his presence."

Dave Mackay was another Scot who magnetically oozed confidence both on and off the pitch. When he joined Derby his influence on the side was immediate and quickly recognised by manager Brian Clough.

Derby turned to another veteran in 34-year-old Kevin Hector this season to aid their cause when things had suddenly gone sour. It was a dramatic gamble by Derby boss Colin Addison to recall the old Baseball Ground favourite after a two-year absence from League combat. But Hector's expertise has proved invaluable.

At Wolves the return of defender John McAlle and the restoration of full-backs Geoff Palmer and Derek Parkin, who have totted up more than 700 League appearances between them, has steadied a side that had gone off the rails. There is no substitute for that sort of experience.

BRIAN GLANVILLE



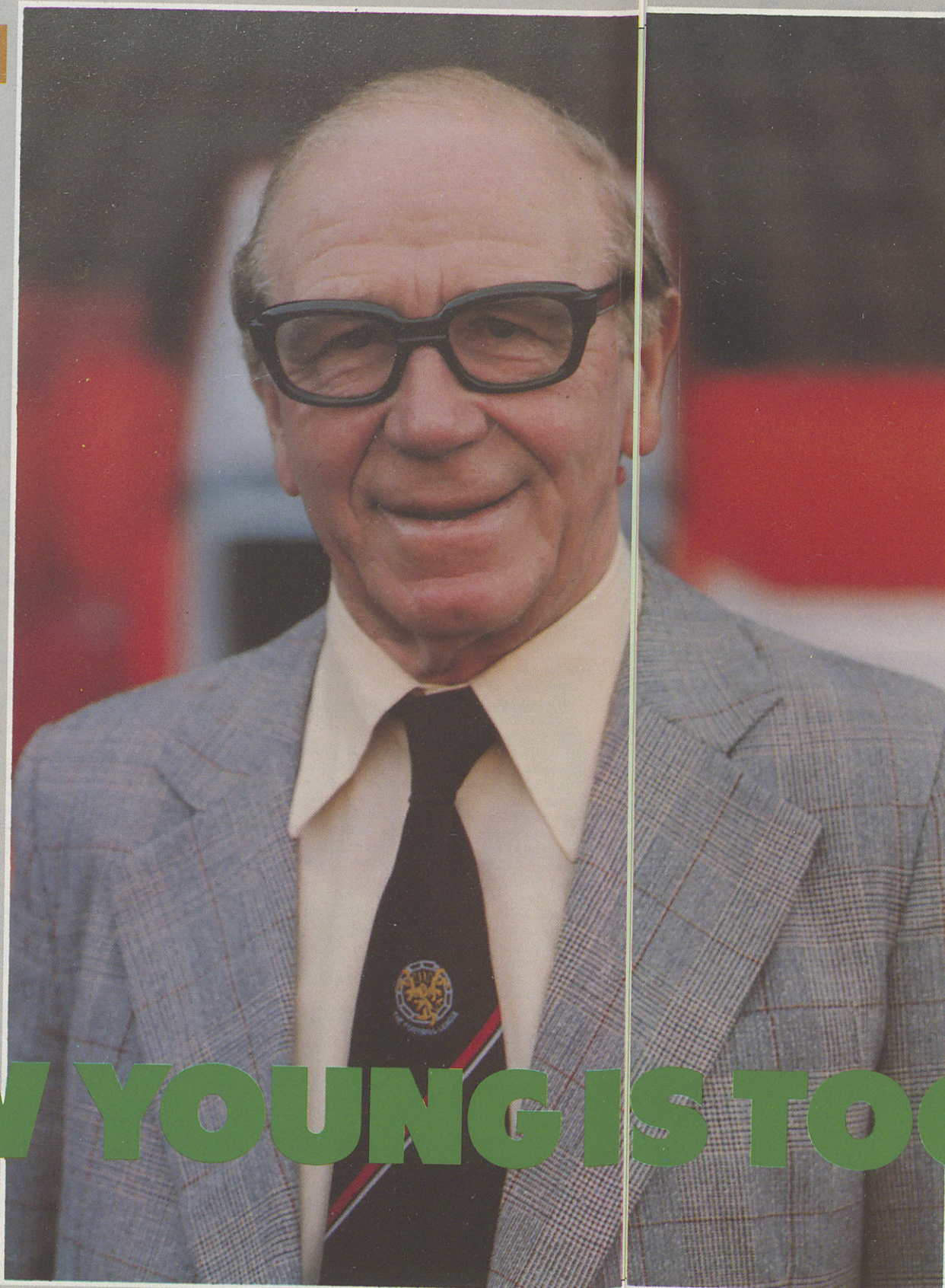
WRITES

WHEN PELE played in the 1958 World Cup Final, in which he scored two superb goals, he was still only seventeen years old. In the World Cup twenty years later, Cesar Menotti, the manager of Argentina, decided that at 17 Diego Maradona, the stocky little prodigy from Argentinos Juniors, was too young to be included in the squad, even though he made his international debut at 16 and played First Division football at 15. In the 1980 FA Cup Final, Paul Allen of West Ham United became, at 17 years and 256 days, the youngest player ever to take part in that classic game.

How young, then, is too young? No one can ever be sure.

On the one hand, there is the urge to give youth its fling. As Matt Busby, Manchester's United's famous manager, said to me in 1952, during the era of the so-called Busby Babes: "If you don't put them in, you can't know what you've got."

Busby was prepared to field a 16-year-old right-half, Jeff Whitefoot, and a 17-year-old left-half, Duncan Edwards. Edwards was capped for England at 18, and became possibly the foremost British player of his day. He died tragically in 1958, at the age of 21, after the Munich air disaster. Later, there would be the astonishing George Best. He was a regular United player at 15 and an Irish international at the same age.



Sir Matt Busby

On the other hand, there is always the fear, both among coaches and managers, of spoiling a talented young player by throwing him into major football before he is physically and emotionally mature. The bones of far too many blighted young talents litter the history of football.

Nowadays, young men undoubtedly develop more rapidly than in the past. This has much to do with improved diet. The category of Under 23 international matches, set up in 1954 when Italy played England (whose team included Whitefoot and Edwards!), has given way to the category of Under 21. Cesar Menotti thought nothing of putting three members of the Argentinian youth team which won the world youth championship in Tokyo two years ago, straight into the full international side. Maradona was one of them, Diaz and Barbas the others. Yet, as we have seen, he flinched from using Maradona in the World Cup, and it is almost inconceivable that England would promote youth international players so fast.

There seems to me almost as great a danger in holding young players back as there is in blooding them too early. Liverpool have been accused of excessive caution in giving new talent its chance, just as Arsenal used to be in the period just before and after the last war.

Perhaps Sammy Lee, Liverpool's able, blond young inside-forward, has suffered from such caution. For years, whenever one visited Anfield, one heard about the splendours of Lee, his accomplishments, the impact he would make in the first team. From time to time he would be given a few minutes as substitute at Anfield in some European cup game which had already been well won. His debut was further and further delayed.

When he at last won a regular place in the side last season, it was clear that all the waiting in the wings had had its effect. He was an intelligent, effective player, but he would seldom try anything unorthodox or risky. He would never attempt to

take over the game, as did, for example, the 18-year-old Johnny Haynes the moment he got into Fulham's League side in the 1950s on his way to the captaincy of England.

Perhaps, as experience mounts and confidence grows, Lees will surprise us, but it is hard not to feel that his time as a young Liverpoolian, watching and admiring the heroes of famous Liverpool sides, has ultimately been negative and oppressive.

Just as in boxing it is said that "if he's good enough, he's big enough," so in football it might be said that "if he's good enough, he's old enough". The danger lies, perhaps, in playing too many youngsters together, without the support and the leavening of experience. Yet this, too, has at times been tried with success. The famous Buckley Babes, Major Frank Buckley's distinguished, hard running, very youthful Wolverhampton Wanderers team, reached the 1939 Final, though they lost 4-1 to Portsmouth. The story is told that when the Wembley autograph book was brought into the Portsmouth dressing-room, the nerve-ridden illegibility of the Wolves players' signatures convinced Pompey that they were on to a good thing.

On the other hand, the case of the Danish international team, a fine side pillaged thirty-odd years ago by Italian clubs, shows that the pendulum can swing the other way. Big John Hansen, a fine inside-left who played in that team, told me that Danish football was ruined by the fact that it lost two complete teams, obliging the Danes to throw in a bunch of youngsters to sink or swim together. Inevitably they sank. Not until 1960, when Denmark reached the Final of the Olympic tournament in Rome, were things put right again.

My own feeling is that while sheer need forces clubs in our lower divisions to use young players in abundance, there is still a tendency at international level, and among certain of the larger clubs, to err on the side of caution. And it is an error, I'm sure.

HOW YOUNG IS TOO YOUNG?

MAGIC and MISERY

By ROB HUGHES of the SUNDAY EXPRESS

For millions of soccer fans all over the world Manchester United are "magic". Their past triumphs are legendary, their place in British football unique.

The magic of United cuts across all boundaries in Britain and all frontiers abroad. For all their fans, Old Trafford is a shrine steeped in mystique, a stage fit for giants like Bobby Charlton, George Best, Duncan Edwards and Denis Law, the Demon King who was worshipped by the Stretford Enders.

It was Joe Mercer who once summed up the pulling power of United when he enviously reflected: "They have only to turn on the floodlights there and 15,000 fans will turn up to see if they are missing something."

That was perhaps a slight exaggeration by one of Soccer's venerated elder statesmen when he was manager of their great rivals Manchester City. But it vividly illustrated their magical attraction to supporters.

When signed from Leeds (for £500,000), Scottish centre-half Gordon McQueen summed up their appeal to the professional: "I think 99 per cent of all footballers would

love to play for Manchester United... the other one per cent are liars."

A telling tribute. It speaks volumes for United's unique reputation within the game. But the magic of Manchester United has brought misery for some of the men who have had to manage what is almost a British institution.

