

SCOTTISH PREMIER LEAGUE

Celtic

versus **MORTON**

CELTIC PARK

SATURDAY

3rd JAN

1981

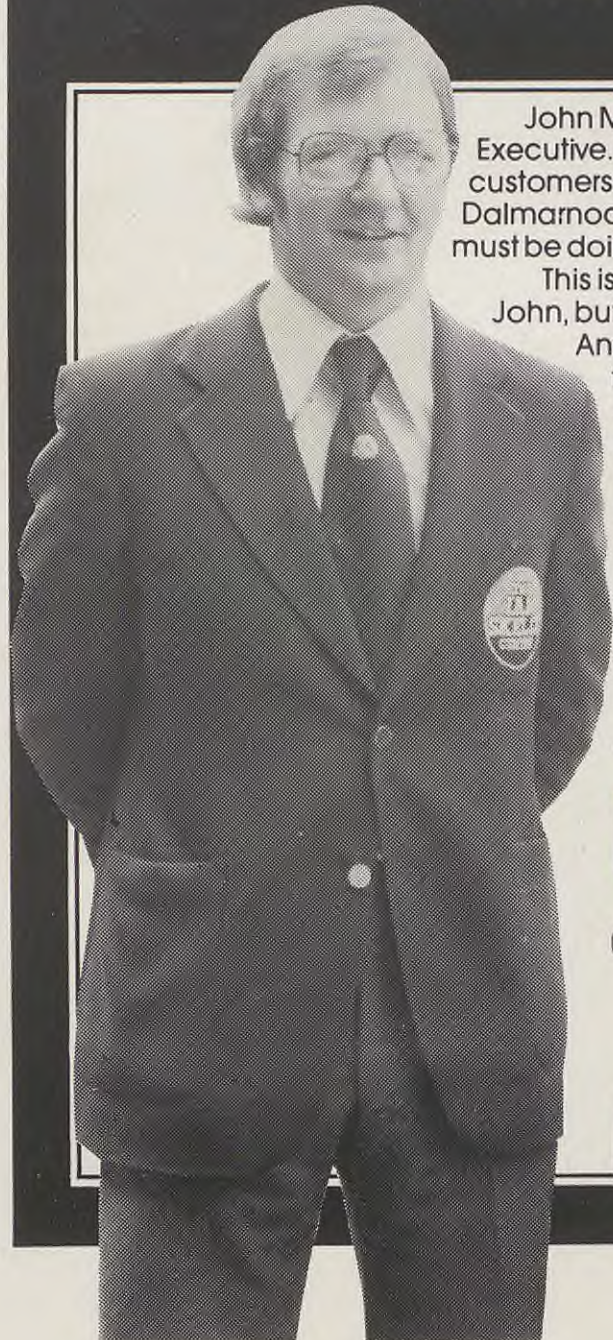
KICK-OFF

3.00 p.m.



programme
30p

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FROM THE MANAGER

I'VE often wondered what the result would be if we could have a poll of Scottish football fans concerning summer football or alternatively a winter break in the game.

Certainly I've got quite definite ideas. They are completely personal and in no way represent the official view of Celtic Football Club.

If football was a game being started in 1981 it seems logical to me that it must be designed for the comfort and benefit of everyone, and that includes fans as well as players.

Surely it is much more pleasant to play the game in congenial weather and watch the play in such conditions.

True Scottish summers cannot be compared with the constant warmth of Mediterranean sunspots, but surely they are an improvement on driving wind and rain that sometimes has to be endured during December and January, for instance. Plus such things as sleet and snow which can cause match postponements.

There is, too, the current economic situation. In my view it wouldn't be a bad thing to have a football close-down at Christmas and New Year. I'm sure players would come back refreshed for the second half of the season with such a break.

The festive season is a bigger attraction to people these days than is generally appreciated and with cash pretty tight . . . well, football might not get the same priority as at other times.

The social climate is much altered today and football thinking has to be altered as well if the game has to maintain a successful future.

There are new economic pressures on the game to be considered as well and a re-think of the whole structure may have to be embarked upon. These pressures I believe are being felt in England.

Of course, I realise that everyone doesn't subscribe to my views. However, it would be interesting to get a line on the thinking of Celtic fans. I look forward to your letters about summer football or a winter close down.

*Meantime to every Celtic supporter,
A HAPPY NEW YEAR*

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, 1895, 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 1936.

Coronation Cup 1953.

European Cup 1967.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

CELTIC manager Billy McNeill was frank in his comments about the "grave disappointment" over the 4-1 defeat from Aberdeen at Pittodrie last week-end.

"We simply proved to be short for the occasion. We never put Aberdeen under the pressure we might have been expected to exert. Goals came very easily for them because we didn't force them to work all that hard for them."

Before the game the Park-head team boss had anticipated a result which would provide a "platform for better things." He added: "Now we've put ourselves into a position of difficulty. Aberdeen now have added confidence in their bid for the Premier title and we've given ourselves a body blow with such a bad result.

"But this is the time when

everyone has to stand up and be counted and contribute to the club. I have been loyal to the players. Now they have to give something extra for the club. The next few weeks are crucial ones. We simply must get back into a winning run."

Manager McNeill recalled that two years ago Celts lost 4-1 at Pittodrie and went on to "win the league with drive and determination. That drive and determination I want restored . . . and quickly."

Apart from the heavy defeat, there was managerial annoyance on behalf of the fans. "They should have got more than was offered. They travelled a long way and again showed to the whole country disciplined behaviour."

Now the team had to lift itself — and the fans — and restore dented pride. While he

agreed that "Aberdeen won easily" he thought they got goals which "should have been prevented."

The club is now being "advised" to buy players. To which the manager replies: "There are these points to consider. First the resources available and again the quality of the player I would want.

"Celtic, of course, are always on the look out to strengthen the player pool. Assistant manager John Clark and myself have undertaken a lot of journeys checking on players.

"For instance, just before Christmas we were in England one evening at a Cup replay and the following night we were watching a Scottish tie at Montrose. In addition our scouts are at work week in and week out."

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What the papers say . . .

Bill McFarlane (Sunday Post). Celtic were swept aside in a huge, red tidal wave. In fairness, Celtic fought like furies. They always do. But I can't recall seeing them given such a chasing. Gone are the halcyon days when Celtic were the most attack-conscious team in Europe. Here they tried to contain Aberdeen with a cautious 4-4-2 set-up, to absolutely no avail.

Don Morrison (Sunday Mail). It may be early days yet, but the way Aberdeen dismissed Celtic suggests they will take some stopping. Indeed it's many a day since I saw a Parkhead squad so demoralised and incapable of turning openings into realistic efforts around goal. Conditions underfoot were far from ideal and the players found it hard to remain upright on the well-sanded surface. That applied to both sides and Aberdeen adapted much better.

Ken Robertson (Scottish Sunday Express). Aberdeen showed all the ruthless efficiency that has made them Scotland's champions as they crushed a Celtic team who were never really in the hunt. Celtic have keeper Pat Bonner to thank for saving them from further humiliation.

PREMIER LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Aberdeen	19	13	5	1	41	13	31
Celtic	20	13	2	5	41	25	28
Rangers	18	8	8	2	34	14	24
Dundee Utd	19	7	7	5	27	25	21
St Mirren	19	7	5	7	29	25	19
Morton	20	6	7	7	24	30	19
Partick Th	20	6	5	9	16	25	17
Airdrie	19	4	7	8	18	27	15
Hearts	19	3	5	11	16	31	11
Kilmarnock	19	1	5	13	12	43	7

December 30 and January 1 games not included

MATCH TEAMS

CELTIC (from)

Pat BONNER	Frank McGARVEY
Danny McGRAIN	Tommy BURNS
Mark REID	George McCLUSKEY
Roy AITKEN	Peter LATCHFORD
Roddie McDONALD	Davie PROVAN
Tom McADAM	Charlie NICHOLAS
Mike CONROY	Dom SULLIVAN
John WEIR	

MORTON (from)

Roy BAINES	Drew BUSBY
Davie HAYES	Bobby THOMSON
Jim HOLMES	Jim TOLMIE
Jim ROONEY	Andy RITCHIE
Joe McLAUGHLIN	Tommy BRYCE
Neil ORR	Roddie HUTCHISON
John McNEIL	Ian COCHRANE

AND OFFICIALS

Referee
Mr E. PRINGLE
(Edinburgh)

Linesmen
Mr J. P. ROWAN
(Cumnock)
Mr D. F. ROBERTSON
(Lockerbie)

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B	DUNDEE UTD v KILMARNOCK	
C	PARTICK TH v HEARTS	
D	ST MIRREN v ABERDEEN	
E	AYR UTD v E STIRLING	
F	CLYDEBANK v STIRLING A	
G	FALKIRK v RAITH ROVERS	
H	HAMILTON v DUNDEE	
I	HIBERNIAN v DUMBARTON	
J	ST JOHNSTONE v BERWICK	
K	EVERTON v ARSENAL	
L	IPSWICH v ASTON VILLA	
M	LIVERPOOL v ALTRINCHAM	
N	MAN UTD v BRIGHTON	
O	QPR v TOTTENHAM	

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



MURDO MacLEOD, out of action for months through injury, took his first competitive steps back to fitness in a Reserve League game at Clydebank this week.

Pat Bonner and Charlie Nicholas are the principal guests at the annual dinner of the Dublin Celtic Supporters' Club on January 19.

BELL'S

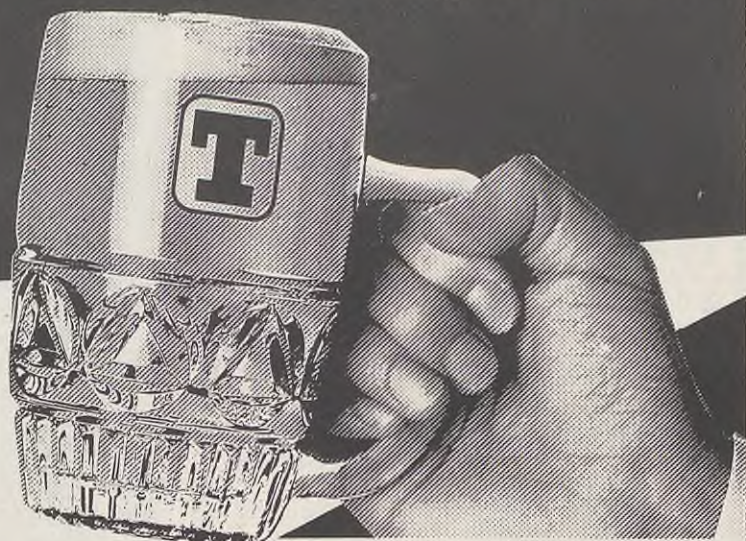
SCOTCH

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ESCAPING THE FAMILY TIES



BY ROB HUGHES OF THE SUNDAY TIMES

When did you last have the urge to bring the family along to the game? Did you ever bring the wife and kids?

