

SCOTTISH PREMIER LEAGUE

Celtic

versus **HEARTS**

CELTIC PARK

WEDNESDAY

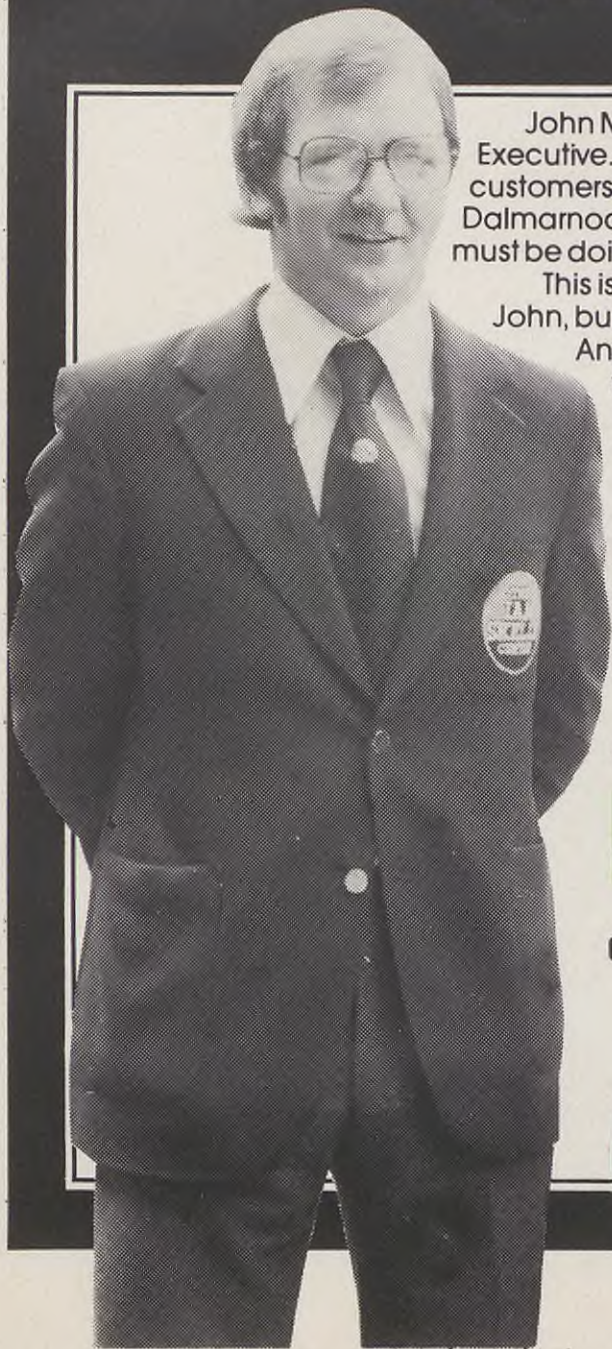
1st APRIL
1981

Kick-off
7.30 p.m.



programme
30p

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FROM THE MANAGER

WITH six matches to go (including tonight's) Celtic are being told by the commentators: "Order the 1980-81 Premier League championship flag NOW".

We're there with a BIG chance. The team is in confident, winning mood. True the victory sequence was halted at game No. 13 last week-end but it was against our closest challengers, Aberdeen, and the points gap remained the same.

Winning the championship rests with Celtic. We don't require to take the full 12 points from the rest of the programme to be certain of European competition at the highest level next season . . . but that's the aim of the players and myself. We want to do it with some style and entertainment for our support.

Hearts represent hurdle 31 in the championship tonight. They are at the foot of the league table and onlookers taking in our position at the top will probably feel it is all too easy. That's not the thinking at Celtic Park. The players will approach it as they've been tackling all games recently. "We'll win this one".

Yet with all this belief in themselves there is also determination to play to the top of their form. In recent games they've excited the support with their quick and skilled football that has repaid the loyalty of the fans at points earlier in the season when things were not running as smoothly as at present.

George McCluskey has been titled "super-sub" in the Press and he's proved his effectiveness a number of times this season at critical points in matches. He is one of three front runners who have to carry a heavy load against defencemen every match.

It is imperative that their play has a cutting edge all the time. George demonstrated the keen edge to his play against Aberdeen and tonight he will be in the starting eleven.

Our striking trio of Frank McGarvey, Charlie Nicholas and McCluskey has scored 63 of the club's 106 competitive match goals.

We'll still have to work for goals against Hearts tonight nevertheless. But we want the points. Our hunger for them is as sharp as it was at the start of the campaign.

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

DOM Sullivan had a birthday today . . . yes the first of April! But there won't be any traditional escapades when action with Hearts commences this evening. Like the rest of the Celtic squad he's intent on two more championship points.

David Moyes (22nd) and Jim Duffy (27th) are other Celts with April birth dates.



The bulk of Celtic fans demonstrated their loyalty to the club by their response to the leaflet appeal at last Saturday's game.

This asked for the cessation of offensive chants from a small section of the crowd who wear the club colours . . . but harm the club reputation with their behaviour.

Brief attempts by this section

to resume their songs and chants were quickly drowned by a volume of disapproving whistles that reinforced the leaflet message . . . stop NOW or stay away from Celtic Park.

Celtic chairman Desmond White was "Very happy" at the supporter response and added: "Having made a good start let's maintain it".



Celtic skipper Danny McGrain will not be in the side for the Sunday match with Partick Thistle. The ban also extends to the vital Scottish Cup semi-final with Dundee United at Hampden on April 11.

His replacement? Manager Billy McNeill is playing that close to his chest. "Let's get tonight's match over first. After that we'll take a decision".



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Rivals in Old Firm duels in the past . . . Danny McGrain and Alex MacDonald of Hearts are in opposition at Celtic Park tonight once again.

MATCH TEAMS

CELTIC (from)

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

HEARTS (from)

John BROUGH	Paul O'BRIEN
Stevie HAMILTON	Willie GIBSON
Peter SHIELDS	Gary LIDDELL
Colin MORE	Alex MacDONALD
Frank LIDDELL	Walter KIDD
Alex HAMILL	Pat McSHANE
	David BOWMAN

AND OFFICIALS

Referee
R. B. VALENTINE
(Dundee)

Linesmen
R. W. PATERSON
(Neilston)
G. SUMMERS
(Kilmarnock)

HALF-TIME SCOREBOARD

A	ABERDEEN v PARTICK THISTLE	
B	RANGERS v MORTON	
C	DUNDEE v RAI TH ROVERS	
D	DUNFERMLINE v CLYDEBANK	
E	E. STIRLING v STIRLING ALBION	
F	CLYDE v QUEEN OF THE SOUTH	
G	COWDENBEATH v FORFAR	
H	QUEENS PARK v MONTROSE	
I		
J		
K		
L		
M		
N		
O		

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



Another Celtic success. Goalkeeper Peter Latchford hands over to Tommy Burns the Matchman of the Month award for February. This is the second time the midfielder has taken the prize of the football magazine Match Weekly.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Celtic	30	22	3	5	71	31	47
Aberdeen	29	15	9	5	51	22	39
Dundee Utd	30	15	8	7	56	32	38
Rangers	29	12	10	7	48	29	34
St. Mirren	30	13	8	9	44	42	34
Airdrie	31	9	9	13	31	42	27
Partick Th.	30	9	9	12	25	37	27
Morton	30	4	7	20	20	62	15
Hearts	30	4	6	20	23	57	14

BELL'S

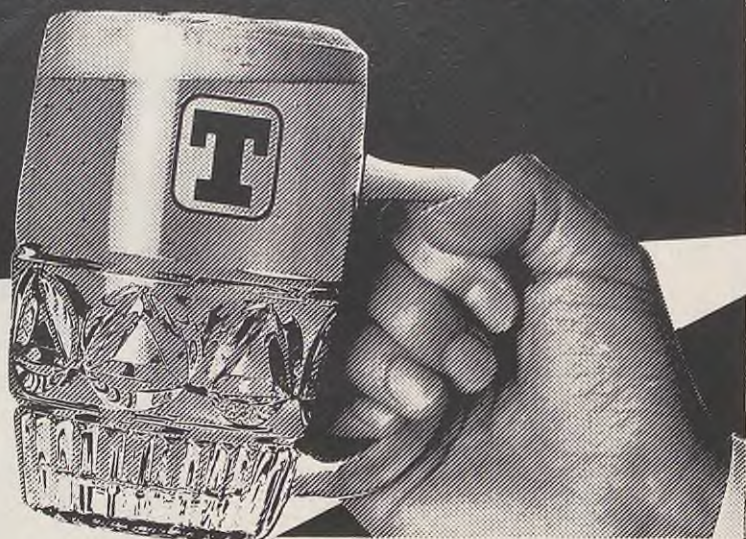
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BIONIC MAN

By JAMES BOWEN

There have been 18 footballers called Smith who have pulled on the England international jersey – from G.O. of Oxford University back in the 1890s to the better known Bobby of Spurs, and Tommy of Liverpool.

Yet the bravest Smith of them all doesn't have an England cap to show for all his football pains.

He's veteran Stoke City defender Denis Smith, who must qualify as the unluckiest footballer of all time.

When he fell in a recent Stoke reserve match and broke his arm, it was the *eighteenth* break of his professional career.

This strapping, blond six-footer, born in the Potteries, has played his entire career for Stoke City.

If the local pottery industry had suffered half as many breakages as big Denis, they'd have finished in the bankruptcy courts.

Arms, legs, nose. He's smashed them all in a tough-tackling career which has seen him to up well over 500 first-team appearances.

Down through the years, a dozen top strikers have given me the same answer to the question: "Who is the toughest defender you've played against?"

Unashamedly, they've plumped for Denis Smith.

Some players never recover completely from one broken leg. Not the big Stoke stopper!

His one-time manager, Tony Waddington, once told me: "If you sawed off both his legs, he'd still be willing to crawl out there and play for you on Saturday."

Not so long back, Smith introduced the bandana to English soccer. It wasn't done for style. It was merely to protect yet another head wound.

Alas, Smith is one of a dying breed. The type of player who has an inbuilt resentment of the treatment table; the type of guy who thinks he's taking money under false pretences if he has to sit out a match through injury.

One of the country's top referees, who has handled Smith in dozens of matches over the last decade, has told me:

"He's a right hard competitor, but never dirty. He's one of those players who isn't happy unless he's giving you 110 per cent effort."

Alas, football is one of those endless wars in which they don't dish out medals for bravery. If they did, Denis Smith's chest would glitter more brightly than General Patton's.

He hasn't had the best of breaks, if you'll pardon the painful pun.

But he has earned the title of Soccer's Bionic Man – and he's earned it the hard way. In plaster.

'TWO' MUCH OF A GOOD THING

By ROBERT WALKER

LET me make it very clear right from the start: I love football. I started watching League football at the age of four and only gave up playing a couple of years ago when my bath chair kept getting stuck in muddy pitches.

So I repeat, I love football. But I sometimes despair of some of the lunatic acts which harm the game.