The legendary Sir Matt Busby guided the fortunes of the club for 25 years after the last war. I do not need to sing his praises here. Suffice it to say that his record has set standards that will doubtless never be equalled.

When Sir Matt finally handed over the reins, his choice of successor was Wilf McGuinness, his 31-year-old assistant trainer whose career was shattered by a broken leg.

Sadly the appointment was a failure and McGuinness never really recovered from the shock of losing the most prestigious position in British football.

He was followed by Frank O'Farrell, a quiet, friendly Irishman. But he too failed to fill the shoes of the legendary Busby.

So United turned to Tommy

Docherty, a Scot who was never frightened by challenges or reputations. 'The Doc' quickly laid the ghosts to rest. He spent big, talked big and brought a measure of success which would have been regarded as sufficient at any other club.

But after steering United to two successive Wembley FA Cup Finals, the tempestuous Docherty left during a management upheaval.

His successor was Dave Sexton, a manager who had all the necessary credentials and experience. Sexton was a quiet, studious coach who lacked Docherty's charisma but had the character to gradually rebuild in his own thoughtful way.

He spent heavily in reshaping the side. He bought players like big Joe Jordan and Gordon McQueen. When United challenged strongly for the championship last season, the tide seemed to have turned.

In the summer he splashed out £850,000 on Butch Wilkins from Chelsea, a midfielder of impeccable pedigree and already established in the England side.

But this season has been pure misery for Sexton. United were hit



THE



Joe Jordan

by endless injuries, and a series of sub-standard performances brought a slump in gates (if 45,000 can be regarded as disastrous).

The storm clouds are gathering over Old Trafford again. Sexton recently admitted that in 15 years of management he has never been under more pressure.

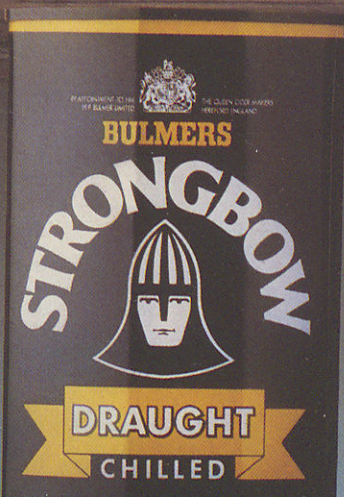
His successor is already being touted (Southampton boss Lawrie McMenemy) as United struggle to find conviction and provide the entertaining flair that brought them world renown.

The expensive acquisition of striker Garry Birtles from Forest this season has only added to Sexton's problems. Birtles was bought to get goals. On his own admission he has lamentably failed in that department.

Sexton may ride the storm. But directors are now ominously critical of his lack of success and the pressures are mounting for another managerial change.

Some managers, like Villa's Ron Saunders, have rounded on Sexton's critics. Rightly. But the magic of Manchester United continues to bring misery to Sir Matt's successors. It will take more than a wand to restore the reputation of a great club.

STRONGBOW. A PINT WITH AN EDGE.



A Favourite Son



Dennis Law (Manchester City) challenges Gary Pierce (Wolves) during the 1974 League Cup Final.

by RAY BRADLEY of the Sunday Express

Denis Law — still “The King” to football fans throughout Britain — can rightly claim to be Scotland’s most famous son since Johnnie Walker and Rabbie Burns.

In his playing days, as a bespectacled boy with Huddersfield, and in his prime with Manchester City, Torino and Manchester United, Law showed the sort of spirit Johnnie Walker would have approved of.

Fifty-five times he wore Scotland’s dark blue, and never can I remember him giving less than 101 per cent.

Now, as a football commentator, Denis is beginning to find the eloquence that even the Bard would admire.

Denis Law’s views are to be respected. Any man who played alongside Georgie Best and Bobby Charlton, and was entitled to equal billing, is obviously a very special soccer person.

So it was both interesting and sad to hear Law admit recently:

“Kids today have become television football players.

“You never see them kicking a tennis ball along the streets on their

way to and from school. As soon as they get home, they simply switch on the telly.”

Law, who comes from a humble Aberdonian home, is convinced that the game today is nowhere near as rich in talent as it was in his heyday.

“In life, you have got to work hard. It’s the same in football, and the kids of today just don’t seem to want to,” he says.

Law also sounds a warning about the cash that players are being paid. His is no bitter outburst. It is the view of a canny Scot — and let’s face it, who knows more about bawbees than an Aberdonian!

“The trouble today is that too many clubs are earning 80p and spending a pound,” he says resignedly. “The result is that enjoyment has gone. Nobody ever smiles on the pitch any more.”

Dennis is no deliberate pessimist. He is a realist, and he means it when he says: “Take away the top four teams in the First Division — Ipswich, Aston Villa, Liverpool and probably Nottingham Forest — and everyone else is fairly mediocre.

“It has become disastrous to

lose.”

Law is too proud, too, to admit what he must feel — a deep hurt that he is involved in the game now from a seat among the media.

Undoubtedly one of the truly great players Britain has ever produced, is it not an indictment of our game today that no place can be found for Denis Law?

Surely his encouragement, his coaching, his burning passion for the game, could be used to encourage youngsters coming into football?

Let’s face it, it is only seven years since Denis played his last International match.

The way he looks now, he could still be playing today.

Instead, he sits in the radio commentary box, living every moment of every match; wincing at every tackle, jumping from his seat each time an inviting cross floats in from the wing.

Denis Law knows more than most people what our game needs to revitalise itself. It would be nice if the powers that be were to offer him the opportunity to do something about it.



Peter Bonetti and (inset) Perry Digweed

'MY FAIR LADDIE'

By KEN MONTGOMERY
of the SUNDAY MIRROR

Perry Digweed and Elisa Doolittle have a lot in common.

Brighton's brilliant young goalkeeper and "My Fair Lady" share Covent Garden, London's famous fruit and flower market, as their launching pad to stardom.

Shaw's heroine is, of course, a purely fictional filly. Brighton's 21-year-old goalkeeper, signed for £150,000 from Fulham Reserves at the start of the year, is very much for real.

So real, in fact, that Ron Greenwood recently chose him for an England Under-21 International, after only three appearances in the First Division.

Digweed was withdrawn by Brighton, who needed him for a First Division match against Southampton the previous night.

So the international debut of the goalkeeper with the strange-sounding name — it could have been snipped from the pages of Boys' Own Paper — has been delayed.

But when Greenwood announced Digweed's name in his squad to face

Eire at Anfield, he also admitted:

"Perry was recommended to me when he was at Fulham, but playing in the reserves, it was difficult.

"Since joining Brighton, I watched him twice, and was very impressed."

There seems little doubt that Digweed will be given further opportunities to show his paces. Indeed, it is possible that one day he will follow in the illustrious footsteps of Frank Swift, Bert Williams, Ron Springett, Gordon Banks, Peter Shilton and Ray Clemence.

If and when he does win a full cap, the Digweed rags-to-riches story will be a real-life repetition of the Elisa Doolittle classic.

It's only a few years back, after leaving school in Chelsea, that Perry Digweed found himself working in Covent Garden, running a fruit stall for Fyffes, the famous banana firm.

"Bananas, apples, pears, plums, grapes... you name them, I sold them," says this strapping six-footer.

"It meant starting work at 4.30

in the morning, and knocking off for the day at 11.30."

Fulham found him playing in the local parks, and quickly offered him an apprentice contract.

Soon he was playing in the Craven Cottage reserve side.

"That suited me fine, because the Fulham reserves played on Saturday mornings.

"Right after the match, I used to charge across to Stamford Bridge to watch Chelsea in the afternoons. Peter Bonetti was the big attraction.

"I couldn't keep my eyes off him. I think if anyone was my inspiration, it was 'The Cat', who was so consistent, so agile, for so long."

Bonetti, of course, went all the way. He became an England goalkeeper.

Digweed, the youngster who used to stand and marvel behind Peter's goal, could well follow in his footsteps.

When he does, what price someone writing a Soccer musical around the Digweed success story, and calling it "My Fair Laddie"?

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John Charles

LIVING NOSTALGIA

BY ROB HUGHES OF THE SUNDAY TIMES

How many of us hear by word of mouth of the greats we missed? And how often do we put ourselves out to try to grasp an impression of what it was like to see them in their prime? Today we begin a three-part series dipping into the pasts and the present of John Charles, Ivor Allchurch and Jackie Milburn, men whose attitudes as well as styles communicate something imperishable....love of the game.

The Sheffield Wednesday apprentices mill around like dwarfs to a giant as Big John Charles demonstrates skills they should try to perfect. Their fathers, possibly, will have told them that if anything — anything at all from this man who speaks almost in a whisper — rubs off on them they are destined for the top.

John Charles, passing on a little knowledge, is pushing 50-years-old now. He runs a pub in Leeds, he tried briefly to seek employment as manager of Wales, and his name is still the first on the Charity Leeds United team sheet whenever there is a game. Usually that is Sundays, and having been denied the sight of John Charles — the player still revered in Britain and Italy as a phenomenon at centre-half or centre forward — my pulse was racing as I drove up to the tiny, wind-swept ground where Leeds ex-stars were meeting a more youthful eleven from Charles's Italian club, Juventus. The cause was to raise £150 towards a kidney machine.

A crowd of perhaps 300 had gathered beneath the aging stand to watch memories chase around. Inside the dressing room there was a distinct whiff of whisky amidst the embrocation, and there, seated quietly, was Charles. It was easy to see why Italy had dubbed him *Il Buon Gigante* — The Gentle Giant. Even in his late 40's, the physique resembled a heavyweight boxer, the 46-inch chest a footballing juggernaut.

In hushed, Welsh tones, he admits to training twice a week and apologises that age and cigarettes means "I can't do it now...I run 10 yards, then have to wait 20 minutes." You wait for him to say more; there is no more, John Charles

speaks when spoken to, and then briefly.