I ask because the dreamers, some of them in high places, are suggesting the panacea for dwindling crowds is to do away with the hooligan, to redesign the stadiums so that dad and mum, little Johnnie and Mary and baby Freda and maybe Grannie too can pile en bloc into the nice family atmosphere you have created.

Be honest, now: is that what you want? My belief, for what its worth, is that the conception of football as family entertainment is misguided. The traditional fan possibly took his son to the match (and that, certainly, is threatened by hooliganism), but the vast majority actually went to football as an escape from family life.

The terraces were the working man's equivalent to the upper crust's exclusive clubs; a place where blokes met, were entertained, could shout their heads off, bait the referee in language that was colourful though nothing like as obscene as today, and share a pint. A man's world.

O.K., the world is changing, the liberated women might actually want to mingle amongst us (and, logically perhaps, play with the fellers, too?) Well, welcome. But the family? My household, and my friend's and acquaintances households must be terribly reactionary because, quite frankly, football is pretty low on the

list of things we wish to follow as a unit.

In fact, though there are so far no personality clashes in my admittedly young family, there are times we all function best going our own ways. Hasn't it always been so?

But, again the planners (who needn't take the folks because they, you understand attend the game in the course of duty) tell us times have changed. They point out that in America, soccer booms best where the families drive up, have their picnics in vast car-parks, and enjoy their entertainment together. It is true, as I have seen; it is also true that the Disney wrappings are necessary to camouflage a second rate game, that there is no tradition and no passion for soccer, and that the trappings designed to keep the families - and, more important it seems, the sponsors - happy in the States would irritate the knowledgeable football man to utter distraction.

Again, the advocates of all-seater stadia and family blocs - including kindergartens - point out that increased leisure time creates the climate for family attendance. I don't follow the logic. In the old days, the working man clocked off at lunchtime on Saturday and used the first third of his 1½-days' rest to have a drink with the boys and watch the match. So, now that he has two or even three days at home, isn't it likely that the football fan would appreciate at least as much the

privacy of his Saturday afternoon world away from family ties?

Besides, chauvanistic or not, a couple of hours of prime Saturday shopping time still seems as good a time as any for the menfolk to get out from under their women's feet.

Getting back, briefly, to the hooligan problem. It obviously is a seriously poisoned cancer - in our social lives as well as our sporting times. It obviously needs to be cut away from our terraces before father will take even Johnnie, the next generation fan.

But don't blame it for too much. Violence is a cause, but the fact that you are reading this in your match programme says that it hasn't deterred you. It also suggests you know the other reasons that have turned your mates off the sport - negative play, the stifling of personalities, poor sportsmanship, too much television, expensive prices and (not entirely bad for the nation) the growth of participant sports.

You will also be fully aware of the gulf that has grown between the footballer and the fan and the decrepit facilities offered the supporter at so many grounds. Perhaps the pie-in-the-sky hierarchy, instead of trying to change the nature of the audience will get down to improving the lot of those who do attend? And the smallest start might follow if those leaders were to be taken on a guided tour of, say their own stadium's toilet facilities?

Like a sharp gust of fresh air, Gordon Jago breezed briefly on to our depressed Soccer scene recently after a whistle-stop mission to West Germany.

Jago is always a refreshing sight. A smart, friendly man who is far removed from the trendy, Jaguar-driving managerial set who constantly evade inquiring reporters.

But if Gordon Jago had not been appointed manager ("I'm really just the chief coach", he says modestly) of North American League side Tampa Bay, he could easily be mistaken for a busy British business man setting off for an important conference.

Jago is nothing if not a diplomat. He always has something positive to say; a pleasant way of saying it and the courtesy one only finds in a junior minister at the Foreign Office.

In short, a statesman who finally yielded to the Klondyke call of "Go West Young Man" after a successful spell of management in England with Q.P.R. and Millwall.

Jago may have forsaken the chilling harshness of Cold Blow Lane, Millwall, for the sunny, bright blue skies of Florida, but he still remains a practical Soccer aficionado with a profound interest in British football.

HOOLIGANISM

The man who quit Millwall, where he had performed an economic and communication miracle in a three-year stint as manager, shook his head in disgust as he surveyed the sick British scene which is now dominated by hooliganism, financial fear and the chilling prospect of asking out-of-work fans to support £1,000 a-week professionals who dash straight from the ground to the bank after shivering, midweek clashes of interest.

From Millwall's depressing Den to the sunny Gulf of Mexico is a sharp contrast in style and system.

Says Jago with the soft, patient voice that has always been his forte in a friendly relationship with the British media: "I honestly don't understand some of the things that are going on at the moment. It seems the road to financial ruin.

"People here are asking telephone figures for ordinary players I can pick up on the continent for a fifth of the price. Everyone seems to have lost their sense of values".

While Jago refuses to put North America forward as the Soccer Utopia of the Eighties, he distinctly has some important points to make on the way the game has changed during three-year absence from England.

"There is still a lot of good things about the British game", he coaches, "and let us not forget it. The general standard of football in America is still only Second Division. But it WILL improve. That is a fact of life".



JAGO

BY RAY BRADLEY

"Attendances are on the upgrade, while gates are in sharp decline in Britain. The big thing the Americans have got is promotion and sponsorship. They have studied ways of selling Soccer to the public and have done it brilliantly.

"If your product is not selling then you have to look at the best way of marketing it. The key word is 'change' and I think British football is at last beginning to realise it. If it does not, I'm afraid it will die.

FINANCIAL SUICIDE

"The way the game is heading now is financial suicide. The transfer-market has got out of hand. Players and managers are earning mind-boggling wages when the gates are dropping and the country is facing a big economic recession.

"That is just something that would not be tolerated in the States. One great advantage they have is enthusiasm. Every problem is faced in perspective at every level.

"Winning is all-important in England. But that is not the be-all and end-all of the game. Americans love a winner, but they NEVER forget that the spectator MUST come first. He is treated as an equal and not just someone who helps pay the wages".

Jago, who has just been given a new four-year contract with Tampa, recognises that there is a world of difference in attitudes between League and American football.

RAZZMATAZZ

"Perhaps too much emphasis has been put on the razzmatazz of Soccer in the States. It would be foolish for British clubs to follow this particular feature of the game", he emphasises with an authority respected on both sides of Atlantic.

"But there are obvious lessons to be learned and the recent Seminar by Football League chairmen in Solihull did a lot to wipe away some of the cobwebs.

"Restriction of transfer trading to the close season; a different points structure, more points for winning etc. These are all positive steps in the right direction.

"But you still have to look long and hard at the product you are selling. All-seater stadiums, as Aberdeen have shown are a definite must for the future.

"Also there is a growing necessity to try and make Soccer a family game. In America this has proved a tremendous success. The marketing and promotion in this respect has been superb.

"You can literally spend a whole day in a stadium and be catered for. Matches are not just games: they are an event with something of interest for all the family.

"We averaged gates of 29,000 last season - which is not bad. We had 58,000 for our July 4 game with California Surfs. It was a special occasion and we treated it as such with a £12,000 fireworks display for the children.

"The fans did not rush away after the match: they stayed with their families to watch the firework display. It was the same when we had a crowd of 54,000 for the visit of New York Cosmos. It was a big event and we treated it as such with the emphasis on ENTERTAINMENT.

"Don't say it can't be done in Britain, because it can. We played

at Forest recently. We were well beaten, but it was an enjoyable outing for the family and there was no aggro".

Jago is a firm believer in the expression of skills and made the pertinent point that slavish devotion to team organisation in England has virtually meant the disappearance of the crowd-pulling star despite the massive fees being spent on the transfer market.

"Most American clubs believe very strongly in the star system to attract spectators. Players like Beckenbauer, Pele, Cruyff, Neeskens and Best have made a telling contribution to the success of soccer in the States.

£1 MILLION PLAYER

"They are big crowd-pullers and they are allowed to express their skills in the overall team pattern. That kind of talent is gradually being stifled in Britain and it is hard to differentiate between the £1 million player and the local boy in some of the frantic First Division games I have seen.

"What is the point of paying a £1 million for a player and then restricting his flair? The fans want to see the stars express their skills and are not interested in seeing them smothered by negative defensive tactics".

Jago fears for the future of League Football which has been scarred by hooliganism on the terraces, thuggery on the field and scant respect for spectator comfort.

He stresses: "You cannot afford to ignore the guy who pays your wages and you cannot stand still in any business. The game, to some extent, has stagnated in Britain: antiquated grounds, little spectator comfort, inadequate parking all lead to less fans and more hooliganism.

"Putting young fans in special sections can only lead to more aggro - inside and outside the stadium. They must have an identification with their club other than two points for a win and one for a draw.

"There is also a need for better Press communication. The game has lost respect in Britain with managers dashing from one club to another and players continually asking for more wages than a club can reasonably afford.

"Soccer is not a working man's game any more. Fans want better facilities for higher prices; players must provide more entertainment on the pitch and directors and managers must act with more dignity".

But Jago emphasises that a revolution is not necessary. Positive thinking has always been his motto - through thick and thin. "What is needed is a little patience and a lot of good will.

British football is still the best value in the world. So let's try and capitalise on all the good things and really make things happen again".



by Eric Nicholls



Barcelona all bottled up!

So Barcelona are out of the UEFA Cup, thanks to a sensational second leg, away win by Tony Woodcock's FC Cologne. That you all know, provided, of course, one English newspaper had the sense to print a result from the other side of Dover, Harwich or Heathrow.

But that's not the end of the story. Barcelona may have

waved goodbye to Europe for a little longer than the rest of this season.

UEFA hold a trump card on that one. What happened in the Barcelona stadium led to a detailed report by the UEFA representative at the game.

Yes, you've guessed it — thanks to those lovely people who call themselves Barcelona supporters.

Barcelona "fans" armed with objects described as weapons, let

their club know how they felt about their team's exit. They showered the Cologne dugout with bottles, one of which hit the Cologne reserve keeper on the head. Another bottle led to a Spanish policeman being carried off on a stretcher with a head wound.

The possibility of tough action by UEFA did not occur to them. The following weekend Senor Nunez, the Barcelona chairman, needed a police escort for the game against Atletico Madrid. The "fans" wanted to "tell" him to resign.

Perhaps somebody should remind the South American FIFA brigade that Spain is the

host country for the 1982 World Cup finals!

Franz Beckenbauer is back in his Fatherland. The ex-Bayern Munich captain, the ex-West Germany captain and the best sweeper in the world with the brains to go with it, has returned from his dollar exile with New York Cosmos.

