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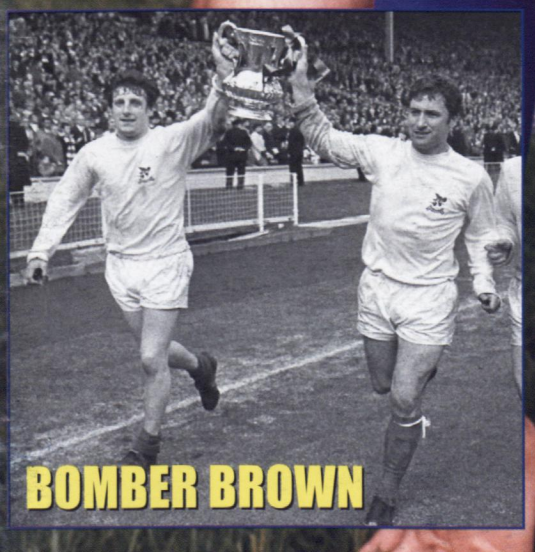
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THE RETRO FOOTBALL MAGAZINE

MEMORIES

Ian Atkins
Frank Blunstone
Tony Kellow
David Pleat
Willie Young

WORTHY



BOMBER BROWN

AMERICAN PIE

Ken Furphy in the Big Apple

THE Os ZONE

Leyton Orient in the top flight

REBEL REBEL

The maverick Derek Dougan

STEVE DEATH • FOREST 1959 • GARRINCHA • DEREK TREVIS

BACKPASS

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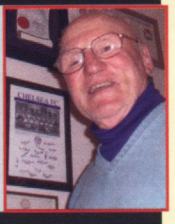
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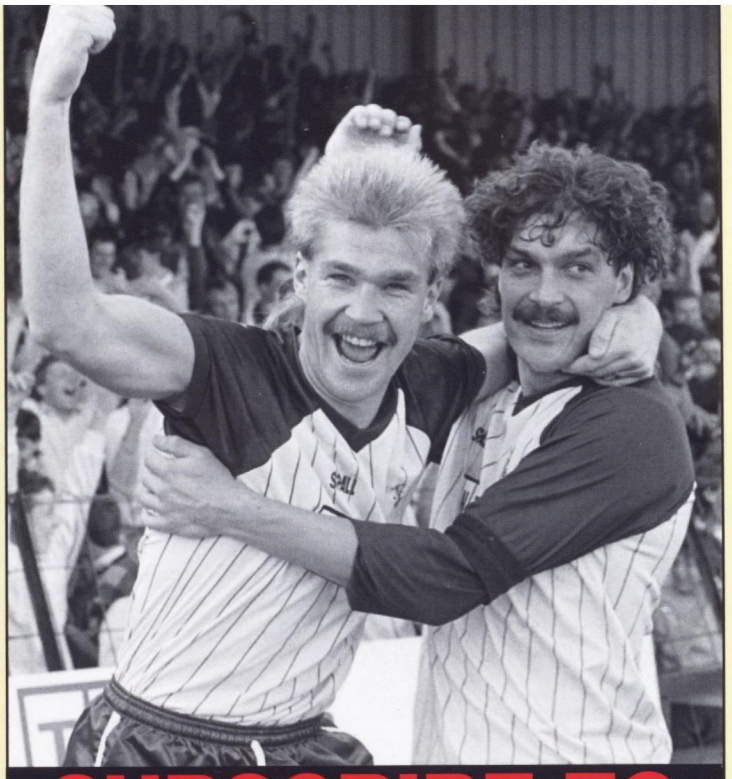


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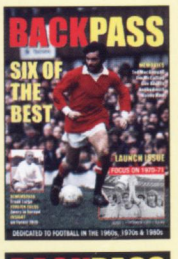


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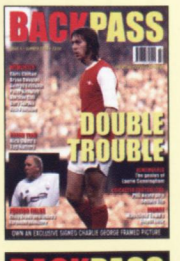
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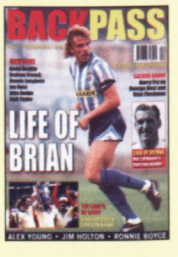
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Walking the talk

TO STATE what Basil Fawlty might well describe as the bleedin' obvious, players and managers aren't the only observers qualified to analyse a football match, any more than diners require a couple of Michelin stars on their culinary CV to differentiate between prime rib and corned beef.

On the contrary, however many caps and medals they might have tucked away in their sideboards, the counter-intuitive reality is that ex-pro poachers tend to bring a desperately dull level of conversation to the table when they evolve into journalistic gamekeepers.

Take, by way of two from so many examples, Kenny Dalglish and Alan Shearer. Both would surely feature on the final short list for any all-time British Isles XI but, in their media-pension incarnations, barely aspire to pub-team standards as they trot out their mundane truisms - a function rendered all the more superfluous by the fact that Alan Hansen has almost invariably made exactly the same points far more pithily five minutes earlier.

Then, of course, there's Ian Wright, who never quite cut it at international level but, in his prime, was an agile, courageous, splendidly instinctive Premiership striker. As a pundit, however, he's at best a waste of space, at worst a nasty piece of work, utterly devoid of wit, charm or presentational skills and specialising in the brand of sour, jingoistic garbage you might expect if you entrusted the task to Alf Garnett.

This is the man, remember, who once lent his byline to a two-page Sun spread headlined 'Did you drop Shaun to get back at me?' which accused Sven-Goran Eriksson of retaliating to some barbed criticism by omitting Shaun Wright-Phillips from his final 2006 selection and thus "destroying England's World Cup dream."

Yet despite those ludicrous, not to say libellous, assertions, the BBC still decided that Wright senior would add a gritty edge of urban credibility to their grotesquely overmanned squad in Germany.

A couple of years on, that level of analytical overkill seems not just unnecessary but decidedly self-indulgent at a time when ITV's finances are in credit-crunch collapse while the BBC's licence fee increasingly looks like a tax-propelled gravy train on a par with MPs' pied-a-terre allowances.

And, in terms of value-for-money, the current crop of sofa sages offer a woefully pallid imitation of the panel that launched the trend courtesy of Jimmy Hill, a man often caricatured as football's answer to Mr. Pastry these days but who was, in reality, a genuine innovator who has made a massively influential contribution at so many levels of the game.

Back in 1970 Hill was ITV's head of sport, looking for ways to counteract the BBC's inbuilt advert-free advantage at the upcoming World Cup. His solution was to hole up four professionals in a London hotel for the duration of the tournament to dissect the action being beamed back from Mexico - and it proved an inspired move, securing a ratings war victory for the first and, to date, only time in the channel's head-to-head history.

Hill's four musketeers included three players - Manchester United's Paddy Crerand, Wolves' Derek Dougan and Arsenal's Bob McNab - and Malcolm Allison, technically Joe Mercer's deputy at Manchester City but widely regarded as the brightest young coach in the business.



PANEL BEATERS: ITV'S pioneering pundits of 1970 - Bob McNab, Paddy Crerand, Jimmy Hill (standing), Derek Dougan, Brian Moore (standing) and Malcolm Allison.

And although McNab, then just 27, occasionally came across like a virgin trying to keep pace with his big brothers on a stag-night jaunt to the fleshpots of Amsterdam, the other three provided some enthralling entertainment.

As one recalls it now, Allison slipped effortlessly into his designated role as the city-slicker wind-up merchant, gleefully goading Crerand and Dougan who would rear to his bait with archetypal Celtic indignation. It was, in effect, reality TV long before the term had been conceived and everything that format should aspire to - quarrelsome, articulate and gloriously spontaneous, a sort of Big Brother boot room.

It certainly shook the BBC out of their complacency and they quickly made ringmaster Hill a transfer offer he couldn't refuse. But although ITV no longer held the patent, they freshened up the formula for the 1974 World Cup by installing the unflappably-affable Brian Moore to keep check on the old favourites and equally fractious recruits like Brian Clough and Jack Charlton - not to mention Bobby Moncur, who used the occasion to complete his switch from Newcastle to Sunderland despite Clough's on-air entreaties to defect to Brighton.

By that stage Clough had established his confrontational MO by stubbornly insisting that Jan Tomaszewski was a goalkeeping clown despite the qualification heroics that defied an England team managed by Sir Alf Ramsey and spearheaded by Allan Clarke and Martin Chivers.

But the growing army of expert witnesses on both channels covered the full spectrum of style and substance - who could forget the astute but avuncular Joe Mercer, who invariably referred to Brazil's legendary striker as Peely and, on more than one occasion, confused Holland's talismanic captain with Johann Strauss?

Because most of us had to be content with black-and-white TV back then, we were spared the full fashion-victim horror of the velvet jackets and kipper ties favoured by the likes of Allison and Dougan.

But how one could do with a dash of their technicolour verve to spice up the monochrome mumbling of their modern counterparts, men who - with one or two notable exceptions - could perform minor miracles on the field but haven't got a clue when it comes to interpreting that magic for the masses.

words: ALAN POOLE

SEEN AND HEARD

EUROPEAN JUSTICE?

A YORKSHIRE MEP has kicked off the latest stage of his campaign to reverse one of the greatest injustices in Leeds United's history.

Richard Corbett has been a long-time supporter of calls for an inquiry into United's infamous defeat against AC Milan in the 1973 European Cup Winners' Cup final.

The game was marred by a bizarre series of refereeing decisions which led to allegations of match-fixing.

Now Mr. Corbett has launched an online petition which he hopes will belatedly persuade European football's governing body, UEFA, to look into the corruption claims.

And he says if any evidence emerges that the game was rigged, then the result should be overturned and Leeds named as that year's winner of the competition.

Mr. Corbett, a Labour member of the European Parliament for Yorkshire and the Humber, said: "Bribery in sport is clearly unacceptable at any level.

"If football in Europe is to retain its integrity, UEFA must show its commitment to fair play."

Mr. Corbett plans to present the petition to UEFA on May 16, the 36th anniversary of United's final defeat.

He has written to all the surviving members of that night's Leeds side asking them to add their names to his list.

United were denied a string of clear penalties in the match, held in the Greek city of Salonika.

The game ended with the local referee being jeered by his fellow countrymen in the crowd. He was later suspended by UEFA and his own national association. To sign the online petition, visit www.richardcorbett.org.uk/leedsunitedpetition.htm

PAUL ROBINSON in the Yorkshire Evening Post



UNUSUAL TEAM PHOTOGRAPHS No.3 CHELSEA'S 1971-72 squad take time off from training to pose on the pavilion. They are (right to left): Alan Hudson and Charlie Cooke (both sitting), Steve Kember, John Boyle, Peter Bonetti, John Dempsey, David Webb, Eddie McCreadie, Chris Garland, John Hollins, Peter Osgood, Ron Harris and Paddy Mulligan.



WE'LL MEET AGAIN: Sheffield United's promotion-winning team of 1989-90 pictured at a recent reunion in the city.

The Blades of nearly 20 years ago booked their place in Division One alongside Leeds United to begin a four-year stay in the top flight that embraced the launch of the Premier League.

Boss Dave Bassett said: "We didn't have any stars and no-one had really heard of Brian Deane when we paid Doncaster Rovers £40,000 for him. But 'Deano' made himself into a star."

Deane, who netted 21 League goals during the promotion season, said: "We were at Leicester on the final day and knew that Newcastle could pip us. We were confident of winning and it was a shock when Leicester took the lead. We had to stand up and be counted, and we fought back to win 5-2."

Deane, who made history as the first player to score in the Premiership at the start of the 1992-93 season (against Manchester United), added: "Everyone talks about the man management of present day managers, but Dave Bassett's man management was superb."

Pictured (left to right) are Dennis Circuit (physio), Peter Duffield, Ian Bryson, Brian Smith, Cliff Powell, Mitch Ward, Carl Bradshaw, Simon Tracey, Tony Agana, Paul Wood, Paul Stancliffe, Mark Todd, Mark Morris, Francis Joseph, Dave Bassett, Chris Wilder, Reg Brealey, Brian Deane, Derek French (physio), Billy Whitehurst, Bob Booker and Julian Winter.

BIG MAL'S WAY

CULT Figure Publishing, who last year produced ex-England and Ipswich Town defender Kevin Beattie's autobiography, are back in production again with a re-print of Malcolm Allison's seminal coaching manual, Soccer For Thinkers.

Priced at £11.99, the book showcases Allison's innovative approach to coaching and is an ideal read for anyone who wants to get an insight into what made Allison, a true footballer innovator, tick.

Future titles at www.cultfigurepublishing.com include the official autobiographies of German legends Uwe Seeler and Gunther Netzer, and a collection of exclusive football interviews with stars such as Sir Bobby Charlton, Paul Gascoigne and Zinedine Zidane by award-winning Independent journalist Brian Viner.

Cult Figure Publishing are looking for new writers, book projects to commission and can also offer a service to print short runs of books that are currently out-of-print.

Rob Finch will be happy to discuss any potential projects and can be contacted at cultfigurepublishing@gmail.com or on 07986-452578.

FIGHT CLUB

...so when they (Billy Baxter and Tommy Carroll) were seen to pop open the champagne and celebrate an Ipswich defeat, it was clear that the situation simply couldn't be resolved without someone moving on.

Unsurprisingly, neither player was

invited back into the first team fold and when Carroll tore off the team sheet (some say it was a notice restricting access to the players' bar to those players who had participated in the game) from the notice board and stuffed it in (Bobby) Robson's face with the words "stuff the f*****g team' it provoked the explosion that many must have seen coming.

Robson openly admits that it was he who threw the first punch, though he takes no pride in it. Baxter joined on the side of Carroll and Cyril Lea on the side of Robson in a four-way scuffle.

Robson had said that he viewed the dressing-room fight as a turning point for him and the club.

From the e-book ON THE MAP by Nick Fuller, a fan's view of Sir Bobby Robson and Ipswich Town (www.onthemap.tv - there is no charge but you are invited to make a donation to the Sir Bobby Robson Foundation.)

SPIRITUAL PATH

"I WENT to a funeral of one of the victims, in Burnley. The family were magnificent with me, but I found it really hard. I'd only been to one funeral before that, but this one was for a teenage boy. I can go to funerals now, of young children who I've met in hospital and who've died. I can cope with it now. But I couldn't then. It was terrible.

The likes of John Barnes, Alan Hansen and Kenny Dalglish were better men than I was. They went to so many funerals. Kenny and his wife Marina went to over half the funerals. They went to three in one day on more than one occasion. From the moment the disaster began, right to the end, Kenny was unbelievable."

PETER BEARDSLEY in The Observer Magazine's Walking Alone feature, which described how the Hillsborough disaster had affected the lives of five of those involved in the 1989 tragedy.

DAMNED LIES?

"I GOT it and read it, and I was quite horrified. The language was absolutely ... I mean Brian didn't need that language to express himself.

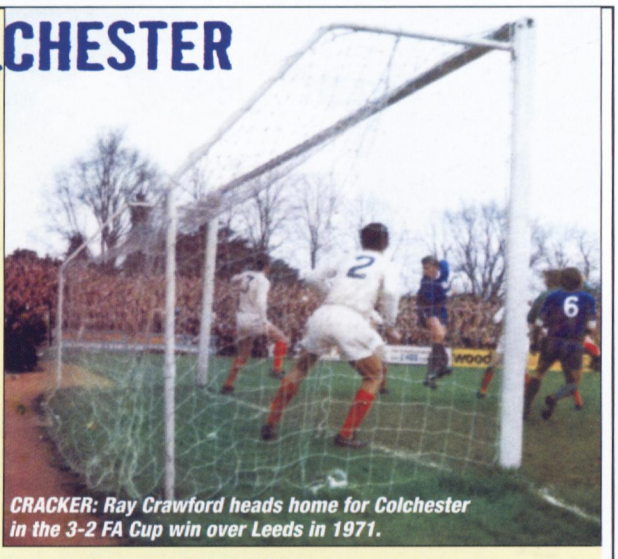
They had him chain-smoking and he had given up smoking years before. They had him with a drink constantly, but he barely drank in those days."

BARBARA CLOUGH (the wife of Brian) gives a frank assessment of David Peace's THE DAMNED UNITED in ITV's documentary on Clough.

"WE HAD a difference of opinion about my ability. I thought I was brilliant - he didn't!"

MARTIN O'NEILL on ITV's documentary on Brian Clough

Made in COLCHESTER



CRACKER: Ray Crawford heads home for Colchester in the 3-2 FA Cup win over Leeds in 1971.

MADE IN COLCHESTER – THE BEAUTY, THE MAGIC AND THE GLORY OF LAYER ROAD (Sparkfilms, £18)

BEAUTY is in the eye of the beholder: you either loved Layer Road or you hated it; it was impossible to be indifferent. Colchester United's home from 1937, the ramshackle ground would have celebrated its centenary this year.

Like a nervous batsman, it succumbed on 99, in July 2008, and the U's have since decamped to a shiny new stadium on the outskirts of town.

The memories live on, though, thanks to a recently-released DVD. It is an arty, sometimes slow-paced, sometimes souped-up, hymn to both Layer Road and its home town. Both are filmed from moving cars, hot-tin roofs, and twin-seat planes.

No door handle, rusty nail, sign or weed poking through a terrace step passes unrecorded: Layer Road is stripped of its romance and dignity in pursuit of posterity.

To a background of music by local indie band Absent Kid, and poems by the film's creator Ray Hollingsworth, read by breathless schoolboys, the film moves easily from past to present. The voices of former players are heard, but not always identified, though their reminiscences carry piquancy and reminders.

The best moments are perhaps the inserts of Movietone-style newsreels of Colchester's great moments immediately after the War, commentary by a Mr Cholmondley-Warner sound-a-like, accompanied by shots of the enthusiastic, but well-behaved crowds. There are walk-on parts for the Fenton brothers, Ted and Benny, action from the non-League U's FA Cup victory over Bradford Park Avenue, the players training on local oysters, as well as inevitable footage of the 1971 win over Leeds United.

Yes, it was an anachronism of a ground in the 21st century.

But it always felt like a proper football stadium rather than the cold, identikit monstrosities replacing them today. You would be a hard man, a veritable Norman Hunter, to remain unmoved by this tear-jerker.



WHO AM I?

THIS Liverpool schemer of the 1950s and 1960s went on to become a flamboyant FA Cup final manager in the 1980s. He now lives in America.

Can you identify him? The answer is on page 59.

OBITUARIES

PETER HEWITT, football correspondent of the Evening Sentinel in Stoke for over 20 years, died in January after suffering a brain haemorrhage. He was 76.

Hewitt, who started his journalistic career on the Birmingham Evening Mail, covered Stoke during their glory years in the 1970s, and reported on their 1972 League Cup final win over Chelsea at Wembley.

Alan Hudson, who joined Stoke from Chelsea in 1974, said: "He was a lovely man. People like Terry Conroy and Jackie Marsh would rib him a bit, but he knew his football and was nobody's fool. He had a wonderful relationship with Tony Waddington, and I know Tony held him in the highest esteem."

JOHN CRANE, the former Arsenal and England doctor, passed away in January.

Crane worked at Arsenal for over 30 years, serving five managers before he retired in 2002. He also led England's medical team at four World Cups, in 1986, 1990, 1998 and 2002.

Former England goalkeeper Ray Clemence said: "Not only was John a wonderful doctor, he also had a great sense of humour and was a fantastic character to have around the squad."

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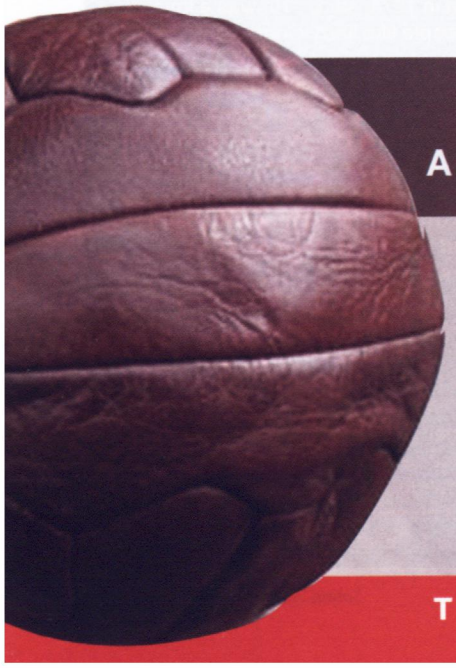
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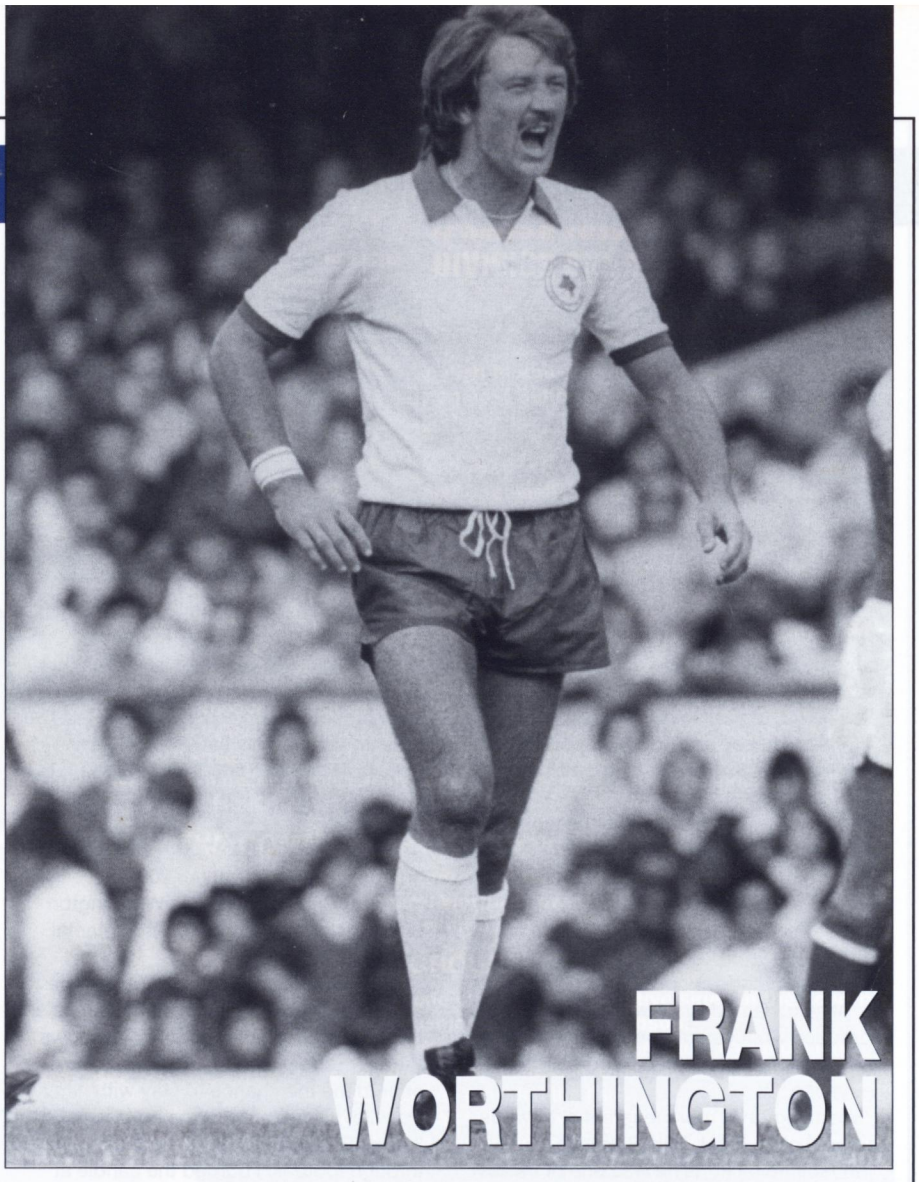
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THE UK's FOREMOST PRIVATE COLLECTOR



King Frank

HE RIVALLED George Best for the number of women he squired and scored wonderful goals that Best would have been proud to call his own.

But unlike his friend and fellow party animal, Frank Worthington never signed for Manchester United.

And that remains the great regret of a playing career spanning four decades; a career that almost took him to Liverpool in 1972.

"I don't do regrets," says the maverick Yorkshireman whose career was a roller coaster of highs and lows to dwarf any ride on Blackpool Pleasure Beach. "But if there is such a thing then it's that I didn't play for United on a regular basis."

Worthington, whose father Eric was on the Old Trafford books, did become a temporary Red Devil during Ron Atkinson's colourful reign as United boss.

Indeed his strike partner, albeit very briefly, was a current day Premier League manager with a shed load of money to spend.

Worthington has a wealth of stories, many chronicled in his 'One Hump or Two' biography. And his time as a United player is as good as any.

"My dad was from Old Trafford and played for United," says Worthington proudly. "My granddad ran a pub in Moss Side called the King's Head. That's where we used to go.

"I'd get on a bus from Halifax to Rochdale, change at Rochdale to Manchester and then down to Moss Side.

"I used to love going over there - they were brilliant times. So it was fantastic when I got a chance to play for them. Big Ron was manager at the time and I guested for them on their tour to Australia.

"It was me and 'Sparky' Hughes up front. We played Juventus, who'd just won the European Cup, on Sydney Cricket Ground of all places.

"I am a big United fan. A lot of it goes back to Munich, I suppose. That would have been the icing on my footballing cake to have played for them. When I was with Bolton we beat them 2-1 at Burnden Park (in 1979) and I scored two. And later we beat them at Old Trafford and I got another two.

"Everyone wants to beat United. I think Ron wanted me permanently but I was with Jim Smith down at Birmingham.

"He didn't want to let me go. We had a good side at the Blues and I was too important to his team."

Huddersfield Town, Leicester City and Bolton Wanderers had already benefited from Worthington's services before his brief dalliance in United red.

He went on to serve Philadelphia Fury, Mjallby (in Sweden), Tampa Bay Rowdies, Leeds United, Sunderland, Southampton, Brighton, Tranmere Rovers, Preston, Stockport County, Cape Town Spurs (in South Africa) and Galway United.

There were three other clubs that he self deprecatingly adds to the list: Stringfellows, Tramp and Playboy!

In addition, he won a meagre total of eight England caps in 1974 while playing for Leicester.

There was also a scoring appearance for England old boys against Uruguay in the 1991 World Cup of Masters.

Unfortunately he paid the price for his flair and racy private life, suffering the same fate with England as fellow mavericks like Stan Bowles, Tony Currie, Rodney Marsh and Alan Hudson.

However, unlike Best, already on the rocky road, Worthington survived the booze, the drugs, the countless women because of one true love.

"I never ever self-destructed because I loved football too much. Football took precedence over everything.

"I loved the women and I liked a night club, though not to any great extent, but football was number one in my life. I had a pretty good focus and mindset for what I wanted to achieve.

"But 'Bestie' was a genius: the greatest individual player we have ever seen in British football. Class.

"Funnily enough while George was living with Angie on the West Coast, I was living with Angie's sister, Lindy, on the East Coast.

"We rarely got to see each other but when we played against each other we had a good time. Bestie loved it in America because no one knew him."

Worthington lost a good friend with Best's death. And it was another sad occasion in January when he learned of Ian Greaves' passing.

Worthington played some of his best football under the one-time Busby Babe,

MEMORIES

winning a Second Division championship medal to add to the same honour he collected at Huddersfield in his early career.

And he talks fondly of the ex-Huddersfield, Bolton and Mansfield manager.

"Greavsie had a fantastic send off," he says of his old boss's funeral. "Everybody who played under Greavsie had the greatest regard for him. He was a man amongst men.

"He was the Sir Winston Churchill of football: such a strong character.

"Ian was probably the best Football League manager never to take charge of his country. When you were with him, you knew you were in the presence of a great guy. His knowledge of the game was excellent. He knew how to organise his defence."

Sir Alf Ramsey and Joe Mercer were two other managers who Worthington treated with the utmost respect.

Not so Don Revie. "He was the worst England manager I ever played under," says Worthington, whose nomadic career included a spell with Leeds. "Revie gave you dossiers on everything and it was an insult to you as a professional footballer. I used to tear mine up and put it in the bin.

"All you wanted to do was go out and reproduce what you did on a Saturday. It was simplicity but he tried to complicate everything."

Worthington is more reverential towards another Leeds great, Billy Bremner.

In fact, he reckons he was one of the last people to see the Scottish international alive prior to his sudden death in December 1997.

"We were driving back home across the M62 after a dinner in Lancashire," recalls Worthington.

"As Billy pulled off towards Doncaster, I flashed my headlights and he put his hand out and waved. I couldn't believe it when I heard he'd died."

Worthington is a popular after-dinner guest with a fund of stories and anecdotes. But it's hardly surprising when you've dated Page 3 girls, mixed with rock royalty and are on first name terms with celebrities like Rod Stewart.

Peter Rudge, formerly manager of The Who, The Rolling Stones and Lynyrd Skynyrd, was a good friend of Worthington and nicknamed him 'Elvis' because of his love of Elvis Presley.



EARLY DAYS: Frank at Huddersfield

"I know everything about 'the King,' he says proudly. "I never saw him live but I've been to Gracelands three times. I also believe in fate and here's why. Elvis used to start his shows to the theme tune to 2001 Space Odyssey.

He died on 16.8.1977. If you add those numbers together you get 2001!

Actor Bill Maynard took Worthington under his wing after one bout of marital strife.

"Bill is my daughter's god father," he says. "Bill would come to all my games and I went to watch him record his TV shows. When I split up with my ex-missus, he offered me the chance to stay with him and his wife. It's funny because he starred in the 'Life of Riley' and I was living that way through football. I burned the candle at both ends. But it was a real fun time.

"I also became a good friend of Bobby Moore after I got in the England team. He may have been the archetypal English gentleman and I was a bit of a Jack the Lad but we got on really well. After some of the internationals we'd go down to the East End and have some really good times.

"There was a guy who ran the Blind Beggar where Ronnie Kray shot George Cornell. He was Bobby's best pal. You wouldn't want to cross him. But he loved me and he loved 'Mooro.'

"Bobby was the greatest defender we have seen in British football. He was class and made everything look so nonchalant and easy. In that era we had certain players who would kick you but 'Mooro' wouldn't kick me.

"Johnny Giles was brilliant but nasty: Tommy Smith and 'Chopper' Harris were really hard guys. Nobby Stiles at United was tough but he wasn't a real hard man. He could niggle though and get the ball off you. But he went for the ball in the proper manner."

Worthington recalls the time he nutmegged Smith. 'The next time you do that, I'll break your back," suggested the Liverpool right-back. "Did you hear that, ref?" Worthington is supposed to have said to the late, lamented Neil Midgley. "Yes," replied Midgley. "But I think he was talking to you, not me!"

Worthington might have pursued another round ball game but for his love of the opposite sex.

"I could have made it as a cricketer," he says matter-of-factly. "I used to play for the Lords' Taverners and had my own official number.

"When I was younger I used to get on the bus at Shelf (near Halifax) and go down early to Park Avenue at Bradford to watch the greatest batsman ever, Sir Geoffrey Boycott.

"He was the most brilliant tactician in English cricket, ever. I played for Shelf in the junior leagues but then the female side of life took over. I didn't lose interest in cricket but it became a problem fitting everything in!

And he was even better at football. "My brothers played to a reasonable standard but I was the one blessed with the talent.

"And I still play," he beams. "For Queensbury Old Boys; sometimes five-a-side, sometimes 11-a-side," he enthuses.

Unlike some of his contemporaries Worthington isn't envious or dismissive of today's Premier League superstars. "I wouldn't swap my era but there are many super players about today.



BOLTON WANDERERS, 1978-79. Back (left to right) Peter Nicholson, Alan Gowling, Mike Walsh, Paul Jones. Middle (left to right) Ian Greaves (manager), Terry Poole, Sam Allardyce, Jim McDonagh, Frank Worthington, George Mulhall (assistant manager), Jim Headridge (physio). Front (left to right) Ray Train, Neil Whatmore, Roy Greaves, Peter Reid, John Ritson, Tony Dunne.

FRANK WORTHIN

Frank Worthington's brothers, Dave and Bob, were both professional footballers.

"To be part of it must be fantastic. The money is the icing on the cake.

"I don't begrudge them a penny. It's a short career and provides players with a cushion for the rest of their lives.

"How can you regret anything? I was blessed with a talent and a skill.

"Some of the ex-players criticise the players from the modern era. But I won't have anything to do with that."

Worthington, now 60, is no longer the playboy and lives modestly not far from where he was born and grew up.

"Once a Yorkshireman, always a Yorkshireman," he grins broadly as we sit drinking coffee in a hotel just off the M62.

Businessmen at their laptops stare as Worthington, almost three decades on, stands up to recreate his famous goal against Ipswich Town. Some recognise the former England international; he doesn't care if they don't.

His pleasures are now less hedonistic; partner Carol keeps him on the straight and narrow. She certainly keeps her hand on the purse strings, occasionally loosened to allow Worthington one of his remaining vices.

"I like to play the horses," he says. "But I only play small. I'll go down to the bookies with £20 and maybe I can make it into £100 or £200 with my little each-way doubles or trebles.

"Some got themselves into a lot of trouble. Peter Shilton was one who misused high finance. But it's not a trap I have fallen into. I can make £20 last for two or three hours in a bookies.

"I used to room with 'Shilts' and he was always on the phone to his bookie in Nottingham. He would bet big time on one individual race. It's no wonder players get themselves involved in financial crises.

"The biggest bet I had on a horse was when I went down to Folkestone while I was playing at Brighton. It was a five-furlong sprint and I thought I'd have a go. I probably had £100 on which was a sizeable figure 20 odd years ago.

"It gave the others about 20 yards start and never got out of the stalls. Finished about fourth and we'd done our money. It was a lesson well learned."

words: TREVOR BAXTER

GTON



FRANK WORTHINGTON
BOLTON WANDERERS 2
IPSWICH TOWN 3
DIVISION ONE April 21, 1979

THE GOAL

Frank Worthington scored 234 goals in English football but most people remember just the one - his stunning left-foot volley against Bobby Robson's Ipswich.

'Worthy' finished top scorer in the old First Division in 1978-79 though his Golden Boot was later sold at auction.

In an era when every goal, in every league appears to be shown and repeated ad infinitum, it's hard to believe TV cameras were the exception rather than the norm at most grounds. Fortunately, they were in place at Burnden Park for one of the all-time classics. Unsurprisingly, it was voted Goal of the Season by ITV's On the Ball.

Bolton were attacking the Superstore end of the ground and Worthington's special initially came from a Sam Allardyce throw.

Helped by a flick from Alan Gowling, Worthington received the ball with his back to goal 20 yards out. He juggled it a couple of times before knocking it over his head with the third touch.

With the defenders, including former England international Terry Butcher, caught ball watching he turned and volleyed home left-footed.

The ball only touched the ground once - safely in the back of Paul Cooper's net.

Ipswich striker Alan Brazil scored twice for the FA Cup holders but later claimed: "I scored two of the best goals of my career that day but no-one remembers them because of Frank's."

THE COMMENTARY by Gerald Sinstadt

Allardyce's throw, Whatmore's header, Gowling's under it, Worthington's there. Worthington now from Gowling's header and Worthington ... what a beautiful Worthington goal.

THE BACKGROUND

Ipswich were one of the most attractive sides in the country at the time, fashioned by Bobby Robson.

Terry Butcher, John Wark and Paul Mariner ensured a firm spine ran through the team while Dutch masters Arnold Muhren and Frans Thijssen provided the flair.

The Portman Road side had won the FA Cup the previous season and would twice finish runners-up in the league while also lifting the UEFA Cup.

Bolton were Second Division champions in 1978 under the popular Ian Greaves, playing a brand of entertaining football.

Frank Worthington and Neil Whatmore were a deadly partnership but life in the top flight wasn't easy.

Ipswich eventually finished sixth while Bolton were 17th as QPR, Birmingham and Chelsea took the drop.

THE GOALSCORER

If Frank Worthington had a pound for everytime he's been asked about his wonder goal, then he'd be a wealthy man. But he isn't shy about describing his memorable strike.