Does he realise his reputation is, to some extent on the line? "I appreciate that, yes."

Does it bother him? "Well, you can't go back. You want to, but the legs won't allow it. You do it in spasms, like... the legs y'know."

His modesty lies. John Charles is still an awesome footballer, as the Italians can testify. Sandwiched between two husky centre-backs, *Il Buon Gigante* suddenly erupts, the backs fall off him, the goalkeeper takes his eyes off the ball, and a little, hungry fellow darts in to score. Name? Bobby Collins, the irrepressible general of the Revie team.

There is a ferocity about the first half that shakes the onlooker; perhaps it is because the Itis want to compete against Big John, perhaps because Collins, with a 12-inch plate in his thigh following a vicious Italian foul in 1965, has shed none of his lust to win.

Pretty serious, wasn't it? "Has to be," says Charles. "We like to entertain, to win still. You'd appreciate that, now."

If I may say so, John, you've got

marvellously deft control for a big man. "Ah...I appreciate that." And the goal you headed, the keeper got out of your way, didn't he? "Did a bit...I noticed that."

Time for a quick cigarette, then the second half. As Charles says, he and his mates are playing for only one reason: "We want to...it's nice have a run about." He is, now, reduced to spasms, yet it remains astonishing to see the big stride still able to leave younger opponents in his wake.

The aerial power, the huge bulk and the strength of shot are as breathtaking as history had suggested. Yet there is something more, an incredible nimbleness of touch and timing — the products of bright and dedicated extra coaching by manager Frank Buckley — which seem to have been forgotten in the memory of this soccer player with the Welsh rugby forward build. "Ah, well," he says, "you do what you like doing."

His sons prefer rugby "maybe because of the social life", but long before he made his Welsh debut at 18, John Charles's passion was the round ball. Thank God.



Eddie Firmani (left) and John Charles



by Eric Nicholls

Message for Brian Clough: Mario Kempes, the World Cup star in whom you were said to be interested on the eve of the home leg of your European Super Cup game against Valencia, is on the move, despite the fact that he was earning around £150,000 a year, mostly tax free.

He's returning home to Argentina to play for River Plate. They are paying £1,600,000 for his transfer, though they didn't tell us how much Kempes will be getting for himself.

It was a pity that Kempes was injured and couldn't play for Valencia on your ground to help swell the crowd. Anyway, the fee is enough to convince those outside the game who are supposed to understand nothing, that the transfer fee alone was enough to put you off. Unless, of course, you had planned to do a deal within EEC regulations.

But one man is delighted to welcome Kempes back. Mr Menotti, the Argentina manager, reckons he'll be well placed to prepare for the 1982 World Cup.

So at least one man got his way!

Talking of Spain, watch out for a return to West Germany of Alan Simonsen, the Danish star who is now with Barcelona. Simonsen made his name in the Bundesliga before he moved on to Spain. Now the Germans want him back, and that could mean the swift return of Bernd Schuster, the West German international midfielder, also with Barcelona. The off-the-field activities of Spanish crooks, potential hijackers, kidnapers and who knows what else, is persuading foreign players in Spain to think again whether they were right or wrong to look for sunshine. What does Laurie Cunningham think, I wonder?

more than verbal stick. He felt the boot. The incident happened in the club-house after the game. A player is helping police with their inquiries. The police refuse to release the name of the ref. I don't blame them. He's safer that way.

* * * *

Better news from Holland. Adrie Koster, the blond midfield international with PSV, who had to stop playing while doctors put him through tests after blood was found in his urine, is going to be okay. Cleared by specialists, he hopes to be back in action this season.

* * * *

Watch out Celtic! You'll have quite a job on your hands when you try to win the Rotterdam Tournament which Southampton walked away with last summer. When you go to Rotterdam from July 31 to August 2 you'll be meeting Dukla Prague, Anderlecht (including that old warhorse, Arie Haan) and Feyenoord themselves. Still, winning tournaments is never a simple matter, is it?

* * * *

IT looks as if there will be one Muhren less on the football fields next season. No, don't worry, it isn't Arnold. It could well be his older brother Gerrie.

Who's he? Well, since you live on our island you've probably never heard of him. He was one of themid-field stars of the world-famous Ajax team of the early seventies.

Since then he's travelled around. But now he's with MVV, the Dutch first division club.

Yet, at 35 years of age, Gerrie feels the time is coming to hang up his boots. This could be his last season in action.

Oh yes, I know we've heard all that before, and for some it is mighty hard to call a halt. We must wait and see.

Whatever he decides this summer, it is worth remembering that what Arnold is now doing for Ipswich, brother Gerrie did for Ajax and Holland during the glory days of that little windmill-land. The game will be sorry to lose him.

Back to Kempes and River Plate. So much that you hear about other countries makes you realise how lucky we are, and how fortunate our referees are.

River Plate were playing against Argentina Juniors, the old club of Maradona. But they finished the game with only six players. The other five were sent off. The red cards included Angel (!) Labruna, the River Plate coach, and Vidal of Juniors. Argentina Juniors won 3-2, but just take a look at the names of those given their marching orders — Giudici, Saporiti, Passarella, Tarantini and Gonzales. Quite a star-studded line-up for an early bath! Maybe Kempes can put some discipline back into the team?

* * * *

Do you remember what we told you about Johan Neeskens training with his old Barcelona pals and hoping for a come-back, with or without New York Cosmos? Well, it looks as though he'll finish the season off with Real Zaragoza for a loan period that will earn him around £1,500 per game. Cosmos are prepared to listen to offers for a permanent transfer. The price? Somewhere between £250,000 and £300,000. Oh, sorry Mr Clough, Neeskens was another player you were terribly interested in, and I forgot to tell you first — by telex, of course.

* * * *

Yet another thought for our darling referees, who are used to taking verbal stick: they are lucky to be in Britain. A 37-year-old Dutch referee in a first class amateur game took

* * * * *

What's the big difference between the Bundesliga in West Germany and the Dutch competition? Well, let's be honest, the Bundesliga is streets ahead of the rest of us in Europe, whether we like to admit it or not. But Jupp Kaczor has probably put his finger on the most important point.

Kaczor, a 28-year-old striker, has got himself a free transfer from FVL Bochum (Germany) to Feyenoord (Holland). His comment: "True, Schalke 04, FC Nurnberg and Bayern Uerdingen were interested in keeping me in Germany. But back home you've got to work so hard. Dutch clubs are more interested in your skills."

Interesting. But when you look at the Bundesliga attendance figures and compare them with the four-figure average crowds in Holland, you don't need to be a mathematician to guess who's got it right.

* * * * *

What is it about Italian football that draws big crowds? The sun, perhaps? Or is it the weekend tradition, which we used to have in England? Surely, Italian "defence-in-depth" doesn't attract the fans in their tens of thousands?

But that's what's happening! Ruud Krol, the Dutch captain making a name for himself in Italy with AC Napoli, recently took his new side to a 1-0 home win over Ascoli. The score suggests it was a bit tight and, by Italian standards, messy. But there were *seventy thousand* fans in the stadium to watch it! Oh well, maybe we'll have to rest content with our memories.

* * * * *

Ron Greenwood has taken quite a bit of stick since that scrambled win over Switzerland at Wembley. But Swiss national coach Leon Walker has been under fire from about everything except machine-guns.

The Swiss believe they have flopped in their bid to reach Spain next year. Surprise, surprise. But national pride has put Walker in the hot seat. And that seat he is about to vacate.

* * * * *

There is trouble of a different kind in Belgium. Maybe Irish eyes will be smiling when they learn that Jean-Marie Pfaff, the Beveren and Belgium national 'keeper, has been banned from football until June 30. Ireland are in the same World Cup Group.

Mr Pfaff played in the Belgian Cup quarter-final for Beveren against Lokeren, and wasn't happy about one or two things that happened. After the game, he let his feelings be known in the corridor leading to the dressing rooms. The trouble was that Pfaff's audience was a linesman, and his outburst was not limited to a verbal assault.

Result: the Belgian FA have banned him for the rest of the season — and that includes World Cup games for the national team. Naughty Jean-Marie.

* * * * *

Perhaps it has something to do with Greek history. In any case, a Mr Christos Ardzoglous, a striker with AEK Athens and with the Greek national team, has also been a naughty boy and faces disciplinary action.

No doubt there will be a few chuckles when the appropriate disciplinary body deals with the case described as a "mini riot". What happened? On the evening before a World Cup qualifier against Luxembourg, Mr Ardzoglous was "trapped" in his hotel room with a couple of beautiful girls. Say no more. Maybe now is the time to give the Olympic Games back to Greece. It could be more fun!

* * * * *

Jupp Derwall, the chief coach of West Germany, came away from that mini World Cup in Uruguay with more than a little respect for Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. That's why he's taking his squad back to South America early next year as part of his World Cup build-up. Games planned so far include Brazil in Rio de Janeiro and Paraguay in Asuncion. When you think of what South America could do to we Europeans in Spain next year, that strikes me as World Cup planning at its best.

Talking of the 1982 World Cup, it is worth noting that £100 million will be flying around even before the finals kick-off. How come? Huge returns are guaranteed on the television rights to the tournament. It makes you wonder if we are in the wrong business, doesn't it?

* * * * *

Norway may not be noted for soccer stardom — as a nation. But that doesn't mean there aren't any players in that icy land. Einer Aas is now with Nottingham Forest, and as clubs like Ipswich know, Hallvar Thoresen is a forward star with FC Twente. Now another young Norwegian is trying to get himself on the European map. He is Tom Sunby. He is 20 and unknown. But good enough in training to convince Dutch club Go Ahead Eagles that they may well have a new young star on their hands.