Now, he's with SV Hamburg, Kevin Keegan's old club. What do the Hamburg fans think about it? Thousands were there to cheer the "Kaiser" and his hands were a little tired after scribbling his autograph so many times before his official reception and Press conference.

And Beckenbauer himself? "I believe Hamburg could be champions again." With Franz out there on the park who could argue with that.

The Dutch carry on their rebuilding programme. Despite opponents they are going ahead to join Argentina, Brazil, Italy and West Germany in the troubled country of Uruguay for the mini-World Cup in late December, early January. When that's over they travel to Portugal for a friendly in February and hope to fix up a game with Brazil, during the Brazilians' European tour.

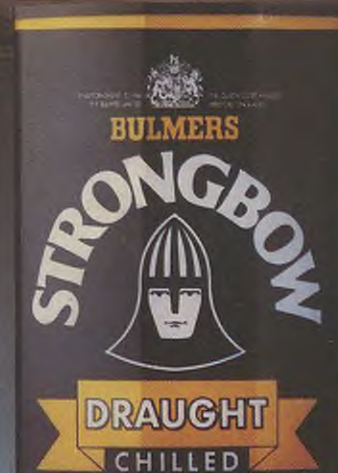
It is always interesting to listen to other people talking about our sport. Take Fred Davis, world billiards champion, comparing the television snooker gladiators with football stars. "I don't resent the snooker players in any way. They didn't have to be told how to behave themselves in public. Curious, isn't it, that footballers have had the same rise in fortunes but they can't come to terms with it. They don't seem to respect one

another as professionals. I wouldn't cross the road now to see a football match and I gather I'm not alone in that."

As well as being football champions of Europe, West Germany are setting up little records as well. Figures for last year tell us that West Germany hold the European drinking record. A mere 12,000 litres of alcohol per year passed through on average each little square head. It all tottled up to dishing out 39 million Deutschmarks for beer, wine and brandy.

Maybe that man Brian Clough knew what he was doing a few years ago when his team bus carried a crate of beer for the Forest boys on their way to Anfield. After all Forest beat Liverpool that day.

STRONGBOW. THE PINT WITH AN EDGE.



The Virginian



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London football fans are among the most fickle I've experienced anywhere in the world. They don't create cult figures readily.

Yet Willie Young, a giant, flame-haired Scot with an accent as thick as Edinburgh rock, has come right into that category.

Standing six-foot-three inches tall, and tipping the scales at close on 13

stones, Willie Young is the kind of fellow who finds it difficult not to stand out in a crowd. There is something impressive about him.

There is also something infectious about this giant Jock that North Bank fans in particular have taken to their hearts. That quality can be summed up in a word: ENTHUSIASM.

Willie

BY KEN MONTGOMERY OF THE SUNDAY MIRROR



Willie Young - Arsenal

There are players at Highbury who are, technically, better equipped than "Big Willie". And he is the first to admit it.

The dignified David O'Leary. The unselfish Frank Stapleton. And the skilfully gifted Graham Rix are just three who come into that category.

Yet no one on the Arsenal staff can compare with the long, lean Scot when it comes to enthusiasm, determination and an incredible will to win.

EVERYONE ADMIRE A TRIER

It is for that reason that Gunners fans have made Young the folk hero of Highbury.

Over the years, as Arsenal have chased some of the game's glittering prizes - and consequently become involved in fixture tangles even the great Houdini would have failed to master - Willie Young has remained unique.

Some have flagged. Others have visibly sagged. Not "Big Willie".

Often he has told me: "I know there are players with a bit more ability than I have, and I admire them for it."

"But I don't think anyone is a bigger trier than I am. I think that's why the crowd have taken to me. Everyone admires a trier".

Young has come a long way since he came into top-class football with Aberdeen. He crossed the border to join Tottenham, and when Terry Neill moved from Spurs to arch-rivals Arsenal as manager, he quickly brought Young with him.

Of all Neill's signings, Young - considering the moderate fee involved - has probably been one of the best.

FATIGUE

Already, he has clocked up more than 400 League appearances for the Gunners. And there are plenty more where they came from.

Young's other great asset - apart from his enthusiasm, and being such a difficult opponent to beat - is his unwavering desire to play matches.

Towards the end of last season, as Arsenal chased the F.A. Cup and Cup Winners Cup, only to lose out in the finals of both, Young could see the fatigue showing in the faces of many of the Arsenal players.

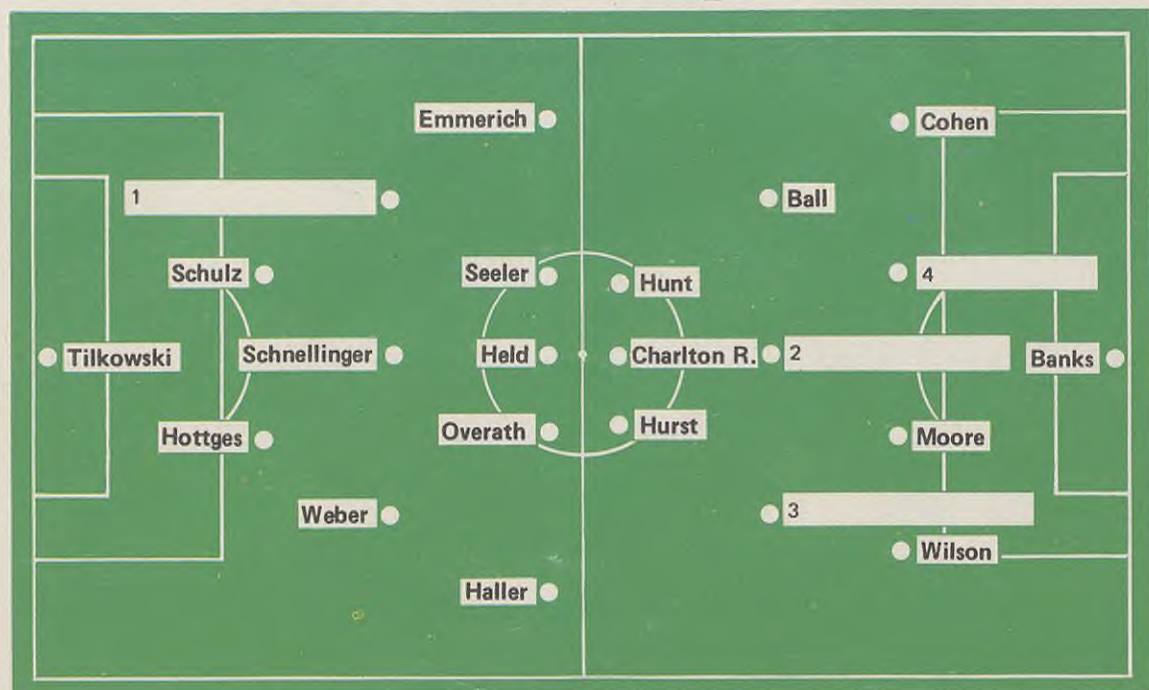
Not "Big Willie". He kept insisting to me: "It's not playing that makes you tired. It's just all the reading about how tired you must be that gets to you - if you let it!"

Young has never won a top Scottish honour. He still has hopes. He is not afraid to admit that he quite enjoys being a cult figure with the North Bank. Better still, he enjoys being a footballer, with the wages and perks it involves.

"Better than being a laboratory technician in an Edinburgh brewery", he has reminded me. "The pay there was pretty poor. Mark you, the perks were good".

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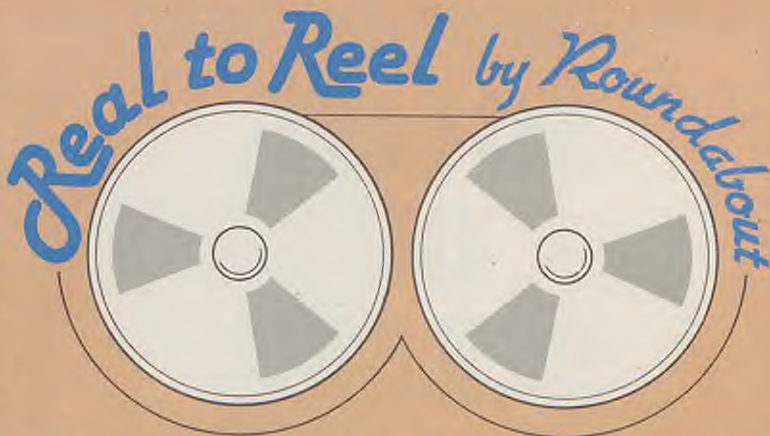
Now post this entire page to: SONY COMPETITION, PAN HOUSE, (DEPT. P/P), 172-176 THE HIGHWAY, LONDON E1 9DD.

If you do not wish to take this page out of your programme just write the names missing, together with the appropriate space number – then write out the completed sentence in Section 2. Add your name and address and post your entry to the above address.

Competition closing date January 31st 1981. Prize winners will be notified by post –
Winners names will appear in Programme Plus No's 18 and 19. Competition rules available on request.

Looks like the record biz might haul itself up by the ankles around this Christmas period. Albums from the Eagles, Mike Oldfield, Fleetwood Mac, John Lennon and The Jam should prove popular items for Father Christmas to struggle down the chimney with. Record companies traditionally have a pretty good time after Christmas too, thanks to the invention of the record token. Expect many more albums (hundreds are released during the run up to the festivities) to do well when they might have only experienced a trickle of sales had they been released earlier in the Year.....

Someone who might not be an immediately recognisable name to most is Garland Jefferies. With the



The Eagles

news that he has just signed a deal with Epic Records comes the hope (from me at any rate) that it might make it third time lucky for the man. It's his third recording deal and a man as gifted as he should have had considerably more success that he has had up until now. Cruel world this

One of the great disappointments for me so far this year has been Joe Jackson's latest album "Beat Crazy". Dreadful stuff as Joe misguidedly attempts to get into a little moodier songwriting which turns out horribly pretentious. Stick to those clipped tunes with punchy lyrics Joe and I'll rejoin the head of the queue for the next one. Alas this time about I caught a cold for nothing.....

The illness that prevented Tom Robinson going on the road with his latest venture, Sector 27, did have its consolations however. While suffering a particularly vicious attack of jaundice, Tom was to be found in bed bashing out postcards by the ton. They were not, however, aimed at dishing out "wish you were here" messages to his friends and relatives

but had a slightly more comical purpose. They were all directed at his record company, Phonogram, urging them to put every effort into the future of his band. He must have been serious because the last count came up with the fact he's sent over a hundred.....

Watch out for Black Slate's first album for Ensign Records. It's named after their recent hit "Amigo". Horrible sleeve - great record.....