"How can you ever get sick and tired of talking about something that was special?" he says. "That was special to English football. But I would have said the same thing had Eric Cantona or George Best scored it. It was class.

"I got a flick on from my old pal, Alan Gowling. 'Gowie' was my best front partner throughout my career.

"I controlled the ball on my head and remember juggling with the ball. There were four international defenders behind me.

"Before Terry Butcher knew what had happened, I spun past him, kept my eye on the ball and used my technique to hit the far corner.

"I suddenly felt sorry for 'Butch' but I couldn't resist saying to him as I pointed to the stand 'it would have looked better from up there.'

"But I scored some goals that were equal if not better than that. I got one at QPR that season. It came from their corner. They left two defenders on the halfway line with me.

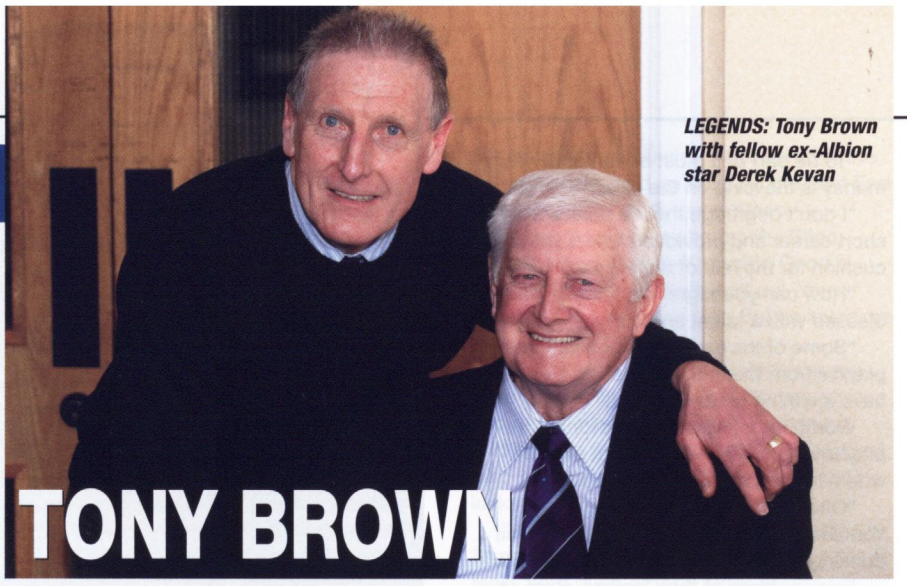
"The ball got whacked out of defence and came up high to me. Just inside their half. My first touch was quality.

"One player came to tackle me but I rolled the ball back towards me and then flicked it into space.

"Now, I was 40 or 50 yards away from goal. The other defender tried to nick the ball off me. I did the same to him and with Phil Parkes on his six-yard line, I hit it from fully 40 yards, right in the angle of the top corner.

"If it had been on TV they would still be replaying it. It had the wow factor."

Question: Most dangerous opponent? Answer: My ex-wife.
WORTHINGTON in a magazine questionnaire, 1975 (The Book of Football Quotations).



LEGENDS: Tony Brown with fellow ex-Albion star Derek Kevan

TONY BROWN

THE BOMBER

ON ONE facet of his game alone, Tony Brown would surely have merited many more England caps in recent years than the solitary one he managed almost four decades ago.

If nothing else, his value to Bobby Robson, Terry Venables, Glenn Hoddle and Sven-Goran Eriksson in penalty shoot-outs might have been immeasurable.

The statistics suggest he would never have goofed as badly as to have the opportunity of featuring in a pizza advert with a bag over his head. Nor would a Portuguese goalkeeper have upstaged him with his own prowess from the spot.

Brown struck a mean penalty. From 61 spot-kicks as a West Bromwich Albion player, he scored 53 times, including a couple from rebounds, his preference for raw power seeing to it that the likes of Tony Macedo, Jim Standen and Alan Ross were not entirely unhappy if their flying torsos remained out of the line of fire.

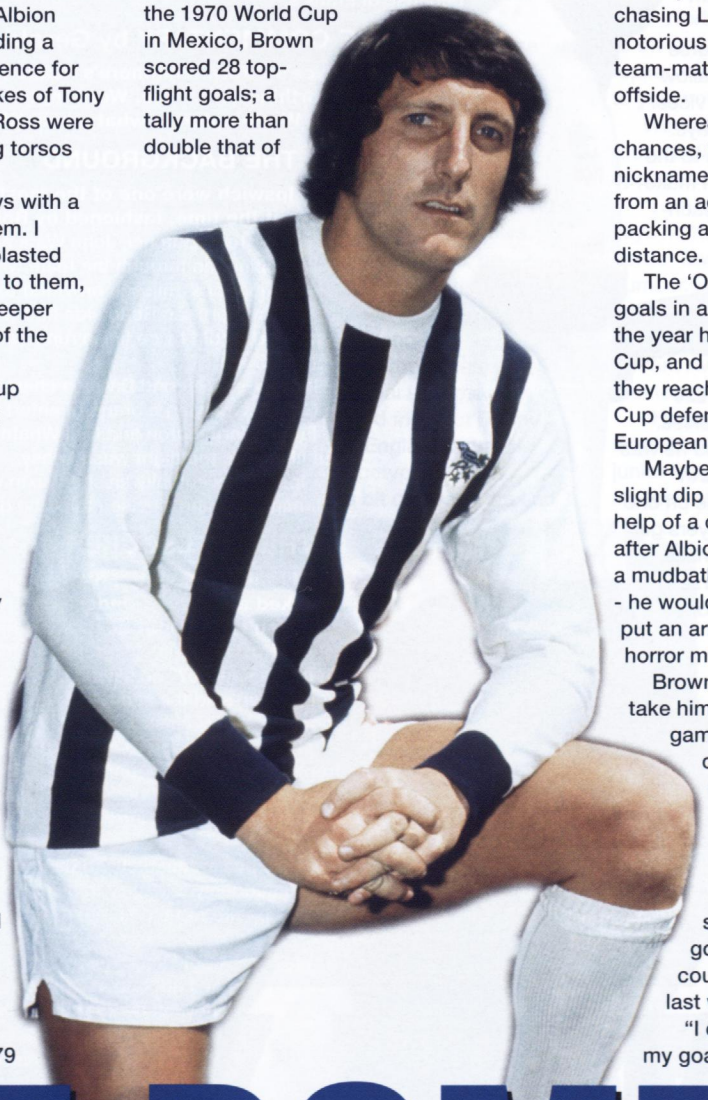
"I didn't mess around," he says with a smile. "I didn't bother placing them. I worked on the principle that if I blasted them and the 'keeper got a hand to them, they would still go in - and the 'keeper might not be fully fit for the rest of the game either!"

At 64, Brown's eyes still light up each time Albion's jovial resident photographer Laurie Rampling hands him a penalty picture dug from the club's massive archive. The taker, often with his tongue trailing from his mouth and with both feet off the ground a split second after impact, is invariably seen arrowing his shot straight and true.

Oh for such reliability now in the tense latter stages of World Cups and European Championships. Apart from a certain July afternoon 43 years ago, England used to find other ways of going out of major tournaments in Brown's heyday, such as tossing away two-goal leads against West Germany and making stars out of 'keepers Brian Clough called clowns.

It's hard to fathom how Brown's twin entry in Baggies' history as their highest scorer (279 League and cup goals) and highest appearance-maker (720 League and cup games) left him, in international terms, with no more than a few unsatisfactory memories of a Wembley outing against Wales and a three-lions white shirt long condemned to the loft of his Walsall home.

In the season following the 1970 World Cup in Mexico, Brown scored 28 top-flight goals; a tally more than double that of his best Hawthorns pal Jeff Astle and all the more remarkable for the fact he didn't play as a striker.



Equally improbably, the haul came during a season in which Albion's 17th-place finish earned Alan Ashman the sack after they failed to win away until April 17, the day that the goal Brown scored at title-chasing Leeds was overshadowed by the notorious one he made for Astle with team-mate Colin Suggett hovering yards offside.

Whereas Martin Peters ghosted in on chances, the Albion version acquired his nickname 'Bomber' by bombing forward from an advanced midfield role and packing a thunderous shot, often from distance.

The 'One Cap Wonder' had netted 27 goals in a more attacking role in 1965-66, the year he helped the club lift the League Cup, and rattled in 23 in 1968-69, when they reached the semi-finals in their FA Cup defence and also made it to the European Cup Winners Cup quarter-finals.

Maybe if 1969-70 hadn't represented a slight dip - he still managed 15 with the help of a couple in the Anglo Italian Cup after Albion had lost to Manchester City in a mudbath of a Wembley League Cup final - he would have been there in Mexico to put an arm round Astle following that horror miss against Brazil.

Brown's mind is still sharp enough to take him to every Albion home and away game as a summariser on commercial radio - a role he has filled for over 10 years. But you'll never hear him droning on about the minutiae of his colossal 20-year Hawthorns' playing career.

Not for him the oft-repeated sentiment: 'I can remember every goal from the 1960s and 1970s but couldn't tell you who hit our winner last week.'

"I can genuinely only recall a few of my goals," he says. "I go to loads of

supporters' nights and I'm always asked to describe that one against the Wolves or this one at Manchester United. I rely on the fans to remind me what happened!

"It's the big games I can remember, like winning the FA Cup in 1968 - always a bigger ambition for me than playing for England - winning one League Cup final and losing two others, doing well in Europe twice and scoring the goal that clinched promotion in 1976 after three years in the Second Division.

"That night when we won the League Cup against West Ham, in the last of the two-leg finals, was the best Albion performance I remember. We had lost 2-1 at their place after our coach broke down on the motorway and we had to hitch a lift to Upton Park in the back of a huge van.

"We were so pumped up for the return that we were virtually head-butting the walls before we went out. We were brilliant and scored four times in the first half an hour to win 4-1.

"We were a terrific cup side in the late 1960s, capable of turning absolutely any side over on our day, yet we lacked that consistency to do really well in the League, either under Jimmy Hagan or Alan Ashman."

Brown grew up idolising Denis Law from the Stretford End and turned his back on offers from United's neighbours City by joining Albion in 1961. Two years later, in red change shirt, he made his debut at Ipswich in a five-man forward line described as the smallest in the club's history. He scored the equaliser in a 2-1 win.

The legend came much later but Hagan took steps to ensure it was only the 17-year-old's frame that grew, not his ego. He immediately dropped him.

In a mid-1960s team blessed with the attacking riches of Bobby Hope, John Kaye and Clive Clark as well as Astle, Brown flourished. He hit an Inter-Cities Fairs Cup hat-trick at 21, was an FA Cup winner at 22 and followed England Youth recognition by playing twice for the Football League representative side before his sole England senior appearance ended with him replaced by Allan Clarke in a turgid goalless draw. One measly game and it wasn't even a good 'un.

As Albion's hugely attractive side broke up in the early 1970s, Brown's emergence as part of the new team's spine was threatened in surprising circumstances.

Don Howe had himself played 379 Albion games and 23 for England but the more defensive culture he introduced as Ashman's successor didn't sit easily with Brown, who became unsettled when asked to play as a striker.

An FA Cup hat-trick against Notts County was followed by all four goals in a Star Soccer-featured victory at Nottingham Forest a week later but relegation had come in the meantime and gates were down to 8,000 late in the manager's four-year reign.

It took until Johnny Giles's arrival as Albion's first player-manager to re-energise both player and club - and there are no prizes for guessing who should volley the winner when promotion was sealed on the last afternoon of the Irishman's first season.

That Brown should deliver that day in Oldham, his birthplace, was fitting. So, too, that he netted when Giles returned to Elland Road on the side's first day back in the top flight.

The man who would end his career with three Midlands' Footballer of the Year awards and remain the region's all-time highest scorer until Steve Bull in 1996 might even have added a League Championship winner's medal before he was done.

Ron Atkinson's Albion led the table in January 1979, having put down a marker by winning at Arsenal on Boxing Day and then historically by 5-3 at Manchester United, where Brown scored twice.

The manager missed the second of the brace as it came on the stroke of half-time while he was heading for the dressing room. "There were a few strange looks when Ron told us to keep playing as we were and we'd soon equalise," Brown said. "When we told him we had equalised, he said: 'Well, just keep doing the same things and you'll soon be in front.'

"That was the second great Albion side I played in. Some of the football we played, with lads like Cyrille Regis, Laurie Cunningham and Bryan Robson, was breathtaking but the heavy snow in the New Year meant we played only one League game in about six weeks. We lost a lot of momentum, then came back to poor pitches and with a huge fixture pile-up as we were going well in the FA Cup and UEFA Cup.

"We finished third behind Liverpool and Nottingham Forest but it could have been a lot better."

The fade-out didn't stop Atkinson suggesting a decade ago that Albion should erect a monument to Tony Brown. He was that big a hero, even if Sir Alf Ramsey didn't fully appreciate him.

words: DAVID INSTONE



GLORY: Bomber and Ian Collard parade the FA Cup at Wembley in 1968. Also pictured are Dennis Clarke, Graham Lovett and Clive Clark.

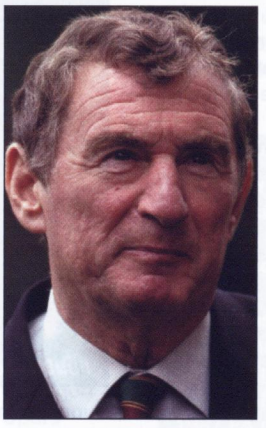
Tony Brown's one appearance for England was in a 0-0 draw with Wales in 1971.



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THE MANAGEMENT



DAVID PLEAT

SOUL SURVIVOR

THE luxurious team coach was ferrying some of the most refined and precious, in every sense of the word, talent towards their destination.

Right turn off the M1 and up and along the notoriously laborious and occasionally lethal A453, snaking its way past the giant cooling towers of Radcliffe-on-Soar power station before rising up to overlook the rolling pastures near Barton-on-Fabis.

They, in turn, reveal a bend in the River Trent that, it is claimed, was engineered at the behest of Charles II to divert the river to the back door of Clifton Hall, the King wishing to avoid hostile natives in the nearby village when visiting the local landed gentry.

Football's version of a regal midfield in all its majesty, Glenn Hoddle, Chris Waddle and Ossie Ardiles, aided and abetted by Paul Allen and Steve Hodge, were perfectly safe from Clifton dissidents as the Spurs bus trundled down the hill past the old teacher training college ever nearer its final stop at Nottingham Forest's City Ground.

"Look, that's where I used to live," the Spurs manager David Pleat, looking to his right, pointed out to his rich and famous charges. "Just down on the left at No.13 Farnborough Road."

In fact Pleat's family were the very first to move in to the Clifton Estate, which eventually became the largest council housing complex in Europe when it was completed in the early 1950s.

If Pleat was proud of his humble roots, he was also perhaps trying to instil some sense of values into a Spurs' first team brimming with international stars at a club perpetually on the brink of a greatness that was bestowed on the glittering Double winning side of the early 1960s.

"I remember them coming to Forest and going to watch them at the City Ground," says Pleat. "I was a Forest lad but what a team they were. There was Danny Blanchflower playing a one-two with Peter Baker inside their own 18-yard box, just playing their way out of trouble. You didn't see that sort of thing then. And then there was the marvellous John White, I can see him now losing his marker and curling one past Chic Thomson to make it 4-0."

If Pleat's short tenure at White Hart Lane in 1986-87 mirrored Spurs' flawed flirtation with success, his own career since joining Forest as a 16-year-old schoolboy international is best reflected by that undulating journey from the motorway junction to the City Ground, fraught with danger, delays and disappointment but liberally spiced with high spots to cherish along a colourful scenic route.

Controversy certainly has never shied away from him, especially when those now infamous lurid tabloid headlines about kerb crawling, which he has always vigorously denied, soured his final days at Spurs and led to him leaving the club by mutual consent.

"I should write a book about it all," he muses without conviction, yet if he turned to the written word to recall his sporting life, quite a few in the game's corridors of power, both past and present, may be squirming uncomfortably on their thrones.

For while Pleat may have his detractors, he is above all a football man, with the game at heart. And crucially in a sport where loyalty is a cheap forgotten concept and passing whimsy rewarded beyond obscenity, Pleat is also a survivor.

He is still a veteran pundit for ITV, a role he has combined, to some people's chagrin, with a football consultancy at Forest, a return to the club where it all started for a winger with the world seemingly at his talented feet.

"I could have had the pick of clubs when I played for England Schoolboys (the team was featured in a previous BACKPASS)," says the former pupil at Mundella School, a famously able and inspirational institution on the fringes of the densely populated and earthy Meadows area of Nottingham.

"We beat Scotland 5-3 at Wembley. Bobby Moncur was marking me and Barry Fry was our inside-right but the likes of Alan Birchenall and Mick Jones, who were both playing for Notts Boys with me, didn't get in the side." The left-half in that Notts team also charted greater heights in his chosen profession as Maurice Bembridge, the Ryder Cup golfer.

Though he made his debut as, then, Forest's youngest ever player in 1962, just a shade over 17, injury hampered Pleat's progress at the City Ground where he was surplus to manager Johnny Carey's needs, with Dick 'Flip' Le Flem, on the left, and Chris Crowe, on the right, installed in the wide berths and several others literally waiting in the wings to seize the starring roles that once appeared destined for Pleat.

Luton Town, Shrewsbury Town, Exeter City and Peterborough United followed the gradual descent down the leagues that ensued after he fractured his leg at Kenilworth Road. Pleat's thirst for knowledge was not diminished by a flagging career, however. He frequently attended Lilleshall for coaching sessions and had gained his full badge by the age of 23.

"I suppose I'd played under enough managers to realise their bad points. Bill Harvey at Luton thought telling jokes was the way to keep players happy; Arthur Rowley was the opposite at Shrewsbury, a very surly man but blimey, what a left foot. Explosive and far harder than Bobby Charlton's and he would never end a practice match without him scoring the winner!

TOFFEE HAMMER

A DISPUTED 88th minute free-kick that spliced the defensive wall was pivotal to the saddest game David Pleat has endured.

"I was so proud of my young team at Villa Park who had played so well," he recalls. The 1985 FA Cup semi-final with Everton, champions and Cup Winners' Cup winners elect, saw Ricky Hill's fine shot smash Luton deservedly ahead.

But a fortuitous and controversial set piece in the tie's last throes brought extra time and Derek Mountfield's header that sent Everton to the second of three successive Cup finals.

THE MANAGEMENT

"And Jim Iley at Peterborough. Well, he just wanted to run us. Win, lose or draw, we'd be out on the track or road running for miles. But then I remember him at Forest running back in about 12 minutes from our training pitch, a shower and change and he was off to the catch the 12.30pm train to Sheffield where he lived. A very fit man."

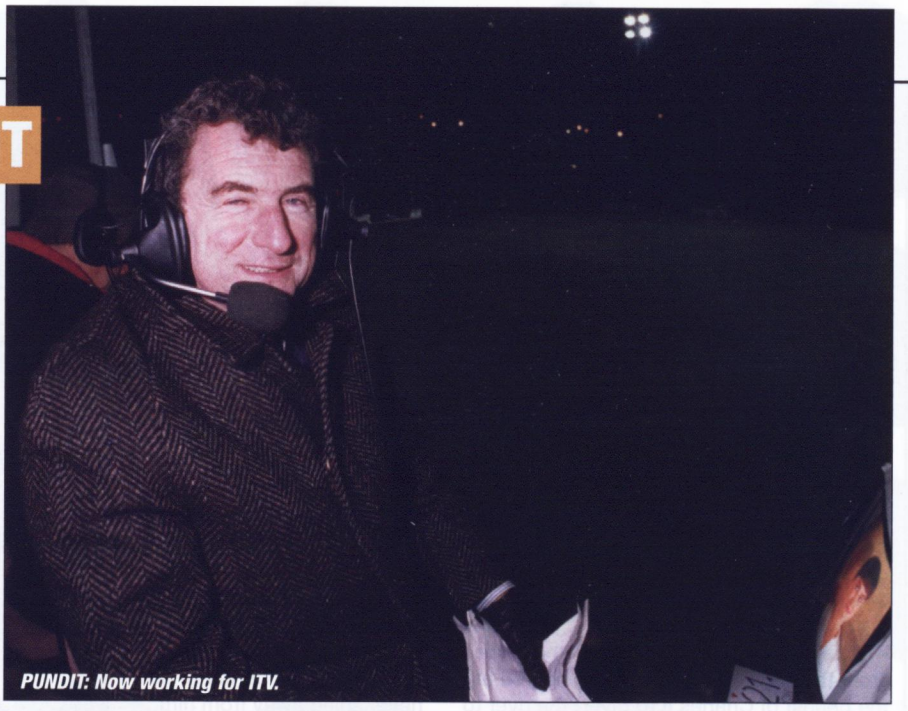
Discarding the bad and retaining the good from his previous employers, Pleat was appointed player-manager of Southern League Nuneaton Borough in 1972 although he swiftly retired with a recurring chronic disc problem.

"My mentor was Peter Taylor, who I used to visit at his home in Wilford. I'd listen to his long talks about socialism and so forth but he always gave me good advice, like when he told me that first team football was more important than being a reserve player at Forest.

"Peter was a Nottingham lad like me and funnily enough when I was joining Nuneaton he and Brian (Clough) were leaving Derby County with all those things going off. He told me that they would sort me a job out but I didn't need it in the end.

"Nuneaton was the only club where I took less than they offered me to get the job! That's true because Maurice Setters (the former Manchester United and Coventry defender) and David Gibson (Leicester City, Aston Villa and Scottish international) were also in for it at the time.

"My real hero, John Charles, was manager of Hereford in the same league then. Tony Knapp, later to become Iceland's national coach, was in charge of Poole Town, Jimmy Knox was at AP Leamington and Bill Leivers was manager at Cambridge United.



PUNDIT: Now working for ITV.

DERAILED

"ON THE back of a marvellous start at Leicester I was expected to get promotion the following season. Then the wheels fell off when Russell Osman exercised his rights under the new freedom of contract rules. At a tribunal I got £350,000 for him, which I thought was a fair price but I wasn't smiling a year later because I never really replaced him.

"I bought Steve Thompson from Charlton on the recommendation of my friend Colin Murphy, but he was slower docking than the Queen Mary. One of his first games was a friendly at Cambridge United and he appeared to take two minutes to turn around!

"I heard I was getting the sack from one of the press guys, which was par for the course then. I wasn't aware of it although I was half expecting it. Then the chairman, Mr Shipman, called me in. 'I've got some bad news,' he told me. 'You've got us a lot of pounds but not points. I'm really sorry but the board has decided to finish you. And there's even worse news. They want me out as well."

PICK AND MIXED

'GOOD players, no legs and big egos' is how Pleat describes the squad he inherited at Sheffield Wednesday that included Mark Bright, Des Walker, Chris Woods, John Sheridan and Chris Waddle. "They were outstanding players but in the twilight of their careers."

A further ego landed when he bought Paolo Di Canio from Celtic. "On his day, brilliant, but a crazy maverick when things didn't go for him. It was not an easy dressing room at Hillsborough." Doubtless an understatement.



PLAYER: Pleat at Exeter City in 1969.

"It was a great learning curve; I did everything there, signed the players like Gerry Baker, brother of Joe, and took over as secretary for a while when our own, Vera Robinson, was off sick."

He carried those attributes with him when he joined Luton Town in 1977 as reserve team coach, his decision slightly influenced because he had married a Luton girl when a player for the club.

The departure of their manager Harry Haslam to Sheffield United and first team coach Roy McCrohan to join Jimmy Hill's Detroit Cougars in the United States shortly after elevated Pleat as last man standing to the top job in December 1978, the prelude to eight seasons at the club he describes as the "best years of my life."

"When I was offered the job initially, I didn't sleep or eat for three days. The pressure was intense," he said.

In 1981, Luton narrowly missed promotion from the Second Division in the last week of the season. "We needed to beat Swansea at their place on the Monday but a Welsh linesman chalked off one of our goals and we drew 2-2. Still, on the last day, a 3-0 away win against Bolton would have done us if results had gone our way. We did our bit, but it wasn't enough because Swansea won at Preston. That's the first time I cried at night after a game."

The following year, though, was a source of pure joy rather than sorrow as Luton romped into the First Division as champions with arch-rivals Watford lagging behind as runners-up. Like Pleat, Watford manager Graham Taylor had started his managerial life early, at Lincoln City, but there the similarities ended according to Pleat, who was diametrically opposed to Watford's infamous 'long-ball, route one' tactics.

"I was delighted we went up in

such a way. I am a friend of Graham's but don't admire his teams' direct style. I prefer clever play around the box and creativity and I had a wonderful set of players in Brian Stein, Ricky Hill, Kirk Stevens and then Paul Walsh. Early in that season we lost 4-3 at Barnsley and the players were distraught. They weren't used to losing and all season we only lost four games, which was a record I think."

That mentality came to the fore in the memorable denouement at Maine Road as Raddy Antic's late finish beyond Alex Williams preserved Luton's top flight status while sending Manchester City down and Pleat into fits of unbridled rhapsody as he performed his own version of an Irish jig in beige suit and Hush Puppies across the pitch at the full-time whistle.

However sartorially challenged and technically flawed the image is, like Bob Stokoe's dash across the Wembley turf in 1973, it remains a timeless tribute to both the subjects and their genuine passion for the game.

The lure of Spurs, in 1986, attracted Pleat to North London but it was to prove an uneasy marriage and one that tainted his reputation almost beyond repair. Pleat's dalliance with Leicester City did little to restore his status but fittingly, after another acrimonious departure, this time from Filbert Street, his rehabilitation was sustained at Luton where he created a second impressive dynasty that yielded Mark Pembridge, John Hartson, Kerry Hughes, Paul Telfer and Mal Donaghy.

His stewardship saw Luton's relegation from the First Division, in 1992, thus ending an unlikely but welcome residence at the summit of the domestic game that he had instigated a decade before.

His last managerial role, at Sheffield Wednesday, was less fortuitous or successful and he accepted Alan Sugar's offer to become Tottenham's director of football in 1995, thus leaving him stranded in the 970s zone of games as manager, denying him the chance to join an exclusive 1,000 plus club.

"I always remember the Nuneaton chairman telling me when I left that any fool can spend someone else's money because he knew I'd coached the players well and run the club frugally.

"It stayed with me. When I was at Tottenham I wanted to bring a young winger called Mark Robson from Exeter. I'd got the fee down to £40,000 and the wages were reasonable but not excessive but he wanted a club car. I sat in my office with Colin Appleton (the Exeter manager) and in walks Irving Scholar (the Spurs chairman).

"What's the problem?' he asked and when I told him we were haggling over a car, he turned around and said, 'give him the car' and out he walked.

"So immediately he was the good guy and the player's friend. And that's the problem with the game, too many egos wanting to be the popular one. Instead of managers who just want to do right for the good of the club and the game.

"It was Tommy Docherty who said you might feel like punching these people in the face, people who don't understand the game. I know when I was at Leicester there was a director there who came very close with his smug attitude when we'd lost a game. But you have to control it, as the Doc said.

"There's just no point over-explaining the game to these sort of people. They just want to be popular and have their faces seen around the football ground."

Fortunately Pleat's self control never required a course in anger management. And football has been the richer for that over the years.

words: DAVID McVAY



MANAGER: Pleat leads Spurs out at Wembley next to Coventry City's John Sillett in 1987.

HALF-STRENGTH LAGER

COMPLYING with another famous advertising campaign of the time, Holsten Pils was reaching the parts that other lagers simply could not.

At least, it was reaching the cage of Spurs chairman Irving Scholar and some of his board members and rattling it for all it was worth during the club's 1987 FA Cup final defeat by Coventry City.

Perversely, the problem was that the legend of Spurs' main sponsor, to the tune of £250,000 plus a swanky bus, was not reaching the parts it should have been reaching in terms of the players' shirts.

"We went out with six players wearing blank shirts, no sponsor's name on the front," recalls Pleat who found himself tonsil-deep in the mire when the manure hit the fan the following day.

"The problem was the shirts were hung up with the numbers facing, short and long sleeves, because it was such a hot day. Somewhere, the youth team kit, which was not allowed to have the sponsor's name, must have got mixed in. Of course a shirt is the last thing a player pulls on then it was the tracksuit top zipped up.

"Not even Brian Moore, a truly wonderful man, who was commentating for ITV noticed that six of our players weren't wearing the right shirts.

"The game was bad enough because Neil Midgley (the referee) should have sent off Brian Kilcline for a terrible tackle on Gary Mabbutt in the centre circle. He was showing the first signs of diabetes in extra time and could hardly run later on.

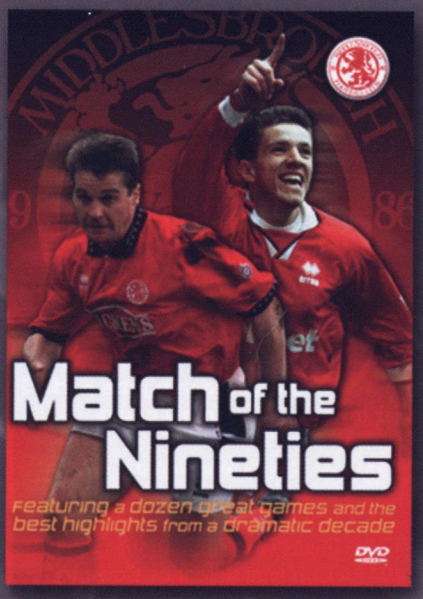
"However, the next morning I was summoned to an emergency board meeting to explain about the shirts. I was pig sick enough after losing but then to be blamed for the shirts - they all thought it was a conspiracy.

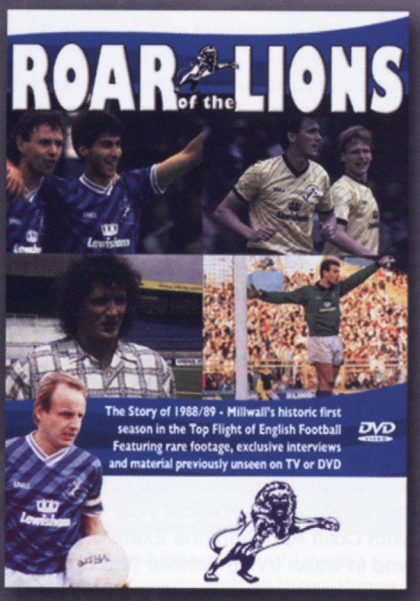
"On the Monday I went with Scholar to meet the Holsten people who had been complaining. Honestly, it was absolutely horrific, the whole thing. I was most upset to say the least.

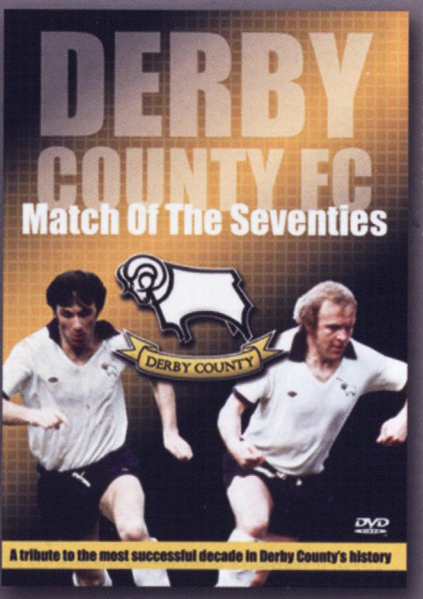
"I don't think I ever really recovered from that in some ways. But if we had won the Cup, it would have been a completely different story I can tell you. Nothing would have been said."

DVD VIDEO

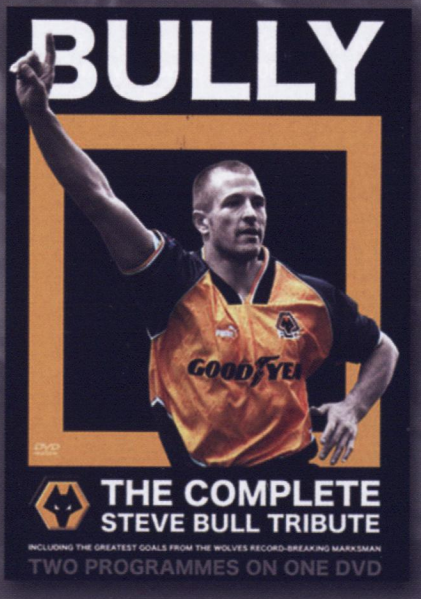
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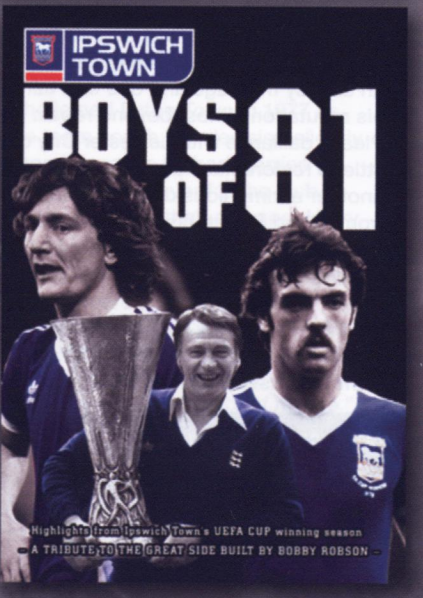


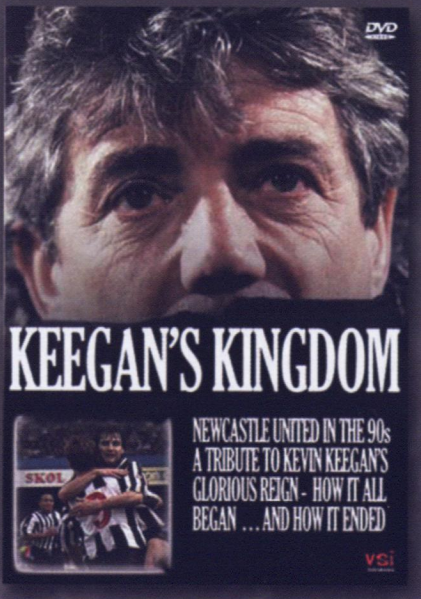


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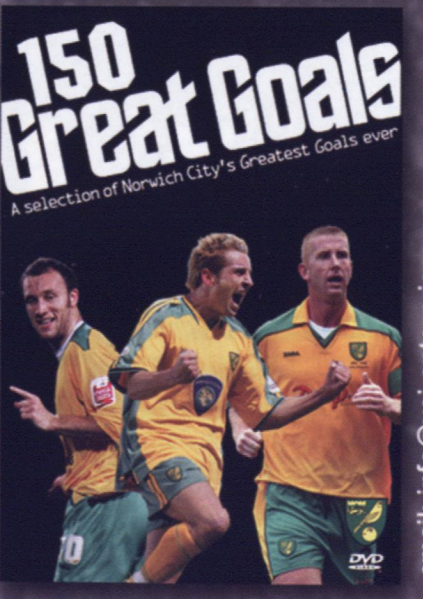












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ESCAPE TO VICTORY



ESCAPE to Victory is an unusual film; it's like The Great Escape with football instead of Steve McQueen.

Made by John Houston in 1981, it remains the only major Hollywood film about 'soccer' as they say in the Land of the Free.

Most of the main characters are played by two people; an actor for close-ups and a footballer for on-pitch action. Despite being a war film, nobody gets bayoneted or shot, although there is some heavy tackling. If you like the blood-and-guts of battle, this is not the film for you. On the other hand if you like sporting epics, it's not the film for you either. But for the rest of us it's not a bad piece of entertainment.

The story kicks off in early 1943 with the Nazis looking for some snappy propaganda to take people's minds off Stalingrad. They come up with the idea of a showpiece football match between Allied prisoners-of-war and a crack German team. It'll be just the ticket to cheer up the Volk, they decide, as long as the right side wins.

So nice-guy Wehrmacht Major Karl Von Steiner (played by Max Von Sydow) is ordered to stage the match in Paris, with bags of publicity, a sell-out crowd and the tastiest pies outside Hitler's Bunker. Oh, and victory for Germany, of course.