Saturday 9th May will once again mark one of the worst acts of folly guaranteed to turn many people off football for life. I refer of course to the FA Cup Final.

Let's take a look at some of the ways in which this great event does such a terrible disservice to football.

Firstly there will be the annual wrangle over ticket allocation. It always seems to surprise some people associated with the game that many real fans are unable to get to see the English game's finest hour and a half — indeed will never see an FA Cup Final live during their lives. I am fortunate enough to have been to two Finals and there really is nothing like this wonderful occasion. Before you write asking me how I obtained my tickets, I should point out that the first time I went to Wembley for the Final was in 1954 and the second time was in 1966 — and I still remember every minute of both Finals. Among that familiar figure of 100,000 at this year's Final there will be many who haven't been to a single League match this year, some who have never seen a League game except on television.

There will also be the usual scandal of how the ticket touts, having parked their Rolls-Royces, still manage to turn up each year with handfuls of tickets and never get to see the game.

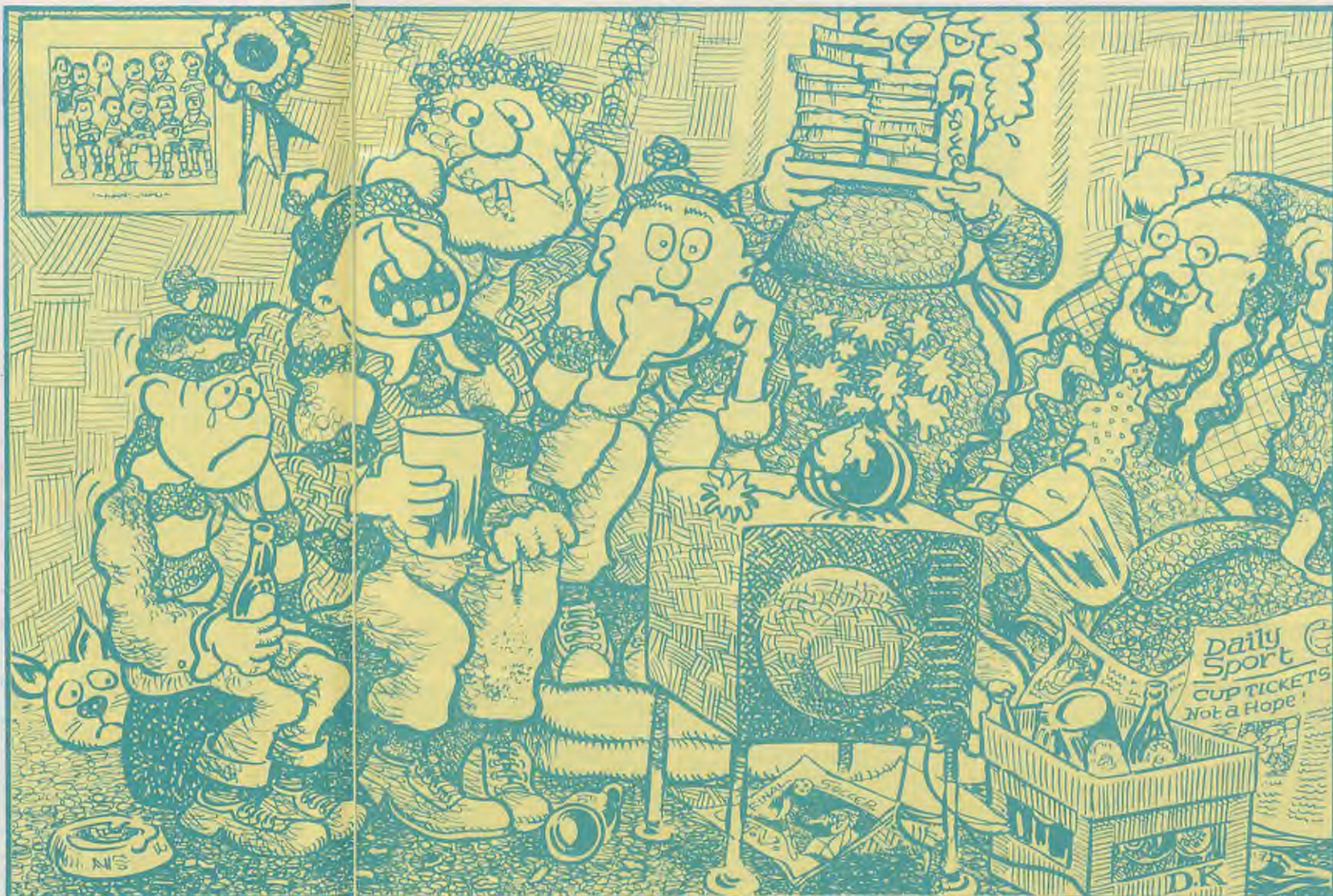
Although both these unfortunate blemishes on the game happen every

year without fail, little or nothing is ever done about them. No wonder many true fans drift away from their favourite game in disgust. But, although a black mark on the game, these are not the major disservices done to the game each time the Final comes round again.

TELEVISION OVERKILL

Media Overkill is, in my opinion, the real villain of every FA Cup Final. As a reporter for over 10 years, I do know what sells newspapers. But, honestly, we all know that whether your taste runs to the 'Sun' or 'Telegraph' we have about a fortnight of stories about players who we already know so much about that we could write the stories we will be expected to read. Almost all other football news will disappear as we are besotted in our daily paper by asinine stories about obscure players' mothers, wives, children, parrots, teeth and anything else the poor unfortunate player happens to mention to just about anyone.

Still we have not yet arrived at real Media Overkill. I call the worst example of this 'Two Much of a Good Thing'. I am referring to television, of course. This year, surprise, surprise, instead of the Final on both BBC and ITV all day Saturday, we will have a re-run on ITV on the Saturday evening and then can suffer all over again on BBC the following afternoon. Yes, I know that's different from last year. Instead of the excellent Brian Moore with the Sunday lunch, we can revel in the trendy titles — which I swear sometimes run longer than some of the matches shown — the same evening. There, doesn't that thrill you? Then the equally excellent Jimmy Hill will greet us at around tea-time on the



following day, no doubt assisted by one-time PE teacher Bob Wilson, who must be the classic parody of the Scottish example of someone who seems 'dour'.

Last year I looked outside the house while they were having half-time at the Final and noticed that half the men in the road were out cleaning their cars — perhaps the great Media Overkill had already got to them! The real problem, you see, is that there is no guarantee that the Final will be worth even one showing, let alone four. Another problem is that all too often real football supporters with a true allegiance to their team have little interest in two teams they see only a couple of times a year playing at their ground. Yes, I do appreciate that the FA Cup Final is a major event in the English sports calendar, but the thought of listening to John Motson's voice twice instead of just once is already depressing me. Certainly, I prefer Brian Moore — even though he is just as bad as his former

BBC colleagues in an inability to pronounce the name of Southampton star Mike Channon.

MOORE AND HILL

For the record, the BBC is already claiming they will win the audience battle as usual. The figures they have given me are 18 million for BBC and six million for ITV. And they will probably be right. But this does not detract from the fact that London Weekend Television, a channel not generally noted for any particular brilliance, does have the excellent Brian Moore. The trouble is that because of its nonsensical carving up of Saturday evening football, ITV football has no real identity, Mr. Moore being virtually unknown in some ITV regions.

Brian Moore was born 28th February 1932 and did his first radio football commentary at Fratton Park in 1963 when Portsmouth were playing Bolton Wanderers. He then

became a full-time reporter on the BBC radio programme 'Sports Report', but the BBC never really realised or used his expertise and in 1968 he joined London Weekend Television where he has been ever since.

For match analysis it would be hard to beat Jimmy Hill. I know he's opinionated, but I honestly believe that his enormous contribution to the game over many years has earned him the right to his opinions. Born in London's rather less than salubrious Balham on 22nd July 1928, Jimmy Hill's route to television was via Craven Cottage, where he performed for Fulham for several years with great enthusiasm, becoming in 1956 Chairman of the Professional Footballers' Association.

Turning to League Club management, he had great success with Coventry City, not only taking them from the Third to First Division but establishing a superb public relations set-up at the club and skilfully help-

ing the club to reach a position of financial stability which he continues to this day.

Eventually arriving as Head of Sport at London Weekend Television, where their football coverage had previously been a bad joke, he soon put things right and then moved over to the wider exposure of BBC-TV. He is still Chairman of Coventry City Football Club and does much to counterbalance the terrible public relations image the game has these days.

Overall, I think I'll choose the Gillingham FC Director, Brian Moore, again this year. Although BBC-TV have the excellent up and coming Alan Parry, sadly under-used by them at the moment, and of course Barry Davies. But whoever I do choose in the end I can assure you of one thing — I shall only be watching the FA Cup Final once. And live at that, because I for one can have 'too much of a good thing'.

Kevin Keegan's return to English Soccer with Southampton has been only moderately successful... so far.

A whole series of niggling injuries have kept the England skipper on the sidelines for much of a season that has seen Saints see-saw up and down and down and up in the First Division table.

But the Keegan return can have far-reaching effects in the future. For no star player has done more to appeal to the younger generation — the players and fans of the 1990s — than the little South Yorkshire man.

Keegan is no Goliath. He would never win a Mr Universe contest. Compact is probably the kindest word to describe his physique.

But among today's schoolchildren, he is a giant. Through a string of public appearances and intriguing television interviews, Keegan has come across as someone who may be a sporting super star — but also as someone who is real.

To all the small boys in England, who fear that a slight frame might finish a football career before it has even begun, K.K. has been a real inspiration.

KEEGAN KEEGAN KEEGAN

by ROBERT WALKER

"I didn't think I'd ever make it to the top," he has admitted. "When I went to Doncaster Boys' area team, they told me I was too small. I went away very disillusioned.

"I went to Coventry City for six weeks' special training. They told me I was too small. That's why whenever I go to Coventry I like to score a goal, because they turned me down."

"Tich" Keegan could well have packed the whole game in. But he is made of much sterner stuff, as fans of Scunthorpe, Liverpool, S.V. Hamburg, Southampton and England have

all discovered.

The son of a South Yorkshire miner, who rose to become not only captain of England, but Europe's Footballer of the Year, makes no bones about the secret of his success — hard work, and a very high standard of physical fitness.

"I wouldn't say I was a manufactured player, as some people have said. But I'm the nearest thing to it," he admits.

Keegan has proved conclusively that you don't have to be a boy wonder to reach the top in football.



Dedication. Fitness. Patience. Those are the characteristics which have helped him to the top of the tree.

Obviously, parental encouragement helps, too. Keegan got plenty of that at home in Doncaster from a father, now deceased, who was a huge influence on his small son.

But Keegan stresses that his dad didn't interfere during a match, charging up and down the touchline, snorting and bellowing like a demented bull.

On a recent TV interview, Keegan enthralled my ten-year-old son with his total naturalness.