And now over to our truth-is-stranger-than-fiction department. This episode may prove distressing to those who have any concern over the well being of Muhammed Ali. Some months back a former London busker, known merely as "Michel", forced his way into the Greatest's presence and demanded that he should be heard out. He sat there playing his tunes to Ali who absolutely flipped his lid (good stuff this in-it?). Anyway, Ali agreed to finance the busker and sunk a quarter of a million quid into advertising the alleged talent of this busker chappie. You may have heard some of the

appalling advertisements that have been appearing on local radio stations around the country which had the unfortunate timing of coming on the air soon after Ali's last fiasco at Las Vegas, it included Ali himself declaring "I never make a wrong prediction". Still you can hardly understand what the rest of the ad's all about. Anyway, the sad end result of all this is to reveal that yes, Ali has made a wrong prediction as our friend Michel is mostly devoid of any remarkable musical talent. Nice try though.....

Steeleye Span have seen fit to reform for some extraordinary reason. It's the same line-up that was responsible for "Now We are Six", devotees of the band may, or may not, be delighted to know.....

And lastly just to let you know that the drumming has improved on records from the very clever and very rich Mike Oldfield. He's been using Phil Collins of late and the energetic one can be heard beating the skins on Oldfield's latest "QE2". Bad enough name for a ship. See you next time.....

SOCCER ON SCREEN

By Graham Spiers

One area of soccer that has been badly neglected is in the lack of films with a football theme. Certainly the excellent Arthur Hopcraft has provided several plays for television with a soccer storyline and Peter Tersson's admirable play 'Zigger Zagger' also turned up later on the 'box' but apart from a few background shots, generally in a pathetic attempt to present a northern working class background, there have been few films centred on our National game. Now all that is about to be put right if my information from Lorimar Films is correct.

Billed as the 'largest American film production ever mounted in Hungary' and with the distinguished director John Huston in charge is 'Escape to Victory' which Lorimar describes as 'a film which focuses on a group of rag-tag Allied prisoners forced to play the German all-star soccer team in a life-and-death match staged by the Nazi propaganda machine'.

INTERNATIONAL CAST

Sounds like a bundle of fun doesn't it? But still let me not be too hasty as the Allied team aren't beaten yet. Signed for the film, and presum-

ably for the Allied eleven are the magnificent Brazilian Pele, England's former captain Bobby Moore, Spurs' Argentinian delight Osvaldo Ardiles, Poland and Manchester City midfielder man Kazimierz Denya, Belgium's Paul Van Himst, Norway's Alfred Thorenson, Denmark's Serene Linstead, France's Henri Michel and Co-Prins of Holland.

Also on hand along with Manager Bobby Robson are half the Ipswich Town team including both their goalkeepers Paul Cooper and Laurie Sivell. Perhaps they are on opposite sides in the film? The exciting John Wark, Russell Osman and Kevin Beattie are all due to appear in the film which starts Sylvester Stallone, Michael Caine and Max Von Sydow. Enough said for the moment, we will keep you informed on future developments.

ROCKY

Many fans will recall Sylvester Stallone's virtually one-man effort the Oscar winning 'Rocky' of 1976 which was about the boxing world. There is no shortage of films with a boxing theme and these range from the true life story of Rocky Graziano, former Middleweight Champion of the World, 'Somebody Up There Likes Me' made in 1956 and starring Paul Newman as the fighter from the gutter who makes good to the Humphrey Bogart and Rod Steiger classic 'The Harder They Fall' made in 1956 from Budd Schulberg's novel. Anthony Quinn also turned fighter for 'Requiem for a heavy-weight' in 1962 and back in 1942 Errol Flynn was seen as James J. Corbett in 'Gentleman Jim', which was the former bank clerk turned boxer's nickname. Actor Greg McLure starred as another Heavyweight World Champion, John L. Sullivan in 'The Great John L.' in 1945.

WHY NOT MENDOZA?

It's usually the Heavyweights who



Michael Caine as Capt. John Colby in goal with other players as a German team member prepares to shoot a wrongly appointed penalty.

claim most screen attention and Colley Wallace was the actor representing the great Joe Louis - the 'Brown Bomber' - in 'The Joe Louis Story' and more recently we have had that fine black actor James Earl Jones as Jack Johnson in 'The Great White Hope' in 1970 and that not so fine black actor Cassius Clay/ Ali in a strange fantasy supposedly based on his life story. Fortunately though there has only been one boxing fantasy film, 'Here Comes Mr. Jordan' in which Robert Montgomery's soul was transferred into that of a prizefighter! Strangely Britain, despite its long boxing tradition, has lagged behind America in presenting our boxing heroes. This is a pity as we have had many world champions and the colourful story of Daniel Mendoza who claimed the World title when he beat Bill Warr in 17 minutes at Bexley Heath on the Twelfth of November, 1794, would make a marvellous film.

Because America was for so long the World's film capital there have

been many films about baseball heroes but generally these have had limited appeal in Britain. Even with Ronald Reagan starring I can't imagine that 'The Winning Team' made in 1952 about Grover Cleveland Alexander the baseball pitcher, was much of an attraction in Sunderland or the even

more obscure 'Knut Rockne All-American' of 1940 about the Notre Dame football coach and also featuring Reagan.

One baseball film that was worth watching though was based on the life of Jim Piersall. 'Fear Strikes Out' made in 1957 starred Anthony Per-

kins in what I think is his best ever screen role as the baseball star being brow-beaten by over-powering father, Karl Malden. Another one to miss though is 'The Stratton Story' made in 1949 and starring James Stewart in the story of the baseball pitcher who lost a leg in a hunting accident.

ANYONE FOR TENNIS?

Golf doesn't seem to have done too well on screen with only Glenn Ford as the legendary American golfer Ben Hogan from 1951 in 'Follow the Sun'. Tennis recently had an airing with 'Players' but has generally been used as background to the story and never better than in 'Goodbye Columbus' which starred lovely Ali McGraw and was made in 1969. She also starred in 'Players' so perhaps she just likes playing tennis - and get getting paid for doing it. Cars too have often starred and Paul Newman has been able to get paid for enjoying his hobby as a race driver in 'Winning' made in 1969 and Steve McQueen in 'Le Mans' in 1971.

Snooker and billiards have also lost out to the American game of pool and the sporty Paul Newman again turns up, this time in 'The Hustler' made in 1961 and the definitive film about the sport. Newman's one time partner from the Butch and Sundance days, Robert Redford provided one of the better ski films in 1969 with 'Downhill Racer'.

The best British reply to all this sporting activity came in 1963 when Director Lindsay Anderson filmed David Storey's excellent North country Rugby saga 'This Sporting Life' starring Richard Harris - who actually looked the hard case Rugby man. Anderson and former Rugby League player Storey combined again a couple of years ago to present the stage play of another Rugby League tale, 'The Changing Room' with an all-male cast. One scene of the play featured the players showers but on the opening night, part of the scenery fell down and there was Lindsay Anderson standing in a part of the shower that should have been hidden from the audience and covered only by his embarrassment!

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BRIAN GLANVILLE



WRITES

The October meeting of Football League Chairmen, intent on rescuing the game from a beckoning grave, decided that it would be a good idea if, in future, three points were given for a win instead of two, though one point would continue to be given for a draw. Is it a panacea, is there any chance that it would work, or would the addition of an extra point simply be irrelevant?

The Football League has been awarding two points for a win, one for a draw, ever since its inception in 1888. That might be taken on the one hand as a reason for excluding change, the system having survived so long, or a reason, given its longevity, for changing it.

My own instincts tend to be those of Lord Falkland, the brave Royalist who would rise into battle during the Civil War without a sword in his hand and who said, "When it is not time to change, it is time not to change." Let us, however, examine the arguments.

INCENTIVES

Those who wish to award three points for a win clearly believed that it would give greater incentives to teams to attack, to strive for a positive result. It was Herbert Chapman, the almost legendary manager of Arsenal, who dourly and particularly announced, between the wars, that you start every match



football, and so long as a draw is better than a defeat, then clubs playing away from home are often going to be happy with a draw. There is, of course, a counter argument, one heard and implemented far too rarely, and that is that a team which plays away from home will usually be given far more space by an opponent which attacks, the logical corollary of which is that the place to attack is on your opponents' ground rather than on your own.

COMMON SENSE

Most teams, however, would accept the old, hoary belief that playing at home is worth a couple of goals start. If an away team wants to win, it will usually try to do so by the process of quick counter-attack. Would this change if three, four, five or even six points were awarded for a win? Would it even change if, as has often been suggested, more points were awarded for an away win than for a win at home something which, after all, has the smack of common sense about it?

I am unconvinced. As things stand, and as they would continue to stand, even if three points were given for victory, you are better off with a draw than a defeat. Nor is there even any evidence that giving no points for a draw, after a certain number of drawn games, has revolutionised the game in Russia. If a manager, playing away from home, continues to think his team in a position of inferiority, he will clearly continue to believe that one point is better than no points at all. After all, if he can achieve a draw, the home team will get only one point, too.

Cosmetic operations such as these will not change the nature of the beast, will not suddenly and radically transform football into a fiesta of all out attack. In any case, three points for a win would have no effect on the European competitions, except, perhaps, for determining to some degree which clubs

THREE POINTS GOOD, TWO POINTS BAD?

with one point, and if you don't concede a goal, you end it with at least one point. Arsenal, inventors of the third back game, masters of the counter attack, played in that image. Cliff Bastin, a hero of that team and time, once told me that when they had a lot of the play, they began to get worried. Since then, things have got a great deal grimmer and more competitive; you could scarcely have had a worse advertisement for the game than Nottingham Forest's embattled negativity in the European Cup Final of 1980 in Madrid, even though they

won.

OLD HULKS

The Football League chairmen are by no means the first to consider tempering with the pointage. In that Sargasso Sea, the North American Soccer League, were distinguished old hulks go to die, it has long been the custom to give six points for a win, plus points for goals up to a maximum of three, but the whole League is so unbalanced and unreal, so strangely organised in its preliminary stages, that it is hard to know what true effect this has had. The Russians a season or so ago

decided that each team in the League was permitted only a limited number of drawn games, after which no point would be awarded. In France, points are given for goals.

These are all innovations which, to me, smack of desperation. Football has been growing increasingly more defensive, negative and cautious since the end of the First World War, a process which has been quickened and exacerbated by the internationalisation of the game, the massive sums of money now involved in it. Fear is too often the keynote. Failure today can mean, quite literally

financial ruin. That, after all, is one of the reasons why the 92 League clubs found it important to meet.