The Allied coach, Major John Colby (portrayed by Michael Caine off the pitch and Kevin Beattie on it) tours the Reich's prison camps to select his team, with extra rations and a change of underwear for the right men. Fortunately, although the Germans have failed to capture Stanley Matthews or Nat Lofthouse, they do have a bunch of players closely resembling the early-1980s Ipswich Town squad. A brash American, Captain Robert Hatch (Sylvester Stallone) is drafted in as goalkeeper and Bobby Moore, Ossie Ardiles and a pre-Viagra Pele are also signed up from the Stalags.

With his squad in place, Colby gets down to some serious team-building. A tough training regime and lashings of cabbage soup soon have everyone moving at the double. By the time they board the cattle-truck to Paris, Colby's Khaki All-Stars are beginning to look like a half-decent side. But what they don't know is that Captain Hatch has a cunning plan to use the game as cover for a mass escape. He has been in touch with the French Resistance, who will sneak into the stadium via the Paris sewer system. At half-time they will tunnel through into the Allied dressing room and before you can say 'Allo, Allo', the players will march through the merde to freedom.

There's 45 minutes of football to be played first, however, and this is where things get interesting. The Beautiful Game is notoriously difficult to film but once the whistle blows Houston's playing sequences turn out to be impressively realistic. The game is pacy and powerful, with all the bruising, sweat-stained urgency of the real thing. Michael Caine trundles rather than runs and Sylvester Stallone doesn't understand the rules but it all adds to the excitement. Meanwhile, the sun-splashed, swastika-draped stadium, packed with 40,000 extras and a cohort of strutting Nazis, provides a suitably Gotterdammerung backdrop.



HEROES: Michael Caine and Bobby Moore

The tension mounts as the game progresses and Colby's men find themselves struggling. Cabbage soup and courage are not enough against the fitter, better-fed Germans, especially with a referee who is Hunnishly happy to turn a blind eye when the jackboot goes in. Even the 'neutral' commentator - a great turn from Anton Diffring, the only German actor in the film - can't keep a satisfied sneer from his voice as the Nazi hordes outflank the Allies yet again. By half-time Colby's Barbed Wire Battlers are 4-1 down, and when the Resistance men pop up in the dressing room escape is a mighty attractive option.

The players are about to dash for the drains when goody-goody defender Doug Clure (aka Russell Osman) squeaks: "But we can stay and win this!" A desperate argument follows as Yankee Hatch insists the escape must go ahead. Hatch seems to be winning, but then Trinidadian striker Luis Fernandez (who else but Pele, going for his Oscar) solemnly declaims: "If we run away now, we will lose much more than a football game." There's no answer to that and when Bill Conti's stirring theme tune begins to swell proudly in the background it's the clincher. Upper lips visibly stiffening, the players bid adieu to the astonished Frenchmen and race out onto the pitch to show Jerry just what Britishers are made of.

In true Hollywood style, the second-half sees the Allies revamped, revitalised and reinvigorated. For a while the Germans hang on but Colby's men surge forward to score two more goals and make it 4-3. Then, with only minutes left, the crowd roars delightedly as Fernandez takes it to 4-4 with a fabulous overhead kick.

They think it's all over but in the dying moments the Allies concede a penalty. The crowd defiantly sing 'La Marseillaise' as a steely-eyed Teuton strides up to take the kick. He sends the ball rocketing towards the back of the net; a goal looks certain - until Hatch soars to save and deny the Germans a last-gasp victory.

Seconds later the final whistle blows and thousands of extras surge onto the pitch to salute their heroes. Rather a lot of these supposedly wartime Parisians are wearing long hair and trainers, but who cares as long as they know how to party.

Meanwhile, the Allied players don proffered coats and hats and melt away into the cheering multitude. They'll be just in time for the last train to the coast and a boat trip home to Blighty. As for Von Steiner, he'll get the traditional 'vote of confidence' before the Fuehrer packs him off to the Russian Front.

War is hell - and so is football sometimes.

words: PETER COADY



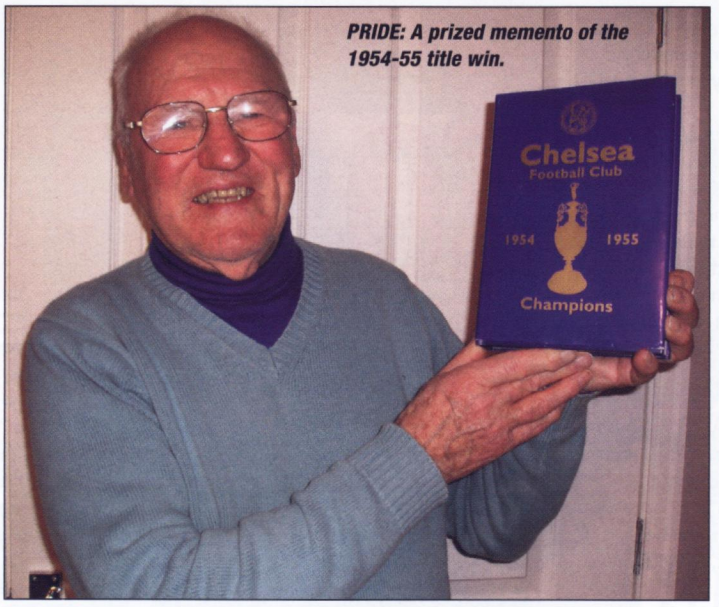
HATCHED: Sylvester Stallone celebrates his late penalty save.

FRANK BLUNSTONE

IN THE bar of the main stand at Crewe Alexandra's ground, before a game against Peterborough last autumn, a small, grey-haired man wearing spectacles was in conversation with Sir Alex Ferguson.

Between sips of beer, punters asked one another: "Who's the fella talking to Frank Blunstone?"

Joking aside, and allowing for Blunstone's status as the local boy who made good before returning to his south Cheshire roots, many present may not have realised that the elderly figure with the Manchester United manager was once an England winger and a key player in Chelsea's first championship, as well as assistant manager at Old Trafford under Tommy Docherty.



PRIDE: A prized memento of the 1954-55 title win.

Now a sprightly 74-year-old with a passion for golf and a season ticket at Nantwich Town, Blunstone is one of a dwindling band of survivors from Chelsea's class of '55. "I'm probably the most active, touch wood," he said. "I was the young boy of the team."

Teenagers were getting a bad press in the mid-1950s, but his way of expressing himself was tearing up the left flank rather than ripping up cinema seats. Having learned to play as a boy among adults in the mass games played by Crewe market traders, he was 18 when Chelsea manager Ted Drake bought him for the princely sum of £8,000 early in 1953.

"With hindsight, going there was the best thing I did. But on the train back with the Alex manager Harry Catterick, who went on to great success at Everton, I suddenly thought: 'What have I done?' It dawned on me I'd have to live in London. The only time I'd been there was to play for England Youth against the Public Schools at The Oval cricket ground.

"My dad, who worked on the railways, insisted on taking me down to that game. When we got off the tube near the hotel I had to report to, these ladies of the night came up saying 'Can I help you?' I'd no idea who they were and was ready to stop. My dad said through gritted teeth: 'Ignore them. Keep walking.' I realised I had a lot to learn."

The lifestyle he stepped into would be unrecognisable to the mega-rich celebrities in today's squad at Stamford Bridge. Blunstone received a £10 signing-on fee ("and I was taxed on it") while his wages were £12 during the season and £10 in the summer. They trained at the ground, but at 11am on Mondays were moved off to let the greyhounds on for "dog trials".

He had digs with four colleagues near the ground. "People won't believe it, but I had to share a bed with Bobby Smith, who went on to Spurs and their Double team. At first I was very homesick. I was one of 14 children and tried to get home every week. Then it was once a month. In the end it was about once a season."

Blunstone had also registered for National Service and divided his time between


ON THE BALL: Blunstone launches another Chelsea raid down the wing.



BLUE REMEMB

ARMY OF LEGENDS

NO present-day international will have a debut like Blunstone's in 1954. First he had to shake off the flu. Then he had to apply for a special pass to leave his Army barracks, granted on condition he was back the morning after representing England against Wales at Wembley.

"I was determined to play because you never know if you'll get picked again and my family were coming," he recalled. "I wasn't at my best but we won 3-2. In my five caps I played with Billy Wright, Nat Lofthouse, Don Revie, my pal Stan Matthews from up the road in Stoke, and Duncan Edwards.

"Duncan was brilliant, not like George Best but so powerful, a great passer and tackler. He won his first cap when we beat Scotland 7-2. Tommy Docherty was in their team and whenever he wound me up years later I'd say: 'What was the score in 1955?' It was the only way to shut him up."

west London and the medical corps near Aldershot. Astonishingly, in the 1954-55 campaign, which brought Chelsea the only title in their history until 2004-05, he turned out for various Army teams, often carrying strains, cuts and bruises into a First Division game 24 hours later.

His debut had come in March 1953, at the end of "the worst week of my life." He explained: "One Monday I got called in to see Ted Drake, who said: 'You've got a brother, haven't you?' Eight, I said. It was about John. He'd been killed in a motor-bike accident.

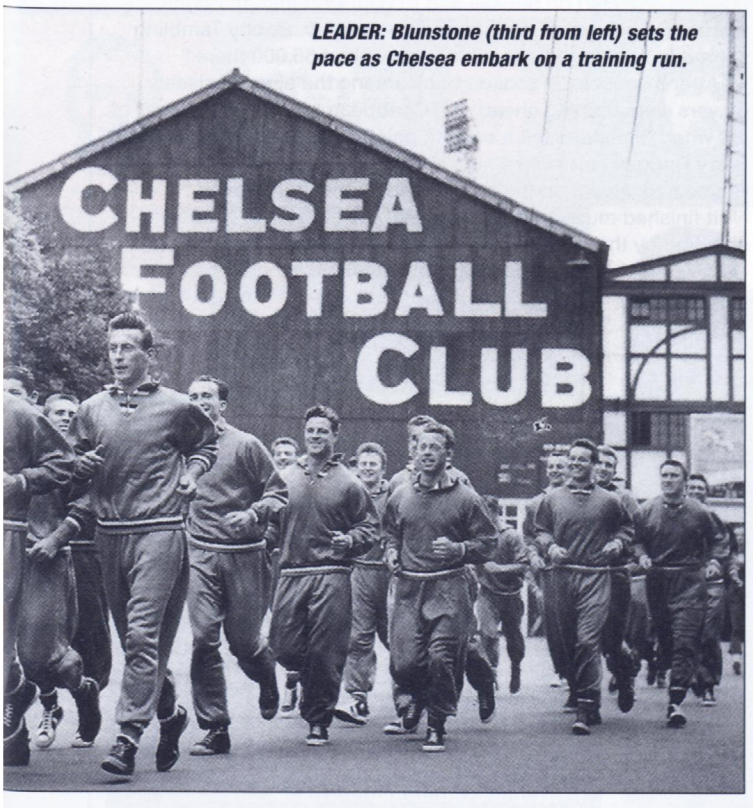
"Ted got a lad from my digs, Lennie Kell, to accompany me back to Crewe. My brother was buried on Wednesday. Next day Ted rang to ask if I felt up to playing at Tottenham on Saturday. Mum and Dad said John would have wanted me to. I ended up scoring the winner."

Drake was no tactical mastermind but his man-management skills were of the highest calibre. "We played in the north-west regularly – Manchester United, City, Everton, Bolton, Blackpool, Burnley, Blackburn, Preston – and because we usually went via Crewe, he used to give me the Monday off to visit my family.

"Ted was quite posh. But we lived near the station and after watching a player, he sometimes got off the train and walked round to our house. Ten minutes later he'd be eating fish 'n' chips in the kitchen."

In Blunstone's first full season, Chelsea vied with Manchester United, Wolves and a clutch of other evenly matched teams for the championship. The turning point came at West Bromwich in March. "It was a midweek afternoon on a snow-covered pitch. Albion were 2-0 up but Les Stubbs, one of our forwards, kept winding up their 'keeper Jim Sanders. Finally, Sanders' patience ran out and he booted Les up the backside. The ref saw it and gave us a penalty. We scored four in 20 minutes, won 4-2 and never looked back.

"The crunch game was Wolves in April. Their right-back, Eddie Stuart, was the hardest tackler I ever faced. Some opponents told you what they would do to you – Roy Hartle at Bolton would say ▶



LEADER: Blunstone (third from left) sets the pace as Chelsea embark on a training run.

FRANKIE AND JIMMY

JIMMY Greaves once said Frank Blunstone had a heart the size of a cabbage. The compliment was repaid with interest last year when Greavsie did a show at Crewe Theatre with Martin Peters.

Blunstone takes up the story. "They were taking questions from the audience when a bloke got up and said to Jimmy: 'Would you have got more goals if you hadn't been so lazy?' I couldn't contain myself and jumped up. I went (he wags a finger): 'Hold on. That man is the best striker I ever played with. He scored five at Preston and five against Wolves. You don't do that if you're lazy.' Everyone applauded."

His first glimpse of Greaves came in 1956 when injuries left the reserves short for a practice match against the first team. "Three 16-year-olds nobody knew were brought in," Blunstone said. "Early on, one of them went on a run. Albert Tennant, our coach, shouted: 'Get rid of it.' The kid kept going past people. Albert yelled: 'For Christ's sake, get rid'. When he reached Reg Matthews in goal, he dipped a shoulder, rounded him and scored.

"As he jogged back he shouted over to Albert: 'You didn't say when.' We all said: 'Who the hell's that?' Jimmy was an immaculate finisher – he rarely missed when he went through one on one – with fantastic balance. I played with him for two years and it took me ages to work out he was left-sided because he could go either way. Superb player, smashing lad."



ROOKIE: A young Jimmy Greaves.

ERED THRILLS

MEMORIES



FLAGKICK: Blunstone sends over a corner in Chelsea's 4-2 win at West Brom in 1955.

'Hey Blunstone, yer better start praying' – but it was almost more annoying that Eddie never uttered a word.

"The other thing about Wolves was the bad blood between Ted and Stan Cullis. The season before, at Molineux, we finished with nine men because of injuries. They beat us 8-1 but Stan was calling to them to go for more, which Ted thought was unsporting.

"Anyway, there were 75,000 at the Bridge and Billy Wright punched a shot out for Peter Sillett to score the winner from a penalty. After we clinched it, at home to Sheffield Wednesday, we went inside, had a cuppa and then went up to the directors' box to wave to the crowd, who had invaded the pitch. There was no trophy. Then we just went home.

"The club gave us a choice of a £20 bonus or two suits from an East End tailor. I took the suits. There was a nice touch when Chelsea won it in 2005. Tony Banks, the late MP who was a Chelsea fanatic, arranged for the survivors from 1955 to be invited and got us each a £500 Hugo Boss suit. I often wear it to dinners and joke that it hasn't worn too badly in half a century."

The relentless schedule to which Blunstone was subjected – one season he played around 120 matches for Chelsea, his Army depot and Southern Command – caught up with him in 1957. "I told our trainer, Jack Oxberry, that my shin was killing me. He reckoned it was rheumatism, which seemed odd at my age.

"I played through it until a lad called John Ryden whacked me at Spurs. I knew it was bad. I told the lads: 'Don't touch me'. Tottenham had X-ray facilities but it showed only heavy bruising. While I was on the treatment table, with the kit man Stan Quantrell keeping me company, two London bobbies burst in, saying: 'You've got to clear out fast. The IRA have phoned to say there's a bomb under the stand'. I couldn't move! Fortunately it turned out to be a hoax. But it was so painful that my uncle had to carry me over his back to his car. I lived on the third floor and had to manoeuvre myself up the stairs, one at a time, on my bum."

Despite two more X-rays, specialists failed to spot a tiny, widening hairline crack, but a nurse had a sharper eye. "I was put in plaster and missed the rest of the season. I remember lying in bed in digs, feeling sorry for myself, when Doreen (soon to become Mrs. Blunstone) told me the Busby Babes' plane had crashed at Munich. That stopped me moping. The next summer Chelsea played Ajax in a friendly. The leg went again, first bloody tackle. I missed the whole of that season but came back strongly after that."

Chelsea's first champions had been a relatively old side and within six years the club were relegated. Jimmy Greaves left for AC Milan, but Blunstone stayed to lend experience and guile to the exciting young team Docherty restored to the top flight in 1962-63.

"By Christmas we were about 10 points clear," he recalls. "Then came the Big Freeze and we didn't play for over two months. We had to train at the Grenadier Guards' barracks. Tommy took us to Malta to play on clay but Ken Shellito got the injury that eventually ended his career.

"In our third from last game we were home to Stoke, one of our two main rivals with Sunderland. Stanley Matthews played for them and the crowd was 66,000. Imagine that! We lost 1-0 and as we came off Stan told me we wouldn't have scored if we'd played all week.

"Then we had Sunderland at Roker Park. All they had to do was draw and they were up, but Tommy Harmer scored off his groin from a corner and we defended for our lives. There was a fierce wind and Peter Bonetti's free-kicks were blowing back into our area. We held on but still had to beat Portsmouth on the Monday to be sure of promotion. We won 7-0. Bobby Tambling scored four and I got one. This time we had 55,000 there."

After a successful season back among the elite, Chelsea's players were training ahead of a Caribbean tour in the summer of '64 when Blunstone felt a searing pain and assumed the nearby Barry Bridges had kicked him. He hadn't touched me, but it felt like he had. I went on the trip to see whether it improved."

It finished much as it started, in at the deep end. "I was standing by the pool in Haiti when Tommy pushed me in for a laugh. I floated away but it really hurt. I had a fitness test and the physio told me to sprint when he clapped. As soon as I tried, I went down in agony. My Achilles tendon had gone. I never played again. I was only 29."

words: PHIL SHAW



TEDDY BOY: Blunstone with Ted Drake.

DEPUTY DOC

MANAGEMENT did not suit Blunstone, who cut his teeth with Brentford before reuniting with Tommy Docherty at Manchester United and Derby. "I could do the work but I had the wrong temperament," he admitted. "I made myself sick with worry so I couldn't sleep at night.

"Tommy was the opposite. He'd just say 'Let's have a drink' whereas I got so tense that my daughter bought me a pipe to try to relax me, even though I'd never smoked. I took it all to heart. Cared too much."

Even so, he is proud of their work in reviving United's fortunes after relegation in 1973-74, especially for convincing the Doc to trust in two out and out wingers, Steve Coppell and Gordon Hill. Derby were "a club in decline" while coaching Sheffield Wednesday was "fun" until Jack Charlton left. "Howard Wilkinson took over and it was too much like being at school."

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THE AMERICAN DREAM

FURPHY'S LAW

PART ONE: Pele and the Big Apple

THE first time Ken Furphy met Pele he found himself engulfed in the type of embrace normally reserved for a long lost brother; it was as intensely embarrassing as it was unexpected.

Pele had just been extricated from the midst of a civil war in Nigeria, where he was on a promotional tour, when he was belatedly introduced to the new head coach of New York Cosmos.

"Pele didn't turn up for the first day's training," Furphy remembers, "and I asked my general manager, Tony, where he was, and he said he was on a sponsored tour in Africa and there was a revolution and he couldn't get out. Aircraft weren't allowed in or out. But, he said, they were working on it.

"It seems the top man at Warner Communications, who owned the Cosmos, had friends in the Government, and was close to the President, and they were sending a jet plane for him. Anyway, they got him out - there was a rumour Henry Kissinger swung it - and the next day he came in for training.

"Pele was sitting down and he stood up when I came in the door. We went to greet each other, and I held out my hand to shake hands. But he didn't take it. So, I'm standing there, thinking, 'What do I do now?'"

What happened next still leaves Furphy perplexed more than 30 years later. Sitting in the conservatory-cum-study of his house overlooking the Devon coast, rain hammering on the glass roof, the septuagenarian shakes his head in bewilderment.

This, after all, is a man, born in Stockton-on-Tees, who did his National Service in the RAF in the early 1950s, served an apprenticeship as an electrician, and spent the majority of his playing days in the comparatively sheltered backwaters of Darlington and Workington, a million miles from the samba beat of Brazil.

"So I'm stood there," he says. "Then all of a sudden he put his arms around me. And he hugged me, like. Well, where I was brought up you didn't hug another man. You would have been a bit suspect, wouldn't you? You shook hands with your dad and you hugged your mam. I've got a photograph here somewhere of it: you should see my face, it's a picture. You can see my embarrassment."

It was an unorthodox introduction to one of the greatest players the game has seen. By the end of a five-year rollercoaster of a ride in the North American Soccer League, it would be little more than a footnote in Furphy's sojourn in the United States.

By the end of 1981, he would have set up homes on Long Island, and in Miami, Detroit and Washington, and added George Best, Bobby Moore, Giorgio Chinaglia, Trevor Francis and Johan Cruyff to the glittering list of players he had coached.

But that was all in the future. In the autumn of 1975 Furphy had fallen on his sword at Sheffield United, after a disappointing start to the season, and was sitting round wondering where his next job was coming from. The answer would come out of the blue in a phone call from Clive Toye, an Englishman, and a former sports writer with the Daily Express, and now general manager of the Cosmos. Furphy had been recommended by a number of his peers in the First Division, and would he like to fly over to New York for a chat?

By Christmas he was shaking hands on the deal, and early in the New Year was busy recruiting players to add to a squad that already included Edson Arantes Do Nascimento.

"I got on quite well with Pele," says Furphy - at least, once the initial shock of the first meeting had worn off. "I think he was led astray in the end by Chinaglia, who was a bit of a nasty boy, but overall I didn't have too many problems with Pele."

Certainly not after Furphy marked his territory on the club's



THE CORE: Giorgio Chinaglia and Pele launch another Cosmos' attack.

first pre-season trip, across America in San Diego. Furphy prefaces the story with an explanatory anecdote from his days as an aspiring player-manager at Workington, where his chairman, a member of the England Under-18 selection committee, liked to take him along on scouting missions. One trip took them to Old Trafford.

"We watch the first half, and the chairman, God bless his soul, said, 'Come on in and we'll have a chat with Matt Busby'. He introduced me and Matt Busby said: 'I hope you have as long a football life as I have had'. He was in a bit of a hurry, but he said, 'Do you want some advice?' I said, 'If you're going to give me some, then yes, please'.

"'Right,' he said. 'Treat every player the same. I have never treated any player differently, star or whatever, they all get treated the same. Time for training, time for going away, what they do on the pitch, they do the same'.

"Anyway, before the first day's training in San Diego, I've told them, 'Everyone down and on the bus at quarter to 10'. I reminded them again at breakfast, and Pele seemed to understand. So, quarter to 10, we get on the bus: no bloody Pele. Where is he? Everyone else is there, so I say, 'Tell the bus driver to go'. The bus driver says, 'Pele's not on'. I said, 'Close the door. Away'. I could see the reaction of the players: they thought I was jousting with Pele. But at least they knew where they stood.

"Anyway, he turns up quarter of an hour late at the training pitch with his interpreter, who says, 'Why didn't you wait?' He said 'He was only quarter of an hour late....' I said, 'Suppose we waited for everyone who was late, and we're waiting half an hour or more, we'd never get training started'. The same thing happened the next morning. And we left him behind again. His interpreter called the boss in New York and said I'd left Pele behind. We got it sorted in the end, and he wasn't late again.

"Whether he had any respect for me for doing that I'll never know, but the other players certainly did. I didn't stand any nonsense from anybody."


Ken Furphy

"I didn't stand any nonsense from anybody"

During the warm-up matches to the 1976 season, Cosmos played a friendly down near the Mexican border, close to the site of the Battle of the Alamo, at San Antonio. Before the match, Pele's bodyguard, an American called Pedro, appeared agitated. "He said to me 'Ken, we're going to have to do something about Pele. You're going to have to get him off quickly at full-time because it's a very poor ground and there are a lot of South Americans down here who'll want to get to him, and he could get hurt'."

Pedro had a cunning plan. "Give him a signal five minutes from the end to get off, and he can sneak out," he said. "So near the end I call Pele over and say in sign language, 'Look, six minutes left; one minute, off.' He nodded, because he knew what was going on. Anyway, it's 0-0. And the bugger wouldn't come off. He wanted to score the winning goal. I thought, 'Bloody hell, what are we going to do here?'"

It is then that Pedro revealed another cunning plan. "As soon as the whistle goes, you and me are going to have to run like hell to get him off," he told Furphy.

"The whistle goes and we run on to the field, and the bodyguard's got a rolled-up newspaper in his hand," Furphy says. "I've got nothing. But we get to Pele, I'm on one side and he's on the other, and there are all these mad South Americans, all fighting each other to get to Pele. And the bodyguard's punching them and hitting out with his rolled-up newspaper.

"We get in and I'm aching all down my arm, and I look down and see it's heavily bruised. I said, 'Hey, what were you doing with that thing?' He said, 'Oh, I'm sorry, Ken, I always carry one'. Now I can see inside the newspaper is a strip of metal. I said, 'You bugger. Before this happens again, you get me one of those'."

Naturally, Pele was a target on the pitch. "He used to get fouled all the time, especially by the American players," Furphy remembers. "What they did - and he didn't appreciate it - would be to get someone to play up against him who was athletic, who could run like an antelope. You could tell as soon as they came on the field what they were going to do. They'd stick someone on him the whole game. He didn't like it.

"So if he'd been knocked over, as he was getting up he used to twist their ear, and they used to jump up and react. He made it look as if he was just patting their head. I said, 'What are you doing?' He said, 'I just twist their ears'. It was a bit childish, like, but it made his point."

Because of the attention he was receiving Furphy started playing Pele off the front man in an early version of the 4-4-1-1 formation. Though he was diplomatic at the time, the Brazilian used his 2006 autobiography to accuse the head coach of adopting a negative approach, and not playing him to his strengths.

"He says that," Furphy admits. "He wanted to score goals, but he wasn't scoring as many as he should have been. Plus defenders were clattering him all the time, kicking him. I said, 'Well, you're getting hammered in that position. If you come a bit deeper into midfield, then you can control the game. You'll get the goals anyway'."

Pele was also unhappy when he was displaced as penalty-taker. "You got a point a goal, you know, in the NASL," Furphy says. "Well, he missed one (penalty), and he missed another one, and it was costing us points. I got him to one side. The problem was the balls were very light, not what he was used to, and he kept putting them over the crossbar.

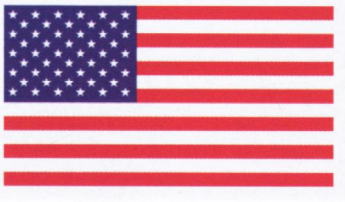
"Anyway, after he'd missed the second one against Miami, I told Keith Eddy that he would be taking them in future. He'd scored some great goals for me when Watford won promotion; in fact, we won promotion by him not missing a penalty. He said, 'It's all right. I've already bloody told him I'm taking the penalties'. In the next match we got a penalty, and the crowd were expecting Pele to take it. But who's this coming up? Anyway, Keith scored and ended up with the record for most consecutive successful penalties."

During his time at New York, Furphy was chosen to coach Team America in the four-team bi-centennial tournament involving Brazil, Italy and England. He was allowed to pick any player, of any nationality, from the NASL to represent the hosts. That is how Furphy came to have Bobby Moore, Tommy Smith, Mike England, Pele and Chinaglia playing in a team who resembled a veterans' Rest of the World XI. They lost all three games, though Furphy feels had Pele not asked to stand down from the game against his compatriots, they might have surprised Brazil.

The coach did not expect to be chief cook and bottle-washer, though, when he attended the job interview at the Empire State Building. However, no arrangements had been made to wash the kit after the Brazil match, so Furphy found himself in a Seattle laundrette late that night. "It was an education," he says.

Sadly, in a cosmopolitan camp like the Cosmos, it was difficult not to make enemies, and Furphy soon recognised the bad apples who would lead to his premature departure, midway through the season. One was Ramon Mifflin, the Peruvian striker who had played in the 1970 World Cup, and who was unhappy after being prevented from taking his wife with him on tour, and because he was not playing many games once Chinaglia arrived from Lazio.





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Another was Chinaglia, who would become the record scorer in the league's history with 243 goals. The problem was that the Italian wanted the perks Pele had. "But he wasn't bringing in the money that Pele was," Furphy says. "Pele had a private suite when we went to away matches - and I had a private suite, not that I asked for it. He wanted one. Well, we weren't going to pay for another one. I said, 'Go and see Clive Toye'."

Chinaglia's other gripe was that Pele had an arrangement with Cosmos's PR department whereby he had two shirts for every game, one of which he would throw to the crowd at the end. Chinaglia wanted the same deal. Furphy passed the problem on to Toye, who said the contract had already been signed with the manufacturers, and they had no intention of renegotiating. "What with that and not getting the private suite, he had two things to belly-ache about," Furphy says.

The dye was cast after Cosmos lost 5-1 at Tampa Bay and Steve Ross, the owner, called a meeting to which Pele, Chinaglia and Mifflin, and several hangers-on, were also invited. Furphy objected to having to discuss other players, most notably the lacklustre goalkeeper, in front of their team-mates, and told Ross.

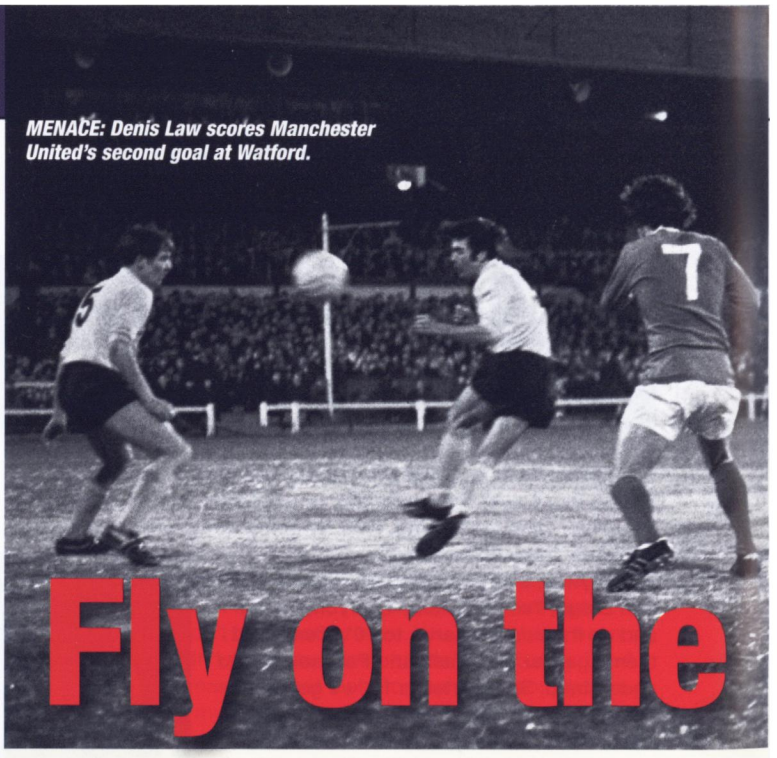
The rain is still beating down in 21st-century Devon as Furphy recalls the denouement of his time in New York. "We had another couple of defeats, though not another 5-1, and I got another call to come in to Warner headquarters for a meeting," he says. "It was June 28, my wedding anniversary, and I'd already booked a posh restaurant. I said: 'I don't think there's any need to have this meeting tonight. I can come and see you any time during the day.' I said: 'If you're going to keep having these meetings you can pay me up'.

"I said to Clive, 'Tell him I'm not coming and I'll be in the office in the morning for the cheque'. And he knew full well I would. So they paid me off. The things you do in your life, eh?"

words: MARTIN SMITH



MON AMI, PELE: One of Ken Furphy's cherished mementos from his days with the Cosmos. "People say to me: 'You managed Pele'," Furphy says. "I reply: 'Who told you?' They ask: 'Have you got a photo of him?' So I say: 'Yes. Here's one - To My Friend' and I print it off the computer for them."



MENACE: Denis Law scores Manchester United's second goal at Watford.

Fly on the

WATFORD players of the 1960s may not have been weighed down with the type of dossiers that became synonymous with Don Revie's Leeds United and England, but they always had a thorough knowledge of the strengths and weaknesses of the opposition. Ken Furphy made sure of that.

When Watford celebrated their centenary in the early 1990s, long-serving left-back Duncan Welbourne paid fulsome tribute to the manager who steered the club into the Second Division for the first time in their history.

"The thing about Ken," Welbourne told his audience at the Wembley Conference Centre, "was that when you went on that field you knew who you were marking, what they were good at and what you had to do to make sure they didn't play.

"And that went for the whole team. So when you went out there the whole team knew what everyone else was doing, right down to what the outside-left, Stewart Scullion, was expected to do."

Outsiders are rarely given access to the sanctuary of the dressing room, but in 1969 Furphy welcomed in the BBC's cameras to film his team talk ahead of Watford's FA Cup Fourth Round tie against Manchester United at Old Trafford. "I think this is the first time this sort of thing has ever been shown on television," David Coleman said in his introduction on Sportsnight.

"The modern manager prepares his tactics rather like a general prepares for warfare," he continued. "(Furphy) is one of the best young managers around today. His team are the Third Division leaders, but in taking on Manchester United in the FA Cup they have an unusual task: how can you plan to beat the genius of players like Law, Charlton and George Best?"

Everyone knew the United team at the time even before Furphy read through the line-up for the benefit of his players: Rimmer, Dunne, Burns, Fitzpatrick, James, Stiles, Morgan, Best, Charlton, Law, Sartori; they were the reigning European champions, after all. Yet Furphy, blackboard behind him, clipboard in hand, brought a hitherto unsuspected insight to the familiar names, and pinpointed their foibles with uncanny accuracy.

He started with Jimmy Rimmer. "The only thing he didn't seem to do well (last week) was the goal that was scored against him," Furphy told the sea of attentive faces in front of him. "It was a low drive and he seemed to be far too late making his mind up to dive.

"Well, it could be a pointer that he isn't too good getting down to the ground ... so, if you can, you've got to keep those balls very, very low when we cross them."

The full-backs, Tony Dunne and Francis Burns, were "over-adventuresome" in his opinion. "They are inclined to take a risk going forward without thinking if they've got any cover or whatever their responsibilities are behind them."

John Fitzpatrick, the right-half, was "a very aggressive little player" who "earns his money." But, Furphy said: "He's inclined to be a little hot-headed. I've no doubt at all if anyone does collide with this player and tackles him, and he thinks it's unfair, he'll start



wall

to lose his head a little bit, and we should take advantage of that, OK? Don't start arguing with the referee, just keep on playing. OK, Terry (Garbett)? If you're up there and he starts arguing with you, never mind him, get goal-side of him, OK?"

United had recently introduced 19-year-old Steven James to the centre of their defence, and Furphy had noticed that this was having an effect on Nobby Stiles, who appeared to be more cautious than normal.

Reconnaissance work suggested James was good in the air. "But, Terry, here's a point you can look for. If you go up and challenge for these high balls, he gets up well, but only knocks them down. He's not like Brian (Garvey), powering his headers long-distance to get them away 20-25 yards, all he's doing is getting the balls, but they're plopping down there. Terry, you can pick up those little bits."

The great Bobby Charlton was not without his limitations: "He's a little bit lapse, he'll watch the ball, won't he, but he's not too keen on marking." However, when a Watford attack broke down, Garvey's first job was to look where Charlton was. "Don't hesitate," Furphy said. "Chase back as hard as you can … Charlton sets everything going. But it could also be a weakness because if you look at his defensive weaknesses, then we're in with a chance: he won't tackle, as you know, he jockeys, he'll try to push you out wide.

"He gets an awful lot of balls around here (in front of his own defence), and this is where we want him stopped. If you can stop him there I don't think he'll give you too much bother … Micky (Walker), you'll have to watch those long-range shots, 35 yards, and get behind them and you should be all right."