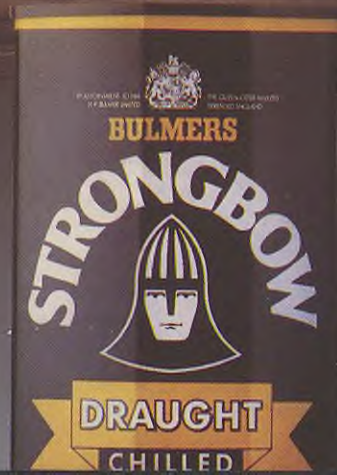
And the most telling point of all came when Keegan declared: "One of the biggest problems kids have today is their fathers, shouting instructions from the touchline.

"They should remember that kids must learn to stand on their own feet."

As we said at the start, Keegan's season has been one of fits and starts. Not one he'll remember.

But as an ambassador for the game in England, his return is already reaping rewards — and much further afield than my own ten-year-old.

STRONGBOW. THE PINT WITH AN EDGE.



The Children's Crusade was one of the uglier episodes of mediaeval history. All over Western Europe, ruthless men encouraged children to join together in a great group that would sail to the Holy Land. But once there, the infants were sold into slavery. Sometimes I think that modern sport, in its nasty way, partakes of much of the moral climate of the Children's Crusade: the swimmers and gymnasts forced into the mould of competition almost from infancy, the potential athletes in the Iron Curtain countries picked out and placed on the conveyor belt while still in the early years of school.

Nor, alas, has football proved immune to this sinister tendency. For years the scouts of professional football clubs have been concentrating their attention on younger and younger players, from whom pitifully few will eventually be chosen. Competition in schools – and out of it – is so intense and excessive, from an early age, that Ted Bates, the former Southampton manager, was once moved to remark to me, "They learn to win before they can play".

A Children's Crusade in Soccer

By BRIAN GLANVILLE



A World Youth Tournament was held a couple of years ago in the heat of Tunisia, and there is another to follow in this year in Australia, though I am thankful to see that the maximum age has now been raised to 20. FIFA are officially canvassing support for an Under-16 world championship, which seems to be an outrageous abuse of their trust, while, horror of horrors, this season has seen an international club tournament in Argentina for Under-14s!

The entry was an extremely, indeed an alarmingly, comprehensive one, including such teams as Internazionale of Milan (who won it with the help of a disguised 15-year-old), Real Madrid, and others from Bolivia (long unbeaten, till they lost the Final on penalties before a crowd of 80,000), Paraguay, Brazil, and of course Argentina.

80,000 spectators, for an Under-14 match played, to boot, in the very River Plate Stadium where the 1978 World Cup Final took place!

In Italy, the success of the young Inter players was greeted with delirium in the sporting press. Enormous headlines appeared on the front pages of the daily sports newspapers, together with massive pictures of the exulting youth. It was, indeed, a famous victory, but the true, the relevant, question is surely whether such a tournament should have taken place at all.

It is astonishingly ironic that in our highly evolved, automated society, when for perhaps the first time in history it is no longer necessary to send young children out to work, we seem so keen to deprive them of their childhood. Games, in case we have forgotten, were invented to be enjoyed. The competitive element in any sport inevitably militates against enjoyment, and professionalism took the process one stage further. But in childhood, what are games for except to give pleasure?

A famous old figure in European football once complained to me that today everything has to be a compet-

ition. And it is largely true. Where once we had friendly (or supposedly so) international matches, now, if it isn't the World Cup, it's the European Nations Cup, so that friendly internationals are now a tiresome irrelevance. We have a Football League Cup to run parallel with the FA Cup and the League. We have three European club competitions, of which only one has a solid basis in reality. And so, depressingly, it goes on.

I don't even like the idea of a national Under-14 competition among professional clubs. But at least it has two things to be said for it: it does not involve foreign travel, and it does not involve any danger of nationalism. But a tournament which whisks a group of young boys thousands of miles across the world, then plunges them into a seething ambience of nationalism, seems quite monstrous to me. What will it do to them? How will it condition them? In a sense, success could be even more dangerous than failure, for it can be a frightening drug. How can those thirteen-year-olds from Milan regard football, in the future, as merely a diversion? Precociously and insidiously, they have tasted success at an international level at an age at which most of their contemporaries are still collecting footballers' pictures and autographs. If they have not been spoiled then they are remarkable youngsters. And how many of them will fall by the wayside, as so many young footballing talents do?

Indeed, on the very page that the chief Italian sports daily published its headlines and its photograph, it also ran a leader speculating on why in Italy so many young players were thrown up yet so few trained to become real stars.

"Moreover," wrote FIFA's highly controversial President, Joao Havelange of Brazil, in a recent 'FIFA News', "we shall also try to find a solution to the realisation of a world tournament intended for the youth of 13 to 16 years of age." To which the only legitimate response must be, why? Why in the name of all that is rational, logical, even human? Why cannot FIFA, who should be looking after the youth of the game, just leave them alone to play it and enjoy it while they can? Why must they be drawn down that slippery slope where they will find gymnast girls whose physical development is deliberately stunted, child swimmers whose lives are spent on a watery treadmill, young athletes pumped full of drugs so that they can win for the State?

Who will stand up for children if FIFA won't, if national associations won't, if newspapers won't, if parents (so often the most alarmingly competitive, driving figures of all) won't? It's a dreadful prospect. But to recognise that it exists, that it is so horrifyingly and actually with us, may be one small step along the road to sanity.

THREE WAY STRAIN

By TIMOTHY COLLINGS

The strain of life at the top for teams chasing honours on more than one front showed in every line on Bobby Robson's face. He had just lived through part two of one of the most fascinating FA Cup ties of the season, watching his gifted team finally defeat plucky Nottingham Forest by the only goal of a fiercely competitive FA Cup 6th Round replay at Portman Road.

He explained the injury situation to reporters waiting for his view of the game. He gave a precis of what had gone on. He looked tired, tense, drawn, but not unhappy. His eyes moved about brightly. He seemed the man on the edge of a great threshold, not knowing what lay ahead.

Asked about his team's chances of winning the League and FA Cup double as well as the competitive UEFA Cup, Robson said: "Yes, I think we can. We have the players, the technique, the teamwork. So long as we don't get any injuries. So long as we can keep the legs moving."

Asked about strain, he grinned ironically and looked about him. He said there was no strain on the players, except the strain imposed by the media. He was surrounded, pinned back to the wall, radio, press and television all requiring his time.

It had been Ipswich's 49th competitive match of the season, their third important match in a week that could have shattered their hopes, just as Arsenal, in 1980, found their vaulting aspirations shattered by fatigue and injury.

The following Saturday, Ipswich met Tottenham Hotspur, won con-

vincingly 3-0, but at the high price of losing their captain and leader, England full back Mick Mills, with a dislocated shoulder.

Notwithstanding any replays, Ipswich faced a season's total of 66 competitive first team matches. As Robson pointed out at this press conference, April was to bring him and his team fixtures in a ridiculous hurly-burly that would test everyone's durability.

In short, the name of the game was strain, not football.

The loss of Mills meant he had been deprived of two top-class international right-backs, arguably the best two in the First Division. Tottenham had approached the match in a grim and determined mood, not wishing to be out-played. Their manager Keith Burkinshaw later defended their attitude, saying: "Football is a man's game and the prima-donnas should get up and get on with it."

It left Robson with yet another acute team selection problem before Ipswich met St. Etienne in their UEFA Cup 4th round second leg fixture.

Under all these depressing circumstances, as Ipswich triumphantly managed to find new reserves to sustain their winning run against all the odds, one must ask where it will all end. To play more than 60 competitive matches in a season is bad enough. To play two each week — when each game is of enormous importance — for seven or eight weeks during late March and April is ridiculous.

On top of this absurdly crowded

list, Ipswich are also expected to release the majority of their squad for international duties with Holland, England, Scotland. Not in friendlies either, but in World Cup qualifying fixtures. As if to cap it all, the league computer provided them with their annual local derby 'battle' with Norwich on Easter Monday, just 48 hours before the second leg of their UEFA Cup semi-final. Norwich is sure to fight every inch of the way.

Madness? Arsenal suffered it and won nothing, not even a place in Europe for 1980-81. Forest, Ipswich's victims in the FA Cup, greedy for competition, flew to Tokyo to play Nacional of Montivideo in the World Club Championship in a season which may leave them with nothing but jet lag.

Germany and Italy flew to Uruguay for a bruising Copa de Oro in the sunshine. In the middle of January! Surely no-one believes the Europeans take any notice of a half-baked one-off contest played mid-season in another hemisphere? More madness, surely. And Artemio Franchi of Italy announced that he wanted to run a similar competition in Italy in 1984... the year of the next European Championships.

Perhaps, when the season is over and Bobby Robson has time to rest — at Ipswich they cannot believe how he keeps himself going — he may realise the madness of it all. But it will not alter the strain he would face at the top if he became the next England manager in succession to Ron Greenwood, who snapped uncharacteristically under the strain of the 1980 European Championships in Italy.

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PARTNERS

Brian Clough and Peter Taylor

BY KEN MONTGOMERY OF THE SUNDAY MIRROR

Clough and Taylor – two names that roll from the tongue as easily as Morecambe and Wise, Starsky and Hutch or Laurel and Hardy, have promised us a new-look Nottingham Forest.

Football's most successful managerial duo of the 1970s are staying at Forest, and Taylor has promised:

"Brian and myself know we must produce a team capable of playing fresh football which attacks the future."

Swashbuckling stuff!

But when Taylor and Clough say things, they normally mean it – and do it!

The pair produced an exciting Derby County side that swept to the First Division Championship.

They re-moulded and re-modelled Forest, taking them from Division Two to the pinnacle of Europe.

A championship, two European Cup crowns, and two League Cup successes have made Forest world famous.

And now the pair who made it all

possible have scotched rumours that they were ready to ride off into a new future, possibly in America.

They have said quite firmly that they are staying at the Forest helm, and are ready to produce a new side which will not only be their best ever – but also their youngest.

Already, they have taken the wraps off a whole string of promising youngsters, including Colin Walsh, Bryn Gunn, Garry Mills and Stuart Gray.

But the man the whole team will be built around is the rejuvenated Trevor Francis.

He has recovered brilliantly from a tendon injury that looked like ending his career. So successful has his comeback been that Clough now rates him "One of the true world-class strikers around."

Clough and Taylor were bitterly criticised for playing an Inter-Continental Cup match in Tokyo in the midweek before the FA Cup Fifth Round. They got away with it.

They were also pilloried for get-

ting rid of Archie Gemmill, their midfield motivator, to Birmingham

Clough has admitted that was a mistake. The man who served him so well at Derby and at Forest has proved with Birmingham and Scotland since that he was far from over the hill when Forest released him.

But looking back on their partnership, Clough and Taylor haven't made many mistakes.

Theirs is an unusual pairing. They are in many ways complete opposites – one small and nippy, the other tall, grey and much slower-moving.

One a former goalscorer extraordinary. The other merely an average goalkeeper.

But how they have complemented each other over the years in management!

Taylor finds the players. Clough motivates them in his own, individual way.

"We are starting all over again," promises Taylor.

The results will make interesting watching.