* * * * *

One youngster in Holland who won't be continuing his football education is a 16-year-old named Eric Wilborts, from Tilburg. He is already showing us what he can do with a tennis racket. In one recent international tournament he was beaten 6-1, 6-1 in the second round. How does that make the boy a tennis starlet with a bright future? His opponent was Jimmy Connors. Maybe Eric is the new Tom Okker junior?

* * * * *

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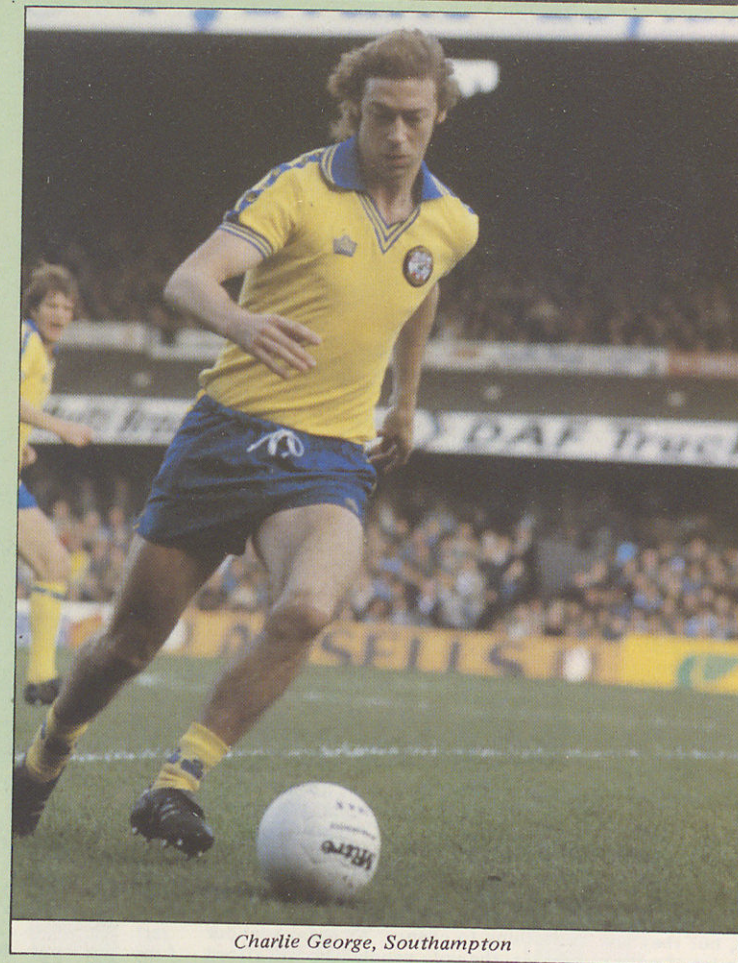
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COUNTRY



Ray Kennedy, Liverpool



Charlie George, Southampton

BY KEN MONTGOMERY OF THE SUNDAY MIRROR

RAY KENNEDY, Liverpool's likeable big midfielder man, once told me proudly: "I've got more medals than General Patton." To some people, Big Ray, as he's known on Merseyside, lost all his stripes recently when he announced: "I don't want to join the England squad again."

Kennedy was accused of being big-headed. A traitor. Turning his back on his country.

Not so long ago, I remember sitting with one of Kennedy's former team-mates, Charlie George, when he had taken a similar decision. On that occasion, Charlie — then with Derby

County, now with Southampton — was annoyed at being selected for the England 'B' side.

He said in no uncertain terms that he was not prepared to go on trial in a shadow squad. That he was good enough to play in the full England side — or he wasn't playing at all.

I have travelled the world with both players, watched them emerge from adolescence to adulthood, from Highbury reserves to Arsenal first-team stars.

The pair are poles apart. Charlie,

the North London lad who was the idol of Arsenal's North Bank from the time he joined the Gunners, has always been explosive, exciting, magnificent and moody.

Kennedy came to Arsenal from his native North-East via a temporary set-back at Port Vale, where the then-manager, Sir Stanley Matthews, told him he'd never make the professional grade.

Kennedy never claimed George's flair. But, after playing a monumental role as twin spearhead in Arsenal's Double side of 1971, he found a new

stature marshalling Liverpool's midfield.

Charlie George managed only one England cap — against Eire in 1977. Kennedy has flitted in and out of the full England side nearly 20 times since he won his first cap back in 1976.

Now, neither wants to be considered again.

I can understand many fans' feelings against the pair. Some say they would run through a brick wall to play for their country. Yet I can also understand the two players' points of view. Having sat with Charlie George in his own front lounge the day he declined an England 'B' chance, I know he listened to family and friends before making his final

decision.

Charlie's pride was bitterly hurt at being considered "second best".

I have travelled with Kennedy when he has been totally down in the dumps, knowing that no matter how hard he worked in training, he was along just for the ride — there was no chance of a place in the team.

Those situations can have a demoralising effect on some players. Others rise to the challenge, and want to be part of the squad at all times, whether they play or not. It's all a matter of a player's make-up.

While Kennedy and George have burned their international boats — and seem to have no regrets — Graham Rix, Arsenal's talented young midfielder star, illustrates the

other type of player.

Recently, he was left out of the England squad which met Spain at Wembley in a full international. He travelled instead to Granada with the 'B' squad, and reasoned: "It's all good experience."

No two players react in the same way, either to praise or to criticism. The nice thing about this country is that people are still allowed to make their own decisions, to express their own opinions.

Far be it from me to say that Ray Kennedy and Charlie George are right or wrong in what they have done.

But I know one thing. If ever this country goes to war — perish the thought! — I'd welcome this pair in my foxhole.

Come to dreamland! It's an hour's drive west of London in the famous rowing town of Henley-on-Thames. Stroll up one of the main shopping streets until you arrive at 18 Reading Road.

Instead of up-market food or clothes you'll find a display of cars. Not just yer common-or-garden go-to-work-on-cheap-wheels cars, but real film star cars. In reds and searing yellows, crouching behind the plate glass like a car freak's fantasy come true.

Here they deal only in Porsche, Lamborghini and Ferrari. Bring a BMW or a Merc and they'll ask you to hide it round the back — where extensive workshops are peopled by some of the world's best mechanics (often mechanics who left Grand Prix racing teams when the travelling got too much or the family wanted them home).

Here they sell dreams to people who have true star status. From the late Peter Sellars to George Harrison, Evita star Elaine Paige to Rod Stewart, former World Champion motorcyclist Barry Sheene to groups like Jethro Tull, Whitesnake and Deep Purple, the word has spread.

All these are or have been customers of Maltin's, a place where the typical stock of 18 secondhand cars adds up to £257,916 retail. That's an average price per car of £14,328 — *secondhand!*

I also saw five new Ferraris, four new Lamborghinis and six new Porsches.

How much is a new Ferrari? From £20,000 to £30,000. The Lamborghini, a rare Italian super-car reputed to be the world's fastest production machine (180 mph), can be had for about £50,000 — if you can find one, for the Italian factory has a history of ownership changes and financial troubles that would warm the heart of a fourth division football club manager.

Who are the people behind Maltin's? A bunch of snobby, wealthy twenty-year-olds whose daddies told them to go out and play?

No. They are establishment-accented and well-connected, but they are such professionals at the art of selling to the very rich that they have won respect the hard way.

The showroom evolved from a business in which two partners, Charles Holdsworth Hunt and Rodney Turner (a former sales pro with Chrysler), had an interest. It sold Ferrari and Lamborghini together — not an easy thing to do, since Lamborghini was set up to give Ferrari a hard time, after tractor magnate Ferruccio Lamborghini wasn't given the kind of service by Ferrari to which he felt entitled.

Then along came third partner, Chris Maltin. A Porsche fanatic, Maltin was brought up working on cars. At 16 years of age, he was tearing vehicles apart and rebuilding them, and at 18 he was racing the results of his labours. When the Porsches

The 180 mph Countach is a rare beast. This one was part of Maltin's stock several years ago. Today the British concessionaire is asking £50,000 for one of these mid engine 12-cylinder Lamborghinis! That's Rolls Royce country, but offering speed rather than luxury....



POP PEOPLE'S SHOWROOM

whose dirt lodged beneath his fingernails won British sports and saloon car racing titles in the sixties, Chris Maltin's experience paid off.

His racing background taught him that the only way to tackle a mechanical job was from scratch, leaving nothing to chance. At today's labour rates, the only people who can afford that kind of diligence are at the exotic end of the sports car market. Chris Maltin brought mechanical appreciation into the partnership, which has been trading since 1975.

Some Arabs actually air freight their cars to England for Maltin's to service and restore (desert sand blows hell out of Italian paintwork!). Some customers have purchased seven of eight cars from Maltin's. Some buy one every year, some, like George Harrison, in batches. If Maltin's sell a car to a member of a pop group, the other four or five usually want the same £20,000 goody! But

Maltin's are too discreet to discuss their customers' buying habits directly.

One wall of the showroom is decorated with pictures of the famous, suitably autographed with thanks to Maltin's. Not so Rod Stewart. He wrote.... "Thanks foring my car up! Rod Stewart. Only Joking."