Willie Morgan, Furphy felt, tended to overdo it on the ball. "Against Estudiantes (in the World Club Championship), he tried over and over again to cut on the inside, he held it and held it, and kept coming across the field all the time. Johnny (Williams), he will tend to try and take you on, jink up to you, jink up, drop the shoulder, and try and go past on the right-hand side. OK? So if you're aware of what he's going to do you're in with a chance."

How, though, do you solve a problem like George Best? Furphy's gaze turned to Tom Walley. "You've got to mark this fella very, very tight. We know all about him. We've seen he's got a tendency to hang on to the ball too long; they've been trying to get him out of it for a long time. He's so good on the ball, you don't need me to tell you.

"We've decided what we want to do, Tom: lay off him until you've got two men coming round the back of you. Keith (Eddy), you'll be pushing up, and Dixie (Hale), you're on his left foot, and then go and have a bite at him, OK? He's likely to go anywhere, Tom, so keep very, very tight on him."

Denis Law had scored a hat-trick just before against Sunderland, "every one of them he got through sheer opportunism in the box", Furphy said. "So you'll have to pay special attention to that, Micky, if you possibly can. If you do happen to drop the ball because it's coming a bit awkward, or bounces low for you, then make sure you make a recovery as quickly as you can. Be aware that this fella follows everything. Even if the cause is lost and hopeless, he'll still be following in all the time."

At the conclusion of his analysis, Furphy surveyed his team in their collars and ties, some in jackets, and became the general Coleman had suggested. "It's a real challenge for you fellas," he says. "It's a chance for you to show whether you can play or not. This is your chance, you're playing against a First Division side, European champions, now let's see what you can do."

So what did happen next? Well, Furphy was spot on with a number of his pre-match observations. Charlton's defensive weaknesses were exposed when Scullion shrugged him aside before sending in a low, 25-yard drive that caught out Rimmer and gave Watford a third-minute lead. "Goalkeeper perhaps a little unsighted," Coleman suggested somewhat kindly in commentary.

However, the equaliser was exactly as Furphy feared: Walker collided with Garvey as he went for a high cross and the ball fell, inevitably, to Law. Or, as Coleman put it, "Law, poaching on the edge of the box, pokes it into the net".

More than 63,000 looked on as little Watford secured an unlikely 1-1 draw, and 34,099, still a record for Vicarage Road, attended the replay 10 days later when two more goals by Law decided the tie. The following year Watford did even better: they reached the semi-finals with a similar team.

The BBC were delighted with their 'exclusive'; not everyone was so enthralled, though. "I know a few people said, 'Ken, you shouldn't be doing that'," Furphy recalls 40 years later. "I said: 'It's done now. There's no good telling me now'.

"I didn't plan it. They asked, and I said OK. The only feedback I got was that some of the other managers were upset because I was telling the BBC all about the players, and they weren't too pleased I was telling everybody else in the country. Mind you, everyone knew about Manchester United, didn't they?"



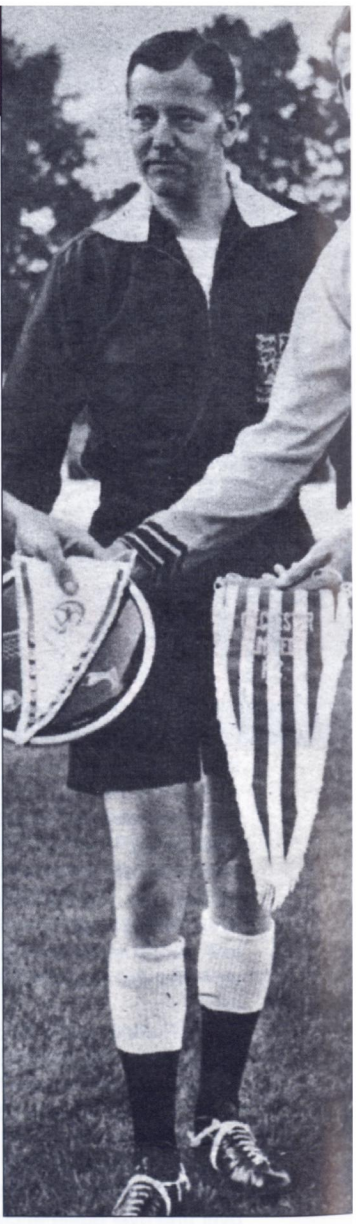
WATFORD, 1968-69: LOOK THIS WAY - OR DON'T! Back (left to right): Ken Furphy, Walter Lees, Johnny Williams, Anthony Low, Stewart Scullion, Micky Walker, Roy Sinclair, Bernie Lewis, Rodney Green, Barry Endean, George Aitken (trainer) Front (left to right): Richard Hale, Brian Garvey, Tom Walley, Keith Eddy, Bert Slater, Terry Garbett, Duncan Welbourne, Mike Packer, Brian Owen. The mascot is Keith Furphy.

IN ISSUE 8: Part Two - Out of the Cosmos, and on to work with out-of-this-world players like Johan Cruyff, Trevor Francis and George Best.

THE AMERICAN DREAM

A high price

The Rise and Fall of Derek Trevis



FOOTBALL gave bookie's son Derek Trevis a long and colourful career - but it also ruined his health, and may even have contributed to his premature death.

Trevis's talents as an attacking wing-half saw him play 400 plus games for five Football League clubs in the 1960s and 1970s.

He then upped sticks to the USA to become a hugely influential figure, achieving success as a captain and coach in the days when the NASL was booming.

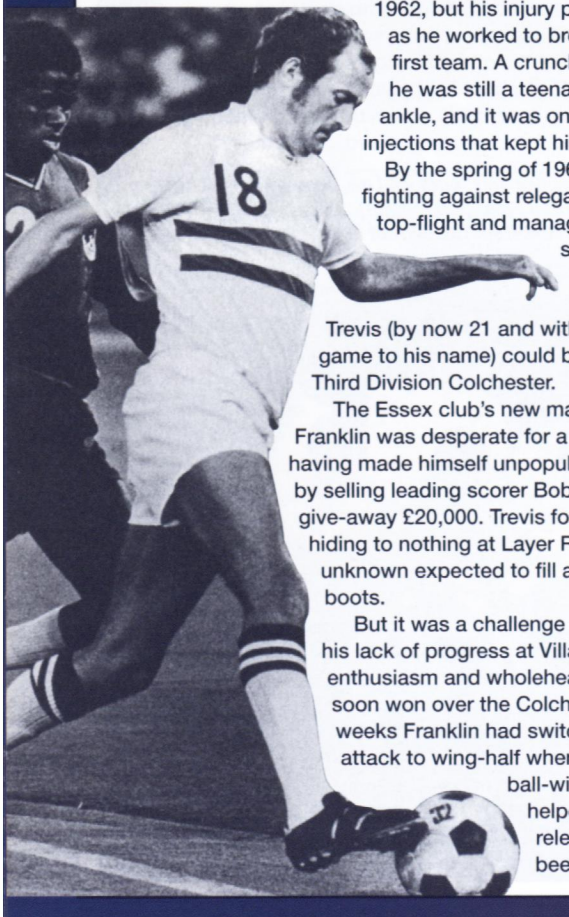
But life as a folk hero came with a high price. From the day he was crocked as a teenage starlet at Aston Villa, Trevis had to force himself through the pain barrier to play the game he loved.

He was routinely physically sick with nerves before games and submitted to scores of cortisone injections, merely to get through another 90 minutes.

Trevis's rare desire to succeed was perhaps genetic. His family of high-achievers included brother Graham, who rose to become Chief Superintendent of West Midlands Police, sister Diane, who achieved fame as an accomplished theatre director, and sister Sarah who joined 'the Hollywood set' as an actress, casting director and wife of film star Dougray Scott.

Born in the West Midlands to tic-tac man Joe Trevis and his wife Marjorie in September 1942, Derek was an intelligent sort who would later gain a degree in applied science.

He showed immense promise in his teens as a goalscoring inside-forward. He was snapped up by Joe Mercer's Aston Villa in 1962, but his injury problems began as he worked to break into the Villa first team. A crunching tackle when he was still a teenager smashed his ankle, and it was only cortisone injections that kept him playing.



By the spring of 1964, Villa were fighting against relegation from the top-flight and manager Mercer had suffered a stroke. It was decided the injury-prone Trevis (by now 21 and without a first team game to his name) could be off-loaded to Third Division Colchester.

The Essex club's new manager Neil Franklin was desperate for a goalscorer, having made himself unpopular at Layer Road by selling leading scorer Bobby Hunt for a give-away £20,000. Trevis found himself on a hiding to nothing at Layer Road - a complete unknown expected to fill a local hero's boots.

But it was a challenge he relished after his lack of progress at Villa, and his natural enthusiasm and wholehearted approach soon won over the Colchester fans. Within weeks Franklin had switched him from attack to wing-half where his energy and ball-winning abilities helped stave off relegation. He had been Franklin's first signing for the club and would ultimately prove his best. Around a year after arriving, Trevis was made captain, and in the spring of 1966 led Colchester to promotion.

In four years he became an institution at Layer Road, amassing more than 200 League and cup games and rarely missing a match, despite those lurking injury worries. He was a folk hero in the town and clearly the team's most valuable asset. His sad departure in 1968 only came about when new manager Dick Graham had to urgently raise cash to rebuild a threadbare squad, and couldn't refuse an £11,000 bid from Walsall.

After less than two years at Fellows Park, Trevis moved on to Lincoln City in the summer of 1970, where he was a regular for three seasons alongside the likes of Graham Taylor, and showed his versatility by starring in attack, central defence, midfield and as a sweeper. Along with team-mate Taylor, Trevis looked potential managerial material, and took his FA badges and made plans to become a coach. On more than one occasion later on he would be tipped to take over as manager at Sincil Bank, but it never quite materialised.

Trevis's natural enthusiasm and love of the game ensured he still pulled on the shirt most Saturdays, even though often needing medical help to get on the field. Frequent injections of cortisone did the trick and, by May 1973, he had totted up around 400 league and cup appearances. He never played any higher than (the old) Division Three, but built a good reputation and this led to an offer to join the exodus to America's NASL. It was an opening he grabbed with both hands at the age of 31.

Tom McCloskey, a high-flier in the USA construction business, had just purchased the franchise that became known as the Philadelphia Atoms for 25,000 US dollars. There was no stadium, no training ground, no playing kit and only a few raw local players.

Experienced English talent was needed fast and Trevis was head-hunted to captain the side, with Chris Dunleavy, Andy Provan and Jim Fryatt from Division Four champions Southport the other early signings. Under Trevis's leadership the new boys blended well with the eager young Americans, and Atoms promptly won the Eastern Division title, setting a record for fewest goals conceded.

Atoms' players were rewarded with commemorative rings, although Trevis managed to lose his at his new home in Blackwood, New Jersey, having accidentally thrown it into the rubbish! He is said to have jumped into the large dumpster outside his apartment block to root around until he found it. He said later he smelt bad for three days!

Generally, though, the USA was a breath of fresh air for Trevis. He thrived on the openness and enthusiasm of the local players and recalled: "One day our coach suddenly got down on the floor and put his hand out, and immediately five or six American kids fresh out of college dived on it. This is it, the coach was shouting,



Trevis pictured before a friendly against Harpoel Tel Aviv in 1967.

this is our big game. There were four of us from England watching and the whole scene was quite foreign and we didn't know how to react. At first we held back, determined not to participate in the ritual, but we eventually did."

The Americans were fascinated when their experienced skipper admitted he was nearly paralysed by nerves before a game: "I get sick before most games," confessed Trevis. "If I don't, I begin to think there's something wrong. The excitement of playing the game makes me apprehensive and I just accept my discomfort as an omen of better things to come. I still get excited about the game I enjoy and love so much. There's something about going out there, and whether you're booed, cheered or whatever, it's still exciting."

It was a great start for all concerned and American soccer in general looked to be thriving. Aged 31, Trevis had found a new lease of life, enjoying the glamour and pizazz. The contrast after years of ploughing through the mud at Workington and Bradford Park Avenue for £50 a week could hardly have been more striking.

Trevis had always led by example back in England, but in this new environment his expertise and enthusiasm made him a revered figure. Al Miller, coach of the Atoms, later published a book called 'The Soccer Coaching Bible', in which he heaped praise on Trevis: "I had some great leaders over the years who wore the captain's armband. Derek Trevis was a unique individual, everyone loved him. His smile, sense of humour and ability to give a player a pat on the back during play were infectious. Off the field he was a comedian, on the field a serious pro. He was hand-picked from England as a leader for the Philadelphia franchise and will always be at the top of my list of captains. He was a born leader."

Keen to develop his potential in coaching, Trevis made a brief return to England, playing a few games for lowly-placed Stockport County, but it was no surprise when he returned Stateside on a more permanent basis.

He spent two years in the mid-1970s as player-coach with San Diego Jaws and then at Las Vegas Quicksilvers, working at the latter alongside Portuguese legend Eusebio. Trevis exploited his burgeoning fame by publishing his own coaching book, an illustrated 133-page manual called simply 'Soccer'. Trevis's expert opinions and advice were written up by his co-author Joel Cohen, a man who would later gain fame as writer of many episodes of 'The Simpsons'.

Soon the call came for Trevis to return to Philadelphia. The Atoms had by now gone into receivership, but NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam remained confident of Philadelphia's potential as a soccer city. Woosnam announced that for the 1978 season the Philadelphia Fury would become the NASL's 22nd franchise.

Initially the new team hit the headlines because of its high-profile owners, which included rock superstars Rick Wakeman, Peter Frampton and Paul Simon. Even Mick Jagger wanted a slice of the action, but backed out at the 11th hour.

Bob Ehlinger, general manager during the Atoms' 1973 golden days, also took charge of Fury and his first signing was Trevis. By now, with Pele and George Best having taken the NASL to a new level, it was clear that teams could no longer get by with a smattering of local talent supplemented by a few journeymen English players.

So the Fury's owners dug deep and splashed out on the signings of former England men Peter Osgood and Alan Ball, Johnny Giles of Leeds, John Dempsey of Chelsea fame, and Manchester City goalkeeper Keith MacRae. To coach this motley assortment, 37-year-old Richard Dinnis, fresh from a stint managing Newcastle, was appointed.

Fury tried hard to generate the excitement of five years earlier and broadcast TV commercials showing Osgood juggling a ball across the Walt Whitman Bridge followed by herds of young kids, to the tune of Mike Oldfield's Tubular Bells.

But on the field, Fury suffered mixed fortunes, with Ball, Giles and MacRae absent due to the unfinished English season, and Osgood failing to produce goals, managing just one in 22 games. Trevis was by now 36 and injury-raddled, but he certainly did his bit, on one memorable occasion scoring the 'golden goal' winner in a big match with Memphis.

Success for the Fury proved elusive and within a few months coach Dinnis was fired, and replaced by Ball. By 1979 Ball had gone too and Trevis sadly announced his retirement as a player. When Marko Valok, former Yugoslav national boss, arrived, Trevis became full-time coach. Experienced goalscorers Frank Worthington and Davie Robb were signed, but results failed to improve and attendances slumped. Subsequently George O'Neill replaced Trevis as coach and, after an unhappy 1980 season, the team was sold to Molson Breweries, who took the franchise to Montreal.



JOY: Trevis (top left) at Colchester's end-of-season promotion party in 1966.

The Philly soccer dream was over, but Trevis would remain a popular and well-remembered figure from the era. When The Atoms held a 30th anniversary reunion many years later, the proceedings began with a touching memorial service for him.

Meanwhile, with the coaching work having run out, Trevis made a life for himself in Sacramento, California, becoming a sales rep for a pharmaceutical company. He and wife Edith later divorced, and Trevis took early retirement in March 2000, aged 57, exhausted by the daily pain from his battle-scarred limbs, which hampered his ability to work. He made plans to return to England.

Trevis was clearly suffering badly from the consequences of 'make-do-and-mend' medical care received during his football career. Severe arthritis and poor circulation were causing major problems in his feet and ankles, and at one point he had to have toes amputated.

THE AMERICAN DREAM

In August 2000 he told a Sunday newspaper he'd had an estimated 100-plus cortisone injections to keep him playing football, while nowadays the recommended lifetime dosage was usually regarded as three. He told the paper he could no longer run, jog or even walk up a slight slope without serious pain. A gruesome picture of his badly swollen feet, minus two toes, greeted readers at their breakfast tables.

Trevis recalled that after his nasty ankle injury as a teenager at Villa, the club doctor gave him around 30 injections over a year or so, to deal with the pain and keep him in action. "I'm not sure he even told me what it was. I managed to play on but I don't think I was ever quite the same player again." Over his subsequent career the figure of 30 rose to more than 100 injections.

The plight of Trevis and other former pros prompted the Professional Footballers' Association to build a file of sufferers, and make investigations into the possibility of legal action to get them compensation. Tragically, while the PFA was still looking into this matter, the lifeless body of Derek Trevis was found at his Sacramento home just before Christmas 2000. At 58 years old, he had succumbed to a massive heart attack.

His brother, the former Chief Superintendent Graham Trevis, said Derek suffered circulation complications due to the arthritis that developed following all his injections. He was convinced this was a contributory factor in Derek's death and this view was backed by a leading sports physician.

Unfortunately the PFA could get nowhere with their campaign for compensation, and in 2003 said they'd hit a brick wall and it looked unlikely they could offer much hope for the hundreds of victims. The problem was identifying exactly who to claim against, and locating evidence that was stronger than merely anecdotal.

The victims would need to prove footballers were affected in greater numbers than other men of a similar age, and that the cortisone was to blame rather than simply the rigours of football. When he heard this news, Trevis's brother Graham said simply: "The fight has effectively died with Derek." The PFA's assistant chief executive John Bramhall has confirmed to BACKPASS that in 2009 the legal position remains similar six years later.

Percy Julian, grandson of an Alabama slave, is said to have first developed synthetic cortisone 60 years ago. It helped make him a millionaire. For years it was regarded as a 'wonder-drug' - a pain-suppressing steroid which when injected had an almost miraculous effect. It was never intended for sports injuries and only made widely available in the 1950s to reduce inflammation around the joints of arthritis sufferers. It had no curative qualities but simply replicated the action of the adrenal glands on a massively exaggerated scale.



FLOORED: Bury v Colchester in 1968.

In recent years it has been the subject of debate within the medical profession, and there has been unanimous agreement that sustained use has grave side-effects. An eight per cent reduction in bone mass was noted in cortisone-users after just four months, and experts reported that bones and joint tissue on long-term users resembled 'Swiss cheese'.

Among the many former players reportedly suffering from its side-effects are former Southampton centre-back Jim Steele, who was diagnosed as infertile soon after having around 50 injections in six months for a groin injury during the year Saints won the FA Cup.

Gordon Taylor, chief executive of the PFA and a player from the same era, remembered cortisone being given out like cups of tea. "The syringe was like something you'd use on a horse. It certainly brought tears to your eyes," he said.

Leeds goalkeeper Gary Sprake quit in 1976 because of a spinal problem which first flared up when he was 18 and he was given cortisone regularly. After retiring, Sprake has needed at least seven operations on his back and suffered from trapped nerves. Prolific Morton and Hibs goalscorer Allan McGraw reckoned he had 25 injections in his knees in one season alone in the 1960s, and nowadays needs a stick to get around. 1970s superstars Tommy Smith and the late Derek Dougan were among other sufferers.

A recent University of Coventry survey of around 300 ex-pros found almost half had 'serious health problems', mainly affecting their joints. Many of these reported frequent injections of cortisone to ease swelling and inflammation. It may be of little consolation to these men, but their plight has at least helped the authorities ensure that nowadays cortisone injections are limited to no more than one a year per player.

words: ROB HADGRAFT

XPRO HEALTH SURVEY

MEDICAL research and investigation into the long-term effects of a professional football career are the major focus of Xpro, the association of ex-professional footballers.

The Midlands-based organisation, which is registering as a charity, has four major areas of concern relating to the health of former players. Xpro's health-related activities are co-ordinated by its Medical Director Jim Walker, the former Aston Villa physiotherapist.

High on the list is research into the long-term health effects of cortisone and other pain relief treatments regularly given to players, allowing them to play while injured. It also includes helping to establish further research into the prevalence of dementia, brain damage and Alzheimer's, and the possible link between these diseases and heading the ball.

A historical lack of record-keeping by football clubs, of both injuries to players and subsequent treatments, severely hampers the research. This continues today, despite the health and safety legislation now in place, and Xpro will be campaigning for professional football to fall in line with all other employers and maintain accurate records of injuries and accidents.

However, Xpro's priority is research into osteoarthritis and to gain government recognition of this crippling condition as a prescribed industrial disease in ex-professional footballers. This will give former players parity with miners and farmers to more easily claim Social Security benefits when unable to work through the effects of osteoarthritis. Xpro is working closely on this issue with The Industrial Injuries Advisory Council (IIAC), the official body that advises the Government on such matters.

Xpro has presented independent medical research on osteoarthritis in footballers, comprising 52 research papers and three player surveys, to IIAC. The research reveals a significantly high incidence of osteoarthritis in the knees and hips of ex-professional footballers. However, a much larger study is required before IIAC can make a final recommendation to the Government.

Xpro is in the process of commissioning an epidemiology study expected to comprise a survey of 15,000 to 20,000 ex-professionals and medical examination of up to 3,000 former players. This study will also capture crucial information to support further research into the long-term effects of cortisone.

Xpro needs help to complete the survey. They need football clubs, players, former players, fans and friends or relatives of former players to help them contact and survey as many ex-professionals as possible. The survey will take the form of a simple questionnaire, with information about their playing history and current health status.

Membership of Xpro is free to all players who have held professional contracts in the UK and Ireland. Members enjoy a range of support and advice on medical and health issues, financial assistance, legal representation, counselling and a full calendar of social and sporting events.

Xpro can be contacted on 08444-120401 or at info@xpro.org. Their website is www.xpro.org



LIVERPOOL, 1965-66. Back (left to right): Gordon Milne, Gerry Byrne, Tommy Lawrence, Chris Lawler, Ron Yeats, Willie Stevenson. Front (left to right): Ian Callaghan, Roger Hunt, Ian St John, Tommy Smith, Peter Thompson.

TEAM SHOT



SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY, 1974-75. Back (left to right): Bernard Shaw, Roy Coyle, Tommy Craig, Danny Cameron. Middle (left to right): Steve Burtenshaw (manager), Jimmy Mullen, Hugh Dowd, Alan Patterson, Peter Springett, David Sunley, Eric Potts, Gerry Young (coach). Front (left to right): Alan Thompson, Eddie Prudham, Ken Knighton, Brian Joicey, Peter Rodrigues, Peter Eustace, John Holsgrove.

BRENTFORD, 1971-72. Back (left to right): Paul Bence, Peter Gelson, Brian Turner, Alan Nelmes, Gordon Phillips, John O'Mara, Mike Allen, Alan Hawley. Front (left to right): Gordon Neilson, John Docherty, Steve Tom, Bobby Ross, Terry Scales, Jackie Graham.





THE FOREST

IT WAS almost over before it had begun.

In the frozen wastelands of deepest Surrey the amateurs of Tooting and Mitcham and most of the 14,300 crowd wedged into their tiny Sandy Lane ground must have been in the equivalent of sporting nirvana as the half-time whistle sounded. Tiny Tooting 2, Nottingham Forest, First Division aristocrats par excellence, 0.

This was January 10, 1959 and the Third Round of the FA Cup, an infamous early hurdle for England's finest, a combination of the water jump and a castle moat wherein tiddlers with a piranha's bite lurked menacingly awaiting the big fish to bellyflop.

If the FA Cup then was considered the most prestigious of all domestic prizes, it seemed that it was destined to elude Forest once more with the Isthmian Leaguers on the brink of an almighty upset to eclipse Yeovil's defeat of Sunderland in the Fourth Round a decade earlier.

Even an own goal by Ted 'Eddie' Murphy, whose earlier finish had secured the 2-0 cushion, that reduced the arrears did not deter Tooting as Forest, universally acclaimed as the best and purest exponents of the beautiful game, toiled on the icebound pitch.

Enter a referee with an anagram even more unfortunate than Neil Warnock. Ron Warnke, and you couldn't make it up, awarded a penalty against the ubiquitous Murphy for handball, a decision just as dodgy as the rutted surface beneath his feet.

With professional expertise, Billy Gray converted the spot kick and Forest survived - and how.

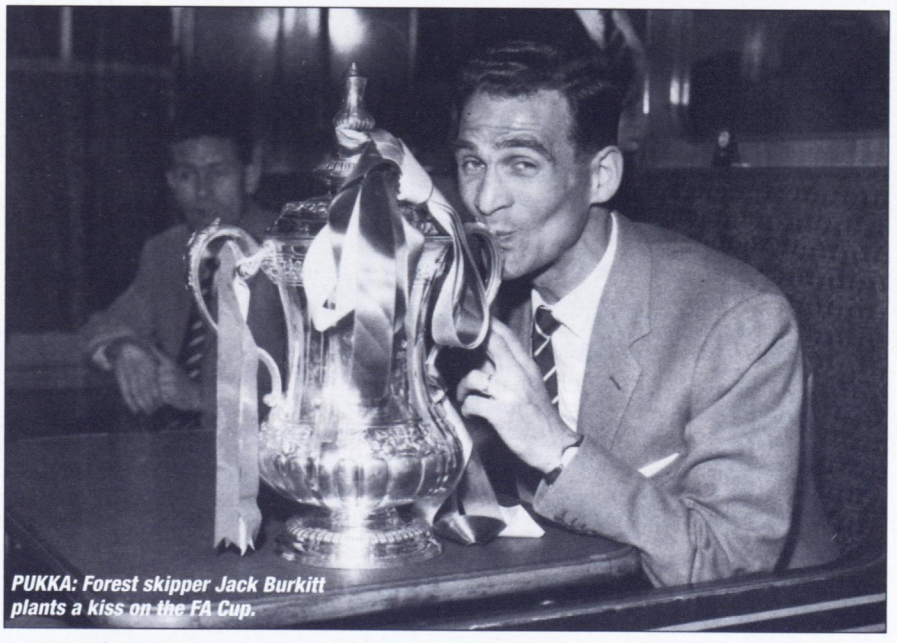
A convincing replay win at the City Ground offered few clues to the Garibaldi Reds' journey ahead. For if that initial brush with the 1959 Cup was memorable, it held no comparison to the final tie at Wembley on May 2 later that year.

Forest required two late levellers and two replays to ease out Birmingham City in the Fifth Round and a Johnny Quigley effort to squeeze past Aston Villa in the semi-finals, but once they were let loose on the Empire Stadium's lush and refined turf, the full extent of their football dynamism and technique was unleashed with devastating effect on Luton Town.

After only nine minutes, Scottish international winger Stewart Imlach shimmied down the left and his low centre was met by right-winger Roy Dwight, dashing in with a left foot shot that fizzed into the top corner for one of Wembley's truly glorious goals. Five minutes later it was Gray, again on the left, whose far post centre was headed in by the robust centre-forward Tommy Wilson.

"We could have gone on to score six that day," recalled Jeff Whitefoot, Forest's influential right-half and former Busby Babe and along with Gray, the only Forest survivors from that epic match.

Perhaps Whitefoot's premonition



PUKKA: Forest skipper Jack Burkitt plants a kiss on the FA Cup.



59ers

might have been correct and there is an abundance of contemporary written material to support his case but in any event, it was not to be for one compelling reason.

Twelve minutes before the interval, Luton defender Brendan McNally collided with Dwight and though the challenge was accidental and innocuous, the Forest goalscorer fractured a shin bone and was stretchered off.

The 'Wembley Hoodoo' as it was known then had visited the stadium once more. Four times since 1952, a Cup Final team had been debilitated through injury, a handicap that could not be rectified in the days before substitutes.

But while David Pacey at last beat goalkeeper Charlie 'Chic' Thomson in the 62nd minute, Forest held out during an anxious and cramp-ridden finale. For the best part of an hour they had defied Luton and their marvellously composed and dignified wing-half Jack Burkitt became the first captain to lift the famous old trophy under the burden of playing with 10 men.

words: DAVID McVAY

FOREST'S 1959 CUP WINNERS

Left to right from back

TOM GRAHAM (trainer): The 'father confessor' to the players, the England centre-half honed his talents in County Durham before joining Forest in 1927 where he stayed on ... and on. Appointed trainer in 1944, a trusted and vital ally to the manager during Forest's gradual rise to the highest levels.

JOE McDONALD: Joined Forest at the start of the season from Sunderland and swiftly replaced veteran Geoff Thomas at left-back. A cultured ball player, an incongruous trait for defenders of that era, he represented both Scotland and Great Britain. Aspired to be a sewing machine mechanic when he finished in the game but emigrated to Australia where he died in 2003.

BILL WHARE: Spent his late teenage years and beyond in a Nazi internment camp on his native Guernsey before becoming an ever-dependable right-back with an effective sliding tackle whose appearances for his only club topped the 300 mark. Like many of his generation, melted into the pub trade when he retired, enjoying a long and fruitful tenancy at the Waggon and Horses in Redhill on the road to Mansfield. Died 1995, aged 71.

CHARLIE THOMSON: Chic, as he was affectionately known, had already won a Championship title in 1955 with Chelsea, the London club's first. It was his bravery and agility that were key factors in withstanding Luton's later forays as cramp further reduced the resilience of Forest's 10 men. Son of a professional goalkeeper, he began his career at Clyde. Remained in Nottingham but always invited, and accepted, as a guest at reunions for Stamford Bridge old boys. Died earlier this year in January, aged 78.

BOB McKINLAY: Legend has become a devalued expression but the Scottish centre-half can be described thus in older values when the term actually had some depth of meaning. Arrived at the City Ground as a Scottish junior from Bowhill Rovers and started a club record 682 games for Forest, 265 of those in succession. A gentleman defender, keen gardener and avid pipe smoker, he worked as a prison warden at a young offenders' institute near Lowdham. Died in 2002, aged 69.

JACK BURKITT: One of the most stylish wing-halves of his generation but oddly never capped by England, the captain was also unerring in distribution and unflappable in the middle of the park. Later as a Forest coach, he taught Henry Newton the basics of solid tackling, instruction that was indelibly imprinted on a generation of 1960s midfield players who presumed, incorrectly, that they were the hardest on the block. Another one club man, Burkitt ran a post office on Oakdale Road in Nottingham before retiring to Sutton-on-Sea. Died in 2003.

JEFF WHITEFOOT: Joked that he must have been under hypnosis when rejecting Forest as he left Manchester United to join Grimsby, where apparently they named a trawler after him because he became so slow and overweight. Eventually made it from Cleethorpes to Nottingham at the start of the season that yielded the FA Cup. The calling to the bar, public, lounge and tap room, as well as a grocery business, took him from the Notts village of East Leake to Oakham in Rutland where he now lives.

ROY DWIGHT: An older cousin of Reg Dwight, aka Elton John. Another who joined at the start of the season, having lost an FA Cup semi-final with Fulham the previous April. Apart from his cavalier style and wonderful final goal, Dwight also scored a hat-trick in the second replay that saw Birmingham battered 5-0. Joined the winning parade to the Old Market Square on the following Monday after leaving hospital with his leg in plaster. Gravesend and Northfleet, Coventry City and Millwall were his later clubs. In charge at Dartford before managing Crayford greyhound track in later years. Died 2002, aged 69.

JOHNNY QUIGLEY: Richly-talented Scot whose eternal gratitude in club folklore was secured when he scored the only goal of the game to beat Aston Villa at Hillsborough. An inventive inside-right, he later went on to Huddersfield, Bristol City and Mansfield Town where he encouraged a young but disillusioned Duncan McKenzie, on-loan at the Stags from Forest. A buoyant and well loved character in local Notts football. Died December 2004, aged 69.

TOMMY WILSON: Although born in Bedlington, Northumberland, he was discovered locally playing for pit team Cinderhill. A model of consistency, robust and fearless leader of the line which epitomised most centre-forwards in the days when posteriors, shins and just about any part of the anatomy was fair game for brutally scavenging centre-halves. Scored both goals that beat Cup holders Bolton Wanderers in the quarter-finals as well as his header at Wembley. Moved on to Walsall in 1960. Died in 1992.

BILLY WALKER (manager): Forest's second most successful manager, and taking runners-up prize behind Brian Clough is still some tribute. Came to the club shortly before the Second World War and though demoted to the Third Division (South) in 1949, a succession of astute signings saw the club regain their status, culminating in the final victory ten years later. Walker also won the Cup with Villa as a player, in 1924, and guided Sheffield Wednesday to triumph at Wembley in the 1935 final. Retired to take up post as honorary committee member in 1960 but dogged by ill-health, he died in 1964, aged 67.

BILLY GRAY: His penalty that rescued the tie against Tooting and Mitcham was probably the most decisive moment of Forest's run. He scored four more during that sojourn to Wembley where he turned in a stunning virtuoso display at inside-left, a position to which Walker converted him after arriving from Burnley as a right-winger. Formerly with Leyton Orient and Chelsea, he moved on to Millwall before returning to Nottingham where he took up duties as a groundsman at the immaculate John Player sports ground near Aspley, where he still resides.

STEWART IMLACH: Fleet of foot with a wicked body swerve endemic in impish Scottish wingers, he played possibly the game of his life at Wembley, not only creating the opening goal and tormenting markers but deployed a little deeper to assist McDonald in muting Billy Bingham on Luton's right flank. The subject of a brilliant and poignant book by his son Gary, Imlach's clubs were as wide and varied as his wing play which he coached at clubs such as Notts County and most famously Everton after hanging up his boots. Died in October 2001, aged 69.

INSIGHT

FOREST'S 1959 FA CUP RUN

3rd Round: Tooting and Mitcham (a) 2-2 Murphy (og), Gray (pen) (h) 3-0 Dwight, Wilson, Imlach.
4th Round: Grimsby Town (h) 4-1 Gray 2 (1 pen), Whitefoot, Wilson.
5th Round: Birmingham City (a) 1-1 Wilson (h) 1-1 Dwight (at Filbert Street) 5-0 Dwight 3, Gray 2 (1 pen).
6th Round: Bolton Wanderers (h) 2-1 Wilson 2.
Semi-final: Aston Villa (at Hillsborough) 1-0 Quigley.
Final: Luton Town (at Wembley) 2-1 Dwight, Wilson.

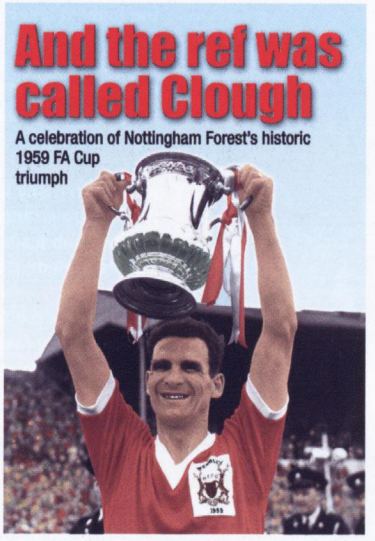


Teams: **Nottingham Forest** (who used the same 11 players in all nine ties): Thomson, Whare, McDonald, Whitefoot, McKinlay, Burkitt, Dwight, Quigley, Wilson, Gray, Imlach.
Luton Town: Baynham, McNally, Hawkes, Groves, Owen, Pacey, Bingham, Brown, Morton, Cummins, Gregory.
Goalscorer: Pacey.

BACKPASS FOREST BOOK OFFER

A BOOK to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Nottingham Forest's historic triumph will be available in early May. It is a special publication that is a tribute not only to Forest's FA Cup winning team of 1959 but also their club chairman at that time, Harold Alcock.

His arrival at the City Ground shortly after the Second World War was critical to the club's progress and his tenure coincided with their rise to the First Division and that successful May day that is still recalled by thousands of football fans on Trentside and beyond.



His daughter Gillian has kindly donated scores of hitherto unseen photographs recording Forest's path to Wembley including off-guard moments of players and their wives in celebration of the Wembley triumph and dozens of action shots from every round.

The pictorial memories also include contemporary magazines and FA invitations to Mr. Alcock and his entourage for the big match on May 2 as well as some poignant images from that tense Third Round tie at Tooting and Mitcham.