DIAL M FOR MANAGER

RAY BRADLEY of the SUNDAY EXPRESS

It had been a tough week for stories. So I decided to dial my favourite manager on the hot line, Sammy Dry is not an easy man to track down, but I got him at the fifth attempt - in his office.

You know the one. The bunker with the 20-inch concrete walls that was recently built on top of the new East Stand overlooking the canal.

It is sound-proofed and has no windows. Some say it has padded walls and he usually spends eight hours a day in there watching video recordings of their win over Liverpool back in the seventies. The players refer to it as Fort Knox.

"Hello, Sammy. How's things," I started for openers. "Who's that? Sammy is not here at the moment. He is in Belgrade." replied the voice.

"Come off it, Sammy. I'd recognise that Irish/Cockney/Italian accent anywhere. It's R.B. here."

"Oh, it's Ray Bradbury, the science fiction writer. I'm very annoyed with you about that story of us trying to sign Maradona. The chairman has been on my back all week."

Hesitantly, I hit back. "It was true, wasn't it? I mean you were seen in Argentina talking to him."

"Who says so."

"Cesar Menotti!"

"Oh...er... well that's different. Anyway we are not interested any more. He doesn't have enough work rate for us. Besides he's only got one foot."

"But they reckon he can open a can of peas with that left peg."

"Yes, but what I need now is a left-sided defender, not a Fancy Dan."

"Well, what about Archie Stein? I hear you were up in Scotland last week watching him."

"That's not true. I was in Belgrade."

"Did you see anybody you might consider signing?"

"No, I just went over there for a short break. There's been a lot of pressure on me lately, I'm worn out. But there were three other First Division Managers out there."

"Who?"

"How do I know. They were all wearing tinted sunglasses and wearing Mexican moustaches. But one of them made a £1 million offer for Bloggovic. He is some player, and he's only 31."

"That's a bit old, isn't it, for the First Division?"

"Well, it's all about attitude, Ray. This guy can play. He looks like Kojak and he's just as mean. (Pause)

Hang on a second, I think there's somebody listening at the door. I'll just check."

Three minutes elapse. "It's alright. Nobody there. But you have to be careful. I caught the secretary looking through the keyhole the other day."

"How come?"

"I just happened to be looking through the hole on my side."

"An eyeball to eyeball confrontation, eh?"

"Cut the cute cracks. I only found out the other day she can lip read. You can't be sure of anyone these days".

"Look, Sammy. This is no time

for jokes. I have a deadline to keep."

"Well, ring somebody else. Hang on a minute, I think this phone is tapped."

Another three minutes elapse. "I've found it. The clever devils. Well, I'm going to have this phone changed again."

"Well, as I said, there is not much happening here at the moment. We've put young Smith on the transfer list and we have sacked our chief scout, but I'll be available at home if there is anything urgent."

"Sammy, can I get you on the usual number?"

"No, I have changed that one. I've been getting these strange calls lately".

"Hey, Sammy, that sounds like a good story. An anonymous caller ringing you on an ex-directory phone you only had installed last week. It must be someone you know."

"Don't be funny, pal. I know a lot of guys want this job, but they wouldn't go that far".

"Thanks, Sammy. I think I've got enough to be going on with at the moment. Should fill the front and back page."

"Hey, you... You're not going to use any of that, are you? I mean you know that was strictly off the record. Hang on a minute. Now we've been friends for a long time. I might as well admit it, it must come out later. I have just been given the sack."

"I'm really sorry to hear that, Sammy. What are you doing in the office at the moment?"

"I'm still watching the video. You know that was a terrific goal we scored to beat Liverpool in the Cup. Who would have thought they were going to play Kenny Dalglish in goal and Ray Clemence up front."

"We really got our tactics right that day. Mind you, Clemence nearly scored in the last minute. But the ref spotted that hand ball. Good ref, that Kirkpatrick. Must have eyes in the back of his head. Tried to get him on security here, but the chairman wouldn't wear it."

"Cheers, Sammy. Nice talking to you."

"You can get me next week on 499 - that gets through to the control desk and the secretary there will tell you my new number. By the way, how about giving me a plug this week for the Wigan job...?"



Who me! - Never! on my trainers life!

THE club's player-coach was limping as he came into the hospitality room after a hard Fourth Division game. He rolled up his trouser leg and showed me an ugly cut on his leg. This, he pointed out, was one reason why he wanted to give up playing and eventually to become manager of a Football League club. Within a month, that player-coach was CROSSING THE TOUCHLINE and on 23rd December 1980 became Manager at the Fourth Division club.

In case you haven't yet worked out who I am talking about, perhaps I should give you a few more clues.

Born in Stratford in London's East End on 9th April 1946, this defender became a schoolboy-signing for his local club West Ham United. Then he joined the Orient ground staff and turned professional with the Brisbane Road club, playing his first League games, 33 of them, in the 1964-65 season.

March 1966 saw a move to Southampton where he played 75 League games before moving again, this time back to London, in February 1968. At Chelsea he picked up the first of his honours in the 1969-70 replayed FA Cup final with Leeds United at Old Trafford, and even scored a goal in the 2-1 extra time win.

There was a League Cup Winners' medal in the 1971-72 season, and a European Cup Winners' Cup success in 1971. A fee of £90,000 took our friend to Queens Park Rangers in June 1974.

David Webb — for this is the player you will have identified long before now — is, at 35, a madman. Of course, he has realised that his playing career in the League can't go on that much longer, but that doesn't explain why an apparently sane, likeable young man should actually want to take the lunatic path across that great divide — the touchline — and shed his track suit in favour of pinstripe. Surely a straight-jacked would be more appropriate?

I spent a considerable time talking to the ever-affable 'Webby' in the Bournemouth hospitality room, but I can't honestly say I came much closer to understanding what it is that has made him and many of his colleagues in management actually want to take this precarious path.

No, I haven't forgotten that scar on Webb's leg, a sign, he assured me,

that 'I'm slowing up'. 'That's why I get hit', he said, his accent betraying his London origins, but his appearance — the smart grey suit, tie and sober shoes — presenting the image of a manager. He used to sport a fierce black beard and crew cut, reminding one of a cross between a boyver boy and a swashbuckling pirate.

As I happen to know how 'Webby' came to take over the reins at Dean Court, his appointment came as no surprise to me. Coaching at Derby County, he made a good impression at the Baseball Ground and was brought south to complete his 'grooming' before assuming control from Alec Stock, then, at 64, the League's oldest manager.

Although David Webb explained to me that he couldn't cope with all the various jobs he was trying to do as Bournemouth's player-coach — obviously coaching, playing, scouting and learning administration — I can't help feeling that the course he has chosen is probably the loneliest of them all.

AND OTHER MADMEN

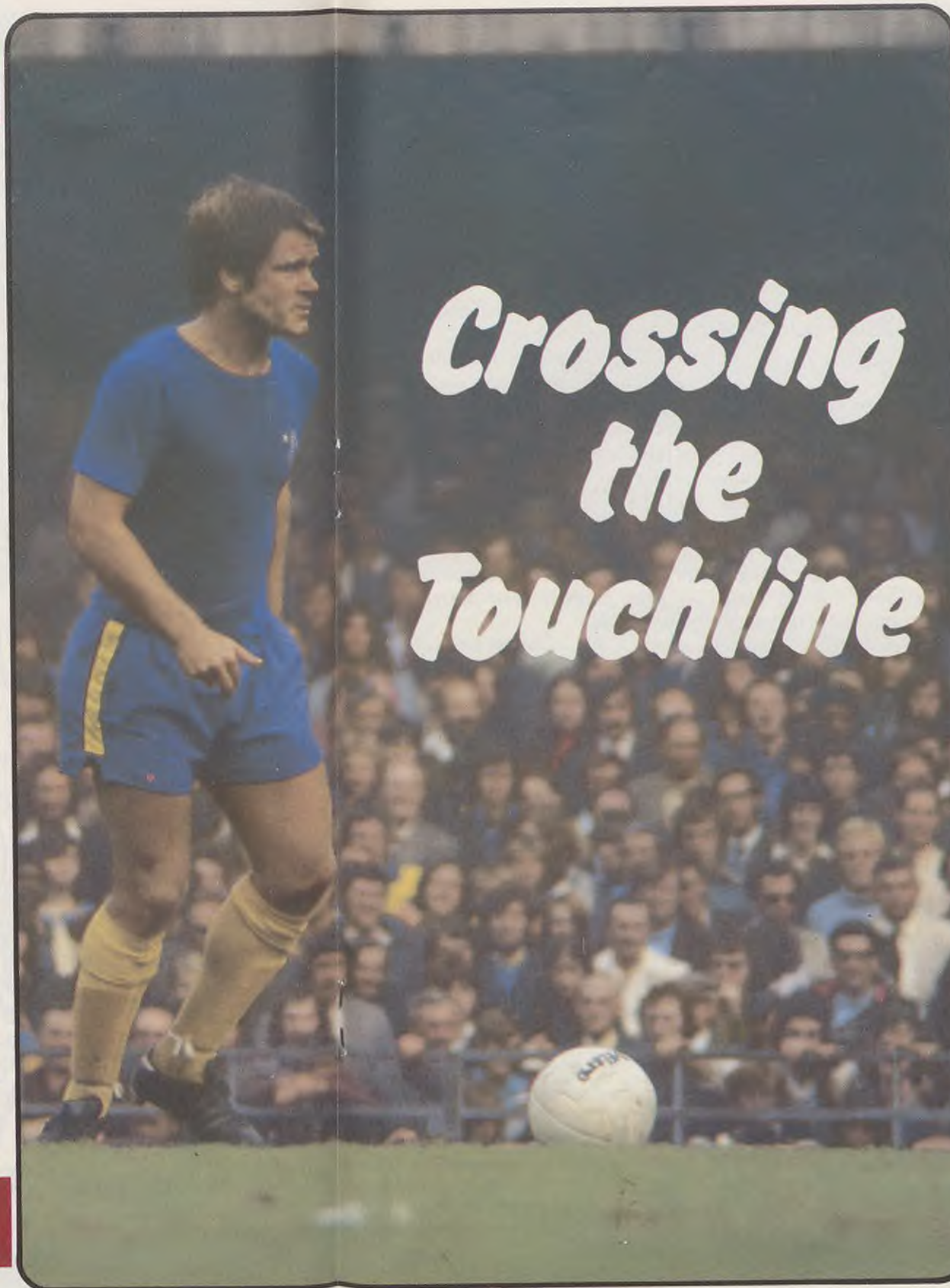
Of course, David Webb is not alone in the list of madmen who have made that perilous trip over the touchline to become managers of clubs for whom they were or are players.

Probably the most famous, Arsenal's Terry Neill, has no doubt become a more staid person since those far off days when as a player he would arrive in the early hours of a Sunday morning in the depths of Broadcasting House to chat with his friend Pete Murray as the veteran BBC disc-jockey presented the lamented 'Pete's Party'.