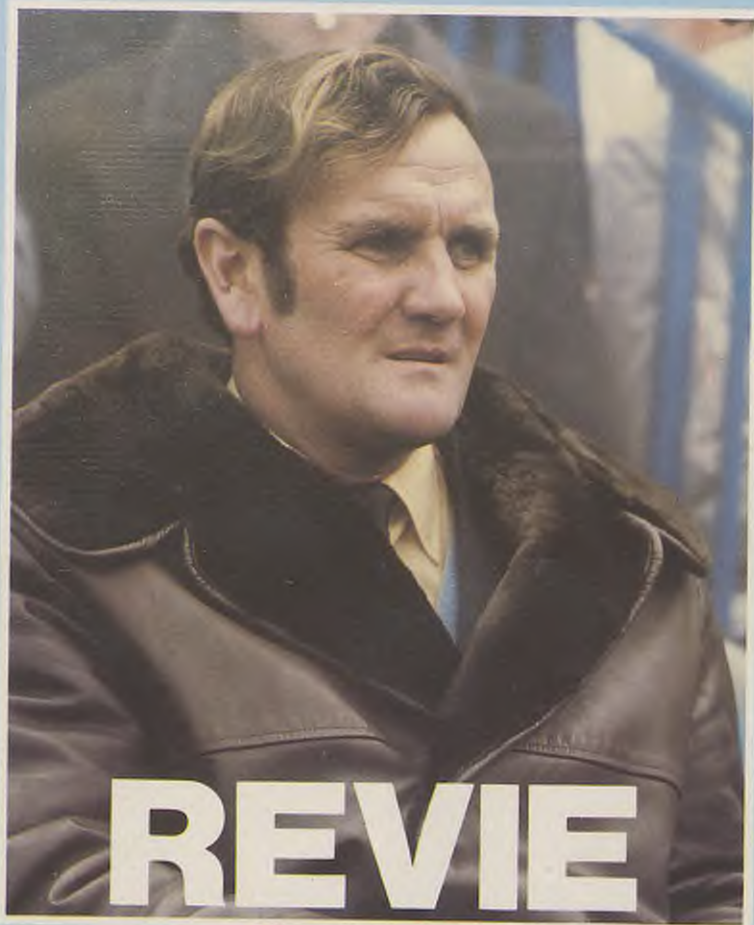
DEFENSIVE

I do not think matters have been improved by the fatuous organisation of some of our major tournaments; all the European cups, to name but three. The home and away basis on which they are played is a fearful temptation for clubs to defend to the death in the first leg, in the hope that they may win the return on their own ground. The World Cup and the Nations Cup have also fallen prey to systems exquisitely

designed to promote defensive football. Seldom has this been clearer than in the dull, dull exchanges of the Nations Cup Finals in Italy, last June. Mindlessly deciding to swell the number of finalists from four to eight - the four team system having produced a glorious tournament in 1976 - the organisers additionally saddled the teams with two miniature leagues, putting a premium on caution. Infinite boredom and some nasty fouling was the predictable result.

So long as you have this climate of fear, you are going to get negative

took part in them; and would these necessarily be those that attacked? To make football brighter and more interesting, you need to defuse the high tensions of the game, and goodness knows how you do that. There were hopes that Total Football would revolutionise play in favour of something more exciting and adventurous, but what happened in the 1980 Nations Cup put paid to such optimism. I'd love to see greater enterprise among away teams, I think it would pay them, but dangling an extra point in front of them won't do it.



BY ERIC NICHOLLS

It's a long time since Don Revie led the England team. The controversy, plus the subsequent legal action that followed his dismissal by the Football Association is neither here nor there. That belongs to the past.

What has brought the name Revie back to us has been his willingness to become talkative about England players of the past and present. And through it all his ideas of what he expects from 11 players on the field.

Whether they are actually his own comments, or whether it is the way his interviewer has written them in the News of the World the result appears a little confusing to say the least.

For instance, take Manchester United's Ray Wilkins. We all know what he has done for England and what he will do again when he is fully fit. Indeed, Revie is full of praise of Ray and says "there is no limit to what he could achieve in the game, provided he works hard enough. For me, Ray's only failing is that he occasionally lacks the

acceleration to explode away from opponents in tight areas. I often reminded him that he had to work on this aspect of his game every day".

A SUGGESTION

There is also the suggestion that Ray did not do as he was asked and mark John Giles during the 1-1 draw with Eire at Wembley in September, 1976, and in the second half, having been freed from that task, got himself into positions which didn't help Trevor Brooking to find him with passes.

Move onto Alan Hudson, brought by Revie into the full England team for the 2-0 win against West Germany, at Wembley, in March, 1975 ... "his performance was encouraging considering that this was his first international appearance". But "it was a different story when England beat Cyprus 5-0 on the same ground two months later. I told him to concentrate on attempting to beat opponents in the Cyprus half where his excellent dribbling and distribution would cause the most damage ... But he didn't carry out my in-

structions ... Another reason why Hudson didn't win many caps under me was that I felt he wasn't combative enough".

Then, there is Duncan McKenzie. In one FA XI for a testimonial Duncan ended a remarkable dribbling run, but instead of giving the ball square to Don Masson, tried to go round the 'keeper and all he got was a corner.

HARLEM GLOBETROTTER

He then did something with the ball Revie claims even a Harlem Globetrotter would have been proud of, "arrogantly spinning it over his and Colin Todd's head with the aim of running on to it behind the Derby defender. But it was an unnecessary trick because team-mates were in good positions to receive a pass".

So Ray Wilkins has one failing ... lacking the acceleration to break away from opponents in tight areas. Poor chap! Ray is not a "total footballer" because that species does not exist.

We all remember what Hudson did against West Germany. It was in my opinion far above 'encouraging'. Alan might be the first person to admit that he may have had faults on and off the field, but isn't that where man management comes into it? I was one of many who were left to wonder what Hudson could have achieved for himself and for England.

ROBERTS

And McKenzie? Well, not all players are robots. Duncan was always one to take the game of entertainment into his own feet. Sometimes you lose that way, but sometimes you win.

Certainly the public always seemed to watch the Harlem Globetrotters play basketball. And isn't that something we'd like to see in football?

I wonder what Don Revie would have done with players like Tommy Harmer and John White? And my mind boggles when I think of what he would have said to Danny Blanchflower, on one occasion his Tottenham 'keeper made a mess of a cross. Danny, facing three opponents in his one penalty box, neatly flicked the ball up and over No. 1, went round Nos 2 and three and then laid on the perfect pass for a colleague in midfield.

It is too frightening to even think of what kind of players Pele, Franz Beckenbauer and Johan Cruyff would have been had they been managed by Revie.

What he achieved at Leeds United is in the record books and cannot be denied him. Personally, I think he should leave it at that.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention that I am a Ron Greenwood man myself. Sorry Don!

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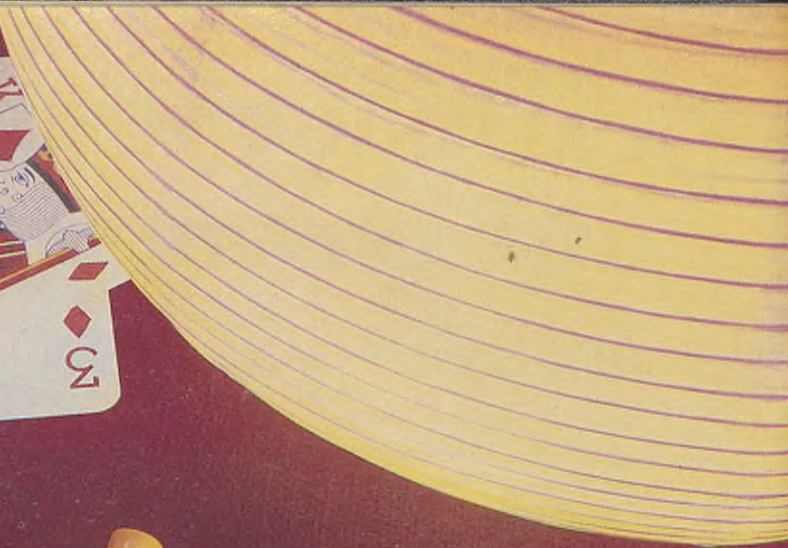
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Motoring with Jeremy Walton

SCHOOL FOR SKIDDERS

It's not only skiing that goes on in these fashionable alpine resorts. Apart from a bit of this and a bit of that around the bar, as the ski freaks relive their best fractures, the resorts have come to the point where they have to compete with each other for custom.

In turn this has led some of them into year-round pursuits like horse-riding, canoeing and so on to attract a few more punters. A little place called Serre Chevalier, up in the French Alps above Grenoble, has come up with something really different.

Their tourist board has backed a school to teach people to drive on ice. For about £10 a half hour you get one of their Esso-fuelled, Peugeot baby cars (the 104 ZS) and an instructor.

SAFETY AND KNOWLEDGE

The car is a normal 72 bhp Peugeot capable of over 80 mph, but you will be struggling to keep it on the road at half that speed.

The cars do have precautions like a roll over cage and a comprehensive safety harness, but the most important safety item can be found embedded in the Michelin tyres.

Small steel studs of 3mm long, about 150 of them per tyre, delay the point at which the car will skid.

These studs are allowed in such mountainous areas between specified dates, but they are not the complete answer. They are not usually permitted in Britain for public road use.

The car will still slide and it's knowing how to cope with that and selling the knowledge that the school specialises in.

RACING

I had a go at it at the same time as they ran a racing weekend for aces at this kind of thing. Would you believe they race against each other on ice? Not only that, but they asked a party of Britons to have a go at beating some of their journalists, who have done this kind of thing for years.

In a front drive car with studs you have a pretty good vehicle for getting along on ice anyway. For normal road driving I would say that the best advice is just to do anything involving accelerator, brakes or throttle gently.

If you get into real trouble, just keep tapping the brakes to stop, don't stand on them. They should be applied until the wheels start to lock, then released and the process repeated rapidly. It's amazing how you can avoid what seemed an inevitable accident.

One other vital part of road dri-

ving on a slippery surface is correcting the inevitable skids. If the car runs wide, or wants to visit the scenery nose-first, all you can really do is keep trying the brakes, loosen off a little steering lock, and wait for the steering to bite again.

If the car slides from the rear then you once more remove all power but turn the steering in the opposite direction to that you were hoping to travel in ("opposite lock" in bar-room slang). Again, the car should start to grip before you plough off the road.

My best memory of the weekend was of the real aces from Finland (Timo Makinen), France (Bernard Darniche) and Italy (Vanni Fusaro), who raced into the top three positions. They drove a mid-engine Lancia-Ferrari Stratos, a competition version of the Peugeot 104 and a Fiat Strada 75. Ice really makes it hard for the powerful cars, like the Lancia-Ferrari (a mongrel known as the Lancia Stratos) to get away from the efficient little front drive family cars.