The hardback book captures a bygone era of the beautiful game and is on general sale for £17.99. But BACKPASS readers can save £3 on that cover price by buying directly from the publisher. The price of £14.99 also includes first class postage and packaging.

If you would like a copy of this limited edition, please send a cheque or postal order for £14.99 to Reid Publishing, 53 Churchgate, Loughborough, LE11 1UE.

You can e-mail orders to reidpublishing@fsmail.net or ring 07974 304022 for any queries.

ON THE BALL, CITY

NORWICH City and Worcester City were the giantkillers of the 1958-59 FA Cup.

Third Division Norwich played 11 ties in reaching the semi-finals; finally bowing out 1-0 to Luton Town in a replay at St Andrews after the sides had drawn 1-1 at White Hart Lane.

Their magnificent run started when they battled from behind to beat Isthmian League Ilford 3-1, and famously included the Third Round scalp of Manchester United, beaten 3-0 in front of a capacity 38,000 crowd on a snow-covered Carrow Road pitch.

Terry Bly, whose lack of form after two knee operations had seen him turn out at full-back in the reserves at the start of the season, netted two of the goals against the Busby Babes on the way to scoring seven in nine FA Cup appearances that season. Canadian winger Errol 'Cowboy' Crossan got the other.

Bly also bagged the winner as Norwich beat Tottenham 1-0 in a Fifth Round replay, and netted twice more in a 3-2 Sixth Round replay victory over Sheffield United. In the 1-1 draw at Bramall Lane, Norwich had managed to protect goalkeeper Ken Nethercott in the final 30 minutes after he dislocated a shoulder. Manager Archie Macauley admitted: "Each man put in three times as much effort."

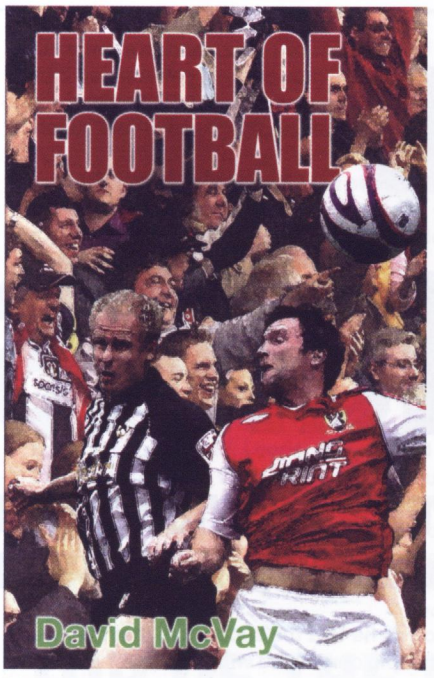
Worcester, from the Southern League, also made national headlines when they dumped out Second Division leaders Liverpool in the Third Round.

A crowd of 15,011 crammed into St. George's Lane on a midweek afternoon to witness Worcester's 2-1 win on a frozen and heavily-sanded surface. Tommy Skuse gave them a first half lead, which they doubled with a bizarre own goal from Liverpool centre-half Dick White. Geoff Twentyman pulled back a consolation from the penalty spot for Liverpool, whose side included Ronnie Moran, Jimmy Melia and Alan A'Court.

The Worcester skipper was Welsh international Roy Paul, who had played in the 1955 and 1956 FA Cup finals for Manchester City.



UNDERDOG: Tommy Skuse fires Worcester City ahead against Liverpool.



DESPITE being named on its retained list, Reid Publishing is willing to listen to offers of £3.50, less than half price, for Heart of Football, a price that includes first class postage and package.

Written by David McVay, no stranger to being packaged off in the summer months for a small fee during his playing career, the book is a compilation of McVay's column for the Daily Telegraph that reported on life in the lower leagues during 2008-09, a season when Luton Town were safe from the Blue Square Premier but Notts County were not and Leeds United endured their first campaign in the third tier of the domestic game.

Send a cheque for £3.50 with your name and address to Reid Publishing, 53 Churchgate, Loughborough, Leicestershire LE11 1UE.

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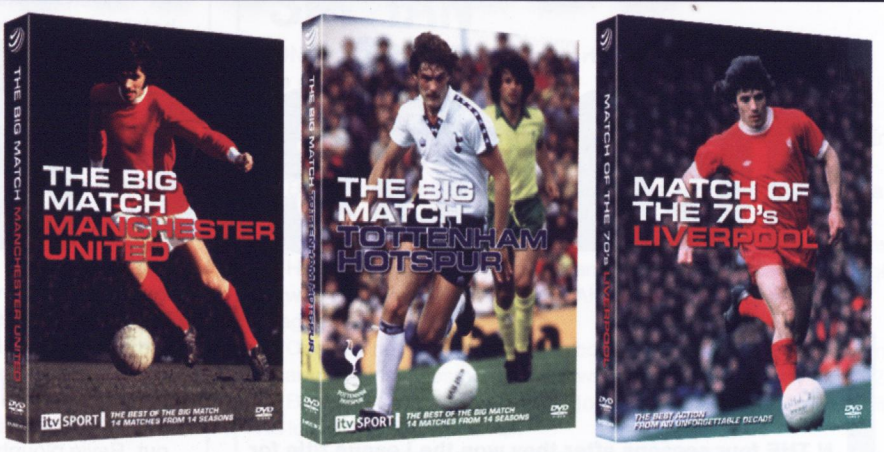
Classic Football Shirts have provided one lucky BACKPASS reader with the chance to win one of their iconic shirts, to the value of £75. See the advert on page 12, and visit their website at www.classicfootballshirts.co.uk

Just answer this question:
Which current Premiership team used to wear the name HOLSTEN on their shirts?

Send your answer to Backpass, Greystones, Beechgrove, Kington, Herefordshire HR5 3RH or e-mail your answer via our website www.backpassmagazine.co.uk

The closing date for entries is June 5.

COMPETITIONS
WIN, WIN, WIN WITH BACKPASS



WIN A COPY OF THE BIG MATCH, AND MATCH OF THE 70s

We have two copies of The Big Match: Manchester United, two of The Big Match: Tottenham Hotspur, and two of Match of the 70s: Liverpool, courtesy of ILC Media (see backpage advert).

Just answer this question: Who was the main commentator on The Big Match?

Send your answer to Backpass, Greystones, Beechgrove, Kington, Herefordshire HR5 3RH or e-mail your answer via our website www.backpassmagazine.co.uk

The closing date for entries is June 5.

WIN A PAINTING

Theartbay Gallery in Stoke-on-Trent is offering BACKPASS readers the chance to win one of only 100 fine-art, limited-edition prints of Sid Kirkham's new watercolour 'The Young 'Un's First Big Game' worth £125.

It will be signed by Sid (featured in Issue 6), who is known as 'The Potteries' Lowry' and whose reputation as an illustrator and painter of 20th Century social and football history is highly acclaimed.

The 18" x 12" print comes with a Certificate of Authenticity from Theartbay Gallery and is printed on 260gm double-weight matte art paper.

Just answer this question: What was the name of Stoke City's former ground before they moved to the Britannia Stadium?

Send your answer to Backpass, Greystones, Beechgrove, Kington, Herefordshire HR5 3RH or e-mail your answer via our website www.backpassmagazine.co.uk. The closing date for entries is June 5.

For a full catalogue of Sid's work, including his atmospheric industrial landscapes of The Potteries, check out www.creativestoke.co.uk or www.theartbay.co.uk. You can contact Theartbay Gallery on 01782-844222.



ISSUE 6 COMPETITION WINNERS

THE answer to our competition in Issue 6 - who scored West Ham's two goals in the 1975 FA Cup final - was Alan Taylor. The nine winners who each won a DVD courtesy of VSI Enterprises were Joseph Gubbins, Mike Young, Rob Hawkins, David Miles, Riccardo Bertoni, Michael Mengham, Neil Jordison, Jeff Murphy and Morgan Smith.

Programme COLLECTION

Heartfelt thanks

LEEDS UNITED v IPSWICH TOWN
Saturday, April 20, 1974

IN THE four seasons after they won the League title for the first time in their history, Leeds United threatened to become perennial bridesmaids.

True, they won the FA and Fairs Cups during that time, but they had also finished runners-up in the First Division on three occasions, third on the other, and lost in the finals of the FA and European Cup Winners' Cups in 11 agonising days in May 1973.

Don Revie had to screw up more acceptance speeches than a habitually unsuccessful Oscar nominee.

On April 20, 1974, he could wait no longer, even though Leeds were four days away from having the second of their three Championships confirmed. His column in the programme for the final home game of the season thanked just about every member of the staff at Elland Road, and most of the inhabitants of its terraces.

After a successful decade since they were promoted, Revie hoped no one had been lulled into a false sense of superiority. "The simple fact is that Leeds United have been successful because of hard work, dedication and effort - not only from the players, whose titan efforts are easily recognisable, but from the back room boys who put in just as much work over the course of a season and during those short summer months when we prepare for another campaign."

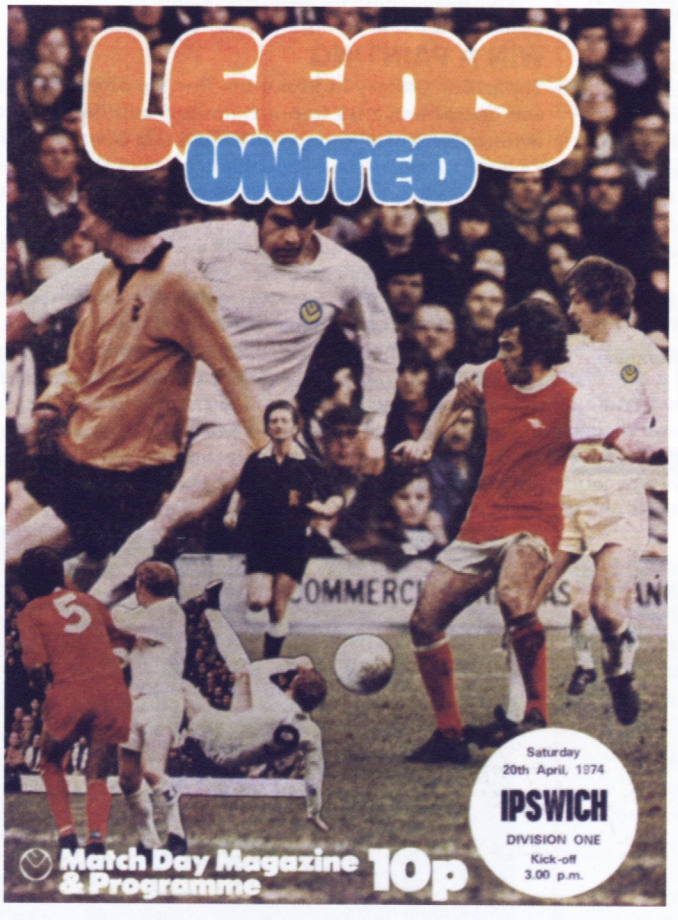
The 'Don Revie Says...' column continued: "Looking back on every aspect of the club this season, and whether we win or lose the Championship - no praise can be too great for Maurice Lindley, Tony Collins, Syd Owen, Les Cocker, Bob English and Cyril Partridge. They have put in long hours, have worked on occasions round the clock on the club's behalf.

"I can't thank the players enough for the way they have trained hard and played their hearts out ... My praise of them is undiminished whether we finish first or second - next year we will be competing in Europe for the 10th year in succession and that, alone, is a massive achievement in itself."

At the point in an Oscar ceremony where the hankies come out, Revie ploughed on as he told the supporters that they were the "most important people connected with this club," before extending his thanks to the "many people you rarely hear about."

He then listed them. "(Thanks) to Lucy, Lydia and Anne - our cleaning ladies - to Ivy and Kath, who look after and care for all the kit; to John Reynolds and his ground staff; to Keith Archer and his staff, and to my personal secretary Jean Reid.

"My thanks to Peter Fay who, as you will all know, has done a remarkable job on the public relations side this season ... to Mike Lockwood and his pools department staff; to all the supporters' club branches; to our matchday police force, to our team of programme sellers, gatemen and stewards.



"All these have played their part in our success this season. They are part of the Leeds United family - they help to make Elland Road a nice place to come along to every Saturday."

Not, sadly, if you are in the away end like the 17-year-old Derby County supporter who felt it necessary to write to the club and describe his matchday experience a fortnight before. "I and a friend were subjected to terrifying provocation all day," he said. "It completely ruined our day's enjoyment." They had to put up with threats and obscenities from "so-called Leeds United supporters" during and after the game, and on the way home their coach was stoned, two windows smashed.

"The name and address were different," the programme editor noted, "but the tone and content was similar to a flow of complaining letters that has steadily increased in the latter part of the season ... about a section of hooligans who use Elland Road as an arena to perpetrate their insidious and despicable activities. The club cannot stress too highly their disgust when these incidents occur."

Leeds promised to weed out and ban the unruly minority, and asked for the help of the "vast majority of respectable, decent, true supporters" in the "fervent hope that this is the last distressing letter we will receive."

On a more upbeat note, two members of Revie's coaching staff would be receiving their 'reward' for a job well done: Owen and Cocker were being sent to watch the World Cup finals in the summer (Revie was due there, too, as a guest analyst for the BBC).

It would not be a holiday, Owen stressed in an interview. "There's a simple reason behind our trip to Germany," he pointed out, "we're going to watch the games and learn something which may be of benefit to the club in the future.

"We'll spend a lot of time going round the training camps because even though we've both been in the game for something like 30 years, you never stop assimilating new ideas and variations. We feel our training at Leeds is as good as anywhere - but when you're training for 11 months of the year, it becomes hard to find something new."

Back at Elland Road, Leeds, who started the season unbeaten in 29 games, and led the division throughout, would beat visitors Ipswich 3-2 in their penultimate fixture. However, it was Liverpool's home defeat by Arsenal the following midweek, while Leeds had their feet up, that announced the nominees were finally the winners.

words: MARTIN SMITH

TOP OF THE PILE

FOR years Leeds United's programme had not matched the achievements on the pitch. However, in the summer of 1973 the programme had a full makeover, upgraded from little more than a 20-page team sheet to a 24-page colourful, readable magazine.

The transformation did not go unnoticed or unrewarded.

A year earlier the old-style version had failed to appear in the top 20 selected by members of the British Programme Club - "the country's foremost group of collectors" - one of only two First Division programmes not to make it (Newcastle were the other).

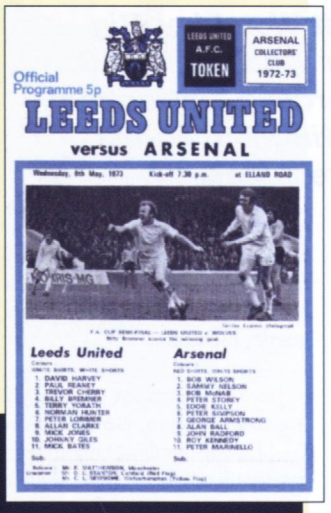
Yet, by spring 1974, Leeds had broken the three-year domination of Aston Villa's 'News and Record' as Programme of the Year, and had also won, perhaps predictably, the award for most improved.

Don Revie, the Leeds manager, congratulated Peter Fay, the club's public relations officer, "who is responsible for this magnificent new publication which only recently won all four major programme awards for this season."

It was a tight run thing, though: a recount of the votes was required to separate Leeds from Villa and Everton.

Norman Lovett, the Programme Club secretary, who wrote a regular column in the Football League Review, said: "There were fewer than 20 votes between the three and although my personal preference is again for the Villa programme, Leeds's programme came out on top."

The top 20 programmes were: 1 Leeds United, 2 Aston Villa, 3 Everton, 4 Queens Park Rangers, 5 Crystal Palace, 6 Manchester City, 7 West Ham United, 8 Chelsea, 9 Burnley, 10 Birmingham City, 11 West Bromwich Albion, 12 Coventry City, 13 Wolverhampton Wanderers, 14 Southampton, 15 Sheffield United, 16 Norwich City, 17 Fulham, 18 Hull City, 19 Newcastle United and Ipswich Town, 20 Nottingham Forest.



CHANGES: How the Leeds' programme looked in 1972-73. The cover picture shows Billy Bremner scoring the winner in the FA Cup semi-final against Wolves. The game against Arsenal was played on the Wednesday night following the 1-0 defeat to Sunderland in the FA Cup final.

YOUR SAY SPONSORED BY PELDROED BWRDD, THE TABLE FOOTBALL SHOP AT KNIGHTON (Tel: 01547-520096)

Send your views to either backpassmail@aol.com or BACKPASS, Greystones, Beechgrove, Kington, Herefordshire HR5 3RH

YOUR SAY

'SIR' IAN

CONGRATULATIONS on a truly riveting magazine - keep up the good work.

In the last issue you reported the passing of Ian Greaves, a player who was brought into the Manchester United team following the tragedy of the Munich air disaster.

Back in the early 1960s I knew Ian quite simply as 'Sir.' I was a 12-year-old schoolboy attending Hulme Hall College School, in Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire, and Mr.Greaves was our games' master.

He took us mainly for football and if my memory serves me right he was then playing full-back for Altrincham in the Cheshire League.

One day he handed out a few complimentaries to watch him in a game against Ellesmere Port Town, which I believe they lost 3-2.

Back at school the following Monday we pulled his leg about it. He loved that sort of banter.

He was a great motivator and I never doubted his ability to cut it at a higher level, so when he was successful as a manager at both Huddersfield Town and Bolton Wanderers, I wasn't surprised. He was a tough taskmaster and there were no slackers in his teams.

I shall always remember just what a fabulous person he was to me as a young boy. I have always treasured those memories of great schoolboy victories with Ian Greaves on our touchline.

In later years as the editor of Stockport County's programme (1977-1988), I met him again on numerous nights when he was scouting at Edgeley Park for players. I still couldn't allow myself to address him as anything else but 'Sir.' He deserved that!

Howard Jones,
Lytham St. Annes.

SUPERMAC

I AM writing to say how much I enjoyed the interview with Supermac (Malcolm Macdonald) in Issue 5.

As a Fulham supporter, he is one of my all-time heroes. He started his professional career at Craven Cottage and very nearly took Fulham into the old First Division in 1983 after promotion from the Third Division the previous season. He will always be fondly remembered at Craven Cottage, both as a player and a manager.

About 10 years ago I bumped into Malcolm in the village where I was living, Forest Row in East Sussex. Malcolm lived there for a while as a child and we had a chat. He kindly signed a heap of programmes and pictures for me.

I have since e-mailed him on many occasions and sent him items to sign and he has always replied. Will today's Premiership stars be so accommodating in the future?

Supermac was a truly great goalscorer and a hero on Tyneside and at Highbury. Football today is far removed from when he played, but as long as players like him are still around, then 1970s and 1980s football will still be with us.

Paul Steele,
Perth, Australia.

BLUE BLOOP

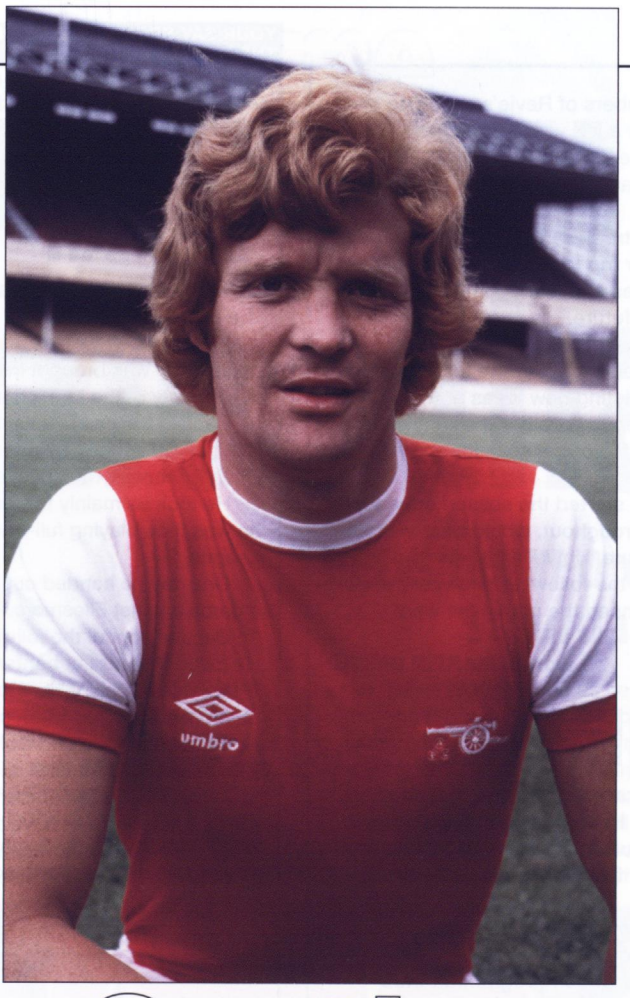
CAN I point out a mistake in Issue 6 regarding Birmingham City's 1972-73 away shirt (Fashion Disasters).

The red, yellow and black shirt was first worn in the away game at Tottenham Hotspur on August 23, 1972.

It was worn twice afterwards, as stated at West Bromwich Albion on August 30 and Derby County on September 16, and twice in the 1973-74 season at QPR - in the League and the FA Cup.

AJ Weston,
Kingstanding, Birmingham.

(This was one of a handful of letters pointing this out. Many thanks to all those who wrote in. The kit was indeed worn a week earlier than the article stated. Ed)



On the SPOT

WILLIE YOUNG

A damaged door at Pittodrie, a calamitous debut for Arsenal and a barefaced foul at Wembley. Big Scottish defender WILLIE YOUNG, who played for Aberdeen, Tottenham, Arsenal and Nottingham Forest, tells it like it was.

Your time at Aberdeen ended abruptly - why?

It all blew up quickly. I'd really enjoyed it at Pittodrie and played alongside Martin Buchan, who left to captain Manchester United. Even in the early 1970s, you could tell it was a really well run club, and when Alex Ferguson came along, the whole thing exploded into life.

Anyway by the mid-1970s, if I'm honest, I was thinking about a move to England, and it coincided with a time when Willie Turnbull, the boss at the time, subbed me in a game with Dundee.

I wasn't happy, so as I stomped off, I ripped up my shirt, and threw it at him. Then I kicked a hole in the dressing room door, and for years afterwards, I understand it was known as 'Willie's door!' I didn't play for them again.

As a Tottenham player, weren't you something of an anti-hero to Arsenal fans?

People often forget I played for Spurs, but they were struggling to stay in the First Division under Terry Neill at the time. I hardly endeared myself to Arsenal fans when, during a North London derby, I scored a great header for Spurs in a 2-2 draw, and then took out Frank Stapleton with a neck high challenge.

I admit it was awful, and bearing in mind that you had to practically garrotte someone in those days to get sent off, the fact the referee dismissed me straight away spoke volumes. The Arsenal fans weren't happy when I signed for them a year later!

Your debut for Arsenal has been described as "the worst in living memory." Would you agree?

Absolutely, yes (laughing). I signed towards the end of the 1976-77 season and Arsenal were on a bit of a bad run. Terry Neill was boss at the time, and he was struggling to build a new team. Anyway, I hadn't played for about three months and made my debut against Ipswich.

I wasn't match fit, and Paul Mariner and John Wark had a field day. I heard Mariner shout to Colin Viljoen: "Just whack it at Young, and I'll score." And he was right! Ipswich won 4-1 at Highbury and I was at fault for two of the goals. I was utterly crap.

Terry Neill said I played like a big moron, and I could see my new team-mates looking at me, thinking "What have we got here?"

How did you finally win over the Arsenal fans?

It took a while. A few weeks after my debut, we had a game at home to Spurs, and when I ran out, I was booed by both sets of fans, which is surely a record! During the game, I split my head open, after I banged heads with their goalkeeper.

When I ran back on, I made two quick tackles on Peter Taylor and Steve Perryman, and both needed treatment. I sensed the mood towards me changed at that point, and we won the game, which helped! Then the following season, I scored a couple of headers at Wrexham during our FA Cup run, and I suppose I became a bit of a cult hero after that.

What do you recall of Arsenal's three FA Cup finals in three years?

The middle final against Manchester United (a 3-2 win) was unbelievable. I thought we had blown it when we let them back in at 2-2 because my legs were gone. Now, I look back with huge pride on that day.

The 1978 final against Ipswich (a 1-0 defeat) was difficult because although they deserved to win, we froze on the day. I got the blame for Roger Osborne's winner as I didn't clear the ball properly, but it was a great cross from David Geddis in the first place.

In 1980 against West Ham, we played 68 games that season, and we were totally knackered. At half-time, when we were 1-0 down, Don Howe told us to get ourselves under the showers and wake up, but we had nothing left.

Today, I'd have been sent off for my foul on Paul Allen, but I have no regrets. I was a defender and I defended. I saw him darting through and thought: "Son, you've got to go." It was just a tap on the ankle, wasn't it? Paul was very good about it though, and said: "I'd have done the same, big man."

Who was the best striker you ever played against?

Kenny Dalglish. No question.

I played against him against Celtic, and Liverpool, and he was perfectly suited to both styles. He was strong, quick and clever. And interestingly, he knew how to win free-kicks, and penalties.

People say that diving is a modern concept, but clever players have always known how to gain the advantage in dangerous situations.

What was your relationship with Terry Neill like?
Fiery! He signed me for Spurs, and then for Arsenal, but he waffled on a lot, did Terry, and in the end, we'd had enough of one another. I remember once he brought in an aerobics expert, and expected us to join in.

I said: "Bollocks boss, I'm not doing it." So he said he'd fine me £50 if I didn't start dancing. "You'd better make it £400 (my weekly wage) because I'm still not doing it."

When it got to £1,000 I caved in, and shouted "Yippee, I'm f*****g dancing. Happy now?" The other players were absolutely wetting themselves, but Terry and I argued all the time.

What was it was like playing under Brian Clough at Forest?
It was difficult, because Peter Taylor had just gone to Derby County, and Clough was clearly hurting. Soon after I joined we were drawn against Derby in the FA Cup, and Cloughie was really on edge all week.

On the morning of the game, he came up to me and said: "Play well for me today and I'll never ask anything else of you, big man." But we lost 2-0 and Clough went nuts, and accused me of throwing the game, in front of Forest fans and players. You could see even then that his bust-up with Taylor made him ill. Literally.

What have you done since leaving the game in 1985?
I ran a pub with my wife Linda for several years, and she ran an equestrian school in Nottinghamshire, where we now live. We ended up selling both a few years back.

The brewery wouldn't invest enough in the pub, and to be really profitable with horses, you have to be near the M6.

Now we run kennels and cat chalets. I work in the fresh air, and love walking the dogs every day. I do miss playing, of course, but I've always had other interests.

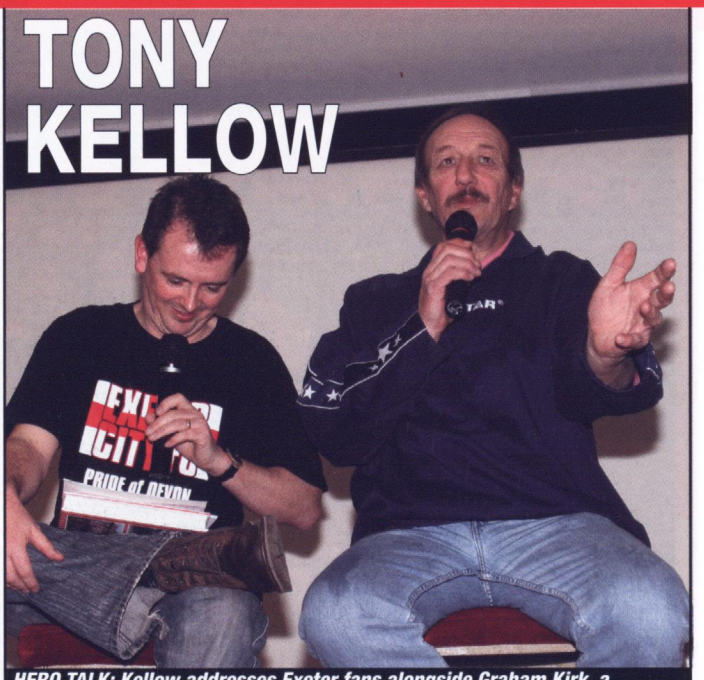
WILLIE YOUNG was talking to **JON SPURLING**



CHEERS: Willie pictured at his Nottingham pub, The Bramcote Manor Inn

MEMORIES

TONY KELLOW


HERO TALK: Kellow addresses Exeter fans alongside Graham Kirk, a presenter on the internet site www.kellowsbootlaces.co.uk

SPECIAL K

IT IS a chance, an opening, a life-defining moment. The Tottenham defence has parted like the Red Sea, and Tony Kellow, a modern-day Moses, is about to lead Exeter City into the Promised Land. Immortality awaits the swing of his right boot.

It is one of those split-seconds when time stands still; history waits to be written. Who knows, two months down the line, back in those halcyon days of 1981, the world might have been denied the sight of Ricky Villa's dancing feet, twisting and turning inside the Manchester City penalty area, before scoring the goal that won the FA Cup for Ossie Ardiles's Tottingham.

This, though, is a dull, wet afternoon in early March at White Hart Lane, two rounds earlier on the road to Wembley, and it is still 0-0.

Bryon Butler takes up the story in his book The Giant Killers: "Just 60 seconds into the second half, Exeter had their best chance of the match. Kellow snapped on to a mistake by two Tottenham defenders and found himself with the sort of chance he had been taking with cold certainty all season long.

"His shot was not a bad one, but it still allowed (Barry) Daines to make a spreading, sprawling save at the base of his right post."

Sitting in the lounge of his late mother's house in the Cornish village of Budock Water where he grew up, Kellow mulls over the key moment of that quarter-final exactly 28 years before.

It is growing dark and Kellow is weary after a hard day's labour. But suddenly he is 28-years-old again, at his prime, in the latter stages of a season in which he would finish top goalscorer in the entire Football League - 33 all told, 25 in the League, two in the League Cup and six, memorably, in Exeter's FA Cup run.

"I missed a little chance," he says matter-of-factly of the moment Fate pointed her fickle finger. "It wasn't a chance as much as a clearance; the centre-half (Paul Miller) missed it, and I was in quick, round the back. The goalkeeper came out, I shot first time, hit him, and it bounced off."

Something is troubling Kellow, though, all these years later. "In hindsight," he admits softly, "I had time. I should have feigned to shoot and gone round him, and stuck it in. That's the thing, though: it could have gone under him, it could have gone over him, but I



TUMBLED: Kellow takes a fall in the FA Cup tie at White Hart Lane.

chose to shoot and it was the wrong choice. At 1-0 down, they would have been panicking."

Perhaps Fate decided Kellow had already enjoyed too much limelight for one season. Until that moment everything he touched had turned to gold, notably a hat-trick to oust First Division Leicester City. Suddenly, however, his uncharacteristic miss was coming back to haunt him.

"They had a fair old side out," he says. "Hoddle, Crooks, Archibald, Ardiles, Roberts, Perryman - who's now director of football at Exeter. But they were beatable. We kept them at bay for an hour. Then there was an injury to the boy (Ian) Pearson, and we lost momentum and we were gone." A Graham Roberts header, and Miller's follow-up after Len Bond parried Glenn Hoddle's free-kick, spoilt the fairytale.

Kellow was only four and a half years into a League career when he was making national back-page headlines. Yet he was already in the second of three spells at Exeter, and had by then attracted transfer fees totalling £166,500. People will always pay good money for goalscorers and Kellow had been a goal machine since his early teens.

Plymouth Argyle, from across the Tamar Bridge in Devon, had been interested, and offered an apprenticeship at the age of 16. The former choirboy was already scoring goals by the dozen for Penzance in the South Western League, and hit 120 in two seasons for Falmouth Town during a period in the 1970s when they won eight successive titles in the South Western and Western Leagues.

He had turned down Plymouth after a discussion with his father who said he should continue an apprenticeship as an electrician in Falmouth dockyards. "He said something like: 'Listen, boy, you go there, you break your leg, you're useless'," Kellow recalls. "What he knew about football I don't know, but he said: 'If you've served your apprenticeship (in the dockyard), you'll always earn because it's in your hands, in your mind'. To be fair, I don't think I was emotionally strong enough to leave home at the time."

Kellow had a flashback to those embryonic days in Cornish football during that FA Cup tie at White Hart Lane. Tottenham had just knocked down the old West Stand, and that side of the ground was flattened and open to the Tottenham High Road. "It was like playing in the Western League," says a less-than-impressed Kellow. "The dressing rooms were Portakabins. There was no atmosphere. It was awful."

The start of the run had been largely uneventful. Kellow had scored two of the five in the First Round - the only time in six rounds they were drawn at home - to silence the Leatherhead Lip, the non-League side's infamous striker Chris Kelly, who had predicted all kinds of mayhem. Millwall were beaten 1-0 at the old Den - "a horrible place; people were spitting on you from the terraces" - and another Kellow goal helped in the 4-2 destruction of Maidstone.

Exeter were a goal down in the Fourth Round at Filbert Street against Leicester. "We were a good Second Division team playing in the Third Division," Kellow says. "We had a great camaraderie in that team. We got amongst each other in the dressing room at half-time. 'These are nothing,' we said.

"Second half, I remember getting the ball just inside their half, sold a dummy, and flicked a little deft ball to Dave Pullar. He took it on, his eyes like saucers, 'What am I going to do here?' Him and the 'keeper. But he did the job, and we'd drawn.

"Back at St James Park, and it was alive. We had a 10,000-capacity ground and we put up portable stands. I think the gate that night was 15 to 16,000. I can remember running out of the tunnel, always last one out, and the electricity hit me on the back of the neck. Honestly, it was zzzzzzz. S**t! I'd not heard that before. It was absolutely electric."

Kellow never played higher than the old Third Division; this was his chance to show what he could do against a First Division club, and he needed no second bidding.

"I can still remember every goal," he says of his hat-trick. "The first, they were attacking at a corner, and the ball broke and Dave Pullar was out wide, and he legged it. Their centre-halves were up in our penalty area, and we all had to charge to catch Dave up. I had to go 100mph, sprint as fast as I could, because he was 15 to 20 yards ahead of me. And I got there, outstripping the centre-half. Dave cut it back to the edge of the area, I had one touch and just stroked it in, inside the far post."

Jim Melrose equalised, and then Exeter were awarded a penalty after Larry May sent Pullar flying. "That penalty was the best strike of my career," Kellow says. "That was the perfect penalty. Anybody watching the video, that's how you take a penalty. Top left-hand corner. (Mark) Wallington went the right way, but the power, the precision, just under the crossbar, right up in the rigging … proud of that, I was. Still am. There was immense pressure on that penalty. I'd missed two. One was at Burnley - they're still looking for the ball, I hit it that high.

"The third one was from a corner. It was a bit sloppy. It went to the near post, and I was first to the ball, and hooked it with

OFF THE OCHE

TONY Kellow is still a legend to the fans who watched from the terraces, and not only for his almost metronomic goalscoring achievements - a goal every two and a half games everywhere he went - but because supporters at Exeter, Blackpool, Plymouth and Newport recognised he was one of them.

Kellow himself puts it succinctly. "The acclaim?" he says. "I hated it. 'But you're a legend' they'd say. I'd reply: 'I'm not a legend; I just do a job.'"

The self-effacing Cornishman has a sense of his place in the universe. "The acclaim was very hard for me to handle or understand because I'm a pretty basic chap. It's my church upbringing. I'd say: 'Please don't acclaim me like that. I am nobody. I'm just one of you and that's all I try to be'."

That ethos was underlined when he moved to Blackpool from Exeter in November 1978. "I didn't know anybody," he says. "What do I do in the evenings?"

The bright lights of Blackpool did not entice the striker with a £105,000 price tag writ large on his back. Instead he joined the supporters' club darts team. Why not? They played on a Tuesday night - which was outside the Wednesday-night deadline set for the players to go out - and it would be a bit of fun.