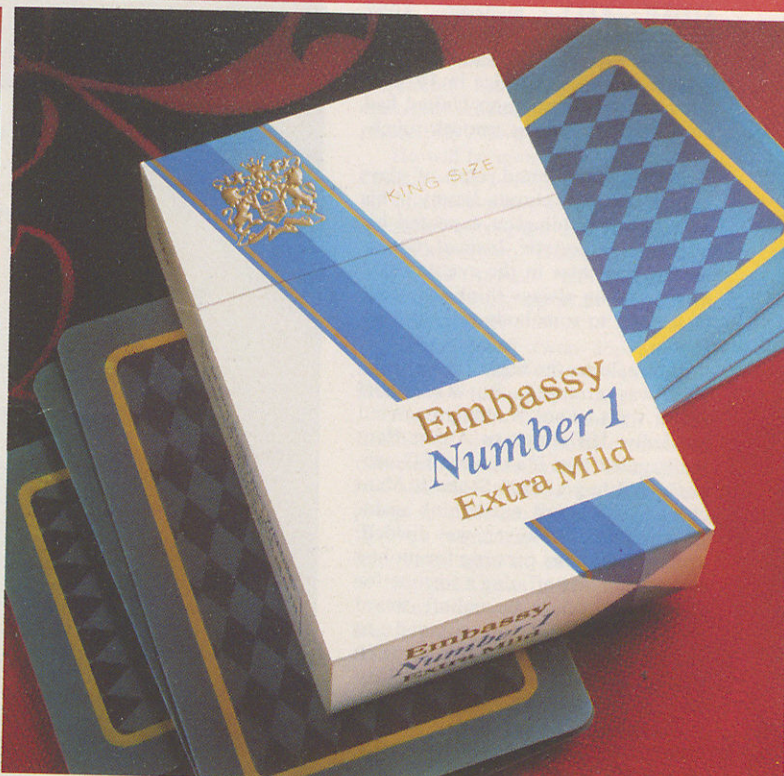
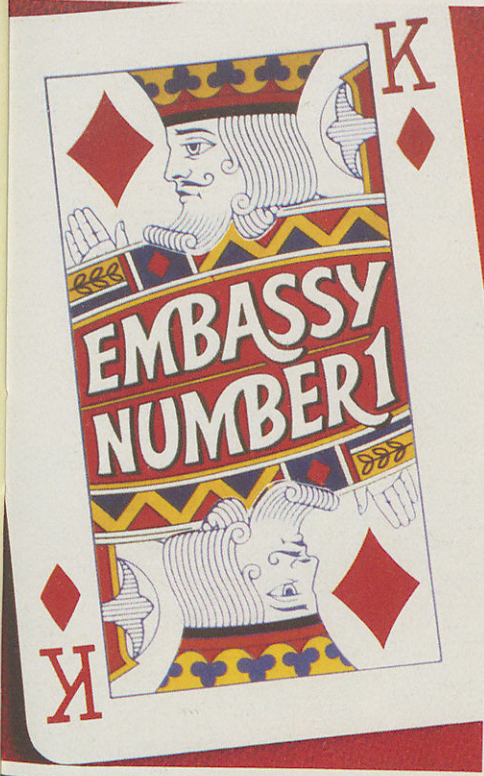
There were no stud prints from famous footballers in these small but exclusive showrooms. So where do the football stars get their cars?

That's something we'd like to answer in a future issue.

In the meantime, if you're ever at Henley and want to see a collection of real exotics, have a look at Maltin's. The price of admission starts at £7,650 for the cheapest Porsche. But they're much too well-bred to hassle a potential customer into buying every time one pads through the steel framed front entrance!

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STOKE CITY manager Tony Waddington could scarcely believe his ears the day he called Jimmy Greenhoff into his office in 1976 to tell him that Manchester United had bid £100,000 for his smooth touch-play.

Manchester United, club of players' dreams, had chosen Jimmy in his 30th year. Waddington expected his player to be ecstatic. Instead, Greenhoff looked him in the eye and said slowly: "You always think it's going to happen to somebody else, but not to you."

The sale to the biggest club in the land was arranged. But Greenhoff didn't want to go! Waddington acted hurriedly. His chairman Albert Henshall agreed that if a player of Greenhoff's calibre preferred Stoke to Manchester, the board must think again.

The board, however, was divided. Stoke's bank was pressing for money and United was offering a fortune for Greenhoff. When Greenhoff heard the deliberations, he decided to go. Within a year he was scoring in the FA Cup Final and Stoke City was going down to Division Two.

Surely he must have felt that Stoke had done him a favour? "Manchester United wasn't a favour", says Greenhoff. "I'd wanted to play in the Cup Final after being defeated in four semis with Leeds and Stoke, and within six months I was there. Very nice... but to me the most marvellous thing in my life was what I had going with the Stoke crowd. I felt they came to watch me, and I wanted to do it for them."

At United, the crowds were three times bigger, the financial rewards greater, and the platform was shared by his kid brother, Brian. Yet for all that, and for all that the United crowd took to Jimmy's velvet touch, he still maintains that the rapport with the people of Stoke-on-Trent meant more to him. "It's frightening in a way," he says, "but I'm told they still chant my name at the Victoria Ground."

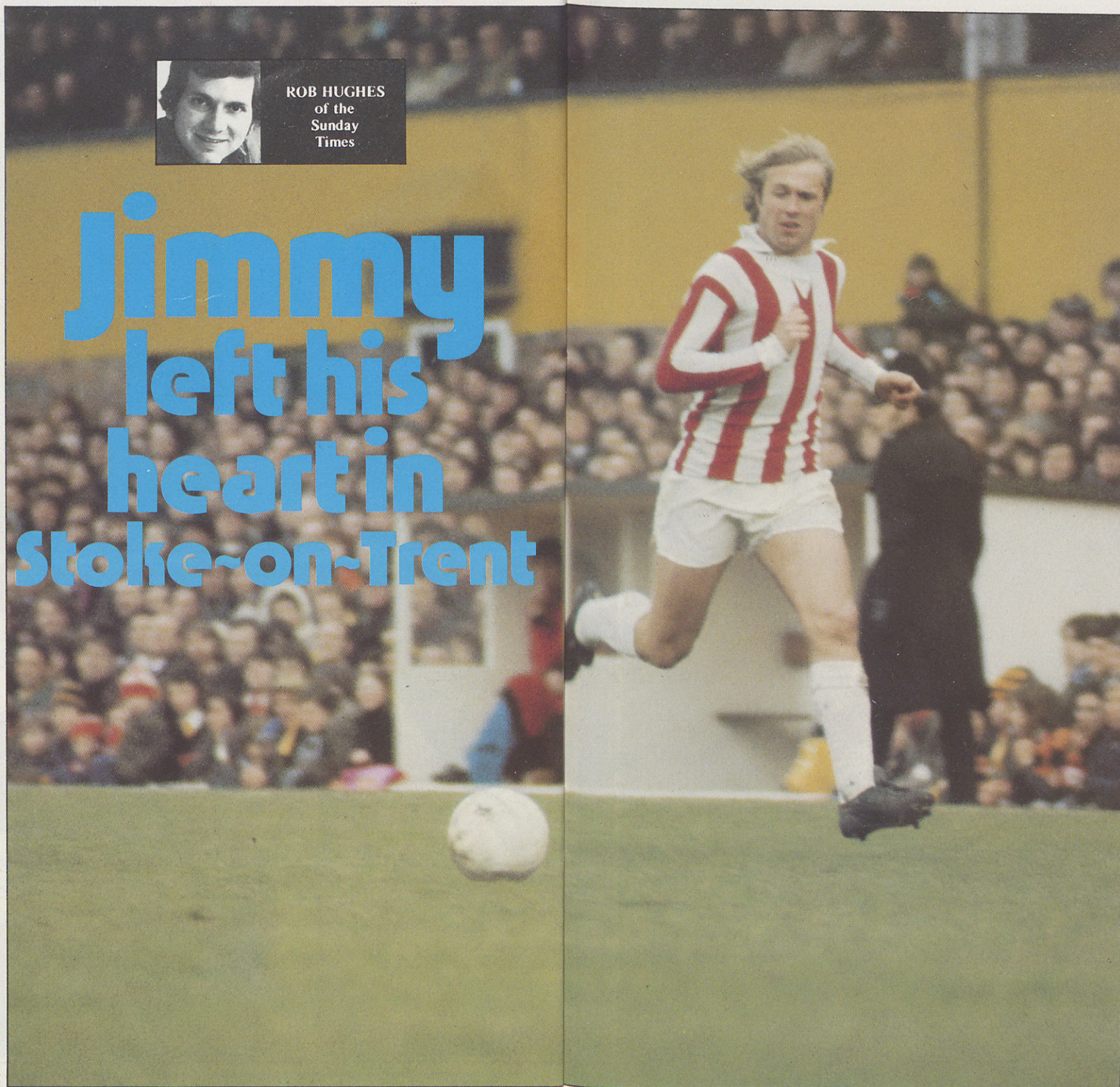
When you stop to consider the talents Waddington collected at Stoke - Stanley Matthews, Dennis Violet, George Eastham, Jimmy Greenhoff and his partner in creativity, Alan Hudson - you get some idea of the value of that special rapport Jimmy had with the terraces.

It is an almost indefinable esteem between player and supporter, one which any of the new young team



ROB HUGHES
of the
Sunday
Times

Jimmy left his heart in Stoke-on-Trent



Jimmy Greenhoff (Stoke)

being assembled by Alan Durban would cherish for the rest of their lives. Meanwhile, at 34, Jimmy Greenhoff has rejoined his former manager Waddington in trying to resuscitate Crewe Alexandra.

He will be spending his summer in Canada with Toronto Blizzard. There he will cross paths with the player he considers prompted the finest football of his career. "Huddy (Alan Hudson) and myself had something instinctive going for us at Stoke," recalls Greenhoff.

"They could swop six-one-twos and no-one else would get the ball," interjects Waddington.

Why, then, did a creator and a finisher of such hypnotic class never combine for England? "Don Revie had sold me at Leeds, and he wasn't going to pick me," says Greenhoff. "I even went on TV in 1975 and said there were no two finer players in the game than Alan and myself."

"Revie selected us for an inter-league game in Scotland, but I don't think he wanted it to happen. He put me wide on the right and Huddy out on the left. Huddy's got two right feet, but no left... but that's all in't past now, isn't it?"

Greenhoff wants to play as long as possible under Waddington, and to learn the art of management from him. He is coaching players less naturally gifted, but to spend time in the company of both Waddington and Greenhoff is to appreciate that the bond between them at Stoke sustains them today.