How did the Brits get on in the journalists challenge? Not bad, I finished fourth and got fastest lap-shared with another French reporter - to do best out of our nine-man party. Those ahead turned out to be professionals in motor sport, so we got an invitation to go back next year and try for a win after some training. We weren't able to do any this year because of time/money... the usual British complaints!

Meanwhile, if you want to learn a little about skid control on the wet and frosty roads we get in this country, I suggest contacting the local police, who should know where the nearest skid pan instruction is available. If you know of a motor racing circuit in your area, then try that first because many of them offer such courses at quite reasonable prices.

It could save that shiny new motor a bashing...!



Gently does it. That is the overall message about drivers' style on sheet ice or other way slippery surfaces.

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TIDE WAITS FOR NO MAN

BY JERRY CLAYTON

Carefully they inched her stem first down the steeply sloping beach, using the 'plough' as a brake in the shingle to slow her progress. Slides, greased with household lard were thrust under her main and bilge keels as she went, until finally, she rested with her bows nudging the beach waiting for the making tide to lift her clear around 7pm.

At this point, I arrived, breathless and late, slung my bag up top onto the deck, pulled up my waders and climbed the wedge shaped steps on Daybreak's stem (bow). OK, I admit it, I made the first bit up, because I didn't actually see it, but that's what they do anyway. I was busy filling up my flask when I realised that I was running late and the tide waits for no man...or something like that. This was to be a night in 'Daybreak' - hmmm not a bad title that...

Ever since I'd moved to the Hastings area, down in Sussex, it had been a secret ambition to go fishing. Ambitions have a habit of expanding...When I first came here, I couldn't have told a plaice from a cod - and the professional fishing fraternity is very insular.

Fate, however, decided to strike a cruel blow - a slipped disc at the end of 1977 but this adversity turned to advantage when the chap in the hospital bed opposite mine announced that he was ... a fisherman. Oh glory be, etc, etc.

Since that time Jim and I have been real pals. In all walks of life you make friends with various people, but his sort is few and far between. He taught me to fish with trammel nets - the right way.

It would be a bit too long-winded to try and explain exactly how trammels catch fish by their construction but suffice it to say that they sit on the sea bed with floats which make them stand up three foot six inches high - like a tennis net only very much different. Each net is approximately 40 yards long and normally you'd have six or seven in a 'fleet' (sometimes eight) which will give you a 'stretch' of around 240-280 yards.

HAZARDS

The nets are left for one or two tides and then picked up - hopefully full of fish. The real trick is to shoot the nets where there are fish and not to shoot just before a gale blows up because then, nine times out of ten, the nets get all balled up and roll along the sea bed which takes a bit of sorting out. Of course, there are certain hazards that the Min of Ag and Fisheries might like to note. I mean, we're not setting the world alight or even trying to set it to rights, but there's an open sewer

down here Mr Walker. No, I know it's not nice to write things like that, but it ain't exactly a bundle of laughs when the stuff gets tangled in your net. One local councillor described it as 'aesthetic sewerage' - I think they make the rules up as they go along! I keep meaning to dump a plastic bag full of it on the Town Hall steps - after all, it's only aesthetic sewerage even if it does smell like the real thing. Hope that hasn't put you off your half-time cuppa. Sorry about that, not like me at all, really. Back to the Daybreak.

Having been used to smaller boats - punts - I saw no real problem in going out with Graham and Peter. I was wrong. The bigger boats roll. I was destined to be as sick as a dog.



Daybreak had just had a refit and repaint. Stanley Pepper, another fisherman, had made a superb job of the new wheelhouse - unbelievable in that everything had been taken into consideration including tinted glass to reduce glare off the sea in strong summer sunlight. As we left the harbour at Hastings, we saw that Stanley was moving away also in his boat NatWest - named after the bank which lent him the money to build her!

Stanley began to get lonely and called us up as we made the first run down towards Rye past Fairlight. He was outside us by about fifty yards and when his wheelhouse light came on we could see him standing there talking to us on the radio telephone. That might sound daft just to mention it but at the turn of the century two fishing boats sailing a similar course would have been able to contact each other simply by shouting for there would have been no engine noise to com-

pete, with conversation. Even so, it is not wise to knock progress.

The trawl is a bit like a large wind sock which is dragged along the sea bed. A weighted ground rope ensures the lower part of the sock mouth runs along the sea bed while otter boards swing out on both sides of the mouth of the net holding it open against the force of water from a winch powered by the engine - in this case a Ford Marine Diesel producing about 65hp. There are marks on each warp which let the winch operator know that the wraps are equally set.

We started off in easterly force 4-5 which gradually veered to an alleged southerly seven. The trawl goes down for an hour and a half when it is hauled in, the otter boards lashed to the boat's side, warps unhitched and winched up some more and the net hauled in by hand. Once a goodly section of net is loaded into the boat a rope is tied around the neck and it is hoisted up the mast using a block. In this way, the whole trawl net is then swung inboard and the end of the sock, the cod end, is untied allowing the contents to fall onto the deck.

Fish are sized. Undersized fish thrown back into the seas and the rest gutted and put into trays after the trawl has been reshot and secured at the stern.

I think it was the combination of the coffee Peter made and the rolling which made me unwell. While the other two were out on deck, I made a fateful mistake. I answered a call from Stanley. When Graham answered him eventually, he asked the obvious - "Who was that?" "Oh," replied the skipper cheerily, "that's my third 'and' - 'e ain't feeling too well, Stanley".

Telling Stanley that was like telling Reuters or the Press Association. I got some kip in the forward locker between hauls, but when the winch started hauling about 4am popped my head up and felt so ill in the cold air I was reduced to hanging over the side again. A wretched business.

In fairness, both the lads were sympathetic and I was surprised to learn how much Graham had suffered in the past. It is a hard, uncompromising existence, but somehow more that a little warmth runs through it all. Call it the milk of human kindness, no, don't, I'd probably be ill.

When we got back in, around seven on that Sunday morning, there was Roy with Geoff from New Venture 11 grinning from ear to ear and asking if I'd enjoyed the trip - courtesy of Stanley Reuters Pepper and modern telecommunications. Never again... well, p'raps not quite never...

BRIAN GLANVILLE



WRITES

Watching Rumania's Under 21 team demolish England's in Ploesti last October, beating them eventually and deservedly 4-0, I began to wonder whether it wasn't time to put an end to such games and such a tournament as the European Under 21 Cup. Not merely because Young England were being given such a hiding and tarnishing to so many bright reputations, but because it seriously appeared to me that the whole concept of such matches has been undermined.

Under 23 internationals, the precursors of the Under 21 games, began in Bologna on a snowy winter's day early in 1954. Living in Italy at that time, I travelled up from Florence to watch Young Italy beat Young England 3-0, with the help of an opening goal, yards overside, scored by the rising Italian centre-forward of the day, Virgili. The Young England team included the late, remarkable

Duncan Edwards, at left-half, Bill Dodgin junior, the present manager of Northampton Town, at centre-half, and the future England winger and club manager Frankie Blunstone of Chelsea, on the left wing. Few of them did their reputation much good. Even the muscular Edwards, only 17 at the time, had a poor first half, and gave some indication of his power and drive only in the second.

A year later, Young Italy came to Chelsea, where they were thrashed 5-1. "Oggi a te, domani a me," wrote an Italian journalist in Rome; today to you, tomorrow to me. It nicely summed up the future pattern of such matches, and the Under 21 games which were to follow them.

CONSCRIPTS

With young, largely immature and inexperienced, players, the mere fact of being so far away from home is a besetting problem. Home advantage, always great in such circumstances, now becomes immense. How well I remember watching the Young England side, most of them Army and Air Force conscripts, sitting in the lounge of their Bologna hotel before the game, boyish and wistful, singing popular songs. By comparison, the young Italians, physically much more mature as Latins usually are, seemed bearded men.

Things became worse when it was decided to codify such matches into tournaments, and perfectly farcical when it was decreed by some oaf that a couple of over aged players could be included. Where now was the object of the exercise? Defeated,

surely. Put in older players and logic went out of the window. Meanwhile the pressure was suddenly increased. Lose a game now, and you might have lost your chance in a tournament.

More important than either of these considerations, however, is that of the damage which can be done to a bright young career. In Ploesti, we saw such players as Clive Allen, who twice this season cost more than a million pounds, Justin Fashanu for whom Norwich City were then asking two million, and Gordon Cowans, the waif like little Aston Villa midfielder for whom such great claims had recently been made, and who had had so much to do with Villa's fine beginning to the season.

All of them failed wretchedly. You would never have known Cowans for the cool, brave, precocious strategist familiar to the crowd at Villa Park. You would never have recognised Allen for the sharp young opportunist who has scored such remarkable goals for Queens Park Rangers and Palace. You would not have guessed Fashanu, at that moment, to be the leading scorer in the League. Other players in the team were as unhappy; and worse. Ron Greenwood was clearly not at all pleased.

True, the Under 21 team lacked a number of excellent players, such as Paul Goddard of West Ham and Remi Moses of West Bromwich Albion, who might have strengthened it substantially, had they not been injured. Equally true, Terry Butcher



Gordon Cowans, Aston Villa

and Russell Osman, the logical centre-backs, well used to playing beside each other for Ipswich Town, were unavailable, Butcher because he was in the senior squad for the World Cup game the following day, Osman because he had been kept behind to play in Manchester for the B team against the United States.

UNITS

Yet even had they all been present, one wonders if the *team* performance would have been much better—even if Goddard is so used to playing with Allen. The old term, a collection of units, was horribly apt.

Poorly though they played, you had to feel sympathy with these largely promising and talented young players, and irritation that they had received an early setback to their international careers. Indeed, I would say not only that these Under 21 games are a sad waste of time, but that they can do true harm to a young player's international career. It is all very well to expose him early to foreign competition, but what if conditions are such that they prevent him doing himself justice, harm his reputation, and undermine his confidence?

Besides, such labels as Under 23 and Under 21 are quite arbitrary; even if they need scarcely be made more arbitrary still by inserting over aged players. Why 23 was ever chosen as a watershed remains obscure to me. It never seemed to have any meaning at all. 21 used to be the age of majority, when a youth became a man, but in these days of growing precocity, the age of maturity, the age when a young man can vote, has generally been reduced to 18. As long ago as the 1930s, footballers such as Cliff Bastin and Tommy Lawton were thought good enough to play for England at 19.

In the 1958 World Cup, Pele made a glorious name, scoring twice in the Final against Sweden, five months short of his 18th birthday, while Maradona had a cap for Argentina at 16.

One further cogent point. Nowadays, we have prolific and proliferating European club competition, with vast opportunity for most good young players to get a taste of foreign opposition; in circumstances far more propitious to them than being thrown into the hotch potch of an Under 21 side. There seems to me no valid reason at all to continue with these meaningless games, in which so huge and gross an advantage is given to the home side. Good young players have quite enough opportunities as it is. Better ones.