Among the newer boys is Norman 'Bites Yer Legs' Hunter, now in charge at Barnsley. Hunter took over the top spot at Oakwell when Allan Clarke went back to Leeds United to cross the Elland Road touchline.

There are other former Leeds United stars currently seeing life from the other side of the boss's desk — Terry Cooper at Bristol Rovers and Billy Bremner at Doncaster Rovers spring to mind.

Other favourite sons have also gone 'home' to change roles, but it took Alan Ball 14 years, after



Crossing the Touchline

leaving Blackpool as a mere player in 1966, to return as Manager in 1980-81. Crewe Alexandra Manager Tony Waddington played at Gresty Road until 1951 and spent many years at Stoke City before being lured back down the road to Crewe in June 1979 — a 28 year journey!

Some players manage to cross the touchline without moving very far. Terry Venables recently returned to Loftus Road, scene of many of his playing triumphs with Queens Park Rangers, and 'Venner' has never yet had to leave his beloved London. A player with Chelsea, Spurs and QPR before successful management baptism at Crystal Palace, he is already putting his former club back on the right lines again.

David Pleat returned to Luton Town, one of his five League clubs, to coach, and then found himself slipping naturally into the manager-ship in January 1978. He has worked wonders at Kenilworth Road despite very limited resources.

The lure of the valleys seems as strong as ever. John Toshack is back with Swansea. Arfon Griffiths was only briefly absent from Wrexham. After 14 years on the playing staff at Cardiff City, then coaching at the club, Richie Morgan became the Manager of his home town team in December 1978.

Although Peter Anderson eventually became player-manager of Millwall last December following a playing career with Luton Town, Sheffield United and Tampa Bay Rowdies in Florida he had previously almost signed as a player with Millwall and also almost became the club's coach at one time.

There are many more examples, but perhaps I should end on a high note. There is surely nobody more sane than Liverpool manager, the delightful Durhamite, Bob Paisley. A Liverpool player from 1939 to 1954, he had to wait. He put in stints as trainer and assistant-manager to Bill Shankly until July 1974 (twenty glorious years) before assuming the role of Liverpool boss. So perhaps insanity is not after all one of the requirements of those certifiable men who decide to cross the touchline. Somehow, though, I think Bob Paisley might agree that, like the slogan says, 'You don't have to be mad to work here — but it helps.'

by GRAHAM SPIERS

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Shaw

by KEN MONTGOMERY of the SUNDAY MIRROR

GARY Shaw's ambition was to be a sports journalist. So far, it is an ambition that remains unfulfilled.

That has been a blessing in disguise, not just for Aston Villa but for England.

For Gary Shaw is without doubt the most exciting young striker to emerge on the English Soccer scene for years.

It is only a matter of time till Ron Greenwood gives Villa's blond, bright and potentially-brilliant starlet his first England cap.

The cry is growing louder: "We don't produce stars any more. Too many robots. Not enough characters. No one with any charisma."

In Gary Shaw, Villa have discovered a genuine diamond.

He has flitted in and out of the Villa side since he was seventeen. But this season, Shaw has come to stay.

Since the opening day of the campaign, he has been scoring goals with a regularity that has kept Villa to the fore in a fascinating fight for the Championship.

Instead of writing Villa's success story, Shaw has been helping to

create it.

Yet this young man with the gift of getting into scoring positions — and then doing the business when it matters — admits that he is still only learning his trade.

"I've missed a lot of chances this season. Some have hit the post, some have slipped just wide when really I should have scored.

"But now, I feel as if defenders are treating me as an equal. They are showing me respect. I now feel I'm one of them — a regular First Division professional. It's a nice feeling," says Shaw, whose headlines will grow bigger in the coming years, but whose head, I'm sure, will remain the same size.

Queen's Park Rangers, Birmingham and West Bromwich Albion were all keen to have him for trials as a schoolboy.

But Gary Shaw wasn't interested. "You could say I'm Villa through and through.

"My dad, Maurice, has been a Villa fan all his life.

"He started taking me to Villa Park when I was four or five — in the season when Villa were relegated

from the First Division.

"We followed them through thick and thin, right down to Division Three and back again. And I used to love it on the terraces. That's the place to be — the atmosphere there is tremendous."

Even now, this vivacious, vibrant young man says: "My dad sits in a complimentary seat in the stands, but somehow he still thinks of it as grovelling. After paying his way for 30 years, he still hankers to be back on the terraces.

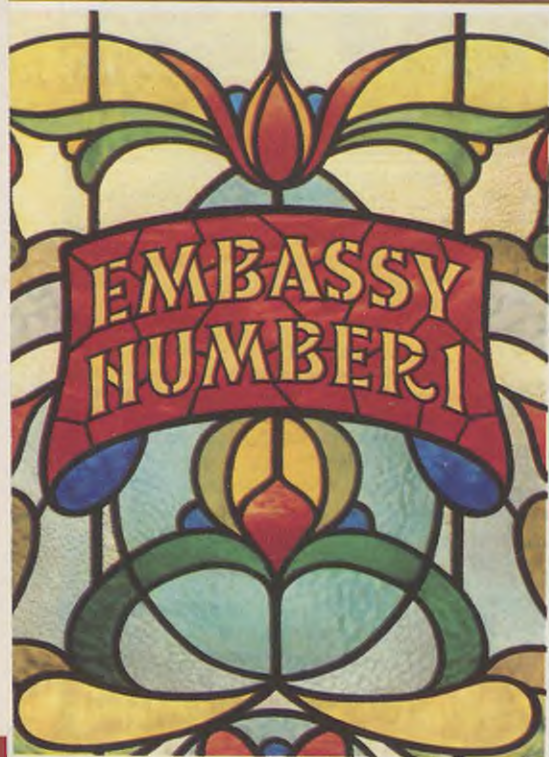
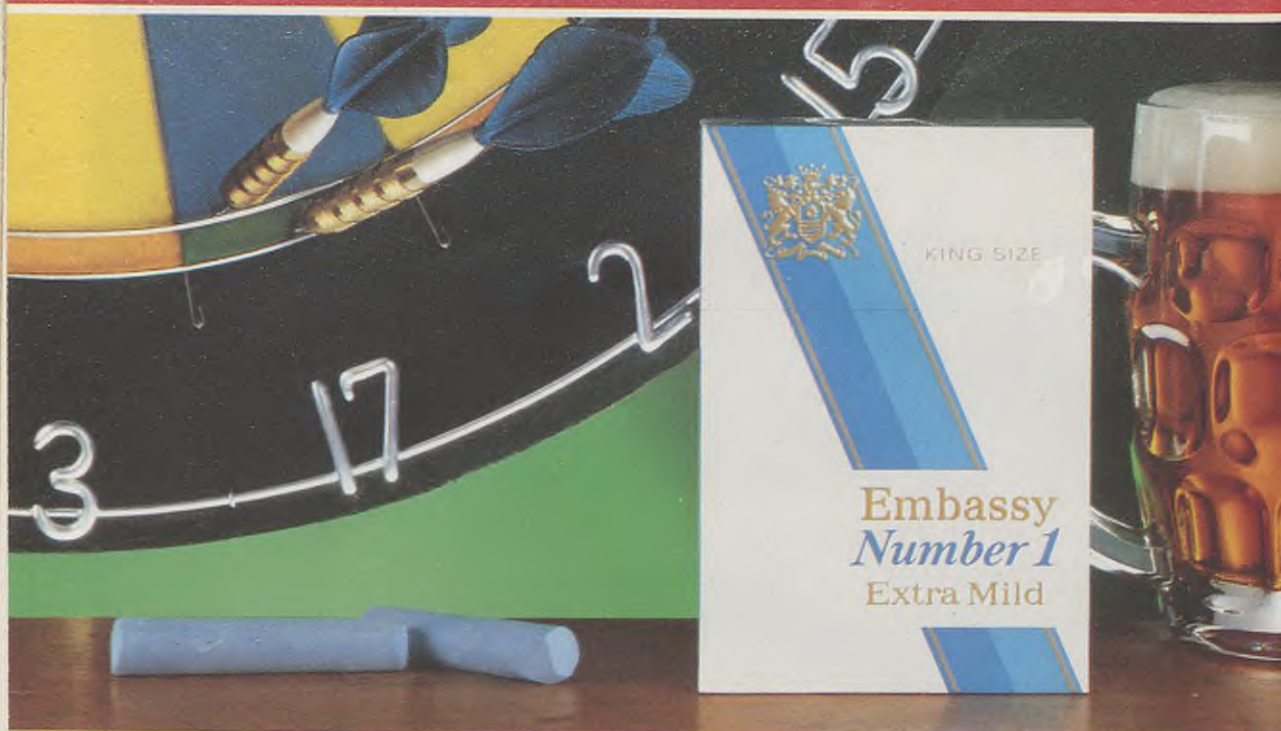
"I don't blame him. I often fancy that myself."

Fan mail is pouring in for Gary Shaw. Praise is being heaped on him not just from Villa fans, and his team-mates.

Other managers and other players are saying all the right things about him... about his ability and his attitude.

If and when he does take his seat in the Press boxes up and down the country, Gary Shaw will be pleasant company. But he has a lot of headlines to make before he starts filing his copy.

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The theory was that sometime in the next ten years you'd be able to drive across southern England without going through London.

Say you were driving a heavy lorry from Dover to Liverpool today. What do you find? A pretty good A2/M2 combination of main road and (mostly) two-lane motorway leads you to the outskirts of London. Then you get sucked into the London mire. Not right in, granted. But grunting 30 tons round the North Circular Road in the rush hour is no recipe for the fast and economical transport of goods.

OK, so you aim to hit London at night. Have you seen the state of the M1? It's more like a fifties A-road: 24 hours of obstructions.

Let's assume you've grumbled the truck through miles of road works, wondering what the hell all these people are doing up at this hour. It should be plain trucking now, right?

Wrong. Latest reports indicate that the infamous Spaghetti Junction, the giant Birmingham motorway that links the M5 to the M6, is literally cracking up. Ministry of Transport men say there's no danger, but they have already admitted that serious and prolonged repairs to this jumble of flyovers, crossovers and 'Oh God I've missed the bloody turn off again' will be necessary much sooner than they expected.

So our trucking hero lumbers up the M6. Beyond Warrington's Vodka factories, he can sigh with relief and truck into the Liverpool area, either via two motorway spurs or the A580 into Kirkby.

Much of your time, then, is wasted on road works and skirting London. What's being done about it?

First, the good news. The southern two-lane section of the M1 is to receive an additional lane. Serious work starts in February 1982, and it is a condition of the contract that very little interference is made with traffic flow. It will take an estimated 3 years to complete.

Now the bad news. The M1 was meant to mate up with the full M25 London orbital motorway. This super-ring road was to re-route traffic roughly 25 miles out of the centre of the capital and give our truck-driving friend - and millions more of us - a break from fighting each other around the North Circular, which is an assortment of dual carriageways and high streets that were never intended to feel the brunt of today's traffic.

But the M25 has been seriously delayed. Forever? Surely not? But owing partly to local government spending cuts and partly to local protests, it is difficult to say when it will be finished. It's a tragedy for the motorist, and for the many

WHAT WILL THEY DIG UP NEXT?