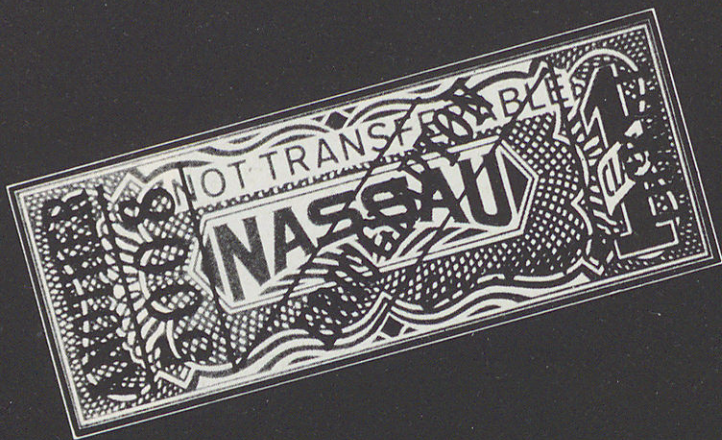
Waddington remains a romantic in a decade of winner-take-all coaching. Greenhoff inherits his romanticism and seeks to pass it on: "As a coach, I'm not telling players how to play. But I see situations clearly; I believe I can help them. It's the unexpected that excites people, and players not coaches achieve that, don't they?"

They do, Jimmy, they do.

Touch players are rarely noted for turning into good coaches, possibly because, as Greenhoff admits, they play chiefly on instinct. They rarely have to study the tactical and technical patterns. Perversely, however, Greenhoff's rejection by England could pave the way for his coaching ambitions. For it was that rejection that forced Jimmy Greenhoff to look more closely at the structure of teamwork, to try to discover why the ultimate honours were being denied him.

ERIC CLAPTON

Another Ticket



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Ellen Foley



Despite the second marriage break up amongst the Abba ranks, they look like steaming ahead with true corporate aplomb, letting nothing like the small matter of divorce hinder their progress as Sweden's second biggest export industry. One in the eye for romantics everywhere.

Just as Eddie Rabbit was celebrating his first UK chart entry with "I Love A Rainy Night" the record hit the top of the American charts. He was offered a three week stint in the prestigious Ceasars Palace in Las Vegas and his wife was preparing to have their first child. Doesn't sound as though he should be too miserable for a while.

And talking of babies, Ann Nolan of that never ending tribe of singing sisters, is now well after producing her first prematurely and being in considerable danger. Her husband is Torquay footballer Brian Wilson, and owing to his commitments to the team, baby Nolan was born in sunny Torquay, which means breaking with a Nolan family tradition of producing the heirs to the family fortunes in green and pleasant Ireland.

Purely co-incidental to his recent chartbuster "This Ole House" (a hit in 1954 for Rosemary Clooney), Shakin' Stevens is currently considering moving house, but rumour has it that he will stay as near to the Thames as he can - a river for which

the ever-charming Shaky (as he's known by his mates) holds dear to his heart.

Blast from the past Englebert Humperdinck. (Yes, this item IS dedicated to you, Carol, as requested.) He may be seeing more of us in the future - and the person who said "not if I see him first" will be removed - as he's considering forsaking the US for good. My sources reveal that he's bought a house in sunny Leicester. Watch out Filbert Street, anything could happen.

Having shrugged off some of the sour taste that was prevalent with Dexy's Midnight Runners, refugees from said group (now known as The Bureau) should fulfill the long-term promise that was not forthcoming in Dexys. Definitely one to watch.

New Expressos album expected soon. You'd be well advised to keep an ear and an eye open for that little escapade.

And talking of moving back to the UK, it's interesting to note that former Eurovision winner Johnny Logan is forsaking his Dublin home for one in Surrey, sex bomb and dynamic singer Ellen Foley has virtually given up her New York apartment for the more on hand affections of permanent boyfriend Mick Jones (Clash guitarist to you, Carol, Who? Well never mind) and Marvin

Gaye looks like he's here for keeps. Know who I'd welcome most out of that little lot but I'd hate to be accused of sexist comments.

Randy Jackson has now fully recovered from the injuries reported in these columns a few weeks back. Randy was, you may recall, badly hurt in a car accident in the States a few months ago. For Carol's benefit, I'd better explain that Randy is part of The Jacksons, who she may, or may not, remember better as the Jackson Five. Anyway, the outcome is that we may see the singing family over here some time later in the year.

It's also particularly good to have Heatwave's Johnny Wilding back in the group after his extremely savage road accident in Atlanta, Georgia two years ago. The smash left Johnny paralysed. He is much more mobile nowadays, however, thanks to a unique wheelchair which is controlled by his breathing process. It defies the imagination, but the proof is in the band.

Boston's Barry Goodreau is ready with his second solo album. Let's hope it's a little more imaginative than his first, which was more akin to outtakes from his parent group's work than something fresh and exciting. With that sobering thought, I leave you to the tender mercies of the referee. May the best team win.

Gentlemen and Hooligans

BRIAN GLANVILLE



WRITES

ONCE upon a time, they used to call Rugby a hooligans' game played by gentlemen, and soccer a gentleman's game played by hooligans. Those definitions would long since seem to have become obsolete; though not for an English parliamentarian called Christopher Price. Recently, and bewilderingly, he wrote: "Association football is a violent game — more so than a body contact sport like Rugby...."

On reading this sentence, one's first reaction was to read it again. As George Orwell said in another context, "there seemed to be a 'not' left out." Could the right honourable gentleman really mean what he said? Did he, in face of all the evidence, the turmoil, the heart searching, that is going on in a brutalised Rugby football, really mean what he said? And if he did, had he been paying any heed to what has been happening on the Rugby field for many years now?

In recent times, we have had a court case in the Midlands where one Rugby club player accused another of costing him the sight of an eye; J.P.R. Williams, the celebrated Welsh full-back, so brutally mal-

treated by the New Zealanders that even his father, a distinguished doctor, was moved publicly to protest; Chris Ralston, the Richmond and England forward, so savagely trampled by the Llanelli pack that he had to have many stitches in his head; Ringer, the Welsh international forward, sent off in the game against England at Twickenham.

As long ago as June 1975, Vivian Jenkins, once a Welsh international himself and later one of the greatest apologists for the game, was writing: "Nausea! That I am afraid is my first reaction to this storm tossed match at Brisbane's Rallymore Park, where Australia beat England once again.... From the first kick-off, the Australians made it plain that they intended to be no respecters of persons; the boots went in with a viciousness that made even the committed watcher wince."

Soccer, as opposed to Rugby, a "violent" sport? Violence, permitted violence, has always been the very essence of Rugby, while it has been merely a nasty concomitant, a

poisonous by-product, of soccer. Violence, permitted violence, is the very warp and woof of Rugby football. What goes on in the scrums and in the loose mauls under the benign eye of the permissive referee is the kind of thing that would automatically get a player sent off in soccer.

In Rugby, by tradition, or *omerta* if you wish (the Mafia vow of silence), it was for decades simply not done to send a man off, whatever he did; it would tarnish the artificial image of the sport. So when, in 1924 at Twickenham, a bold referee called Freethy sent off a New Zealander called Brownlie, he was considered beyond the pale. New Zealanders would never speak to him again. And it was the best part of half a century before another player — a New Zealander, again, called Colin Meads — was sent off for kicking an opponent at Murrayfield, in a game against Scotland. This was something of a watershed, for it is no longer uncommon for Rugby international players to be sent off; the less so as the game has unquestionably increas-

ed in savagery, in keeping with the tenor of our unpleasant times. When the British Lions tour South Africa, New Zealand or Australia now they must be prepared for brutal battles, in which one is reminded of that old saying, "never mind the ball, let's get on with the game."

I wonder if Christopher Price, when he made his naive observation, was aware of what happened not long ago in a match, again at Murrayfield, between Glasgow and the North and Midlands? Surely not! Gordon Brown, the British Lion and Scottish international, playing for Glasgow, was kneed in the face by the opposing prop, Alan Hardie, who then proceeded to trample on his head.

The French referee stopped the game (game?), whereupon Brown pursued Hardie, threw him to the ground and, quite understandably, lashed out at him. Both were sent off. Hardie was subsequently suspended for eighteen months, Brown for three. Brown said that he would never play again against Hardie, "on the principle that I would be condoning his attitude to Rugby."

Loose mauls, collapsing scrums, are today exceedingly dangerous. Players have been paralysed, even killed. Soccer's own record is a dreadfully tarnished one. We have only to look back at the recent Mundialito in Uruguay, when Brazil and Argentina brawled bitterly after the final whistle and carried on their brawl in the dressing-rooms, to be aware of the fact. The history of the game is spattered with such fearful episodes as the Battle of Highbury in 1934, when Italy did their best to kick England off the field, the Battle of Berne in the 1954 World Cup, when Hungarians and Brazilians had at one another, and the shocking series of Intercontinental Cup matches between Celtic and Racing Buenos Aires in 1967, culminating in a horrifying imbroglio in the play-off in Montevideo, Ronnie Simpson, the Celtic keeper, having been knocked out by a spectator's missile immediately before the return leg in Buenos Aires.

Yet violence is not built into soccer; it is essentially extrinsic. Moreover, because soccer is a game much more sure of itself than Rugby — essentially a minor sport masquerading as a major one — it has not felt the need to whitewash itself. Trouble arises sometimes because of the importance of the prize at stake, sometimes through international rivalry, sometimes because a player is infuriated by the minor, un hurtful, fouls which cunningly prevents him from gaining the fruits of his skill. The margin between success and failure in soccer is awfully narrow.

Soccer, then, will alas continue to spawn violent incidents, but — a body contact game itself — it will not accept violence as an essential feature, while trying at the same time to pretend it does not exist. That way sheer hypocrisy lies.