SHOULD UNDER 21 GAMES CEASE?

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Soccer poets

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

Oh what joy (or utter gloom)
I feel on Saturday afternoon
Singing to the roker roar
Praying we win or even a draw

The thrill of beating Leeds four-one
Despair at Villa still to come
Then mighty Forrest, what a match
We held our breaths until the last

So come on lad's keep it up
Let's go and steal the F.A. cup
But even if we don't succeed
Who's going all out to win the league
(Sunderland)

*Paul Brown,
Blyth, Northumberland.*

He was a Light Blue follower and he hunted up and down,
To find when last the Scottish Cup had been in Govan Town.
He met a Chelsea Pensioner and invited him to sup,
And asked if he could tell him when last Rangers won the Cup.
The old man sadly shook his head, then raised his eyes to Heaven,
I am sorry lad I cannot say, I am only ninety-seven.
But do not get downhearted and do not look so sad,
Just come along the street with me and I will ask my dad.
Along the street they made their way to that old man's abode,
And asked him when last the Scottish Cup had been in Copland Road.
That I cannot say my boy, I am just as wise as you,
Although I've followed Rangers since the days of Waterloo.
Then to a seer they both repaired and called up Old King Tut,
And asked if he could tell them when last Rangers won the Cup.
Tutankhamu he answered them, his voice was like a dream,
Yes Rangers won the Scottish Cup when I was seventeen.

*J. H. Crossan,
Jedburgh*

Keep Your Stockings Up, Terry! Mr Neal, Boro' Manager

Terry Cochran's Boro's winger,
When on song, a real in swinger,
Creating yards of unknown space,
Thru' body swerve and change of pace.

Ignoring coach and other cranks,
He works his magic on the flanks,
With full back markers strewn supine,
As swift he glides along the line!

But all the skill he executes,
Leaves both his stockings round his boots!
And Terry's boss, one Mr Neal,
Decrees no legs must be revealed!

Quoth Mr Neal, "It's not the thing,
This nudity along the wing!
Oh, how they blush, those centre halves,
At those exotic, sinuous calves!"

So Terry tried some strong elastic,
Sticker tape and bitumastic,
Lambwool, nylon, then homespun,
But still both socks, they came undone!

And twice he's missed goal scoring chance
Thru' pulling socks up to his pants!
He beats his man with supreme ease,
Then pulls the wool up to his knees!

This extra work has Terry stalled
And to the bench he's often called,
The "Bob-end" curse, give angry shout,
But Terry's simply tired out!

He gives a long, frustrated sigh,
At all those socks all stuck up high!
44, right up to knees,
And not forgetting, referee's!

Those stockings, upright, on the pitch,
All pearl and plain, and drop a stitch
Round Terry's legs, they won't stay on,
He'll try, next game, his old "Long Johns"

M Jones, Middlesbrough

A LADS MEMORIAL TO MANCHESTER UTD

In the heart of the world, there's a memory today,
Of the Manchester boys who were taken away,
From the dear ones they loved and the colours they wore,
Now the gales of Old Trafford will see them no more.
To be champions of Europe was their greatest strife,
And in search of this honour they've now given life.
It came as a shock, on the way home from Belgrade,
Where a match with 'red star' had been recently played,
In an aircraft renowned by its company great,
They returned full of joy to fulfil their next date.
At Munich they stopped to refuel the plane,
Then crashed in the snow as they took off again.
In a moment of horror, the mighty and great,
Were shattered and torn by the cruel hand of fate,
The bold Busby babes who had just left the ground,
Were mingled with wreckage that lay all around.
The lucky survivors were dragged from the plane,
The goalkeeper, Gregg, and the crew that remained

In the hope they'd be saved from this moment unkind,
And among them was Busby, the great mastermind,
With the great Tommy Taylor, another who's gone,
But the flag of Old Trafford is still flying on,
The lion-hearted Edwardes, a lad of world fame,
Had his heart and soul, aye, his life, in the game.
Alas, now he's gone! A heart rending blow,
Oh God! We all cry, why had they to go?
Of the injured remaining, some never will play,
But they'll be remembered as time runs away,
For the banner of sport they carried so high,
Till their glory was wrecked by a fall from the sky.
Old Trafford will miss them, as everyone will,
For their sportsmanship true and their wonderful skill.
In the eyes of the world, they'll be always renowned,
As the great kings of sport who will never be crowned.

*Michael Rowan,
London SE5*

Junior Poets

SUNDERLAND

On Monday the 12th of May,
It was a very exciting day,
It was when the Roker lads got through,
The day Sunderland left Division Two.

We came home from school and had our tea,
Then we got ready my family and me
Then at 4.30 my friend Deb came,
And we set out for the Sunderland game.

Along the roads you had to go slow,
Even though it was only half past four,
In most cars there was red, black and white,
It was a very pleasant sight.

It was quite busy along the way,
As this was an important day.
Along Roker bridge there were hundreds of fans,
Many with banners in their hands.

We found a place to park the car,
And walked to the ground which wasn't far,
There was police on horseback all around,
Watching the fans queuing outside the ground.

One by one they let the fans in,
All with one hope to see their team win,
We paid our money at the turn-stile,
Then stood on the terraces for a while.

It was half past six and still quite light,
So the floodlights wouldn't go on until later that night,
The ground was filling, thousands came in,
And everyone waited for the game to begin.

Half past seven came at last,
It didn't seem like an hour had passed,
47,000 fans had come to see,
Sunderland fight for victory.

There was lots of whistling and cheer,
As we see the reds appear,
There, there goes up a shout,
As the Sunderland lads run out.

The very few West Ham fans,
Cheered and waved their hands,
But the Sunderland fans all shouted 'Boo',
As they would try to keep Sunderland in Div. Two.

The lads kicked the ball about,
Until the referee called out,
He threw a coin up to see,
Which way the shooting will be.

Sunderland were shooting to the Fulwell end,
The goal Phil Parkes would try to defend,
Everyone stood in their places,
Sunderland with anxiety on their faces.

The whistle was blown and it started the game,
To get the goals past Parkes was their aim,

Next to Ken Knighton sat Alan Brown,
On his face there was a frown.

West Ham had just won the F.A. cup,
And they had their good name to keep up,
Sunderland had to win or draw to guarantee
They went up and not Chelsea.

It was now about quarter to eight,
Still thousands of fans queued outside the gate,
As they were wondering "what was the score?"
All they could hear was the Roker roar.

Knighton, Clark, the trainers and all,
Shouted for Sunderland to fight for the ball,
The time was gradually ticking away,
But a draw would still make their day.

The goal eventually came,
Which put more excitement in the game,
Arnott put it straight past Phil Parkes feet,
Now the Hammers were getting beat.

All that was heard was the Blydon Race,
And the ground was filled with happy faces,
While the Sunderland fans were going mad,
Chelsea and West Ham were very sad.

At half-time Sunderland went off full of delight
This was certainly an exciting night,
There was cheering, shouting and waving of scarfs,
But anything could happen as they changed halves.

Brooking sent a good ball down the right,
And a goal certainly look in sight,
But our hopes were kept alive,
As Chris Turner did a good dive.

In the 72nd minute Little Stan,
Dribbled fast around his man,
He controlled the ball and then had a shot,
And the goalie gave it his lot.

But the ball was at the back of the net,
And now Sunderland's hopes were really set,
The scarfs were flying in the ground,
And so much cheering all around.

The sound of singing from the crowd,
Was very happy and very loud,
Finally 40 minutes were up,
It was like '73 when they won the cup.

The joyful fans ran onto the field,
To the players the police are trying to shield,
They all ran around full of delight,
No-one will ever forget this night.

On Ken Knighton's face there was a beam,
As Sunderland was now a first division team,
Around the ground the scarfs fly high,
They have the loyal support that will never die.

*Dawn Ross,
Trimdon Station, Co. Durham. (Age 15).*

JAKE FINDLAY

Findlay for Scotland' is our cry,
Why does Jock pass him by?
Forget Rough and all the rest,
'Cause our Jake is the best.

He's big, strong and brave,
And when it comes to making a save,
He pulls the ball in from the air,
Or off his line he will rear.

He's saved the Hatters many a time,
When they might have gone behind,
At Luton Town I hope he stays,
For the rest of his playing days.

*Miss J. Orchard
Aged 13*

THE HERO

On come on hero, do your stuff,
Although you've scored, it's not enough!
Oh, now they've scored another one,
Come on hero, your jobs not done.

Oh come on son, you're usually good,
but today so far, you've only stood,
and seen your team demoralised.
Use you feet, not just your eyes.

What's up with you, we're 3-1 down,
since you've scored you've stood around.
But wait a minute, you've got the ball,
defenders come, you've beaten 'em all,
you shoot, it's in, oh what a goal!
Now come on son, one more to go,
you've scored again,
My Hero!

*A. Anderson
Gillingham Kent
Age 15*

WORLD LEADER



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RESERVE SCENE

40 games without defeat

BY ANY standards the League record of Celtic reserves is a remarkable one. Forty games without defeat (up to Christmas week) is an undefeated run that our pet statistician hasn't been able to better. Well, not yet though he is delving into the archives to see if it has been surpassed at Parkhead.

Here is the match list in the series without defeat which started over a year ago:

1978-79.	
Dec. 1—St Mirren	3-0
Dec. 8—Dundee	3-1
Dec. 15—Partick	4-2
Dec. 21—Morton	1-1
Dec. 29—Rangers	4-0

1980	
Jan. 8—Kilmarnock	1-1
Jan. 12—Hibernian	6-1
Jan. 15—Partick	2-1
Jan. 19—Aberdeen	2-1
Mar. 1—Morton	2-1
Mar. 10—Dundee	4-2
Mar. 15—Kilmarnock	2-1
Mar. 29—Hibernian	3-0
Apr. 2—Rangers	4-1
Apr. 5—Aberdeen	1-0
Apr. 17—Dundee	2-1
Apr. 19—Dundee	4-2
Apr. 24—St Mirren	3-0
Apr. 26—Partick	3-0
Apr. 29—St Mirren	2-1
May 2—Dundee Utd	0-0

1980-81.	
Aug. 9—Morton	1-1
Aug. 16—Kilmarnock	2-0
Aug. 23—Rangers	3-0
Aug. 30—Hamilton	5-1
Sep. 5—Partick	2-0

Sep. 13—Clyde	4-1
Sep. 20—Airdrie	2-1
Sep. 27—Dumbarton	4-1
Oct. 4—Ayr Utd	2-1
Oct. 14—St Mirren	3-0
Oct. 18—Morton	3-2
Oct. 25—Kilmarnock	1-0
Nov. 1—Rangers	3-1
Nov. 8—Motherwell	1-1
Nov. 15—Airdrie	1-0
Nov. 22—Dumbarton	2-0
Nov. 29—Ayr Utd	0-0
Dec. 6—Partick	3-2
Dec. 11—Queen's Park	1-1

Of the 40 games, 33 have been won and seven drawn. And the next League goal will mark the "ton". Against the 99 scored only 30 goals have been surrendered.