One of the new motorways,
The M8 St. Georges Cross interchange in Glasgow.

families who gave up their homes on the proposed M23 London-south coast motorway under compulsory purchase only to find that the motorway is not coming through the living room after all!

Some bits of the M25 are finished. The Department of Transport say 50%, but this is hard to believe. An M26 spur from the Folkestone-bound M20 to the Sevenoaks-Reigate section of the M25 was opened in November 1980. That short burst drops you straight back into the very slow planned path of orbit via Leatherhead and up past London Airport (construction began in 1980 with an original finishing schedule of 1983 for the airport motorway spur). The orbital was planned to go up via Watford to meet with the M1. Here some short link sections have been finished.

There are some short links in evidence around the foot of the A1 (scheduled for completion to Enfield

this summer), but otherwise you have to trudge right into Essex and dive under the river for further evidence that the M25 was anything but a delusion suffered by Department of Transport officials! The ancient monument which will be part of the completed M25 is commonly known as the Dartford Tunnel. Motorway leading south is also in place (motor racing fans may use some of the links around the M2 when going to Brands Hatch). *Autocar* reported late last year that the Essex-based sections from Brentwood to Grays were subject to "extensive delay by individual agitators; started 1980, completion 1983."

All the motorist sees from high street to motorway is a lot of digging. All the government bureaucrats see is environmentalists and objectors. All our truck drivers see is waste and inefficiency - houses cleared for a motorway network that may not be complete until the 21st century.

Motoring with Jeremy Walton

Great to have had Jeff Beck back in the country, playing live after far too long a break. Let's hope he's back again soon. Other recent visitors included Gamma, the new band fronted by legendary guitarist and former employer of Sammy Hager, Ronnie Montrose. The band are currently hard at work in America preparing their third album.

Russ Ballard has just released his first album for five years. It's called "Barnet Dogs". I know what the title refers to, but I wouldn't dare repeat the malicious story. The young ladies of that north London borough might take great exception. Anyway, Mr. Ballard is currently reflecting on his huge success of recent months. In the last two years he has not had a record outside the top 100 on either side of the Atlantic. Recent hits include Hot Chocolate and Rainbow's "I Surrender".

Mike Batt is doing well on his two-year boating trip round the world. He and his family are currently sunning themselves in the Caribbean. Tough life.

The next Joe Walsh album is to be called "What's A Guy Like Me Doing in A Place Like This?" The Vapors second album is called "Magnets" - out soon.

RCA are supporting their launch of the videodisc with a campaign costing a cool 20 million dollars.

The late, legendary Otis Reddings' children have formed a group and, along with their cousin, call themselves The Reddings (surprised you, didn't it?). They may be touring here sometime in '81.

Latest Scottish export, the Altered Images, have two schoolchildren among their line-up of five. Their debut single is called "Dead Pop Stars". Incidentally, they were "discovered" by Siouxsie.

Warren Zevon expected to be touring the UK sometime this summer.

Top steeplechase jockey Jonjo O'Neill has entered the world of music by recording his favourite Irish ditty "Still I Love Her". Don't hold your breath.

John Lennon's estate is said to be earning approximately £100,000 a week in record royalties.

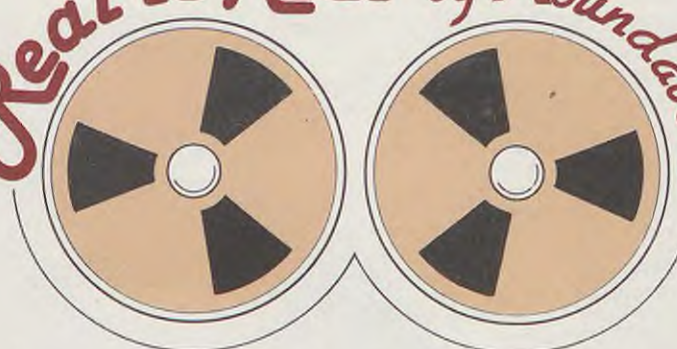
Phoebe Snow is all set to release her first album on her new record label, Mirage Records.

Whatever happened to Lene Lovich? And another one bites the dust: Criminal Records are currently in liquidation, facing debts of £32,000.

Christopher Cross must be wondering what he's done right. After spending fifteen years couped up in Texan bars eeking out a living as incidental entertainer, he's suddenly scooped the Grammy awards, sold millions of records and, well, put it this way, he could probably afford to buy those bars he used to haunt.

Talking of sudden wealth, Joe Dolce is apparently putting the final

Real to Reel by Roundabout



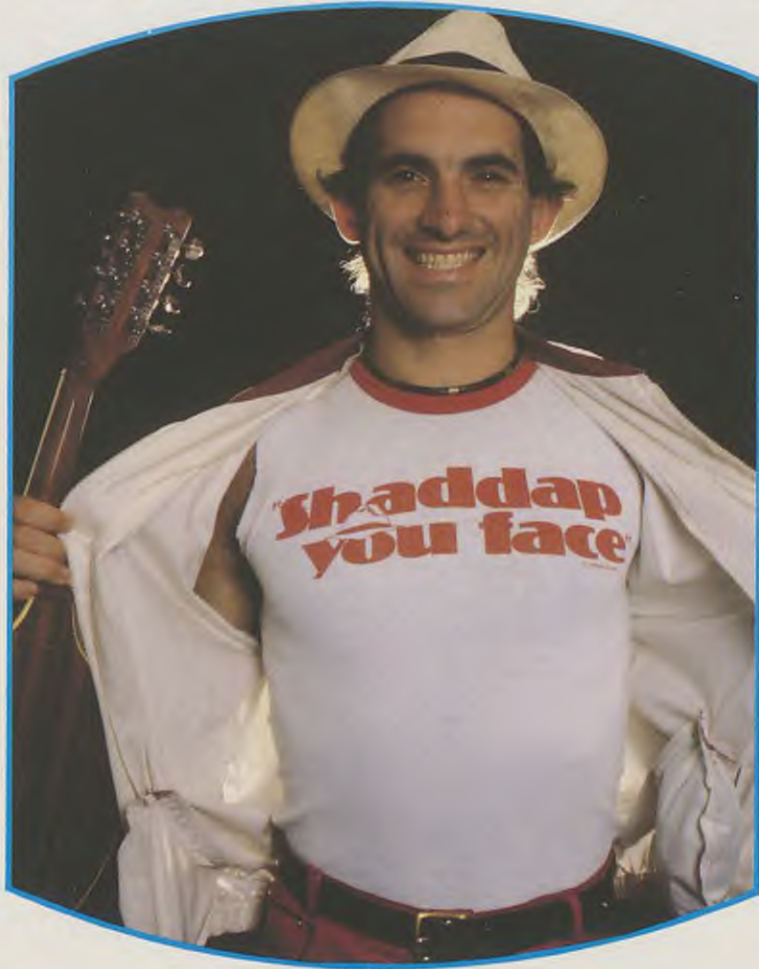
touches to an album. If you're shuddering at the thought of "Shaddap You Face" for forty minutes, relax. If you're shuddering at the thought of forty minutes of Joe Dolce singing "serious songs", start shivering.

Avid antique collector Barbara Dickson has started specialising. She's turned her attention to antique pianos.

Activity is hotting up in the Meatloaf camp. Our slender star is putting

the final touches to his long awaited second album, "Rock 'n' Roll Dreams Come Through". Meanwhile his partner in the project, Jim Steinman has an album ready for the shops. It's called "Bad For Good".

To finish off, sometime Meatloaf female vocalist Karla Devitto has her debut solo album out in the summer. And with that flourish of activity, I leave you to figure out whose will be the most successful.



SNOKERED BY FAME

Terry Griffiths drove through Llanelli's narrow streets, vaguely aware of fingers pointing and heads turning in his direction.

"That must be good for them," came a voice from the back seat, "seeing a world champion."

Griffiths turned to face his nine-year-old son Wayne: "What do you mean, boy?"

"Well," said the lad, "you're only Dad to me. But if I saw a world

champion, I'd tell all my mates. It'd be great."

Griffiths was then snooker champion of the world. A week later, he lost the title. Yet if anything crystallised the meaning of overnight fame, it was young Wayne's observation.

The championship year had transformed his dad's life. Terry Griffiths the family man struggling to earn a living became, through countless hours of TV exposure, a celebrity; the 66-1 outsider who became No. 1. Within a year, he had pocketed the first £100,000, moved to a new detached house, and found it no longer a necessity for his wife to work in a car factory.

It filled him with rewards, with recognition, and with demands. It divorced him from the slog of shifting careers down the pit, delivering letters and selling insurance. Fine, but fame also disrupted his life and his game. Suddenly, instead of being able to balance a professional sportsman's life on the road with family life and enduring friendships, he was booked to appear virtually every night all over the British Isles.

The driving sapped his energy and

concentration. He was at the exhibition table every day, which in theory was useful practice but in reality meant that he could not, as before, close the door and work at the table to iron out flaws in his game.

He was seeing less and less of his wife and young sons, more of the open road and speedometer and the darkened rooms with the spotlight on him. He needed, as champion, to shut himself away, to work up that hunger for his title. A teetotaler, he rarely mixed socially with his competitors. He thrives on pressure, but he lost a stone in weight during the championship "and these new TV lights aren't even hot, man."

He wasn't sleeping well. "The only time I relaxed was when I played," he says. "In between, I was terrible." One look at his finger nails, bitten down to the quick, and at the endless cigarettes tell you what is going on between breaks: "It's concentration," he says, "concentration is everything in still-ball games."

LIFE'S CRUCIBLE

Griffiths was 32 when he attempted to regain the championship in Sheffield last year. The venue was appropriately the Crucible theatre, and Griffiths, unable to summon up the same peaks of concentration or willpower, was put out by young Steve Davis.

Like all champions, Terry Griffiths hates to lose. But deep down he had known he had become too much in demand to consider taking a holiday. His schoolfriend, the rugby player Phil Bennett had advised him he would never be able to give all that the people would demand of him; Bill Shankly, who built the team he follows, told him: "Son, never change at all. Never change the way you play. That's the secret of Liverpool, if you hit a

winning streak, it'll go away."

Good advice to an already sensible man who admits: "I always wanted to be champion, but I never cared for what goes with it." As we began, the message is felt deepest back home in Wales, where Griffiths became a snooker addict at 14.

SECURITY

There is his new home, surrounded by the security most of us would buy

with the riches of fame, he has a snooker room of course. "Well" he explains, "I had it built because I don't go down the Conservative Club anymore. After the championship, I tried to go down to practice, but they'd be laughing: 'Look, the world champ's put his name down'..

"I couldn't go back there. It's not their fault. They think I've changed, but really it's them. I used to go through the lounge to the snooker room three times a day and nobody as much as said 'hello'. Now everyone wants to stop and chat and if I have to excuse myself to go through and train there's people that never spoke to me in their lives making cracks like: 'Oh, he's too grand to bother with us now!'"