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SPORTOPIA POET OF THE 1980/81 SEASON

soccer poets

LAWRIE AND "THE SAINTS" 1976

A Manager's life is a risky vocation,
Whatever the team, wherever the location,
Down on England's beautiful South Coast,
"The Saints" have a manager respected by most.
Big Lawrie McMenemy, a geordie by birth,
To all "Saints" supporters the best on this earth.

At Doncaster and Grimsby our Lawrie did well,
He then joined "The Saints" down south at The Dell,
"Lawrie Out" was the chant some supporters threw,
As Southampton went down to Division Two,
But big Lawrie accepted their jibes and jeers,
His main aim, promotion in a couple of years.

Players of good quality he bought to do well,
So Osgood and Peach arrived at The Dell.
After looking around all four Leagues,
Lawrie found us a skipper in Peter Rodrigues.
With McCalliog, Gilchrist and Blyth in his new set-up,
"Lawrie's Saints" began to come good in the F.A. Cup.

"The Saints" were marching in again full of pride,
Villa, Blackpool, and West Brom were swept aside.
Bradford City were beaten, a lone goal did the trick,
"Lawrie's Saints" playing well and looking real slick.
To Stamford Bridge they made their triumphant way,
To play Crystal Palace on semi-final day.
Two goals were hammered into the Palace net,
For Lawrie and "The Saints" the scene was set.
Those tall twin towers of Wembley loomed not far away,
Just Manchester United stood between
"The Saints" and their greatest day.
Mike Channon had a feeling that "The Saints" would win,
That this was the year their boat would come in.

For Lawrie and "The Saints" everything was set,
To topple United! the bookmakers bet.
A local lad, Bobby Stokes was his name,
Decided to stamp his mark on the game.
A second-half winner our Bobby did score,
Which was followed by a tremendous Southampton roar.

As the final few minutes slowly ebbed away,
On this wonderful, exciting, historical day.
"The Saints" and Lawrie were marching in,
To a fantastic, triumphant Cup Final win.
Supporters cheered, flags fluttered in the sky,
As skipper Rodrigues held the magic trophy on high.

Back in Southampton, people danced in elation,
"The Saints" of the south coasts were the toast
of our Nation.

Through the packed streets of our city our heroes did ride,
All the supporters were filled with a burning pride.
For Hampshire, for Lawrie, and their Southampton side.

*23878778 Sgt K R Nicholson,
Delta Troop, 6 Squadron,
7 Signal Regiment, B.F.P.O. 15*



RON GREENWOOD M.B.E.

What's this in the Honours list for all to see?
Why, it's Ron Greenwood, M.B.E.
Maybe the fulfilment of a lifelong dream
For the current manager of the England team.

Member of the British Empire
This is the man the electors hire,
To restore England's one-time fame
In our number one National game.

Ron has carried quite a load
Trying to get his team on the road.
To attacking football and goals galore
And whatever he's achieved there's need for more.

We've the magic of Keegan,
But where's the thrust down the wings?
Or the rampaging striker that such excitement brings?
And where have all the hot-shots gone?
Will they be found in '81.

Perhaps Hoddle and Francis will get an extended run
And Frank Worthington could still add to the fun.
And what about another chance for Reeves?
Who at times resembles Jimmy Greaves?

And am I dwelling in Wonderland
In seeking recognition for Sunderland;
Who's good up front, even better in midfield
Yet many of his talents still lie concealed.

And the potential of Caton looks immense
As a key man etc, the heart of defence.
So come on Ron, the potential is here
Please help make this a memorable New Year.

*Diane K. Mason
Essington, Staffs.*

WOLVES IN EUROPE

We went to Eindhoven that day in September
Even though we lost it was a match to remember.
Wolves fans filled one end of that magnificent stand
Before the match started around played the band.

When the Wolves players came out they got a standing ovation,
So loud it could be heard right across the Nation.
Eindhoven scored three goals, Wolves only one,
But if it wasn't for the Ref' we're sure we'd have won.

We left the ground feeling down, some of us had a cry,
But instead of fighting with their supporters,
We shook hands and said Goodbye.
We had mingled with their fans, exchanging scarves and banners,
There was no trouble or agro' as we Wolves fans have got manners.

The replay match at Molineux was on a Wednesday night,
Even though we lost on aggregate our team put up a fight.
They thought there would be trouble as the floodlights
failed during the game,
But upon Barnwell and his super teams us fans did bring no shame.

For good behaviour we were praised by U.E.F.A. and manager John,
But you might guess we hardly got a mention from Gary Newbon.
He was just happy in saying Wolves champagne didn't bubble,
Yet he'd have made it the headlines had we caused trouble.
Now we're out of Europe and the League Cup too,
But come on Wolves, we're all behind you, the F.A.Cup will do!

*Karen Spittle,
Oxley, Wolverhampton*

OUR GAME

Of all the sports played in our fair land,
Surely soccer takes pride of place,
Though it's so easy to understand,
It's packed with skill and grace.

With great control, power and flair,
In stadia throughout these Isles,
The ball is mastered on ground and air
And all the Nation smiles.

THE FOOTBALL SUPPORTER

To follow football, not one team,
To see them all at home's my dream,
The furthest North that I have been,
Is Pittodrie, Aberdeen,
And going down the other way,
I've seen where Plymouth Argyle play.
Some grounds are, to my house, so near
Some are much further, those I fear.
It's no fun to spend a day
And then find out that there's no play.
I haven't got a car you know,
By bus or train I've got to go.
And when I turn up at a game,
To see both sides try, that's my aim.
I know that many people scream,
When someone fouls against their team.
But do not blame the referee,
He can't be everywhere you see.
I applaud the good defensive skill,
When someone scores, I get a thrill.
I've seen the big and famous teams,
With fans from every town it seems,
I've been to others, lesser known,
Who hardly had the fans to moan.
I've been to unknown grounds so small,
And others you can't miss at all.
The fans who cheer, they make me glad,
But "bover boys", they make me mad.
But though your team be big or small,
Just rest assured, I love you all!

*P.R. Davis,
Camberley, Surrey.*



Though rowdies try to smear the name,
Of this our Nation's sport
The good will always keep the game,
Sporting, in deed and thought.

And millions of fair and decent folk
Travel miles their teams to follow,
My team has often been a
Music Hall joke.
But I'm proud of John Neal's BORO!

*Mr. R. Harrison,
Stockton on Tees.*

SPORTOPIA POET OF THE SEASON 1980-81

Forever they are still coming — your poems from all parts of the British Isles and from abroad. But unfortunately these are the last poems to be published.
In **ISSUE 21** we will be publishing the names and addresses of the winner, the two runners-up and the winner of the Junior poems. The judging will be carried out by an unbiased group of six persons - their decision will be final.
In the event your club does not receive Issue 21 of Programme Plus we will endeavour to ensure that all clubs that take the magazine will publish the names of the winners in their matchday programme.

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RESERVE SCENE

CELTIC'S young 'uns returned from Continental tripping this week with varying degrees of success against European competition but all of them richer in experience of the game which will benefit the club in future.

John Sludden, Paul McStay and Jim Dobbin wore the dark blue of Scotland's Youth side in the Cannes international tourney and although finishing fifth, a record of two wins, one draw and one defeat received all round praise.

McStay played in all matches against Italy, Brazil, East Germany and Poland. Dobbin turned out against Brazil, East Germany and Poland and Sludden met Italy and the Poles.

The Celtic Under-18's came home from West Germany as winners. They had three West

German sides to face in Dusseldorf, including Bayern Munich, in the section games. They beat them 1-0 then and by 4-2 in the final after disposing of IK Kristiansund (Norway) in the semi-final 2-0.

Celtic's scorers in the final were John Buckley, Danny Crainie, Paul Chalmers and David Kenny. The Buckley score was described as the "goal of the tourney". He beat four opponents before taking the ball past the 'keeper.

The Celtic players: Martin Stanton, John McGoldrick, Jim McNally, Garry McGuinness, Davie Moyes, Paul McGugan, Stevie Gray, Stevie Jardine, Paul Chalmers, Colin Douglas, Davie Kenny, John Buckley and Danny Crainie.

Celtic Under-16's found themselves in a hot qualifying section in the Molenbeek tour-

ney in Brussels . . . Bayern Munich, Inter Milan and Real Madrid. They beat Bayern 2-0, drew 1-1 with Inter and lost 2-0 to Real, "despite playing the best football of the tournament," said Bobby Lennox.

Real went on to win the competition. Celts finished fifth after beating the host club Molenbeek 2-0.

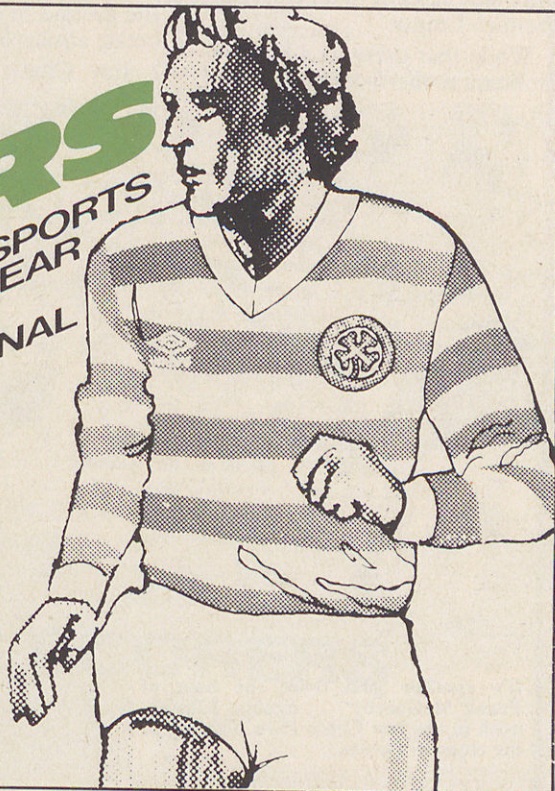
The players: Stephen Ross, Joe Higgins, Paul McGorry, Ronnie Coyle, Brian Stewart, Paul Nicholas, Michael Conroy, Derek McKay, Owen Archdeacon, Raymond Dean, Graham Watt, Eamonn Morgan, Mark Stevenson, Brenden McIntyre, Stuart McManus and John McAlindon.