"OK, I'm a player, but so what? I'm just a Cornishman, we play darts down here. It's nothing unusual to me," he reasons.

And it was fun. "It was terrific," Kellow says. "I'd be playing and they'd be singing 'Tony Kellow, hello, hello' just like they did on a Saturday afternoon. I was working hard for the team on the pitch, so there was nothing to worry about, was there?"

It was not long, though, before his nights out came to the attention of the manager. "One day after training, Bob Stokoe said: 'I want a word with you in the office'. So we go into the office, and he says: 'Sit down, boy'. I said: 'What's wrong, boss?'

"He said: 'I hear you're playing darts for the supporters' club'. I said: 'Yeah, what's wrong with that?' He said: 'Can you not see?' I couldn't. He said: 'Well, if you go out playing darts you're having a pint, aren't you?' I said: 'So? Is that a problem? It's within curfew, isn't it, boss?'

"He said: 'Look, if they see you drinking four pints, by the time it gets back to me, it's 24 pints'. I said: 'Blimey, I can't believe this'. I argued the toss with him, but he said: 'I understand, boy, but I don't want you to play darts anymore'. So I had to pack it in. That's the way it was."

my left foot under the goalkeeper.

"My father was there and I've got photographs of him holding the matchball with me. It was the proudest moment of my life, just because he was there watching. Do you know what I did with that ball? A few years later DevonAir, the local radio station in Exeter, were holding a charity auction for cancer and wanted donations. I thought: 'I know what I can do here'. Cancer's a horrible thing. My ball's in the loft, so I'll donate it. They didn't get as much for it as I'd hoped - I almost gave it away - but that's the way I am."

The next round took Exeter to the other St James' Park. Kellow had pulled a hamstring during the week and was doubtful. Brian Godfrey, the manager, was keen his talisman played and gave him a fitness test before breakfast on the day of the game. "We went up to Newcastle racecourse," Kellow says, "and he's got me jumping hurdles, the race horse hurdles." Still no more than 60 to 70 per cent fit, Kellow was strapped up and sent out.

Exeter held Newcastle to a draw. "We brought them back and stuffed them," Kellow says. "Four-nil, and they were a Second Division club. But our home was our fortress, they couldn't cope with it. I didn't score, but I played a part in every goal. I think Peter Rogers nicked one off me."

Exeter had been well placed for promotion, but won just two of their last dozen matches after losing at Tottenham, and finished in mid-table. "I think that did us for promotion," he says. "We should have gone up that year. We had the best team we'd had for years. But we lost the plot."

After a season and a half away in the mid-1980s, when he moved to Plymouth, and on to Swansea (for one 20 minute substitute appearance) and Newport, he returned, aged 33, to Exeter for a third and final time. He was not only playing and coaching - and scoring 28 goals in 82 games, a vast number of them coming off the bench - he was also promotions manager, commercial manager and social club manager. He was working seven days a week; it cost him his first marriage.

"How much do you love a football club, question mark," he says of that period in his life. When pressed, Kellow admits: "I've got to be 100 per cent honest with you, I lost the balance at that time. I put club before family. And I lost my wife. But how much do you love a club? Well, I did love the club too much at the wrong time. That's the way it goes. And I still love the club."

Kellow eventually left Exeter when the club went into administration, and chairman Ivor Doble was replaced in a boardroom takeover. He still goes back occasionally. But he feels unfulfilled: he would love to manage the club, or be involved in some way. For the time being, his apprenticeship in the dockyards being put to good effect, he says vaguely: "I'm labouring in life. Yes, put that. And I'm not dead yet."

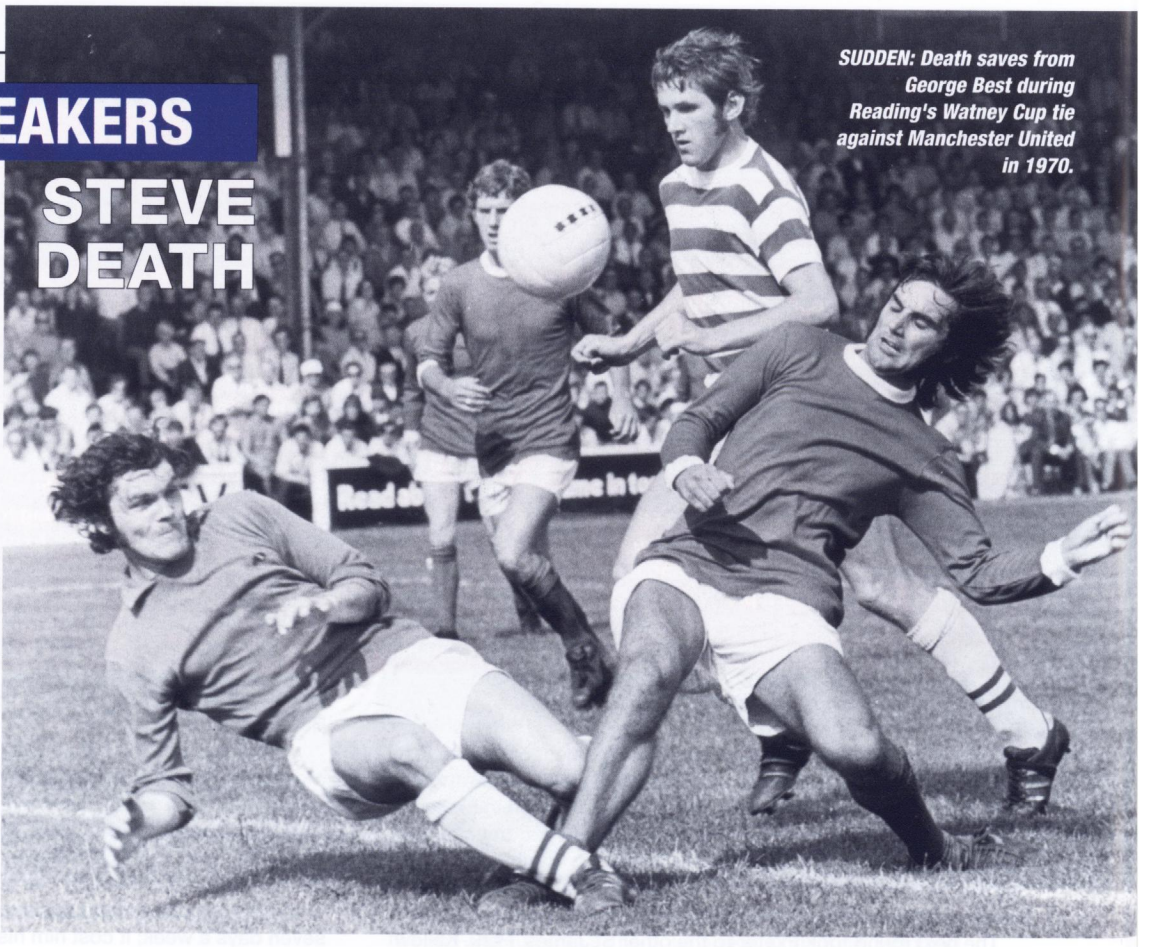
words: MARTIN SMITH



SHARPSHOOTER: Kellow goes for goal against Blackpool.

RECORD BREAKERS

STEVE DEATH



SUDDEN: Death saves from George Best during Reading's Watney Cup tie against Manchester United in 1970.

WHEN Manchester United goalkeeper Edwin Van der Sar moved on to 1,104 minutes without conceding a goal in January, it meant that one of Reading's proud claims to fame was erased from the records book.

The Dutchman overtook the domestic achievement of Reading's Steve Death, who in the 1978-79 season kept the opposition at bay for 11 successive games, totalling a remarkable 1,103 minutes.

Death, however, will always retain his place in the Berkshire outfit's history as many regard him as the greatest goalkeeper ever to play for the club.

What he accomplished was made even more remarkable by the fact Death was only 5ft 7 and a half inches tall, making him one of the smallest 'keepers ever to play in the Football League.

Despite his height, he was never frightened by big, powerful centre-forwards coming in his direction. He was extremely brave and that, combined with sound positioning and spring-heeled agility, enabled him to dominate his area.

Probably due to his lack of inches, his schoolboy days were spent speeding down the wing and he only became a goalkeeper by chance.

The boy born in the Suffolk village of Elmswell on September 19, 1949 picked up a knee injury in a game and, rather spend time on the sidelines, it was decided he should play in goal. He was soon making a name for himself.

In 1965 he was picked for the England Schools squad, and found himself sharing the duties with a boy who went on to achieve even greater things in the game – Peter Shilton.

Death did not concede a goal in three games for his country – home and away against Wales and one versus West Germany – and by now had picked up the pretty obvious nickname of 'Sudden'.

His outstanding performances were spotted by West Ham scout Wilf Chitty, himself a former Reading winger, and he joined the Upton Park club.

But his hopes of establishing himself in a side containing the likes of Bobby Moore, Geoff Hurst, Martin Peters and Trevor Brooking never materialised. After just one game in Division One in April 1969, he was loaned out to Reading, a Division Three club at the time.

He was the first-ever player Reading had taken under the new system and made such an instant impact that he was voted Player of the Year.

The move was made permanent the following season with Reading paying a fee of £20,000, which was a club record at the time and, as it turned out, one of their best ever signings.

Death went on to become a permanent fixture at the club, spending 12 seasons at Elm Park. The long-haired, diminutive figure in green made 537 first-team appearances, although that could easily have been one fewer as he was once involved in a rather bizarre incident at the start of the 1976-77 season.

He was in dispute with the club over wages and decided he didn't want to play in the game at Gillingham. It looked as though manager Charlie Hurley would be forced to play

STEVE DEATH'S 1979 RECORD

March 24	Rochdale (a)	0-1
March 28	Grimsby Town (h)	4-0
March 31	Port Vale (h)	0-0
April 7	Crewe Alexandra (a)	2-0
April 13	Portsmouth (h)	2-0
April 14	Bournemouth (a)	0-0
April 16	Aldershot (h)	4-0
April 21	Hartlepool (a)	0-0
April 25	Darlington (h)	1-0
April 28	Halifax Town (h)	1-0
May 2	Wimbledon (h)	1-0
May 5	Port Vale (a)	3-0

Reading lost their opening game of the 1979-80 season, a League Cup tie at Oxford United, 5-1.



Bobby Charlton tries his luck against Death in the same game.

A ROYAL AFFAIR

John Turner, even though he was spotted limping as he got into the team coach outside Elm Park.

But, while the team set off for Gillingham, moves were made to try and get Death to change his mind. Club official Roy Tranter (who died last December) had no luck, but then fan David Downs and Reading Evening Post journalist David Dibben decided to go and knock on the flat where Death lived.

Downs, now the club's historian, takes up the story: "We found him in bed reading a comic and with his greyhound sound asleep at the bottom of his bed.

"David (Dibben) said the club would fine him if he didn't play and he should make the effort to get to Gillingham. We offered to take him in our car.

"He told us to go wait in the car, and he eventually came outside dressed in an old sweater and jeans. We set off, but hadn't gone far when he told us to stop and take him back home as he had forgotten his cigarettes. He must have got through a packet of 20 on the journey.

"We had to stop off at Elm Park to pick up his boots and he came out, with one boot in each hand, banging them together, with mud flying off them.

"It was what you would expect to see at a Sunday League game, not from a Football League player."

Death eventually caught up with the team while they were having a pre-match meal. Hurley decided to play him and saw his 'keeper pull off a string of fine saves in a 2-2 draw. Gillingham manager Gerry Summers looked at Downs and Dibben after the game and remarked: "You two cost us a point."

Downs added: "I think Reading intended to fine Steve a week or two's wages, but after his display it was very quietly dropped."

Death, who only conceded seven goals at Elm Park in the 1972-73 season, helped Reading to promotion from the Fourth Division in 1975-76 under Hurley and again in 1978-79, also from Division Four when Maurice Evans was manager.

It was the latter campaign that saw him go 1,103 minutes without conceding a goal. It included 11 consecutive clean sheets from March 28 to the final day of the season, May 5, as Reading lifted the title.

On four occasions the fans voted him their Player of the Year and he won two PFA divisional awards, in the inaugural year 1974 and again five years later.

He played in 156 consecutive games from August 1978 to April 1981, but during the 1981-82 season he got involved in another dispute, this time over the rent for his club-owned flat. He consequently lost his first team place and, although he regained it for a short time, he quit the club.

He moved back to Elmswell, where he played a few games locally, but couldn't find work there and so returned to Reading, where he got a job as the greenkeeper at Mapledurham golf club.

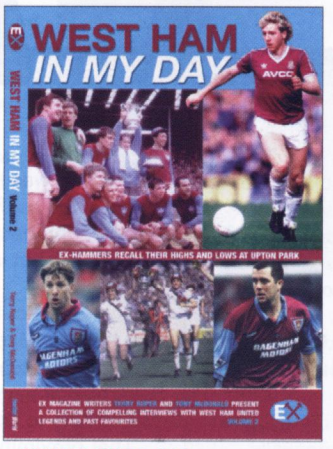
By now he had a partner and family and appeared content in life, although preferring a quiet lifestyle. Sadly he contracted cancer and died in October 2003 at the age of 54.

words: DAVID WRIGHT



Edwin Van der Sar also beat the British and World records before finally conceding a goal after 1,311 minutes, to Newcastle's Peter Lovenkrands on March 4. However some question the legality of Van der Sar's claims on the basis that he conceded three goals in the FIFA Club World Cup against Gamba Osaka in Japan on December 18.

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SEVERN

THE study in his Solihull home is long, narrow, and has a dual purpose. As well as serving as mission control for Ian Atkins' current role as European scout for Sunderland, it is a museum bulging with mementoes and medals from the 52-year-old's career as a player, coach and manager.

Vying for pride of place are two picture frames that, hanging on opposite walls, eyeball each other.

One is a photo of Atkins and his Everton team-mates who, in 1985, were Football League champions, won the European Cup Winners' Cup and were denied a unique treble by Manchester United when Norman Whiteside settled the FA Cup final with a memorable goal.

The other houses the programme for Watford's game against Shrewsbury Town on Boxing Day, 1978, a match Atkins played in. It is signed by Elton John, then the Hornets' chairman and riding high in the charts with 'Song for Guy.'

For Atkins, though, the 2-2 draw at Vicarage Road confirmed his belief that Shrewsbury Town were destined to celebrate a top of the pops of the footballing kind – becoming Third Division champions and taking the club into the second tier of English football for the first time in their history.

"We thought we might do that around Christmas time and that game confirmed it," says the Birmingham-born central defender cum midfielder who also played for Sunderland, Ipswich Town, Birmingham City and Colchester United.

"We were so strong. By then everybody didn't want to play us, especially at home. Our home record was incredible - we didn't lose there in the league all season.

"Everyone hated coming to Gay Meadow. It was like a little fortress and as the season wore on, the pitch became heavier and heavier but we knew how to play it."

The cause of the heavy pitch was the Gay Meadow's location on the banks of the River Severn, which made it susceptible to flooding.

That proximity to the river also made for a lucrative sideline on match days for a Salopian boatman named Fred Davies. Fred, who also bred ferrets, spent them bobbing about on the river in a coracle, waiting to retrieve footballs that had been deposited in the drink, invariably in those days, by visiting defenders.

"Every time the ball went into the river, Fred was after it in his coracle," Atkins recalls. "One foggy night, he saw this white thing floating in the river, chased it thinking it was a ball and it turned out to be a swan!"

While Fred the boatman pursued floating footballs, the Shrews chased their rainbow – promotion.

And although Graham Turner was manager when the championship was secured on the last day of the season with a 4-1 win over Exeter City, Atkins is unequivocal his predecessor, Richie Barker, was responsible for the triumph.

"It all started with Alan Durban two seasons earlier," Atkins explains. "He sorted out a lot of mess at the club, then he left to go to Stoke City and Richie took over.

"He moulded the team, made us very difficult to beat and was a master at knowing how to win games of football.

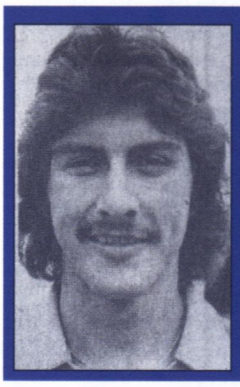
"The organisation he put into the team and each individual so that everybody knew their job was something that sticks with you for the rest of your career. Not just as a player but also as a coach or manager.

"Richie left to go to Wolves when we were top of the league and Graham Turner took over. He deserves credit for letting everything continue as it was - nothing changed. He took the view 'if it ain't broke, don't fix it' and, although everyone thought we'd drop down the league when Richie left, we

SEASON IN FOCUS



BUBBLY: Graham Turner cracks open the champagne to celebrate Shrewsbury's promotion as Division Three champions



IAN Atkins gained a reputation as a managerial Red Adair after retiring from playing. After steering Northampton Town to back-to-back Wembley play-off finals in 1997 and 1998 (winning one and losing one), he then kept both Carlisle United and Torquay United in the Football League against all the odds, having been close to pulling off a similar miracle at Chester City.

SHREWSBURY Town fans had become accustomed to false dawns.

Promising starts followed by mediocrity and a post-Christmas slide for a mid-table finish had become the norm.

The talk on the terraces was that the club lacked ambition, opinions fuelled when Jon Nixon, Sammy Irvine, Chic Bates and Brian Hornsby were all sold for a combined figure of £140,000 in the spring of 1978.

The board insisted they needed to balance the books due to poor attendances. Little cash was made available for signings, and the only notable arrival ahead of the 1978-79 campaign was left-back Tony Larkin from Wrexham.

The prophets of doom had a field day when Shrewsbury were beaten by Oswestry Town in the pre-season County Cup, and followed that by losing over two legs to Fourth Division Stockport County in the League Cup.

1978-79 season

UP



didn't. Instead we went from strength to strength."

Key components of that strength could be found in off-the-field camaraderie – Tuesday evenings were spent in a local pub - and a never-say-die ethos on it.

"We were all mates and every Tuesday night we'd go down to the White Horse," says Atkins. "There were 15 or 16 of us and some nights other teams might be playing and we'd be on the public phone in the pub trying to find the scores from those games!"

Meanwhile, a potent brew of a different kind had opposing defenders all of a stagger when confronted by Shrewsbury's set-piece routine.

"We relied a lot on set-pieces and scored a lot of goals from them," Atkins adds. "Paul Maguire would float the ball towards the near post, Sammy Chapman would come off, get a little flick on, Jake King, Jackie Keay or myself would come in from the back post and attack the ball. Simple. We never changed it. The same set-piece routine went through the whole season and no-one could handle it.

"The delivery from Paul Maguire was so good. And no-one could handle Sammy Chapman at the near post. It was fantastic. And that was the basis of the team. A very well-organised bunch of lads who gave everything."

As well as leaving the rest of the Third Division in its slipstream, Shrewsbury also knocked Manchester City out of the FA Cup before succumbing to Wolves in a Sixth Round replay.

Tweaking the tails of the big boys, however, became commonplace when the Shrews found their feet in the higher division the following season.

"Everybody expected us to come straight back down and we made a shaky start," Atkins admits. "It took us a while to find our feet but beating Chelsea 3-0 at home got us going."



INSPIRATION: Ian Atkins

Shrewsbury followed up by winning the reverse fixture at Stamford Bridge 4-2 but that wasn't the only dose of capital punishment they meted out that season.

"We beat West Ham at home," recalls Atkins. "Then the week before the FA Cup final, which they won, we beat them 3-1 at Upton Park. We also sent Newcastle United back to the north-east with their tails between their legs after beating them at Gay Meadow.

"It was a fantastic period and I believe that promotion season moulded the club for the next 10 years."

words: ADRIAN MILLEDGE

SALOPIAN DREAM

The 2,346 fans who witnessed the 1-0 win over Brentford on the opening day of the Division Three season, with a penalty from Ian Atkins, could never have dreamed what was to follow.

Manager Richie Barker's tactics of shutting out opponents to try and nick the odd goal proved largely successful in the first half of the campaign. After early 1-0 wins at Oxford, Exeter and Southend, and victories at home to Hull (1-0), Blackpool and Lincoln (both 2-0) they topped the table, having conceded only two goals in 10 games. Second and third were Graham Taylor's Watford and John Toshack's Swansea, who had scored 29 and 21 goals respectively, compared to Town's miserly 10.

Veteran defender Sammy Chapman arrived from Notts County and David Tong was signed from Blackpool, initially on loan and then for a £25,000 fee, and though October saw the departure of Barker to Wolves, where he became assistant manager to John Barnwell, the momentum was maintained under new player-manager Graham Turner.

Shrewsbury were third going into a Christmas programme that yielded a 3-0 home win over second-placed Swansea in front of a crowd of 8,567, and a 2-2 Boxing Day draw at top-of-the-table Watford watched by over 20,000. Victories over Mansfield and Doncaster had also set up an FA Cup Third Round tie at home to Cambridge.

Then came the big freeze. Games generally went ahead at Gay Meadow, usually after hours working on the pitch by an army of fans, but a succession of away games were postponed.

Shrewsbury v Cambridge in the FA Cup wasn't the obvious game to feature on Match of the Day, but the cameras turned up at the last minute on a day that saw only four games played. Shrewsbury won 3-1 and Turner took the opportunity to complain about the coverage given to lower league clubs by the BBC. The reward was another home tie against moneybags Manchester City.

There was no thaw before the Fourth Round and tractors were used to move the snow off the pitch, making it feel even tighter than normal. City's star-studded line-up, including Mick Channon, Kazimierz Deyna, Brian Kidd and future Town boss Asa Hartford, appeared in no mood to play in the wintry conditions and Shrewsbury recorded a famous 2-0 win with goals from Paul Maguire and Chapman.

A stoppage time goal from Tong

CHAMPION!

salvaged a draw at Aldershot in the next round, and with a Sixth Round tie with Wolves as the carrot, the replay saw Gay Meadow close to capacity with 13,720 urging the team to a 3-1 victory.

As March dawned, Shrewsbury had at least one more FA Cup tie to play, were still in the Welsh Cup, and had the little matter of 19 league games left.

The week leading up to the FA Cup tie at Wolves saw them draw 0-0 at Sheffield Wednesday on the Saturday, beat Ton Pentre 4-0 in the Welsh Cup on the Monday, and then slip up 2-1 at Chesterfield 48 hours later.

Four players were involved in all four games inside eight days, so when Wolves went ahead 10 minutes from time at Molineux, Town seemed out for the count. But five minutes later, Maguire was fouled and Atkins buried the penalty to send the 12,000 travelling fans in the 41,000 crowd into raptures.

Back at Shrewsbury it resulted in scenes never witnessed before - nor very often since. How to distribute over 16,000 tickets in 24 hours? Queues stretched from the ground, over the English bridge and around the town centre. The draw for the semi-finals paired the winners with Spurs, but Wolves proved too strong in the replay and ran out 3-1 winners.

There was no time to dwell on any disappointment. As well as two FA Cup ties and a Welsh Cup game, Shrewsbury played eight league matches in March, seven of them away from home. A week after the cup defeat came a 5-0 thrashing at Blackpool, and soon after a 3-0 defeat at Bury. Were the wheels about to come off?

Two 1-1 draws with Swansea and Watford over Easter steadied the ship, and another sequence of four games in eight days brought five points, followed by a 2-0 defeat at Gillingham on what would have been the penultimate Saturday of the season, the Football League having granted an extension. A 2-1 win at relegated Lincoln, and a nervy 2-2 draw at Mansfield, then sandwiched a 1-0 home win over Bury.

The final two games were at home to Rotherham and Exeter, and unusually both were scheduled for Thursday nights. Town were fourth before the visit of Rotherham, but a 3-1 win moved them back to third.

Watford and Swansea had both finished on 60 points, Shrewsbury were on 59, Swindon had blown their chance on 57, and only fifth-placed Gillingham on 57 and with their last game to come on the following Saturday, could deny Town. Defeat against Exeter could result in Shrewsbury missing out, a draw would mean third place, and a win would secure the title.

On a tension packed night 14,441 were shoe-horned into the ground, and Jake King's near-post header opened the scoring after just two minutes. Exeter hit back quickly through John Delve, but two minutes later another King goal from another Maguire corner saw the fans go crazy. An Atkins penalty on the half hour made it 3-1 and Tong finished the night off 12 minutes from time to spark some wild celebrations that continued long into the night.

On the following Monday, a 1-1 draw in the first leg of the Welsh Cup final at Wrexham set the scene for the new champions to be presented with the trophy before the second leg. A Maguire goal secured a 2-1 aggregate win.

The stay in Division Two, contrary to many expectations, was to last 10 years, and saw Shrewsbury take on and defeat the likes of Leeds, Chelsea, Newcastle and West Ham.

words: DAVID POULTER



RESULTS

FIRST DIVISION

LEEDS U. ... 0 LIVERPOOL ... 3
H-T: 0—2 Johnson 2
41,324 Case

LEADING POSITIONS

Liverpool	42	30	8	4	85	16	68
W.B.A.	41	24	11	6	72	34	59
Nottm F.	41	20	18	3	60	26	58
Everton	42	17	17	8	52	40	51
Leeds	42	18	14	10	70	52	50

SECOND DIVISION

MILLWALL ... 2 WREXHAM ... 2
Kitchener Lyons
Mehmet Whittle
H-T: 0—0 4,865

THIRD DIVISION

SHEFF. W. ... 2 BLACKPOOL ... 0
Porterfield 7,310
Owen H-T: 2—0

SHREWSBURY 4 EXETER C. ... 1
King 2 Delve
Atkins (pen) H-T: 3—1
Tong 14,441

Shrewsbury	46	21	19	6	61	41	61
Watford	46	24	12	10	83	52	60
Swansea	46	24	12	10	83	61	60
Swindon	46	25	7	14	74	52	57
Gillingham	45	20	17	8	63	42	57

FOURTH DIVISION

HARTLEPOOL 2 NORTH'PTON ... 0
Lawrence H-T: 0—0
Ayre 1,755

WIMBLEDON 2 DARLINGTON 0
Stone og H-T: 1—0
Cunningham 3,638

RUGBY LEAGUE
SECOND DIVISION

BLACKPOOL B 11 HALIFAX ... 3
Blackpool.—T: Redford. G: Fairhurst 3. DG: Parry. North.
Halifax.—T: Scott. H-T: 4—3.
1,800

By KEITH MEADOWS

Shrewsbury hit top in style

Shrewsbury 4
Exeter 1

GAY MEADOW gleefully hailed little Shrewsbury as champions of the Third Division last night.

Full-back Jake King popped up as the hero of their finest-ever hour with two neat headers in the first eight minutes.

Both were from right-wing Paul Maguire corners and removed any fears about the Shropshire club's right to bask in the Second Division sun.

Ensure

To be accurate, there were three fleeting minutes of nagging doubt, for in between those King goals, Exeter's John Pelve cleverly glanced home a Peter Hatch free-kick.

But to a team needing only one point to ensure promotion a 2-1 advantage was a sufficient platform for Shrewsbury to scorn any thoughts of caution and tune into the task of wrestling the championship from Elton John's Watford.

That trophy was as good as in the boardroom on the half hour when the ever - busy Maguire fell headlong in the area to a tackle by Phil Roberts.

Referee Kevin McNally at first waved aside the spot-kick cries but a linesmans flag changed his mind . . and lanky Ian Atkins gratefully smashed the penalty into the roof of the net.

Even the intervention of a post to halt a Steve Biggins drive seemed of no consequence to fans who appeared taken aback by the prospect of a second half free from the nail-biting tension of recent fluctuating weeks.

A fourth goal—for the first time all season — with 12 minutes left was the ideal nightcap.

Exeter 'keeper Iain Main did well to hold a Stephen Cross header but he hadn't an earthly as David Tong cleverly made room for a rising 18-yarder.

And the ecstatic crowd of 14,441 welcomed Second Division life to Shropshire.

YOUR RECOLLECTIONS by Andrew Preshous

HEADY days indeed. On that wet May evening back in 1979 there were people on the Gay Meadow pitch, hundreds of them, and the chant of 'Champions' was drifting across the River Severn.

An almost perfect season had reached its climax: Shrewsbury Town had just trounced Exeter 4-1 to clinch promotion and become Division Three champions in the last game of the season. They could now head upstream to the uncharted waters of Division Two for the first time.

Only a few months earlier, Ian 'Acker' Atkins and the team had also experienced FA Cup glory, storming past Manchester City on their way to the quarter-finals - even my mum went to Wolves away!

And talk about the icing on the cake; in late May the team beat fierce rivals Wrexham in the Welsh Cup final. Could life for a Shrewsbury Town fan get any better?

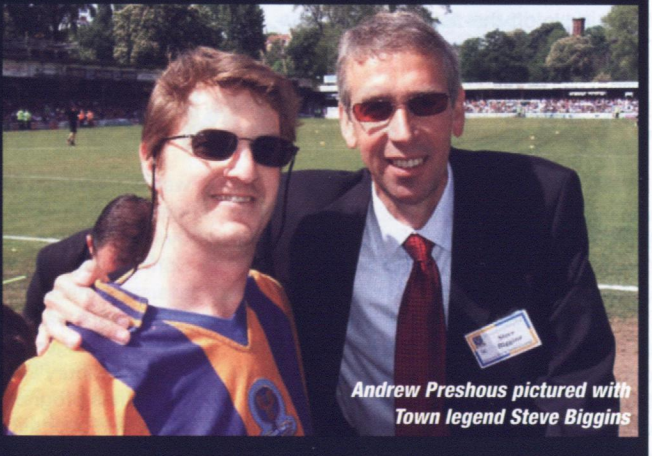
Judging by the first five games of the 1979-80 season, probably not; defeats by Swansea, Bristol Rovers, Cambridge and Cardiff and a point against Notts County meant that by mid-September the Shrews were propping up the table.

It looked like a swift return to the nether regions, where normal service would be resumed.

But cometh the hour, cometh Steve Biggins. Chelsea were next in town, and a 12th minute header by the oft-maligned, yet legendary Shrewsbury Town cult figure, Steve Biggins, put the home team on the way to a resounding 3-0 victory.

From then it got a whole lot better, with Biggins notching many important goals and helping the team, somewhat unfeasibly, to do the double over Chelsea (4-2 away) and West Ham (3-0 at home, 3-1 away). Home wins over Newcastle (3-1), QPR (3-0), Birmingham (1-0) and Fulham (5-2) meant the team ended the season in a very respectable 13th place.

At £12, my junior season ticket had been pretty good value.



Andrew Preshous pictured with Town legend Steve Biggins

1978-79 season

Five-minute final

THEY may have smashed seven goals past Tottenham in an opening salvo that brought six successive wins, but Liverpool's route to the 1979 title was just as much down to a parsimonious defence as a free-scoring attack.

They were crowned champions with a record 68 points (under the old system of two points for a win) after conceding only 16 league goals during the season, and only four of them at Anfield. Goalkeeper Ray Clemence remarkably kept a total of 28 clean sheets.

Nottingham Forest and West Bromwich Albion were Liverpool's main challengers, with the Baggies pulling off one of the results of the season when they famously defeated Manchester United 5-3 at Old Trafford.

LEAGUE CUP FINAL
NOTTINGHAM FOREST 3
SOUTHAMPTON 2
(Wembley Stadium, March 17, 1979).

Goals: Peach (Southampton) 16, Birtles (Forest) 51, 79, Woodcock (Forest) 83, Holmes (Southampton) 88.
Attendance: 96,952

GARRY Birtles was the Forest hero as they came from behind to lift the League Cup for the second successive season.

The soon-to-be European Champions trailed to a David Peach goal at the break, but Birtles then scored twice and played a part in Tony Woodcock's third before Nick Holmes pulled back a late consolation for Southampton.

Nottingham Forest: Shilton, Barrett, Clark, McGovern, Lloyd, Needham, O'Neill, Gemmill, Birtles, Woodcock, Robertson. Sub (not used): Bowyer.

Southampton: Gennoe, Golac, Peach, Williams, Nicholl, Waldron, Ball, Boyer, Hayes (Sealy 83), Holmes, Curran.

SCOTTISH FA CUP FINAL

RANGERS, with former player John Greig in his first season as manager, needed three games and extra time to see off Hibernian and land a Scottish Cup double for the third time in four years.

They had earlier beaten Alex Ferguson's Aberdeen in the League Cup final.

RANGERS 0 HIBERNIAN 0
(Hampden Park, May 12, 1979).
Attendance: 50,610.

Rangers: McCloy, Jardine, Dawson, Johnstone, Jackson, MacDonald (Miller), McLean, Russell, Parlane, Smith, Cooper.

Hibernian: McArthur, Brazil, Duncan, Bremner, Stewart, McNamara, Hutchinson (Rae), MacLeod, Campbell, Callachan, Higgins.

REPLAY
RANGERS 0 HIBERNIAN 0 (aet)
(Hampden Park, May 16, 1979).
Attendance: 33,504.

Rangers: McLean for Miller, who replaced him as a substitute.

Hibernian: Rae for Hutchinson.

2ND REPLAY
RANGERS 3 HIBERNIAN 2 (aet)
(Hampden Park, May 29, 1979).

Goals: Johnstone 2, Duncan og (Rangers), Higgins, MacLeod, pen (Hibernian).
Attendance: 30,602.

Rangers: Watson for Smith, and replaced by Miller. Smith came on for McLean.

Hibernian: Same as first replay, with Brown replacing Callachan and Hutchinson coming on for Higgins.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE CUP FINAL
RANGERS 2 ABERDEEN 1
(Hampden Park, March 31, 1979).

Goals: McMaster (og), Jackson (Rangers), Davidson (Aberdeen).
Attendance: 54,000.

Rangers: McCloy, Jardine, Dawson, Johnstone, Jackson, MacDonald, McLean, Russell, Urquhart (Miller), Smith (Parlane), Cooper.

Aberdeen: Clark, Kennedy, McLelland, McMaster, Rougvie, Miller, Strachan, Archibald, Harper, Jarvie (McLeish), Davidson.

EUROPEAN CUP

TREVOR Francis became Britain's first million pound player when he joined Nottingham Forest from Birmingham City on February 9, 1979.

The previous record of £482,222 had been paid out the previous month when Middlesbrough sold David Mills to West Bromwich Albion.

Francis was only eligible for one game in the European Cup, the final in Munich on May 30 - and he scored the only goal of the game against Malmo as Forest won 1-0.

On the way to the final Forest had beaten Liverpool, the European champions in both the previous two seasons, resolutely defending a 2-0 lead from the home leg in a 0-0 draw at Anfield.

CELTIC landed the Scottish title in their first season with Billy McNeill at the helm, despite Dundee United leading the table for much of the campaign.

The dire winter meant that Celtic and Rangers both amassed fixture pile-ups, but the Hoops kept their nerve in the run-in and clinched the championship with a 4-2 win over Glasgow rivals Rangers in their final game.

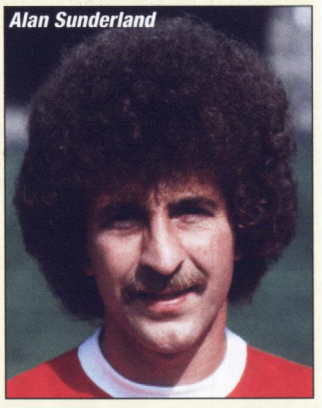
Rangers who needed a draw to keep their hopes alive - they had two games remaining, both against Hibernian - led 1-0 20 minutes from time with Celtic down to 10 men after John Doyle was sent off, and were still level at 2-2 with five minutes left.

NOT for nothing was the meeting between Arsenal and Manchester United at Wembley in 1979 known as the five-minute final.

Whereas a final between the two clubs in the 1990s or noughties would come to be regarded as the collision of two heavyweights, with Liverpool the dominant force in English football, this saw two giants of the past and the future effectively squabbling for scraps.

And, until the final five minutes, a scrappy affair it was. Brian Talbot, a member of the Ipswich Town side that had beaten Arsenal in the previous final, gave the Gunners an early lead.