It's a strange, disturbing side of success we rarely consider. The man who prefers to live within the roots of a community that he grew up in, and the community which alienates him because he turned out to be a champion. The money, the recognition and the feeling of being a winner are all very nice; but there is a price for everything.

by ROB HUGHES of the Sunday Times



by Eric Nicholls

THE yellow and red cards have been stacked away in football's bottom drawer. It's back to the little notebook and - we hope - a little commonsense.

Referees have the opportunity to prove they can control a game without being dictated to by little bits of coloured paper and - again we hope - without one single thought for those strange people who sit up there in the stand scribbling notes on the performance of the man with the whistle.

When the Football Association made their decision, referees were said to be a little unhappy about it. But then they've never been terribly good concerning that unwritten Law 18.

I have an idea for them. If they are really upset about a change that should make their job easier as well as improving their relations with managers, coaches and players, why don't they emigrate to Columbia?

Why Columbia? Well, two Spanish gentlemen who happen to referee in that country claim that football there is corrupt and that it is not unusual for a referee to carry a pistol to protect himself against supporters of the losing team.

Messrs Donato pes Perez and Manual Fandos are the referees, and they say: "The football in Columbia is corrupt and this comes from the managers who are under the control of a drugs mafia. The conduct of some supporters can only be described as terrorism. Supporters think nothing of being saboteurs if their team is in trouble. They throw two or three footballs onto the field so that the players and the ref have to sort out which one they are supposed to be playing with."

How nice! And how different from a little squabble over, "to card or not to card," a minor offence.

Laugh as much as you like about those random dope checks on players that could catch Mr Bloggs trying out the wrong stimulant. If you are an amateur, or "shamateur" as they used to be called, don't go to Holland to play football. The Dutch FA include amateur football in their random tests.

What is a winter break - or winter stop as it is called on the Continent? And how can you be sure of choosing the best time to give football a brief miss? That's one of the main reasons why we have never joined the winter break brigade in Britain.

Who knows when the snow and ice are due?

But 18 West German clubs have taken the matter a little further. They are proposing that the Bundesliga introduce a winter stop of THREE MONTHS!

That sounds a bit like back tracking to that little argument whether football should be a winter or a summer game. If that's what the Germans are thinking of they should remember that even summer can qualify for a "winter stop". Maybe they should pop over here and ask the MCC for advice.

It goes without saying that if you are British you simply love the French. Two Argentinian footballers have joined us on that front. Because the French income-tax people have dreamed up a new idea.

Cesar Laraigne and Martinez have been playing for Rouaan. But, according to the taxman there was a little matter of taxes due. So what did they do? They pinched the new West German cars the players had and these are in the taxman's "safe keeping" in Le Havre. Oh well, it would have been quite a long drive back to Argentina!

The West German athletics team have refused to take part in an international track and field meeting with Russia on June 21 and 22. Although nobody is saying as much in public, the general opinion in West Germany is that this is a kind of mini boycott.

Margaret Thatcher will be pleased. Indeed, terribly excited, because the Germans are planning instead to spend that weekend in London to make up a three-country international athletics meeting with Great Britain and Poland.

1982 may be some way ahead in football terms. But one thought for you. Don't dismiss host country Spain from the World Cup because they aren't good enough to win it. Their latest preparation was in the European Under-21s championship. The Spanish boys beat Young Luxembourg 4-1 in Puerto de Santa Maria.

Some memories are happy ones. Others are best forgotten. Remember I told you back in October that somebody up there must be reading Sportopia's Programme-Plus because nine of the players I suggested might be lining up for a new Holland on the way to World Cup 1982 had in fact joined the national squad?

But there is a little problem. Only a miracle could see Holland even reach Spain, and results have been so bad, the Uruguay mini-world cup included, that Jan Zwartkruis, the Dutch national coach, has resigned.

I think now would be a good time for yours truly to give up forecasting. It is, as I said, a rather risky business.

Putting away a few drinks to celebrate a 9-0 win is something not restricted to Rugby, despite what football people would like you to believe.

And why not? The only thing as one or two British players - and clubs - have discovered, is that you have to be a little careful where and how you do it.

Maybe those players and clubs, who will remain nameless, should offer Ajax a piece of advice.

You see the Ajax squad were en-

joying a winter-break spell away from snow, ice and rain in a training camp in Spain.

They went out and beat Marbella 9-0. Then the drinking started. Tanked-up on a few glasses - Coke, of course! - five star players decided to end their celebration "stroll" by climbing over and jumping on a car as though they were back in the gym.

The trouble was their "Coke" was so powerful they lost their sense of vision and failed to notice that the car they were having fun with happened to belong to the local police.

The result was that the five players spent the night in a police cell and the next morning club officials had to spend a few quid to complete the rescue operation.

The players? Danish internationals Frank Arnesen (captain) and Soren Lerby, plus Dick Schoenaker, Wim Kieft and Martin Wiggemansen.

Well, they won't forget those nine goals in a hurry, will they?

Firing a shot in the air in front of 32,000 fans in an indoor sports stadium may suggest another Dutchman is on the loose. Not this time. The "bullet" was a blank and it was merely the opening of the famous Rotterdam Six cycling showpiece. The man who fired the gun was Johan Cruyff. Knowing Cruyff it was most probably another way of collecting a few extra bank notes.

At the risk of being told Belgium is one name not to be mentioned in England since that little shambles in Italy back in June, I thought you might like to know that Jan Ceulemans, the skipper of Club Brugge, has been named Belgium's Footballer of the Year. Van Moer was second. Pssst...don't tell an England international unless you want a punch on the nose!

Since Branko Zebec, the Yugoslav Chief Coach, lost his job with Kevin Keegan's old club SV Hamburg because of a sickness and drink problem - as Sportopia told you, of course - the name mentioned as

favourite for the post is Ernst Happel, the old Austrian international who became just as well known as National Coach for Holland in the 1978 World Cup.

But I have further news for you on that question. Happel, at present Chief Coach to Standard Liege, is likely to stay in Belgium next season. His next club? Anderlecht.

Remember Claudio Coutinho, the old Chief Coach to Brazil? Well, he's moved slightly north to America, to be Chief Coach to Los Angeles Aztecs, the position Tony Woodcock's FA Cologne boss, Rinus Michels, occupied until he quit America.

The Paolo Rossi Affair continues. The young Italian star was one of those banned by the Italian FA over the bribes scandal last year. People have been trying like mad to find a way to get him released from his football wilderness. Now a lawyer has taken the case over. Well, if for different reasons, Don Revie got a lawyer to fight the FA, surely little Rossi can do the same!

Geoff Hurst, that World Cup hero, is trying his damndest to attract the bright lights back to Stamford Bridge. That's why he popped across to Holland to have a peep at Jan Poortvliet, the PSV and Dutch international midfielder star. But, according to Hurst, Poortvliet was not quite what he wanted for Chelsea.

The American FA, who control the North American Soccer League, have got until the end of March to put their house in order when it comes to "Laws of the Game". If they don't, they can lose their membership of FIFA. Who says so? Joao Havelange, the President of FIFA.

Shortage of money is not a problem restricted to members of our

Football League. Theo Custers, the Belgian international keeper, has gone on loan from FC Antwerp to NAC, in Holland, the former club of Ronnie Goodlass. He'll stay there for the rest of the season. No fee involved. Maybe there's a thought there for Terry Venables and the unlucky Malcolm Allison!

West German international striker Klaus Fischer, out of action for ten months, is on the comeback trail with Schalke '04. Schalke have been struggling this season, but with Fischer on target they could solve their problems. After all, he did manage to get 204 goals in 338 Bundesliga games before he was knocked out by injury.

That "Made in Hong Kong" tag could be on the move in football - if a club called Seiko have their way. And it might even open the door for a few out-of-work players in Europe. Doing the rounds in Europe is a Mr Wong, who looks a bit like a character out of a James Bond film, but, despite his scarf and cloth cap, happens to be the President of Seiko.

Take a name like Juan Lozano and you might just believe he was Spanish. Well his name might well be, but he was born in Belgium and FC Anderlecht have snapped him up. Last year he played for Washington Diplomats with Johan Cruyff and Wim Jansen. But Washington have folded up. Sorry, Mr Reagan, it's the club we mean, not the White House.

Let's finish where we started. Drink is the title. Andras Torocsik, the 26-year-old former captain of Hungary, was in a training camp with the Hungarian squad who were preparing for a 14-day trip to South America to help them build up hopes of success in their World Cup Group with England, Rumania, Norway and Switzerland.

Mr Torocsik got himself a little drunk, was the cause of a car accident and as a result got himself banned by the Hungarian FA.

Naughty Andras! Still, maybe Ajax have heard about it, too!

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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.

SHOT'S IN

As I work my way into the ground,
The whistle goes, I hear no sound,
Suddenly, the fans start to sing,
Because Mel Eves is up the wing,
A corner kick has gone up high,
The ball drops off Andy's thigh,
He runs so quick towards the sweeper,
He shoots for home just past the keeper.
Andy runs towards the crowd,
Feeling happy and quite proud,
All the fans jump high and steep,
But 'John Barnwell' is quite relieved.
As half time comes without a doubt,
Sunderland fans start to shout,

But the South Bank always start to sing,
Andy Gray is our king.
All is well and the second half starts,
John Barnwell has brought on Carr,
And Villazan has come on too,
For him this is his WOLVES debut.
Hibbit scores and Richards too.
All is dense with a high pitched sound,
As everyone's whistling in the ground.
FULL TIME
Three nil to Wolves, it was not bad,
For Sunderland, it's quite sad,
They went back home without a point,
For us it seems we've seen the light.
Carl Gibbons (aged 15)
Rowley Regis, Warley, West Midlands.

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

I've been to Wolverhampton,
And I've been to Stoke,
I've been to United,
And Anfield is a joke,
I've been to Middlesbrough,
And I've been to Maine Road,
I've been to Cardiff City,
And Bolton when it snowed.

I've been to Aston Villa,
Seen Sheffield Wednesday and Georgie Best,
I've been to see the Albion,
And Bob Latchford breaking sweat.
I've been to Wembley Stadium,
Seen the boys in Royal Blue
I've been to Swindon Town,
And I've seen Shrewsbury too.

I've been to see some football,
I've spent a pound or two,
I've been to Derby County,
And Palace when we drew,
And if you go to see my team,
And Joe McBride is one,
Just remember that famous football phrase,
They died with their boots on.

Kevin Nolan,
Prescot, Merseyside

WISFUL THINKING

North of Watford Junction,
East of that John Bond bloke,
And west of Nottingham Forest
There's a City they call Stoke.

Rarely in the headlines,
Except when called a bore,
We watch them every Saturday –
knocking at the door.

One day that door will open,
And they will step inside.
They'll win a cup of some kind
And our hearts will swell with pride.

Potteries folk are hard to please,
But Durban is the best.
When the first division lured us on
He surely passed the test.

Now all it needs is patience, and
Hard work – that is the key.
But they'll not get to the top until
At number seven – they play ME.