Said coach Lennox: "The organisation and hospitality were first class as were our guides Joe D'Eroy and Gigon L'Ecluse.

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TODAY'S VISITORS

KILMARNOCK

KILMARNOCK manager **Jim Clunie** remembers vividly his last visit to Celtic Park. That was in November last year when he bossed the St Mirren squad.

"We came away with both points at 2-1 (the result of an Alex Beckett spectacular in the action) . . . and I lost my job at Paisley on the Wednesday!"

Since then he's "settled in" at Rugby Park as manager of Killie who are due to be playing in the First Division next season . . . unless the Scottish League is reconstructed and the Ayrshire side remain in an enlarged Premier League.

While that presents a bit of a problem at the moment he cer-

tainly has weighed up the calibre of most on Killie's 28-player roster.

"Only seven of them haven't had a chance in the first team since I arrived. It has given me a good picture of the resources available and, given time, I think the club will get there all right."

Though he is still commuting from Paisley to Kilmarnock ("It's just down the road, really") he feels quite at home at Rugby Park. "The facilities are good and there has been a friendly atmosphere of welcome."

Now his task is to get a successful playing squad and have the local fans returning to the ground in numbers that will create atmosphere for the team.

Jim Clunie doesn't have a

magic wand to make it happen overnight, but he has faith in his management ability to restore Kilmarnock's football pride and prestige . . . no matter the league they are involved in next season.

The Killie player pool compared with their last visit in October shows some changes. Indeed some of the names may well be unfamiliar.

"I've introduced one or two fellows in their early twenties from the reserves . . . Keith Robin, Gordon McCreadie and Tom Bryce."

He was pleased Celts would be undisputed champions and not champions-elect when Killie jostled with them this afternoon.

"It's interesting to get the first meeting with the Premier League's best . . . a good experience for the young players and a playing standard that my whole team can aim at."



It's another goal from the boot of Frank McGarvey . . . against Kilmarnock in the last Celtic Park meeting of the clubs in October.

THE RECORD SO FAR

Date	Comp	Opponents	H/A	Result	Scorers
1980					
July 26	DC	Ayr United			
Aug 9	PL	Morton	H	0-1	
Aug. 16	PL	Kilmarnock	H	2-1	(McCluskey, MacLeod)
Aug. 20	ECWC	DVTK (Hungary)	A	3-0	(McGarvey 2, Sullivan)
Aug 23	PL	Rangers	H	6-0	(McGarvey 3, McCluskey 2, Sullivan)
Aug 27	LC	Stirling Albion	H	1-2	(Burns)
Aug 30	LC	Stirling Albion	A	0-1	
			H	6-1	
Sept 3	ECWC	DVTK (Hungary)	(a.e.t. Agg. Celtic	6-2)	(Nicholas 2, Burns 2, Sullivan, Provan)
			A	1-2	
Sept 6	PL	Partick Thistle	(Agg. Celtic	7-2)	(Nicholas)
Sept 13	PL	Hearts	H	4-1	(Nicholas 2, McGarvey, MacLeod pen)
Sept 17	ECWC	Politehnica (Rumania)	A	2-0	(Nicholas, Provan)
Sept 20	PL	Airdrie	H	2-1	(Nicholas 2)
Sept 22	LC	Hamilton Accies	H	1-1	(Nicholas pen)
Sept 24	LC	Hamilton Accies	A	3-1	(Nicholas, Burns, Doyle)
			H	4-1	(McGarvey 2, Nicholas, Burns)
			(Agg. Celtic	7-2)	
Sept 27	PL	Aberdeen	A	2-2	
Oct 1	ECWC	Politehnica (Rumania)	A	0-1	(Nicholas pen, Burns)
			(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	
Nov 15	PL	Airdrie	A	4-1	(Nicholas)
Nov 19	LC	Dundee United (S/F 2nd Leg)	H	0-3	(Aitken, McGarvey, Nicholas, McAdam)
			(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)
Mar 28	PL	Aberdeen	H	1-1	(McCluskey)
April 1	PL	Hearts	H	6-0	(McCluskey 2, 1 pen, MacLeod 2, McGarvey, Provan)
April 5	PL	Partick Thistle	A	1-0	(McAdam)
April 11	SC	Dundee United (Semi-final)	N	0-0	
April 15	SC	Dundee United (Semi-final replay)	N	2-3	(Nicholas 2)
April 18	PL	Rangers	A	1-0	(Nicholas)

... AND THE SCORERS

McGarvey	28	Provan	6	Doyle	2
Nicholas	28	Sullivan	5	Own Goals	2
McCluskey	13	Aitken	4	Weir	1
Burns	10	McAdam	4	Douglas	1
MacLeod	8	McDonald	3	Conroy	1

FLASHBACK ON...

CELTIC v KILMARNOCK

THE last time Kilmarnock visited Celtic Park, on October 25 last year, a crowd of 18,000 turned up to see the action.

Despite the fact that the Ayrshire side were at the bottom of the League they took the game to Celtic right from the start and Tom McAdam had to head the ball off the line after just a few minutes play.

Indeed the Rugby Park team proceeded to take the lead after 13 minutes play when Cramond cracked a shot past Pat Bonner.

This goal shook Celtic into action and Davie Provan in particular started to give the Killie defence a lot of problems.

In fact it was from good play by the winger that Charlie Nicholas was given the opportunity to score an equaliser after 36 minutes.

Having beaten three Kilmarnock defenders with some intri-

cate footwork Davie crossed an inch perfect ball for Charlie to head into the net.

Celtic took the lead shortly before the interval when Frank McGarvey accepted a fine pass from Dom Sullivan and cracked a shot high into the net from just inside the penalty box.

The second half was just six minutes old when Frank McGarvey was pulled down in the penalty box and Charlie Nicholas made no mistake from the spot.

Celtic were in full flight by this stage and only bad finishing prevented them from adding to their goals tally.

In the 86th minute Charlie Nicholas slipped a dream of a pass into the path of Frank

McGarvey and the striker stroked the ball into the Kilmarnock net for Celtic's fourth

Despite a somewhat lethargic start in which Killie had been allowed to take the lead Celtic ran out very convincing winners of this entertaining Premier League match.

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

KILMARNOCK: Brown; Robertson and Cockburn; Clark, Clarke and McDicken; Houston and Mauchlen; McBride; Cramond and Doherty. Subs. McLean and Maxwell.



Charlie Nicholas hits home from the penalty spot against Kilmarnock at Celtic Park in the 4-1 Premier League win in October.

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- 3 Who won the US Masters golf tourney?
- 4 With which sport do you associate Clive Lloyd?
- 5 He is a Celtic stalwart **KENITA**.
- 6 From which club did Danny McGrain join Celtic?

ANSWERS: 1. Steve Davis. 2. Brockville. 3. Tom Watson. 4. Cricket. 5. Aitken. 6. Maryhill Juniors.



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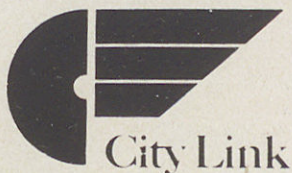
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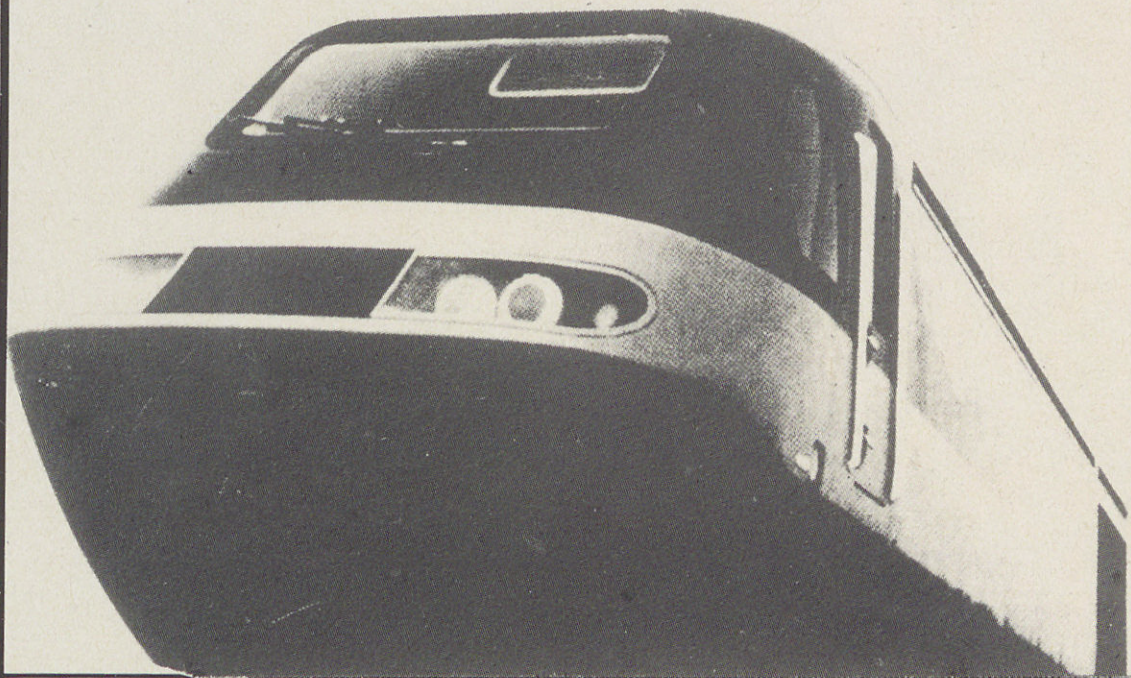
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