BOBBY LENNOX

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**TODAY'S
VISITORS**

MORTON

MORTON come to Celtic Park this afternoon in chirpy mood. In the space of a couple of months they've swept out of the lower rungs of the Premier League table and now their support have thoughts of European participation next season.

Up until their Ne-erday game with St Mirren at Cappielow they'd gone eight matches without defeat taking 12 points.

Their scalps in that time included Rangers and Aberdeen and the side now carries a confidence in their play that makes them most difficult opponents.



JIM TOLMIE

Yes, the Cappielow part-timers are doing all right, though manager Benny Rooney probably feels the recent record should have been even better when he contemplates drawn games with Kilmarnock and Hearts, the two bottom sides in the Premier League.

"It is never easy at Parkhead," he says. And today he anticipates another close match. In their earlier meetings this season Celts have made it by the odd goal and the Cappielow club feel it is their turn this time!

Celtic will have a different view of the assignment. About all they'll be prepared to offer the Cappielow squad is the compliments of the season. At the same time they'll treat them with the respect that their current form demands.

Returning with them is Andy Ritchie, the former Celt, who has been such a prolific scorer for the Greenock side and is again their leading marksman this season.

Andy is a player who "frightens" opposition fans. Allied to his shooting skills he is adept at opening up a defence with a "killer" pass for his mates to get on the scoring lists.

He isn't the swiftest running player in the Premier League but his thinking is of the sharpest quality . . . as many a club has found to its cost when it decided that Andy wasn't going to be a threat.

Andy Ritchie is just one member of the Cappielow contingent with a Celtic connection. Goalkeeper Roy Baines had a spell at Parkhead before returning to the Greenock side.

Roy is still living in the East of Scotland and does his train-



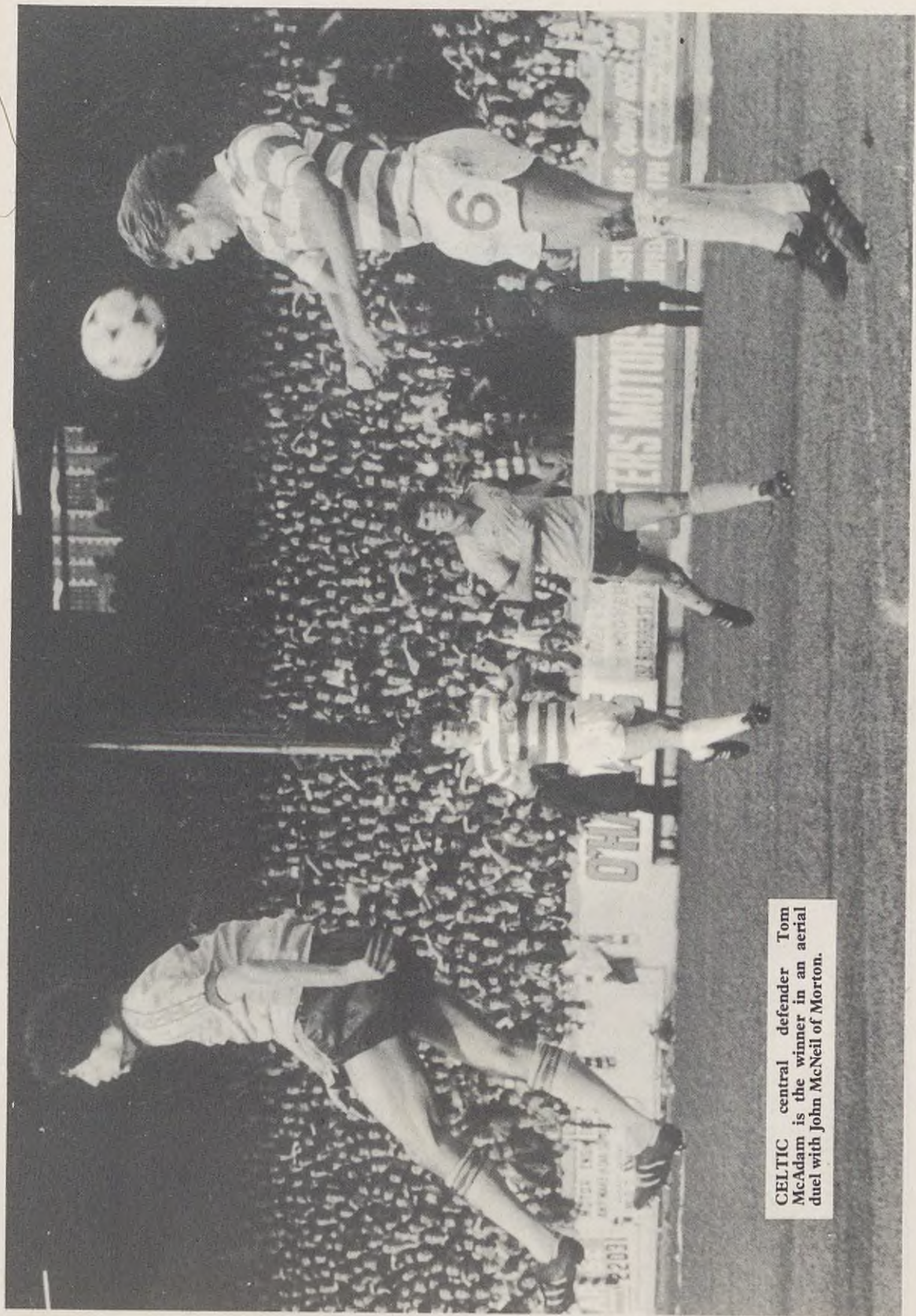
BENNY ROONEY

ing at the Easter Road ground of Hibernian. Even though he isn't in contact with his mates during the week the link up with his defensive screen on match days is sound and solid.

In that screen is Joe McLaughlin, capped at under-21 level this season, and one of the young Scots who could break through to the national side.

Another young fellow whose play has drawn a lot of attention recently is Jim Tolmie. He isn't a giant physically but he is one of the breed of "natural" Scottish players with a skilful touch and the ability to pop in goals.

With experienced men like Davie Hayes, Jim Holmes and Drew Busby around . . . well, the thoughts of Morton fans about seeing Continental opposition at Cappielow later this year could become reality.



CELTIC central defender Tom McAdam is the winner in an aerial duel with John McNeil of Morton.

FLASHBACK ON...

CELTIC v MORTON

THE corresponding game with Morton last season took place at Celtic Park on Saturday, December 22 and, despite being played on the last Saturday before Christmas, the match attracted 27,000 spectators.

Unfortunately the game was played on a very hard and difficult surface.

Although Celtic attacked for most of the first half it took them until two minutes before the interval to get the opening goal.

Tom McAdam outjumped

Roy Baines at a free-kick to head into the unguarded goal.

Morton equalised two minutes after the interval when Jim Tolmie ran through the middle of the defence to slot the ball past Peter Latchford.

Dom Sullivan restored Celtic's lead after 26 minutes and in the last minute Bobby Lennox passed for Johnny Doyle to score a third.

CELTIC: Latchford; Sneddon and McGrain; Aitken, McDonald and McAdam; Provan and Sullivan; McCluskey; MacLeod and Lennox. Subs. Doyle and Edvaldsson.

MORTON: Baines; Miller and Holmes; Anderson, McLaughlin and Orr; McLaren and Hutchison; Scott; Tolmie and Ritchie. Subs. Craig and Brown.

THE RECORD SO FAR

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

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QUIZ TIME

- 1 With which sport do you associate Tracy Austin?
- 2 Which football club plays at Ayresome Park?
- 3 Name the secretary of the Scottish Football League?
- 4 Who are Scotland's next World Cup opponents?
- 5 Archie Gemmill plays with which English side?
- 6 Who is Morton's assistant manager?

Answers: 1. Tennis. 2. Middlebro. 3. Jim Farry. 4. Israel. 5. Birmingham City. 6. Mike Jackson.

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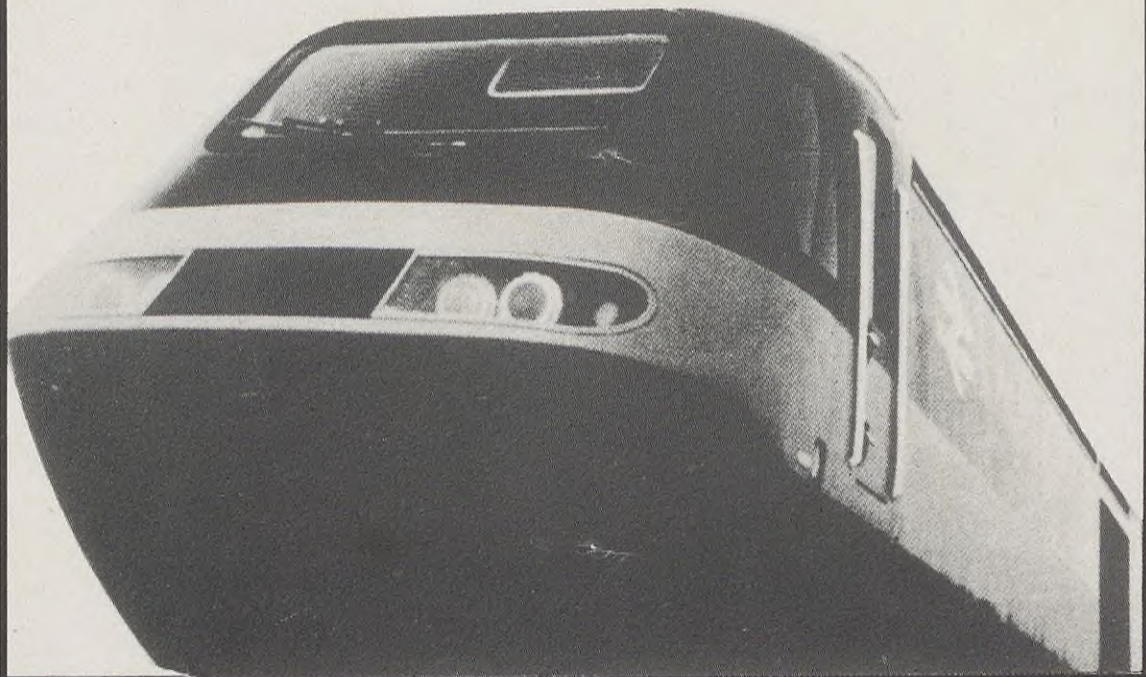
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