And the trophy looked destined for Highbury when Irish international striker Frank Stapleton, who was later to join United, headed home his compatriot Liam Brady's chip to double Arsenal's advantage just before the interval.


Alan Sunderland

United huffed and puffed ineffectively until, with five minutes remaining, Gordon McQueen halved the deficit. Then, two minutes later, Sammy McIlroy erased it by riding two weary Arsenal challenges before sliding the ball past Pat Jennings.

After 85 minutes of torpor unless that is, one was a Gooner, it was as though an invisible force had flicked a switch to turn Wembley on. With the famous old stadium crackling with energy, who better to settle it than their man with the electric hairdo, the fashionably-permed Alan Sunderland.

Inevitably, though, he was aided and abetted by man of the match Brady. The Irishman's pass found Graham Rix who scampered down United's right flank, crossed to the far post where Sunderland stabbed the ball past Gary Bailey.

FA CUP FINAL
ARSENAL 3 MANCHESTER UNITED 2
(Wembley Stadium, May 12, 1979).

Goals: Talbot (Arsenal) 12, Stapleton (Arsenal) 43, McQueen (Manchester Utd) 86, McIlroy (Manchester Utd) 88, Sunderland (Arsenal) 89. **Attendance:** 100,000.

Arsenal: Jennings, Rice, Nelson, Talbot, O'Leary, Young, Brady, Sunderland, Stapleton, Price (Walford 83), Rix.

Manchester United: Bailey, Nicholl, Albiston, McIlroy, McQueen, Buchan, Coppell, J.Greenhoff, Jordan, Macari, Thomas. Sub (not used): B.Greenhoff.

CHARLTON Athletic's Mike Flanagan and Derek Hales were sent off in the FA Cup tie against non-League Maidstone United – for fighting each other!

Flanagan, who had scored Charlton's equaliser, played a through ball to Hales, who was flagged offside.

There was then an altercation between the two. They swore at each other, began grappling, and referee Brian Martin dismissed both players.

Despite being down to nine men, Charlton hung on to a 1-1 draw, and then won the replay 2-1. Flanagan was suspended by the club when he refused to play in the same side as Hales, and moved to Crystal Palace and then QPR. But in 1984 he returned to The Valley - to amazingly resume his partnership with Hales!

THE Scottish FA Cup Second Round tie between Inverness Thistle and Falkirk was postponed a record 29 times before it finally went ahead on February 22, 1979. It had been due to take place on January 6.

Falkirk won 4-0, but 72 hours later they were knocked out by the only goal of the Third Round tie at Dundee.

NOTTINGHAM Forest defender Viv Anderson became the first black player to play for England in the international against Czechoslovakia at Wembley on November 29, 1978. England won 1-0 with a goal from Steve Coppell.

GORDON Taylor was elected chairman of the Professional Footballers Association in November 1978, at the age of 33.

A few months earlier, while a member of the executive committee, the former Bolton and Birmingham winger had voiced concerns over Tottenham signing Argentina World Cup winners Osvaldo Ardiles and Ricardo Villa for a combined fee of £700,000.

He said: "If the trickle of foreign players becomes a flow it would be detrimental to our members. Whatever way you look at it there could already be two players out of a job at Tottenham because of the Argentineans. There is also a wider issue of the future of English football."

JOCK Stein, the former Celtic boss, was appointed manager of Leeds United on August 21, 1978.

But his three-year contract remained unsigned and on October 4, he accepted the Scottish FA's offer to become Scotland manager.

He had been in charge of Leeds for just 45 days - one more than Brian Clough.

HOME CHAMPIONSHIP 1978-79

May 19, 1979: Wales 3 (Toshack 3) Scotland 0; Northern Ireland 0 England 2 (Watson, Coppell).
May 22, 1979: Scotland 1 (A.Graham) Northern Ireland 0.
May 23, 1979: England 0 Wales 0
May 26, 1979: Northern Ireland 1 (Spence) Wales 1 (R.James); England 3 (P.Barnes, Wilkins, Keegan) Scotland 1 (Wark)

TABLE	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	3	2	1	0	5	1	5
Wales	3	1	2	0	4	1	4
Scotland	3	1	0	2	2	6	2
N. Ireland	3	0	1	2	1	4	1

1978-79 FINAL TABLES

DIVISION ONE	P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Liverpool	42	19	2	0	51	4	11	6	4	34	12	68
Nottingham Forest	42	11	10	0	34	10	10	8	3	27	16	60
West Bromwich Alb.	42	13	5	3	38	15	11	6	4	34	20	59
Everton	42	12	7	2	32	17	5	10	6	20	23	51
Leeds United	42	11	4	6	41	25	7	10	4	29	27	50
Ipswich Town	42	11	4	6	34	21	9	5	7	29	28	49
Arsenal	42	11	8	2	37	18	6	6	9	24	30	48
Aston Villa	42	8	9	4	37	26	7	7	7	22	23	46
Manchester United	42	9	7	5	29	25	6	8	7	31	38	45
Coventry City	42	11	7	3	41	29	3	9	9	17	39	44
Tottenham Hotspur	42	7	8	6	19	25	6	7	8	29	36	41
Middlesbrough	42	10	5	6	33	21	5	5	11	24	29	40
Bristol City	42	11	6	4	34	19	4	4	13	13	32	40
Southampton	42	9	10	2	35	20	3	6	12	12	33	40
Manchester City	42	9	5	7	34	28	4	8	9	24	28	39
Norwich City	42	7	10	4	29	19	0	13	8	22	38	37
Bolton Wanderers	42	10	5	6	36	28	2	6	13	18	47	35
Wolverhampton W.	42	10	4	7	26	26	3	4	14	18	42	34
Derby County	42	8	5	8	25	25	2	6	13	19	46	31
QPR	42	4	9	8	24	33	2	4	15	21	40	25
Birmingham City	42	5	9	7	24	25	1	1	19	13	39	22
Chelsea	42	3	5	13	23	42	2	5	14	21	50	20

LEADING GOALSCORERS	Lge	FAC	LC	Europe	Total
Frank Worthington (Bolton W)	24	0	2	0	26
Kenny Dalglish (Liverpool)	21	4	0	0	25
Alistair Brown (West Brom)	18	5	0	2	25
Frank Stapleton (Arsenal)	16	6	1	2	25
Garry Birtles (Nottingham Forest)	14	0	6	4	24
Cyrille Regis (West Bromwich A.)	15	1	0	4	20
Bob Latchford (Everton)	11	0	6	3	20

DIVISION TWO	P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Crystal Palace	42	12	7	2	30	11	7	12	2	21	13	57
Brighton	42	16	3	2	44	11	7	7	7	28	28	56
Stoke City	42	11	7	3	35	15	9	9	3	23	16	56
Sunderland	42	13	3	5	39	19	9	8	4	31	25	55
West Ham United	42	12	7	2	46	15	6	7	8	24	24	50
Notts County	42	8	10	3	23	15	6	6	9	25	45	44
Preston North End	42	7	11	3	36	23	5	7	9	23	34	42
Newcastle United	42	13	3	5	45	24	4	5	12	16	31	42
Cardiff City	42	12	5	4	34	23	4	5	12	22	47	42
Fulham	42	10	7	4	35	19	3	8	10	15	28	41
Leyton Orient	42	11	5	5	32	18	4	4	12	18	33	40
Cambridge United	42	7	10	4	22	15	5	6	10	22	37	40
Burnley	42	11	6	4	31	22	3	6	12	20	40	40
Oldham Athletic	42	10	7	4	36	23	3	6	12	16	38	39
Wrexham	42	10	6	5	31	16	2	8	11	14	26	38
Bristol Rovers	42	10	6	5	34	23	4	4	13	14	37	38
Leicester City	42	7	8	6	28	23	3	9	9	15	29	37
Luton Town	42	11	5	5	46	24	2	5	14	14	33	36
Charlton Athletic	42	6	8	7	28	28	5	5	11	32	41	35
Sheffield United	42	9	6	6	34	24	2	6	13	18	45	34
Millwall	42	7	4	10	22	29	4	6	11	20	32	32
Blackburn Rovers	42	5	8	8	24	29	5	2	14	17	43	30

LEADING GOALSCORERS	Lge	FAC	LC	Total
Bryan Robson (West Ham Utd)	24	1	1	26
Alex Bruce (Preston North End)	21	2	3	26
Gary Rowell (Sunderland)	21	1	0	22
Alan Biley (Cambridge United)	20	1	1	22
Martin Robinson (Charlton Ath)	15	1	3	19
Paul Randall (Stoke City)	18	0	0	18
(includes 13 for Bristol Rovers)				

DIVISION THREE	P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Shrewsbury Town	46	14	9	0	36	11	7	10	6	25	30	61
Watford	46	15	5	3	47	22	9	7	7	36	30	60
Swansea	46	16	6	1	57	32	8	6	9	26	29	60
Gillingham	46	17	7	1	39	15	6	10	7	26	27	59
Swindon Town	46	17	2	4	44	14	8	5	10	30	38	57
Carlisle United	46	11	10	2	31	13	4	12	7	22	29	52
Colchester United	46	13	9	1	35	19	4	8	11	25	36	51
Hull City	46	12	9	2	36	14	7	2	14	30	47	49
Exeter City	46	14	6	3	38	18	3	9	11	23	38	49
Brentford	46	14	4	5	35	19	5	5	13	18	30	47
Oxford	46	10	8	5	27	20	4	10	9	17	30	46
Blackpool	46	12	5	6	38	19	6	4	13	23	40	45
Southend United	46	11	6	6	30	17	4	9	10	21	32	45
Sheffield Wednesday	46	9	8	6	30	22	4	11	8	23	31	45
Plymouth Argyle	46	11	9	3	40	27	4	5	14	27	41	44
Chester City	46	11	9	3	42	21	3	7	13	15	40	44
Rotherham	46	13	3	7	30	23	4	7	12	19	32	44
Mansfield Town	46	7	11	5	30	24	5	8	10	21	28	43
Bury	46	6	11	6	35	32	5	9	9	24	33	42
Chesterfield	46	10	5	8	35	34	3	9	11	16	31	40
Peterborough Utd	46	8	7	8	26	24	3	7	13	18	39	36
Walsall	46	7	6	10	34	32	3	6	14	22	39	36
Tranmere Rovers	46	4	12	7	26	31	2	4	17	19	47	28
Lincoln City	46	5	7	11	26	28	2	4	17	15	50	25

LEADING GOALSCORERS	Lge	FAC	LC	Total
Ross Jenkins (Watford)	29	4	4	37
Fred Binney (Plymouth Argyle)	26	0	2	28
Luther Blissett (Watford)	21	0	7	28
Keith Edwards (Hull City)	24	1	0	25
Ian Edwards (Chester)	20	0	3	23
Bobby Gough (Colchester)	16	6	0	22

DIVISION FOUR	P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Reading	46	19	3	1	48	8	7	10	6	27	27	65
Grimsby Town	46	15	5	3	51	23	11	4	8	31	26	61
Wimbledon	46	18	3	2	50	24	7	8	8	28	26	61
Barnsley	46	15	5	3	47	23	9	8	6	26	19	61
Aldershot	46	16	5	2	38	14	4	12	7	25	33	57
Wigan Athletic	46	14	5	4	40	24	7	8	8	23	24	55
Portsmouth	46	13	7	3	35	12	7	5	11	27	36	52
Newport County	46	12	5	6	39	28	9	5	9	27	27	52
Huddersfield	46	13	8	2	32	15	5	3	15	25	38	47
York City	46	11	6	6	33	24	7	5	11	18	31	47
Torquay United	46	14	4	5	38	24	5	4	14	20	41	46
Scunthorpe United	46	12	3	8	33	30	5	8	10	21	30	45
Hartlepool	46	7	12	4	35	28	6	6	11	22	38	44
Hereford United	46	12	8	3	35	18	3	5	15	18	35	43
Bradford City	46	11	5	7	38	26	6	4	13	24	42	43
Port Vale	46	8	10	5	29	28	6	4	13	28	42	42
Stockport County	46	11	5	7	33	21	3	7	13	25	39	40
Bournemouth	46	11	6	6	34	19	3	5	15	13	29	39
Northampton Town	46	12	4	7	40	30	3	5	15	24	46	39
Rochdale	46	11	4	8	25	26	4	5	14	22	38	39
Darlington	46	8	8	7	25	21	3	7	13	24	45	37
Doncaster Rovers	46	8	8	7	25	22	5	3	15	25	51	37
Halifax Town	46	7	5	11	24	32	2	3	18	15	40	26
Crewe Alexandra	46	3	7	13	24	41	3	7	13	19	49	26

Darlington, Doncaster Rovers, Halifax Town and Crewe Alexandra all re-elected.

LEADING GOALSCORERS	Lge	FAC	LC	Total
John Dungworth (Aldershot)	26	8	0	34
Alan Cork (Wimbledon)	22	2	2	26
Stuart Lee (Stockport County)	20	2	2	24
George Reilly (Northampton Town)	19	0	4	23
Derek Bell (Barnsley)	21	1	0	22
(includes 3 for Halifax Town)				

SCOTTISH PREMIER	P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Celtic	36	13	3	2	32	13	8	3	7	29	25	48
Rangers	36	12	5	1	32	10	6	4	8	20	25	45
Dundee United	36	12	4	2	33	16	6	4	8	23	21	44
Aberdeen	36	9	5	4	39	16	6	4	5	20	20	40
Hibernian	36	7	9	2	23	16	5	4	9	21	32	37
St. Mirren	36	8	3	7	23	20	7	3	8	22	21	36
Morton	36	9	4	5	34	23	3	8	7	18	30	36
Partick Thistle	36	10	2	6	31	21	3	6	9	11	18	34
Hearts	36	5	5	8	19	38	3	2	13	20	46	23
Motherwell	36	2	5	11	20	38	3	2	13	13	48	17

LEADING GOALSCORERS	Lge	FAC	LC	Europe	Total
Andy Ritchie (Morton)	22	4	3	0	29
Joe Harper (Aberdeen)	19	3	0	2	24
Gordon Smith (Rangers)	11	1	5	1	18
Steve Archibald (Aberdeen)	13	4	0	0	17
Frank McGarvey (St. Mirren)	13	0	3	0	16

SCOTTISH DIVISION ONE	P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dundee	39	13	5	1	36	12	11	2	7	32	24	55
Kilmarnock	39	13	5	1	41	14	9	5	6	31	21	54
Clydebank	39	15	2	3	48	23	9	4	6	30	27	54
Ayr United	39	12	3	5	39	19	9	2	8	32	33	47
Hamilton	39	13	4	2	39	17	4	5	11	23	43	43
Airdrie	39	9	4	7	44	33	7	4	8	28	28	40
Dumbarton	39	9	3	8	30	22	5	8	6	28	28	39
Stirling Albion	39	6	4	9	23	29	7	5	8	20	26	35
Clyde	39	8	3	8	30	29	5	5	10	24	36	34
Arbroath	39	8	6	6	33	26	3	5	11	17	35	33
Raith Rovers	39	8	3	8	29	21	4	5	11	19	34	32
St. Johnstone	39	6	8	6	32	28	4	3	12	25	38	31
Montrose	39	4	6	9	31	37	4	3	13	24	55	25
Queen of the South	39	8	4	8	31	35	0	4	15	12	58	24

LEADING GOALSCORERS	Lge	FAC	LC	Total
Brian Miller (Clydebank)	28	2	2	32
Alex Clark (Airdrie)	23	1	2	26
James Bourke (Kilmarnock)	21	3	0	24
Gordon Wallace (Raith Rovers)	14	0	5	19

SCOTTISH DIVISION TWO	P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Berwick Rangers	39	11	6	3	45	22	11	4	4	37	22	54
Dunfermline	39	13	6	1	41	19	6	8	5	25	21	52
Falkirk	39	13	4	3	39	16	6	8	5	27	21	50
East Fife	39	10	2	7	33	22	7	7	6	31	31	43
Cowdenbeath	39	10	5	4	37	22	6	5	9	26	36	42
Alloa	39	10	7	3	36	26	6	2	11	21	36	41
Albion Rovers	39	9	6	4	28	17	6	4	10	29	39	40
Forfar Athletic	39	9	7	4	35	25	4	5	10	20	27	38
Stranraer	39	11	1	7	32	27	7	1	12	20	39	38
Stenhousemuir	39	6	4	10	34	30	6	4	9	20	28	32
Brechin City	39	8	7	5	31	33	1	7	11	18	32	32
East Stirling	39	10	4	5	42	31	2	4	14	19	56	32
Queens Park	39	4	7	8	19	19	4	5	11	27	38	28
Meadowbank	39	5	3	11	17	31	3	5	12	20	43	24

LEADING GOALSCORERS	Lge	FAC	LC	Total
Brian McLaughlin (Ayr United)	19	3	4	26
Bruce Cleland (Albion Rovers)	24	1	0	25
Mick Leonard (Dunfermline)	20	4	0	24
Billy Steele (Cowdenbeath)	20	0	1	21

OTHER WINNERS

European Cup Winners Cup: Barcelona
(beat Fortuna Dusseldorf 4-3)
UEFA Cup: Borussia Monchengladbach
(beat Red Star Belgrade 2-1 on aggregate)
Charity Shield: Nottm Forest (beat Ipswich Town 5-0)
Central League: Liverpool
Football Combination: Tottenham Hotspur
South East Counties League: Tottenham Hotspur
Irish League: Linfield
Irish Cup: Cliftonville (beat Portadown 3-2)
Welsh League: Pontllanfraith
Welsh League Northern Section: Caernarfon Town
Welsh Cup: Shrewsbury Town
(beat Wrexham 2-1 on aggregate)
Welsh Intermediate Cup: Pontllanfraith
(beat Flint Town United 1-0)
Highland League: Keith
Scottish Junior Cup: Cumnock Juniors (beat Bo'ness United 1-0)
Anglo-Italian Cup: Sutton United (beat Chieti 2-1)
Semi-Professional Tournament: England
(beat Holland 1-0 in the final)
Mossley's Eamonn O'Keefe scored the winning goal as the England part-timers beat Holland in the final at Stafford Rangers.
FA Trophy: Stafford Rangers (beat Kettering Town 2-0)
Goals in each half from Alf Wood won the FA Trophy for Stafford Rangers in front of a 32,000 crowd at Wembley. Mick Cullerton set up both.
FA Vase: Billericay Town
(beat Almondsbury Greenway 4-1)
Dave Young bagged a hat-trick as Billericay lifted the FA Vase for the third time in four years. They were also Athenian League champions.
Northern League: Spennymoor United
Northern Premier League: Mossley
Lancashire Combination: Wren Rovers
Yorkshire League: Winterton Rangers
Cheshire League: Horwich RMI
Southern League Premier: Worcester City
Southern League Division One South: Dover
Southern League Division One North: Grantham
Isthmian League Premier: Barking
Isthmian League Division One: Harlow Town
Isthmian League Division Two: Farnborough Town
Hellenic League: Newbury Town
United Counties League: Irthlingborough Diamonds
Eastern Counties League: Haverhill Rovers
London Spartan League: Swanley Town
Athenian League: Billericay Town
South Midlands League: Barton Rovers
Essex Senior League: Basildon
Midland Counties League: Boston
Midland Combination: Sutton Coldfield Town
West Midlands (Regional) League: Willenhall Town
Leicestershire Senior League: Shepshed Charterhouse
Gloucestershire League: Almondsbury Greenway
Hampshire League: Newport (IOW)
Sussex League: Peacehaven & Telscombe
Kent League: Sheppey United
Western League: Frome Town
South Western League: Liskeard
FA Youth Cup: Millwall
(beat Manchester City 2-0 on aggregate)

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OUT OF THEIR LEAGUE

Sweet & Sour

1962 WAS China's Year of the Tiger and English football's Year of the Underdog. On the same day, Saturday April 28, Ipswich Town won the Football League championship at the first attempt and Leyton Orient - 'Little' Leyton Orient as it was almost obligatory to call them - were promoted to the top division, also for the first time in their history.

Like Northampton Town three years later and then Carlisle United another decade on, the Os would last only one season and not return to such heights again; indeed all three currently sit in the bottom half of what in those days would have been called the Third Division.

But East London, like Northamptonshire and Cumbria, would not have missed it for the world.

Orient were renowned at the time as the capital's friendliest club and one of the most hospitable in a boardroom where Arthur Askey and occasionally Cliff Richard would rub shoulders with directors and showbiz impresarios Lew and Leslie Grade and Bernard Delfont. The players became regulars at 'Sunday Night At The London Palladium' and were even more impressed to receive invitations to see Frank Sinatra in concert.

The board were forever complaining about small crowds, however - hardly surprising with Arsenal, Tottenham and West Ham so close - and since winning the Third Division South under Alec Stock in 1956, Orient's main concern had been to avoid relegation. Only once in five years did they even scrape into the top ten, and the 1960-61 campaign was a struggle, ending only three points above relegated Portsmouth and Lincoln. The one source of optimism going into the following season was that a manager of the calibre of Johnny Carey had been lured south.

Revered as a former captain of Manchester United, the Footballer of the Year in 1949, and an international, oddly, for both Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland, the genial, pipe-smoking Carey coached United, then took Blackburn into the top division (1958) and Everton into fifth place in Division One (1961) before being sensationally sacked in a taxi. His only previous connection with Orient had been to upset their supporters by stealing the club's hero and record scorer Tommy Johnston for only £15,000 to cement Blackburn's promotion push.

To sign Carey was a remarkable coup, although the ebullient chairman Harry Zussman must have felt safe enough when he offered the Orient players a week's holiday in Majorca if they went up. Nine months later, he was delighted, if astonished, to be shelling out.

Carey and his coach, the former England inside-forward Eddie Baily, had the team playing proper football as they had learnt it at United and Tottenham respectively, although the basis of success was an unyielding defence and almost unchanged team.

Remarkably, in an era of heavy tackling and primitive medical treatment, the half-back line of Malcolm Lucas, Sid Bishop and Cyril Lea played in every game. Stan Charlton, the right-back and captain, did the same and left-back Eddie Lewis was absent only once. Further forward Dave Dunmore, who had never quite made it at Tottenham or West Ham, was well served from the wings by Phil White and Terry McDonald and was transformed into a confident, strapping striker who scored 20 goals by the end of January.

Only then did nerves set in and on the final day of the season, Sunderland, having edged ahead on goal average, were favourites to go up. BBC Radio, anticipating a Wearside triumph, sent their commentators to Swansea, which meant that new-fangled transistor radios were clamped to ears at Brisbane Road, where Orient took on lowly Bury. Their victory was never in much doubt as Malcolm Graham, a hard-working inside-forward, scored two goals, but it took an unexpected Swansea equaliser to deny



HOISTED: Orient fans hail popular skipper Stan Charlton.

OUT OF THEIR LEAGUE



BOSS: Johnny Carey

Sunderland and complete a footballing fairytale in two chapters. 'Miracle Day' was the headline in the Sunday People: 'Ipswich champs - Orient join toffs'.

The toffs and the Toffees. If Carey looked at the fixture list that summer with particular interest for his new club's meetings with Everton, anticipation among supporters was heightened by the announcement of the first engagement - a home game with neighbours Arsenal, who had not been seen at Leyton Stadium since setting a crowd record of 30,000 for an FA Cup Fifth Round tie 10 years earlier.

There seemed something unreal about the prospect, all the more so when the men from the marble halls arrived with their own new manager in Billy Wright, England's most capped international at the time, and a new centre-forward in Joe Baker, just returned from exotic Italy at a cost of £70,000.

Orient, in contrast, had not signed a single new player that summer, Carey insisting that those who had won promotion alongside Liverpool should be given their chance. Indeed, the team that ran out for the Arsenal game in front of 26,300 was exactly the same as had beaten Bury.

It was hard on Ronnie Foster, the slim inside-forward who had been injured two games from the end of the season and lost his place to the more powerful but less subtle Derek Gibbs; and on White, a regular on the right wing for six seasons, who had been replaced by Norman Deeley from Wolves after suffering a knee injury that would cause him to miss the whole campaign.

To be beaten by Arsenal was hardly a shock, though Gibbs' late goal ensured the damage was no worse than 2-1. August ended with a single point from four games - a 2-2 draw at Birmingham - which seemed to bear out pessimistic predictions, only to be confounded in September, surely the greatest month in the club's history.

On the first Saturday West Ham, who had lost 6-1 at home to Spurs the previous week, were sent packing 2-0, which left them bottom of the League. In midweek there was a 3-0 defeat at Everton but three days later came a result to treasure: Leyton Orient 1 Manchester United 0.

Denis Law, like his great friend Baker, had just returned from an unhappy period with Torino for an even larger fee and although United would endure a poor season in the League, they finished it by winning the FA Cup. But the Os were too good for them on the day and McDonald's late goal brought a deserved victory. "That United survived until the 89th minute was mainly due to the acrobatics of 'keeper Gaskell," wrote the late Reg Drury in Reynolds News.

McDonald's son Tony has written a splendid book about the era, 'Leyton Orient: The Untold Story Of the O's Best-Ever Team'.

It was the young winger's finest hour, though for the team as a whole the very next game probably surpassed it. Having been well beaten at Goodison Park, they took emphatic revenge on Carey's former club by an identical margin, 3-0, which would prove to be Everton's heaviest defeat of a season that they finished as champions of England.

Defeats followed by Burnley and, in a violent game, by Sheffield Wednesday but a remarkable month finished with a first away win at this level, 2-0 at Fulham. Four victories and a draw from the opening 11 games meant a place in the top 12 at football's high table. And that was as good as it got.

By the time the deep mid-winter of 1962-63 set in with the Boxing Day snow (and a 5-1 defeat at Leicester), the Os were on the slide. There was one more notably glamorous day, on which a crowd of almost 31,000 packed into Brisbane Road to see Tottenham win 5-1, but there would not be another League victory for almost seven months, with a 1-0 success at Bolton. Only one more after that as well, at home to Liverpool, the fellow newcomers in the top division who would go on to rather greater things.

Relegation had long been a formality and the attendance for that game was barely 8,000, though four times that many saw out the season at Old Trafford, where United avenged their September shock by winning 3-1. Dunmore scored what is likely to be the Os last goal at that exalted level for a very long time. It was his 11th of a campaign that ended with six wins and 21 points from 42 games; comfortably the worst in the division, although better than four other



LEYTON ORIENT, 1962-63: Back (left to right): Malcolm Lucas, Sid Bishop, Bill Robertson, Cyril Lea, Eddie Lewis. Front (left to right): Norman Deeley, Derek Gibbs, Stan Charlton, Dave Dunmore, Malcolm Graham, Terry McDonald.

teams (QPR, Chelsea, Crystal Palace and Stoke) would manage over the next two decades.

As is often the case with relegated teams, the cups provided some welcome relief. Indeed, the League Cup run to the quarter-final remains the best ever. It also included what is still the club's record victory, when Graham and George Waites both scored hat-tricks in a 9-2 win over Chester. A semi-final place seemed to be there for the taking: the Fifth Round draw brought a home game with Bury but the Second Division side reversed the famous 2-0 scoreline from the previous April.

In retrospect, the team should clearly have been strengthened before the season began. By the time Malcolm Musgrove was signed in December from West Ham, the writing was on the wall, crowds were down to 12,000 and the board were not inclined to invest more money.

A long downward spiral had begun. Carey left for a successful period with Nottingham Forest and within three seasons the Os had dropped further down into the Third Division, soon to change colours (blue to red), briefly change name (to plain Orient), but not for a few years more to change fortunes.

It made the events of 1962 seem all the more fantastic - in both senses of the word.

words: STEVE TONGUE

THE KINGS OF ORIENT

BILL ROBERTSON (goalkeeper): Signed from Chelsea, where he had won a League Championship medal in 1955, the beefy Scot took over in goal during the promotion season. Died in 1973, aged only 44.

STAN CHARLTON (right-back): The hugely popular captain was in his second spell, having left for Arsenal with Vic Groves in 1955. Retired to Weymouth.

EDDIE LEWIS (left-back): Once a Busby Babe, the vigorous Lewis was converted to full-back after joining from West Ham. Became a coach and TV pundit in South Africa.

MALCOLM LUCAS (right-half): Clever little wing-half who attacked while Cyril Lea defended. Won four Welsh caps before joining Norwich City.

SID BISHOP (centre-half): A rock in the middle, who played 296 League games in 13 seasons before an acrimonious departure in 1964. Became player-manager at Hastings and Guildford.

CYRIL LEA (left-half): Like Lucas, a former Welsh amateur, the tenacious tackler also won senior caps. Was a notable coach under Bobby Robson at Ipswich.

NORMAN DEELEY (outside-right): A League and Cup winner and England international, the little winger was past his best when signing in 1962. Moved back to the Midlands with Worcester City.

DEREK GIBBS (inside-right): Hard worker signed from Chelsea who replaced the injured Ron Foster on the promotion run-in. Left for QPR after relegation.

DAVE DUNMORE (centre-forward): Modest record at Spurs and West Ham but top scored with 22 goals in the promotion season and 11 in the top flight.

MALCOLM GRAHAM (inside-left): Determined Yorkshireman famous for the two goals that beat Bury to win promotion. Finished his career back at Barnsley.

TERRY McDONALD (outside-left): Skilful winger from West Ham's youth team (with Bobby Moore) who scored the only goal against Manchester United. Moved to Reading, then into non-League.



GOAL: Terry McDonald and Malcolm Graham (10) congratulate Leyton Orient scorer Dave Dunmore (9), with Gordon Bolland in the background, during the 2-0 victory against West Ham in September 1962. Bobby Moore (6), Ken Brown and Alan Sealey are the dejected trio of Hammers players.

LEYTON ORIENT IN DIVISION ONE

Aug 18	ARSENAL	H	1-2	Gibbs	26,300
Aug 22	West Bromwich A.	A	1-2	Dunmore	22,409
Aug 25	Birmingham City	A	2-2	Graham, Dunmore (pen)	23,500
Aug 29	WEST BROM	H	2-3	Deeley, Dunmore (pen)	17,289
Sept 1	WEST HAM UTD	H	2-0	Dunmore, Graham	23,918
Sept 5	Everton	A	0-3		51,542
Sept 8	MANCHESTER UTD	H	1-0	McDonald	24,901
Sept 12	EVERTON	H	3-0	Deeley, Bolland, Dunmore	21,756
Sept 15	Burnley	A	0-2		24,978
Sept 22	SHEFFIELD WED.	H	2-4	Bolland, Deeley	20,125
Sept 26	Newcastle Utd LC	A	1-1	Bolland	22,490
Sept 29	Fulham	A	2-0	Graham, McDonald	26,505
Oct 1	NEWCASTLE UTD LC	H	4-2 aet	Graham 2, Deeley, Bolland	8,083
Oct 6	Manchester City	A	0-2		19,706
Oct 13	BLACKPOOL	H	0-2		17,156
Oct 17	CHESTER LC	H	9-2	Graham 3, Waites 3, Dunmore 2, Deeley	7,428
Oct 20	Aston Villa	A	0-1		29,370
Oct 27	TOTTENHAM H.	H	1-5	Deeley	30,987
Nov 3	Nottingham Forest	A	1-1	Dunmore	17,821
Nov 10	IPSWICH TOWN	H	1-2	Gregory	13,929
Nov 12	CHARLTON A. LC	H	3-2	Foster 2, Gregory	9,602
Nov 17	Liverpool	A	0-5		30,009
Nov 24	WOLVES	H	0-4		16,431
Dec 1	Blackburn Rovers	A	1-1	Graham	15,500
Dec 3	BURY LC	H	0-2		6,094
Dec 8	SHEFFIELD UTD	H	2-2	Graham, Dunmore	9,874
Dec 15	Arsenal	A	0-2		29,075
Dec 22	BIRMINGHAM CITY	H	2-2	Musgrove, Bolland	11,646
Dec 26	Leicester City	A	1-5	Musgrove	17,303
Feb 11	HULL CITY FAC	H	1-1	Musgrove	9,757
Feb 16	FULHAM	H	1-1	Graham	17,132
Feb 19	Hull City FAC	A	2-0 aet	Musgrove, Gibbs	14,214
Feb 23	MANCHESTER CITY	H	1-1	Elwood	12,464
Mar 2	Blackpool	A	2-3	Dunmore, Deeley (pen)	11,732
Mar 4	DERBY COUNTY FAC	H	3-0	Dunmore, Elwood, Deeley	12,607
Mar 9	ASTON VILLA	H	0-2		11,509
Mar 16	LEICESTER C. FAC	H	0-1		25,769
Mar 23	NOTTINGHAM FOR.	H	0-1		14,079
Mar 27	Tottenham Hotspur	A	0-2		40,260
Mar 30	Wolves	A	1-2	Graham	13,739
Apr 3	LEICESTER CITY	H	0-2		14,780
Apr 12	BOLTON WAND.	H	0-1		15,369
Apr 13	Ipswich Town	A	1-1	Musgrove	18,678
Apr 15	Bolton Wanderers	A	1-0	Dunmore	16,649
Apr 20	BLACKBURN R.	H	1-1	Dunmore	8,274
Apr 26	Sheffield United	A	0-2		20,703
May 2	LIVERPOOL	H	2-1	Graham, Bishop	8,273
May 4	Sheffield Utd	A	1-3	Graham	20,762
May 7	BURNLEY	H	0-1		10,085
May 11	West Ham Utd	A	0-2		16,746
May 18	Manchester Utd	A	1-3	Dunmore	32,759

BOOK OFFER

LEYTON ORIENT
The Untold Story of the O's Best-Ever Team

Available now in hardback
at the reduced price of just £12
(UK post and packing is free)
from Football World, 103 Douglas Road,
Hornchurch, Essex, RM11 1AW
(cheque payable to Football World).
Or online at www.footballworld.co.uk



BOOKSHELF

REVIEWS

JUST ONE OF SEVEN by Denis Smith (Know The Score Books, £17.99)

FEW footballers of the 1970s were more committed than Denis Smith.

Now 61, the Stoke City legend speaks just as forthrightly in his autobiography as he played in his 489 games for the club.

"Division Two was crap" is how he kicks off the chapter about the only season he spent with the Potters outside the top flight.

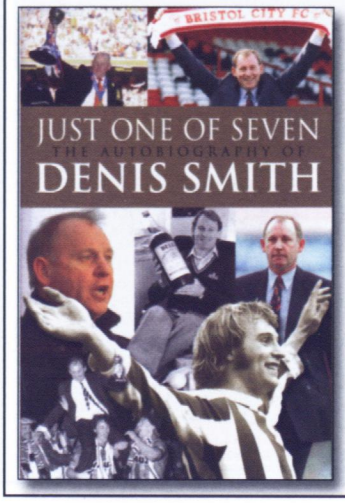
And there's an illuminating assessment of the contribution at the Victoria Ground of the man who won 125 caps for England.

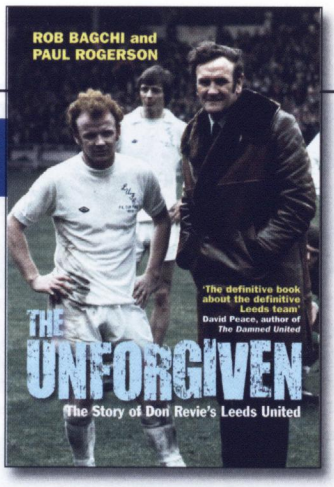
"Shilts was not the right man for our club and our team," Smith writes. "He knows it himself. His form dipped and he lost his place in the England team to Ray Clemence.

"Waddo (the manager Tony Waddington) spent the entire £325,000 he had at his disposal on Shilts when, given the talent we had already lost to injury that season (1974-75), we could really have done with a striker. I firmly believe that if Waddo had spent the money on a goalscorer instead of Peter Shilton, we would have won the League."

Smith also highlights the obsessive side to the keeper's personality - the one that caused him to over-train and led him into his gambling habit - and talks of the broken leg Peter Dobing suffered in a "dreadful challenge" from Mick Mills, later to become Stoke's manager.

It's strong, highly readable stuff.