N.B. Critchlow,
Alsager, Stoke-on-Trent

"ENGLAND"

Our national team is England,
Once rulers of the sea,
Our 66 World Cup win,
Is now just history.

Today we're not World Champions,
The Managers' fault perhaps,
But should he keep a settled side,
Or chop and change our chaps?

A large squad is essential,
Eleven now won't do,
So when the manager picks his players,
He chooses twenty-two.

Our League season is so tiring,
So injuries are many,
Replacements have to be first class,
They don't come ten a penny.

Our followers are loyal,
We've had more downs than ups,
We've not had much to cheer about,
We've not won many cups.

So when we're in Espana,
In 1982,
Remember this time we must win,
'Cos second best won't do.

Keith Wilkinson,
Fairfield, Merseyside

ONE IN A MILLION

The scoring power of Muller,
The artistry of Law,
The ball control of Georgie Best,
The brains of Bobby Moore.

The stamina of Keegan,
The genius of Greaves,
The unique style of Pele,
The flare of Kevin Reeves.

The wizardry of Matthews,
The graceful art of Giles,
The magic touch of Johan Cruyff,
The heart of Nobby Stiles.

To put them all together,
And roll them into one,
Well then we'd have a player,
To spend a trillion on.

Keith Wilkinson,
Fairfield, Liverpool

OUR TEAM

Coventry City is our name,
To win a trophy is our aim.
The youngest team in the First Division,
Battles to gain a better position.

Everyone listens to the "West End" sound,
As loyal supporters fill the ground.
Sky Blue, white and navy too,
Highfield Road 'We love you'.

Peter Bodak on the wing,
Gary Gillespie, the crowd all sing.
Gerry Daly, the midfield dream,
Micky Coop, who leads the team.

Roberts, Gooding, Hunt, Blair and Dyson,
They keep on fighting till the game is done.
Danny Thomas, the young new star,
Sealey and Blyth save shots o'er the bar.

Garry Thompson, his arm in plaster,
Gordon Milne, the loyal master.
One day 'our team' will definitely gain,
The well deserved and justified fame.

Nicky Blyth. (aged 16 years).
Wyken, Coventry.

CUP FEVER

Why do we come in thousands? How do we stand the strain?
That's something any football fan can never quite explain.
This special competition which means so very much
Produces shocks and thrills galore, and many a magic touch.

How oft a famous glamour team have hung their heads in shame,
While a lowly non-league soccer club has rocketed to fame.
Like David and Goliath, millions of years ago,
We come to see the mighty fall, the weak to steal the show.

That's what the FA Cup can do, and then of course, there's this,
It isn't a two legged affair, you can't afford to miss.
And so we come in thousands to cheer them on their way,
To lift them when they're weary, to urge them on to play.

But the reason why we suffer this fever in our veins,
Which may cause hearty laughter or agonizing pains,
Is the lush green turf of Wembley, in the early part of May,
Will our team be playing there? We can only hope and pray.

Mrs Rania Holborn,
Darlington, Co. Durham.

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63, Campion Dr.,
Haslingden,
Lancs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Robert Hicken,
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Celtic's 100th competitive goal of the season flies into the Partick Thistle net (left) from Dom Sullivan and goal No. 101 follows from Murdo MacLeod . . . two of a series of spectacular scores that have thrilled Celtic fans in the team's success run.

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TODAY'S VISITORS

HEARTS

IN any poll Monday would probably come out as the week's least favourite day. Certainly Hearts manager Bobby Moncur hasn't enjoyed it this season. "I haven't had many good Monday mornings", he said just 48 hours ago.

His rather gloomy mood was understandable. The 4-0 defeat from Dundee United at Tynecastle last Saturday effectively pushed his side into First Division football next season. In addition they hadn't performed too well and in the process "gifted" goals.

However, the mood was a long way short of black despair. He's been far too long in football not to be aware that it brings peaks and troughs for clubs and individual players. The game is strewn with illustrations of teams that have made remarkable recoveries and spectacular slumps.

Manager Moncur accepts that Hearts will be in a new situation next season. The target will be as fast a return to the Premier League as possible.

Tynecastle finances will probably not allow a splash into the transfer market to help achieve this. The Hearts boss intends to build on the youngsters he has been introducing to the side this season. "It has been hard for them but they represent the club's future".

The young brigade includes fellows like goalkeeper John Brough who has been in Scotland's Under 21 squad; Paul O'Brien who started his career with Dundee United; Alex Hamill, ex-Tottenham; Peter Shields, a former Celtic Boys' Club member signed from Ipswich Town this season.

Harnessing the enthusiasm and drive of the younger set are seasoned practitioners whose expertise will be invaluable in the testing days ahead.

Like Alex MacDonald the ex-Ranger who turned on a first rate display at Celtic Park when the sides met in December.

Alex who has been to the heights and gained honours galore is still as keen as ever about the game.

As manager Moncur put it "he still takes it hard when the team is beaten".

Willie Gibson is one of the club's longest serving players though the striker's scoring tally this season has understandably not been as high as in previous campaigns. But he is still quick to seize the half-chance as Celts know from past experience.

Hearts current plight is in stark contrast to their heady days when their impact on Scottish football was considerable.

Lifting the club to a position of prominence again will not be an easy task. But remembering football's fluctuations, manager Moncur goes forward with a youngish squad to 1981-82 ready to work with dedication and a vigour that will change the fortunes of Hearts . . . and make Monday mornings cheerful affairs with a background of continuous Saturday successes.

MIKE'S GOAL BID THWARTED

Hearts keeper John Brough makes a brave stop to thwart Mike Conroy in the Premier League match at Tynecastle early in the season.



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)
Sept 6	PL	Partick Thistle	(Agg. Celtic 7-2)	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)
Sept 27	PL	Aberdeen	(Agg. Celtic 7-2)	A 2-2	(Nicholas pen, Burns)
Oct 1	ECWC	Politehnica (Rumania)	A	0-1	
Oct 4	PL	Dundee United	(Celtic lost on away goal rule)	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)
Oct 25	PL	Kilmarnock	(a.e.t. Agg. Celtic 3-1)	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	
Nov 22	PL	St Mirren	(Agg. Dundee United 4-1)	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)

... AND THE SCORERS

McGarvey	27	McAdam	3
Nicholas	25	McDonald	3
McCluskey	11	Doyle	2
Burns	10	Own Goals	2
MacLeod	6	Weir	1
Sullivan	5	Douglas	1
Provan	5	Conroy	1
Aitken	4		

FLASHBACK ON...

CELTIC v HEARTS

ONLY 13,800 fans turned out to see Hearts at Celtic Park on Saturday December 13 last year but those who did attend the match were treated to a very good game.

Indeed the Celtic fans were a bit disgruntled after just six minutes — the length of time it took Hearts to jump into an early lead.

Alfie Conn did the spadework and Alex MacDonald provided the finishing touch.

Despite a great deal of pressure it took Celtic until the half hour mark to grab an equaliser. A George McCluskey cross was returned across goal by Tom McAdam for Roddie McDonald to head home.

Six minutes later and Celtic scored again to go into the lead. Tommy Burns sent over a splendid cross for Frank McGarvey to head into the net.

In the first minute of the second half Celtic scored a third goal when George McCluskey scored from the spot after Roy Aitken had been pulled down in the penalty box.

Celtic made and squandered several chances before Hearts came back into the game with a goal by Willie Gibson.

Despite many near things at both ends neither side managed to find the net again.

Teams:—

CELTIC: Bonner; Sneddon and Reid; Aitken, McDonald and McAdam; Provan and Weir; McGarvey; Burns and McCluskey. Substitutes: Conroy and Nicholas.

HEARTS: Brough; More and Shields; Denny, McVie and Robinson; Hamill and Gibson; Conn; O'Brien and MacDonald. Subs Masterton and O'Connor.

A goal salute from Celtic striker Frank McGarvey. This score was registered against Hearts in the Premier League match at Celtic Park in December.



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QUIZ TIME

1. Who scored Scotland's goal against Northern Ireland last week?
2. Name the winner of the 1981 Lincolnshire Handicap?
3. Who won the London marathon on Sunday?
4. Name the last Scottish-owned horse to win the Grand National.
5. With which sport do you associate Viv Richards?
6. How many countries will compete in the 1982 World Cup finals?

ANSWERS:
1. John Wark (Ipswich). 2. Saher. 3. Dick Beardsley (USA), and Inge Simonsen (Norway) dead heated. 4. Rubstic. 5. Cricket. 6. 24.

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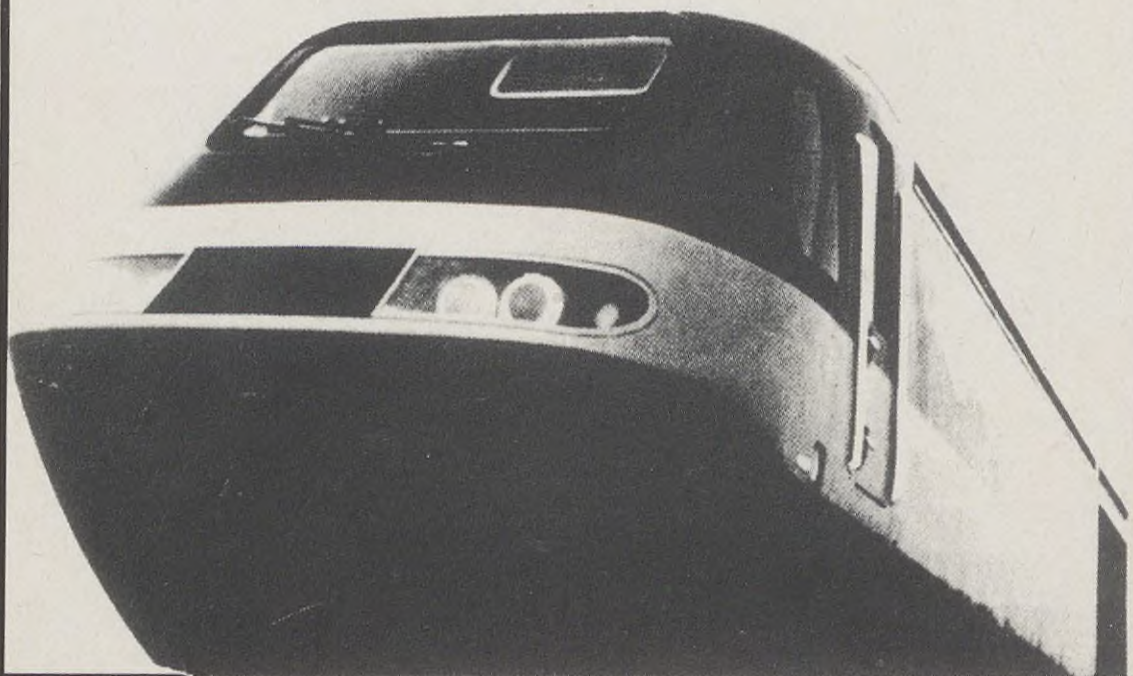
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#ARP

**stays sharp
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