THE UNFORGIVEN - THE STORY OF DON REVIE'S LEEDS UNITED by Rob Bagchi and Paul Rogerson (Aurum, £8.99) & OLD BIG 'EAD - THE WIT AND WISDOM OF BRIAN CLOUGH Compiled by Duncan Hamilton (Aurum, £8.99)

THE release of the film The Damned United about Brian Clough's 44 days at Leeds United has produced a flurry of associated reading material. Aurum have made sure they are not left behind with two notable publications.

They have re-issued the 2002 analysis of the Don Revie era, The Unforgiven, which can be seen, in movie terms, as the prequel to David Peace's novel-turned-film. Bagchi and Rogerson certainly make a decent fist of trying to rehabilitate Revie and his largely unloved side back into polite society.

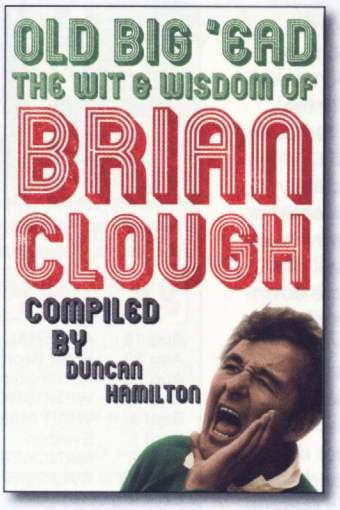
History has been unkind to the man who died 20 years ago in May, and who lifted a little provincial club to domestic dominance during 13 eventful years in the 1960s and 1970s. Maybe now is the time to be a little more forgiving.

Those familiar with the original should be aware that the updated paperback version has a revised introduction and a new penultimate chapter on the Clough debacle entitled 'Suspicious Minds'. It was a marriage that was never going to work.

Clough described his sojourn in Yorkshire as "44 days of tension, conflict and unpleasantness...and I wasn't there long enough to find out where to park the car."

Everyone knows Clough's famous pronouncements, and Duncan Hamilton has collected them in one volume, a sequel to his award-winning memoir of life with Old Big 'Ead, Provided You Don't Kiss Me.

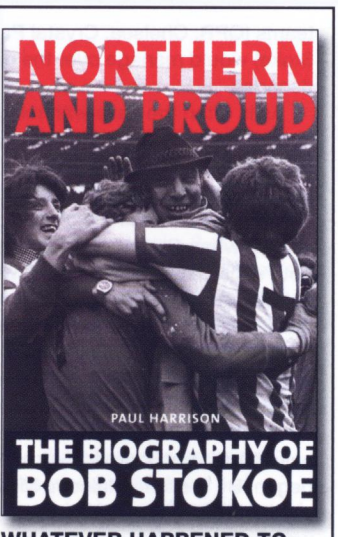
One of Clough's lesser-known thoughts perhaps blows the lid on his apparent over-confidence. "Sometimes during a match," he said back in 1990, "especially if things are not going too well, I can't hear myself shout for the pounding of my heart ... during those 90 minutes in the dug-out I die a thousand deaths."



OTHER RECENT RELEASES

NORTHERN AND PROUD by Paul Harrison (Know The Score Books, £17.99)

BOB Stokoe's ecstatic sprint onto the Wembley turf after Sunderland had upset the odds to beat Leeds United in the 1973 FA Cup final remains an iconic image. A staunch northerner who played for Newcastle and Hartlepool, and managed Sunderland and Carlisle, Stokoe is less well known for his feuds with Brian Clough and Don Revie. He clashed with Clough over the incident that ended the Sunderland player's career (Stokoe told him to "f****g get up) and accused Revie of offering him a bribe before an important game. It's a no holds barred story.



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TINA FILLERY' – A Selection of Short Football Stories by Brian Jeeves (Shrimper Publishing, £8.99)

STRANGE title, unusual book. A very personal account of one fan's footballing odyssey which is, in his own words, a mish-mash of short stories, the majority gleaned from 35 years of watching the game from a Southend United perspective. Tina Fillery? She was a Walsall fan Jeeves once had a crush on.

SLOPE AND GLORY, Celebrating the 60th anniversary of Yeovil Town's Historic FA Cup Run of 1948/49 (www.slopingpitch.co.uk, £3)

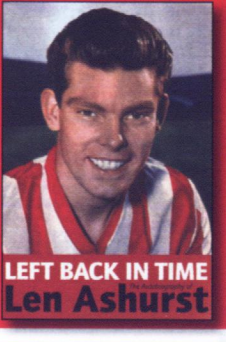


A BROCHURE rather than a book, this 48-page publication spotlights Yeovil's famous 2-1 victory over Sunderland on their notorious sloping pitch, and the 8-0 defeat at Manchester United in the next round. Illustrated by an evocative portfolio of sepia-tinted photographs.

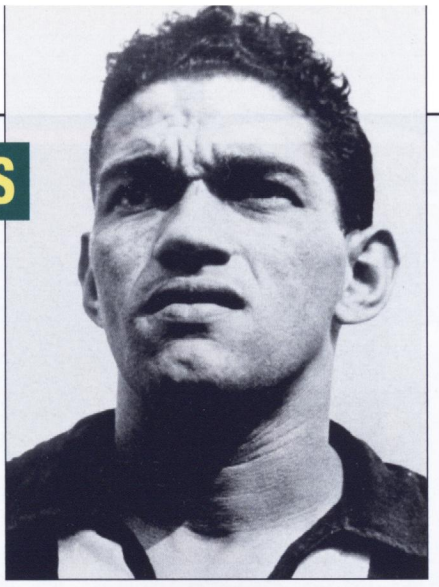
LINKS

www.knowthescorebooks.co.uk
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LEFT BACK IN TIME by Len Ashurst (Know The Score Books, £17.99)



ANOTHER who fell out with Brian Clough, so much so he refused to turn out in Old Big 'Ead's testimonial match. A stalwart Sunderland defender who was labelled 'Psycho' long before Stuart Pearce was even thought of, Len Ashurst spills the beans on drinking with Jim Baxter, how he steered Newport County to the quarter-finals of the European Cup Winners Cup, and surviving a murder attempt in Baghdad while managing an Arabian team. Laudably Ashurst wrote the book himself – and it is an absorbing read.



Little bird

ON JUNE 19, 1958 Wales came up against a *force majeure* in the quarter-finals of the World Cup.

But it wasn't the little-known 17-year-old Pele who was their main cause for concern against Brazil in Gothenburg.

The man wreaking havoc all over Sweden with his mesmerising skills was Garrincha, their unorthodox and ungainly right-winger.

Raised in semi-feral conditions in Brazil, where he lived barefoot on the edge of a vast European plantation, he was, in the words of Ruy Castro, who wrote 'Garrincha: The Triumph and Tragedy of Brazil's Forgotten Footballing Hero' "cock-eyed with ridiculously crooked legs, and a perfect example of anti-science."

Given the thankless task of stopping Garrincha at the Ullevi Stadium was 23-year-old Tottenham left-back Mel Hopkins, who went on to earn 34 caps for his country and win the Double with Spurs in 1961.

He tells JON STEVENSON about the player labelled 'Little Bird'.

"**GARRINCHA was a truly fantastic footballer. Perhaps one of the most unlikely you will ever see, but blessed with something quite unique.**

He was actually in and out of the Brazilian side at the time. In the 1958 World Cup he was left out of the team for their first two games, before being brought back in after some senior players requested his inclusion.

We had heard he was their best player. We couldn't watch him on television back then obviously, but we'd asked other managers and players who had come up against him and they all said he was their main threat.

Everyone was talking about Garrincha in the build-up to the game, but when we got out on to the pitch and saw him, we could not believe it.

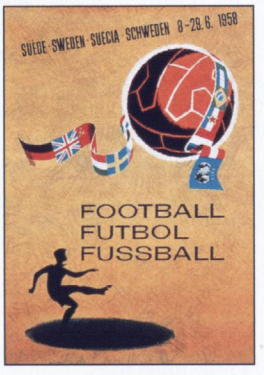
There he was, this guy, his body pointing in one direction and his legs the other. He looked like he was disabled.

I remember looking at him as he stood a few yards away from me and thought to myself, 'how the hell is this guy going to get past me?'

But there was just something about him. When someone put that thing at his feet, it was as if it transformed into a magic ball. He was an absolutely magnificent footballer.

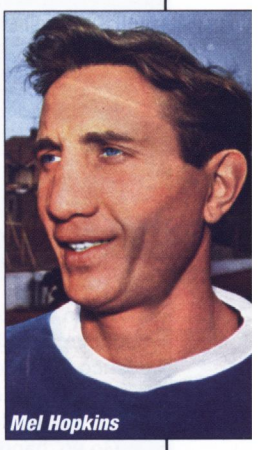
He had it all, everything that an attacking player could want. He could dribble like no-one else, he could pass and he could shoot too - for someone not that big, he had a fearsome shot.

He was two-footed as well so he had the option of cutting inside or going down the line and because of that and the way his legs bent, you just never knew which way he was going to go.



As if all that wasn't enough his pace was electric, he would just run past people for fun all day long, his energy was boundless.

Although Pele scored in a 1-0 win for Brazil that day, I believe at the time Garrincha was more of a threat to us. He really was their outstanding player at the time, though Pele probably eclipsed him later on.



Mel Hopkins

I actually remember having quite a good game against Garrincha, but it was a case of trying to stop the ball getting to him as much as possible. Once he had it, we tried to give him no time whatsoever on the ball - you couldn't let him turn and run at you because if you did, you had no chance of catching him.

I cannot think of any footballer I have ever seen who was even remotely like him. He really was a complete one-off. I was lucky enough to play against people like Sir Stanley Matthews and George Best, but Garrincha was nothing like them.

The only similarity they had for me was that because they were so good, it made me even more desperate to play well against them.

It was an incredible story, that this kid who today would have been registered disabled ended up playing in three World Cups, one of the most naturally-gifted footballers ever.

It's a tragedy how he ended his life, dying of alcoholism in 1983 after problems with women and money too (he ran over his father in a car, killed his mother-in-law in another crash and tried to take his own life). He was only 49.

I'm not even sure Garrincha would have been allowed to play professional football today because of his disability. But if he had, he would have been a superstar, there is no doubt about it.

He was a phenomenon, capable of sheer magic on the football field."

"Garrincha had been one of their best forwards, but Mel Hopkins didn't give him a kick." Wales winger CLIFF JONES.

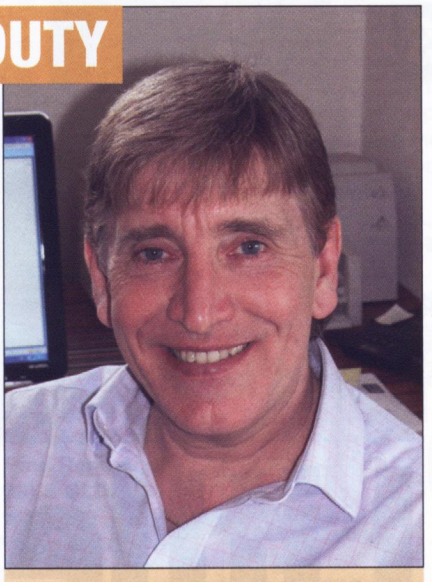


SWOOP: Garrincha fires home past legendary Russian goalkeeper Lev Yashin in the 1958 World Cup.

Brazil won the 1958 World Cup, beating Sweden 5-2 in the final.

REPORTING FOR DUTY

Six of the worst





HOWZAT: Paul Agnew (with the pen and pad) seated behind Brian Kidd and Tommy Booth on the Preston bench at Northampton's County Ground. Also pictured are physio John Cooke (far left on front) and striker John Thomas (left at back).

PAUL AGNEW

Football author and journalist PAUL AGNEW started his reporting career in 1974. Twice voted Sportswriter of the Year, he has worked within football ever since; on local, regional and national newspapers and radio and also inside the game as chief executive of Preston North End and head of communications at Blackburn Rovers.

ALL football reporters have a tale or two to tell. It's what they do.

When the story falls a little short on impact material - well, there is always the licence to embellish.

However, there are stand-out occasions which need little in the way of top up.

Go on, hands up how many hacks have reported a Football League fixture while sitting behind the manager in the dugout?

Takes a bit of believing, especially when one of the reporting fraternity's major gripes throughout the years has centred on getting access to managers.

On good days you might get a quick minute with a player outside the main entrance or a manager as he boarded the team coach. You dined on scraps.

I recall once waiting an eternity for Lawrie McMenemy after a game between Blackburn Rovers and Southampton at Ewood Park

"No comment," growled big Lawrie. "And, hey...even that's off the record!"

Forgive me, I digress.

Back in the September of 1985, once-proud Preston North End (then languishing in Division Four) set south for a midweek fixture at Northampton.

As was the custom, yours truly (then the PNE man on the Lancashire Evening Post) travelled with the team. Privileged? Maybe. Cosseted luxury? Certainly not.

We journeyed on a clapped out coach which more than once looked like it might fail to complete the three-hour drive. The heating system was out of service, as was the on-board entertainment - a one-wave radio.

It is fair to say that the boss (Tommy Booth, the former Manchester City centre-half who had played out the final part of his career with Preston), his assistant (ex-Manchester United striker Brian Kidd) and the playing squad were well and truly "de-motivated" (to use a John Beck-ism) when we pulled in at the County Ground.

Tommy and I had enjoyed a long chat on the way down and, as we entered the stadium, he turned and said: "Paul, do you want to watch the game with us?"

I was momentarily stunned and I never got round to asking why, but it was not a chance I intended to pass over.

What a coup! LEP reporter sees PNE win - from the dugout! Sounds impressive. The key word though was 'win'.

After 90 horribly uncomfortable minutes perched alongside injured striker John Thomas and just behind Messrs Booth and Kidd, I squirmed as the players slouched past us.

The triumphant headline I had mapped out lay in tatters, replaced with - North End hit for six at cricket ground!

Yes, 6-0 was the scale of the disaster. And, trust me, it could have been much worse. Preston were pitiful, given a real caning on the old three-sided ground which used to double up as HQ for Northamptonshire CCC.

Northampton, managed by Graham Carr (father of comedian Alan) scored after 58 seconds (Ian Benjamin) and Richard Hill completed a fine second half hat-trick in the final minute. In between, Preston hardly had a touch. The travelling fans, a handful among a meagre gathering of 2,171, could hardly believe what they were seeing.

The away dugout remained eerily quiet throughout. The performance was so bad it went way beyond shouting and bawling.

There was no anger from the boss, although I wasn't privy to the events in the dressing room (how rude of them to leave me waiting outside!), and the trip back was slow, cold and silent.

Preston ended a truly miserable season in the bottom two. They had to go cap in hand to the League they had helped to form and request re-election. In fact, they were lucky ... this was the last season before the introduction of automatic relegation.

Tommy, a great guy who always seemed to know he wasn't really cut out to be a manager, didn't survive, but he gave me a reporting experience I will never forget.

JOURNEYMAN



ROCK FOLLY

The long hot summer of 1975 brought an unprecedented amount of flesh revealed to an unsuspecting public. Peeling the shirt off your back might have been de rigueur for the majority of office workers at lunch in the park, but DAVID McVAY, who had more flesh to reveal than most, discovered that it was not considered acceptable behaviour among a certain football hierarchy as the season entered its finale

THE calming waters of the Mediterranean Sea were having little effect on Eric Probert, the gritty but talented Tyke midfield player whose demeanour remained stoutly impervious to the sultry summer setting.

Fuelled by indignation and over half the contents of a large duty free bottle of spirits that had vanished during the flight from London, he attempted the equivalent of football's mission impossible - trying to reason with Notts County manager Jimmy Sirrel.

To explain, just two days earlier club officials at Meadow Lane were more than a trifle miffed, no more horrified, when shirts were exchanged at the end of a friendly game with Dynamo Minsk, a match lost by the home team on penalties after a 4-4 draw.

Speaking of lost items, there was also a diminutive, balding chap in the middle of the park who, when in possession, seemed to disappear without trace or rational explanation only to re-emerge with a telling pass or shrewd delivery, a touch of class several platform levels above the Second Division station on parade that night.

Apparently he was a former Russian international but in hindsight maybe his knack of imitating the invisible man had more to do with his Belarus background and lantern-jawed Muscovites in Ladas marked KGB stalking his every move on and off the pitch than any natural talent.

Now those other lost items were the focus of attention for Probey and his manager.

Fittingly Jimmy was conveying the thoughts of chairman Jack, Dunnett that is, - the shirts, the black and white striped ones at any rate, needed to be replaced. Nothing was said about the Russian shirts we had acquired, the short-sleeved white with blue trim tops doubtless the product of a week's intensive labour by dissident novelists in a Siberian gulag. Certainly the clumsy, frayed edges bore all the hallmarks of some sloppy Solzhenitsyn stitching.

"I'll pay for the bloody things myself boss," was Probert's gist in between lurching on the balcony overlooking the sea and sand down below the rugged rocks.

At great cost to the Notts County coffers, that sartorial set of Magpies' shirts was gone forever, winging its way back to the USSR pre-Glasnost and post haste. The setting for this intriguing debate was the Caleta Palace Hotel, situated dramatically, like most of Gibraltar, in the shadow of its most famous piece of granite.

After several heated exchanges, though, the topic of absent shirts remained as securely closed as the adjacent border with Spain.

It is unlikely that Bobby Moore, Alan Mullery and their Fulham colleagues were subjected to similar Spanish-style inquisitions as they flew out to oppose the valiant County troops.

Just a few weeks previously in May 1975, they too had suffered the trauma of defeat and traded their white shirts for the claret and blue of West Ham, to whom they succumbed 2-0 in that season's FA Cup final at Wembley.

Craven Cottage regulars of a certain age will argue, with justification, that the trade of shirts that May day was perhaps a tad loaded in terms of being cherished by the recipient. Moore's No.6 for his opposite number Kevin Lock?

Those same nostalgic diehards may struggle to recall, however, that the glorious summer of '75 beckoned a second and even more crushing cup defeat for their precious and beloved Fulham.

I refer of course to the reason for the two clubs' presence in one of the most coveted and strategic locations in nautical and military history.

It was the prestigious and inspirationally named Rock Trophy, a two-legged affair which was staged at the locality's Victoria Stadium.

The Rock Trophy perhaps lacked the glamour and appeal of the world's oldest football cup competition and maybe the incentives were not so inspiring (a night out with Miss Gibraltar for the winners, yes, you've guessed it, two nights out for the losers) nevertheless the shame of defeat must have left an indelible mark on the Fulham players.

Despite a couple of goals from Viv Busby that saw them retrieve a 2-0 deficit to draw 2-2 in a hotly-contested first leg, played before a crowd of 3,000 mostly mystified Gibraltarians and several scores of screeching monkeys who seemed to be, well, just hanging around and scratching themselves, the West Londoners capitulated 3-1 in the second leg and thus a unique piece of silverware headed back to the north banks of the River Trent instead of the Thames.

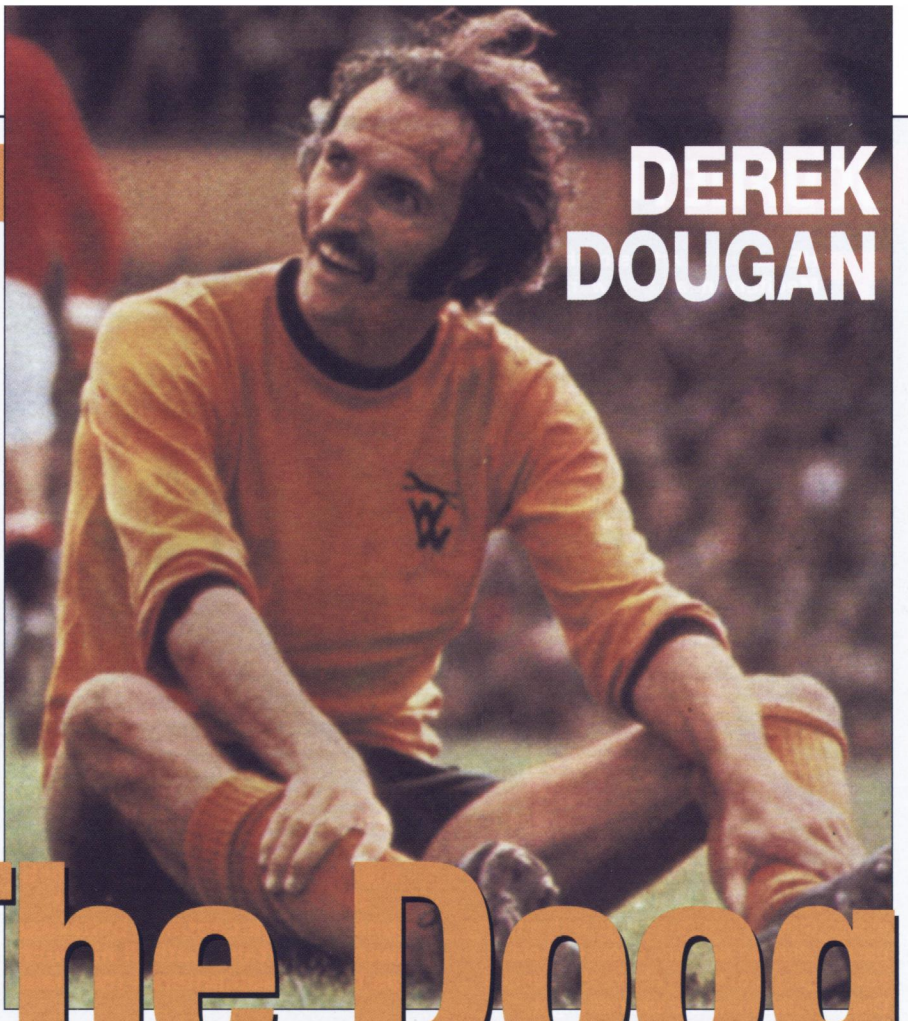
There were, in fairness, valid excuses for their dismal defeat. For example our intensive preparation that included training without shade in the midday sun on the unforgiving squaddies square of the Army barracks gave us a crucial psychological advantage in case the venue was switched to war zones such as Beirut or Leeds.

Replenishing the liquid loss with copious amounts of Watney's Red Barrel, the finest imported keg that not even Franco and his border guards could suppress, also reminded us of Blighty and our duty to create pavement pizzas just like home outside one of Gibraltar's more exotic and romantic bars – i.e. the Bull and Bush public house.

Needless to say Fulham did not stand an earthly against such finely-tuned professional tourists. Mind you, after Dunnett and the County board turned out in all their splendour to savour our finest hour and a half on Gib, they had even less chance of getting the shirts off our backs.



Eric Probert challenges Chelsea's Teddy Maybank



DEREK DOUGAN

The Doog

EVEN from what football can, more aptly than other walks of life, term 'the other side', Derek Dougan seems to have retained his ability to polarise opinion. Well, he would never have wanted to go quietly, would he?

As a player, an administrator, a chairman, a unionist and a TV pundit, he could always be trusted to give full vent to his opinions.

His willingness to be seen and heard starts to explain why he wrote no fewer than five books, with titles ranging from predictability and 'The Footballer' to mystery and 'The Sash He Never Wore.' Ironically, the one with the plain sobriquet was a novel and the other autobiographical but he was one of those blokes who probably tried convention at an early age and decided it wasn't for him.

He was enigmatic as well as so many other things, his rich cocktail of a character ensuring that there's no let-up in death in the amount of rain-forest being sacrificed in dedication to him.

Dougan was planning to write what he called the last instalment of his life story when he died suddenly at the age of 69 in June, 2007. Since then, one fulsome, revealing but also affectionate biography (The Doog) has been written and another, by closer associates, has been mooted.

It's understood that the two publications will be seriously at odds with each other. The second might well be considerably more sanitised – a final chapter more in keeping with how he would like to have written it, perhaps, had the pen not been taken from his hand first.

Much as we all yearn to be loved, any such hornets' nests that he has left behind are familiar territory. Controversy was never far away even when he was serving his time as people's champion.

No publisher worth his salt would be unimpressed by his headline-hogging antics – lodging a transfer request on the day of his appearance in the 1960 FA Cup final, shaving all his hair off decades before footballers used razors to make fashion statements, being banned for eight weeks for a clash with a linesman and standing in the crowd behind the goal at his first game after being hailed as the saviour of Wolverhampton Wanderers in 1982.



ACCLAIM: Dougan and the Blackburn fans celebrate after his goal in the 1960 FA Cup semi-final against Sheffield Wednesday. Blackburn won 2-1.

Dougan, all histrionics, gesticulations and flashing camera bulbs, was pure box office, which made him a natural to sit in judgement on others alongside the likes of Pat Crerand, Malcolm Allison and Brian Clough when punditry took its first few brash strides, during the Mexico World Cup 39 years ago, to becoming an alternative to the pub or shop trade for ex-players.

He was, though, much more than a mouthpiece - and one sufficiently highly respected by his peers to serve as their union leader for eight years in the 1970s. He was also a darned good player.

Having still been in his teens when he scored for the first time in the League while playing for Portsmouth against Wolves, he would go on to have almost 150 goals to his credit within the following ten years. That the haul was spread out across service with five clubs in an era when there was no freedom of contract to facilitate players moving on when they felt like it suggested that The Doog's managers found him as awkward to handle as opposing centre-halves did.

From the south coast, the Belfast boy moved to Blackburn, where he faced Wolves at Wembley despite asking for a move hours earlier, to Joe Mercer's Aston Villa, to Third Division Peterborough and back to the top flight with Leicester.

His scoring ratio was around one per every two games at each apart from Pompey, his 41 goals in 76 matches while at Filbert Street ensuring that an admiring and disbelieving contingent from the East Midlands travelled over to the West Midlands on the day in March, 1967, when he made his home debut for Wolves. He didn't disappoint them either. He scored a hat-trick against Hull that was shown on that night's Match of the Day, complete with an audacious flick and volley in front of a new army of doting fans crammed into Molineux's noisy North Bank.

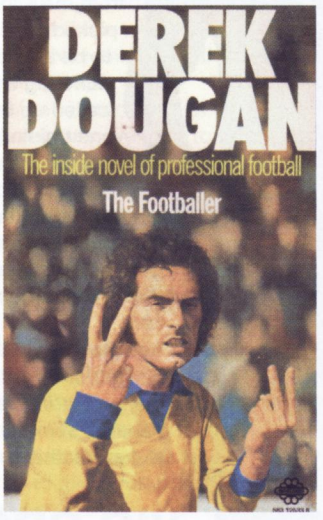
For the best part of a decade, the £45,000 signing had Wanderers supporters eating out of his hand.

Promotion back to the top flight came a few weeks later despite defeat at champions-to-be Coventry in a game watched by 51,455 and Dougan would never again kick a ball anywhere but as a top-flight player.

For three years, Ronnie Allen and his successor Bill McGarry paid decent money in pursuit of a worthy attacking foil for the lanky Northern Ireland six-footer. Ernie Hunt, Frank Wignall, Hugh Curran and Bobby Gould all came and went, with no

little success it must be said, before a Warrington lad called John Richards filled out enough to graduate from the reserves and carry the role off even more expertly.

It wasn't exactly the classic big man-little man combination because the junior partner could punch his weight as well among the Hunters, Harrises and McGraths. But where Dougan was terrific in the air with his flick-ons and possessing of a surprisingly deft stronger left foot, Richards could turn brilliantly and had a finisher's touch that marked him down as special.



With the two in harness from the autumn of 1971, Wolves blazed a goal-laden trail across the Continent in reaching the first final of the UEFA Cup. They agonisingly lost FA Cup and League Cup semi-finals 12 months later and achieved top-flight finishes of ninth and fifth.

The side were burdened by the tag of nearly men, one that tortured McGarry into promising himself he would walk away and try afresh elsewhere if the club's 1973-74 promise also turned to dust. But a League Cup run that had its roots in a coalminers' strike and week-day afternoon victories over Exeter and Liverpool which were witnessed by only 7,623 and 16,242 respectively arrived at Wembley's gates thanks to a narrow two-leg semi-final win over Norwich.

Richards had scored six times along the way, Dougan three, the latter's goal contribution suggesting he was in early decline after rattling in nine during their adventure in the tournament previously known as the Inter-Cities Fairs' Cup. It was now or never for him if he was to finally have a winner's medal to sit alongside the thousands of headlines bearing his name.

Mid-table Wolves were distinct underdogs at the twin towers, where the attacking riches on view also contained the likes of Hibbitt, Wagstaffe, Summerbee, Bell, Lee, Law and Marsh – and appeared in favour of Manchester City. But Wolves, thanks in no small part to a wonderful performance by stand-in keeper Gary Pierce on his 23rd birthday, edged it 2-1 through Richards' characteristic late right-foot drive.

At the final whistle, an exhausted Dougan flopped to his knees and prayed to the heavens on the side of the pitch. A marvellously flamboyant career had some tangible reward after all. It also had true heart. In another iconic picture of the day, the striker is seen in warm embrace with the vanquished Denis Law.

Showman that he was, The Doog was every photographer's friend. But he had also become a shining example of utter professionalism to younger pretenders. The fact that he could still drag his 36-year-old limbs round First Division battlefields was testimony to his dedication and fitness, given that he had perhaps been too easily dazzled by the bright lights during his own formative years in England.

Part one of his Molineux story ended in 1975 following 323 games for the club and 123 goals. Part two followed in the early 1980s when he spearheaded a successful bid to save Wolves from extinction. "It would have been dreadfully disloyal of me to stand around while a club I loved went out of business," he later said.

This second liaison was a briefer fling that turned sour, his intervention taking to Molineux the despised Bhatti brothers. Wanderers, by now in the Second Division, won promotion at the first attempt under their new ownership, only to then suffer three successive relegations that tarnished Dougan's reputation in the town. He even fell out with John Richards so badly that the two barely spoke again.

Outspoken and even outrageous to the end, the man who had done so much for players' rights and shown a visionary touch by putting an advertiser's name on the shirts of Kettering Town would berate McGarry, blaming him for denying him the chance to move to bigger clubs like Arsenal and Liverpool and for not taking his advice to buy Gordon Banks.

As quick as he could make an enemy, though, he would charm the birds from their trees. Having fulfilled a long-time ambition by pulling an All Ireland team together to drive a bus through the land's political troubles and stage a goal-filled friendly with Brazil, he turned to other good causes.

He launched an ultimately aborted appeal for a sports medicine centre in Dudley bearing the name of the town's most famous son, Duncan Edwards, and defied health problems by standing for Parliament back in Ulster. In his final years, he launched an organisation called Xpro to help stricken former footballers with their medical and other bills.

Derek Dougan died a lonely death in an armchair at his Wolverhampton home. Denis Law, Pat Jennings, Terry Conroy and Martin O'Neill were among the congregation at a funeral at which dozens of mourners stood outside, once movingly breaking into idolatry chanting. John Richards, though, stayed away.

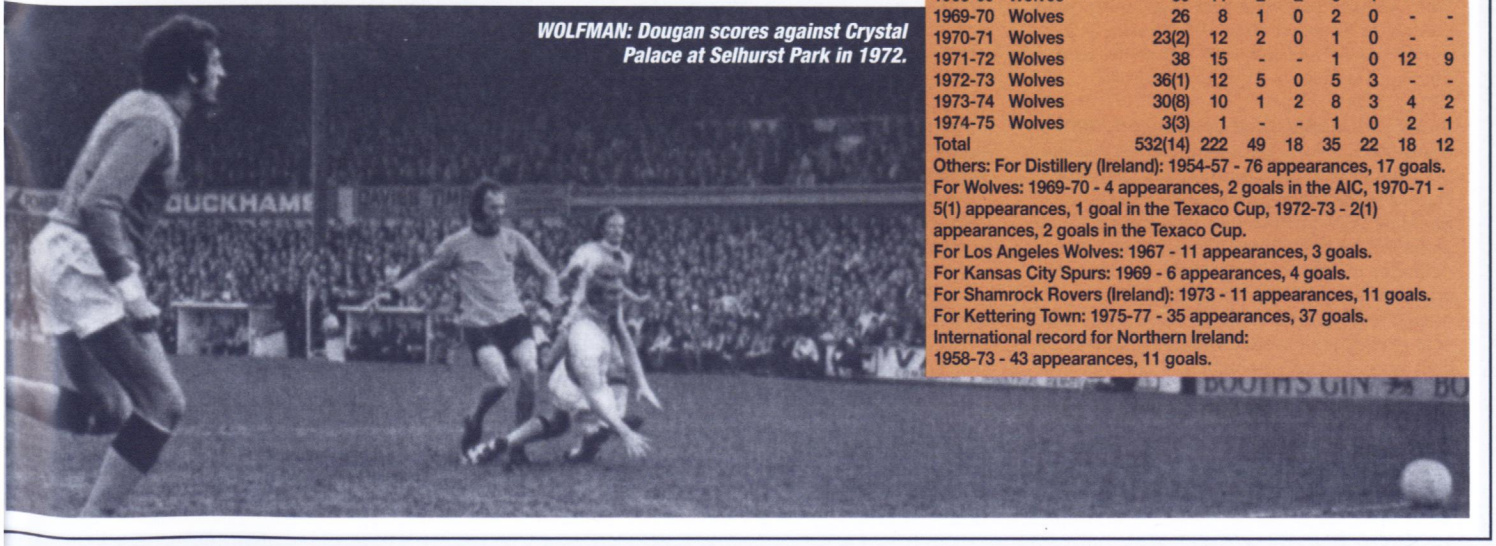
It was less than two years on from when The Doog had helped carry George Best to his final resting place and he would love to have mingled with the crowds, pressed much flesh and held court on this occasion as well.

words: DAVID INSTONE

THE DOOG'S CAREER RECORD

Season	Club	League		FAC		Lge Cup		UEFA	
		A	G	A	G	A	G	A	G
1957-58	Portsmouth	26	8	2	0	-	-	-	-
1958-59	Portsmouth	7	1	1	0	-	-	-	-
	Blackburn Rovers	4	1	-	-	-	-	-	-
1959-60	Blackburn Rovers	33	14	9	3	-	-	-	-
1960-61	Blackburn Rovers	22	11	5	1	3	4	-	-
1961-62	Aston Villa	23	10	4	2	-	-	-	-
1962-63	Aston Villa	28	9	1	0	4	5	-	-
1963-64	Peterborough	38	20	2	0	1	1	-	-
1964-65	Peterborough	39	18	8	7	2	0	-	-
1965-66	Leicester City	37	19	4	1	-	-	-	-
1966-67	Leicester City	31	16	1	0	3	5	-	-
	Wolves	11	9	-	-	-	-	-	-
1967-68	Wolves	38	17	1	0	1	0	-	-
1968-69	Wolves	39	11	2	2	3	1	-	-
1969-70	Wolves	26	8	1	0	2	0	-	-
1970-71	Wolves	23(2)	12	2	0	1	0	-	-
1971-72	Wolves	38	15	-	-	1	0	12	9
1972-73	Wolves	36(1)	12	5	0	5	3	-	-
1973-74	Wolves	30(8)	10	1	2	8	3	4	2
1974-75	Wolves	3(3)	1	-	-	1	0	2	1
Total		532(14)	222	49	18	35	22	18	12

Others: For Distillery (Ireland): 1954-57 - 76 appearances, 17 goals.
For Wolves: 1969-70 - 4 appearances, 2 goals in the AIC, 1970-71 - 5(1) appearances, 1 goal in the Texaco Cup, 1972-73 - 2(1) appearances, 2 goals in the Texaco Cup.
For Los Angeles Wolves: 1967 - 11 appearances, 3 goals.
For Kansas City Spurs: 1969 - 6 appearances, 4 goals.
For Shamrock Rovers (Ireland): 1973 - 11 appearances, 11 goals.
For Kettering Town: 1975-77 - 35 appearances, 37 goals.
International record for Northern Ireland:
1958-73 - 43 appearances, 11 goals.



WOLFMAN: Dougan scores against Crystal Palace at Selhurst Park in 1972.

OBITUARIES

JOHNNY DIXON

John Thomas Dixon, born Hebburn, December 10, 1923; died January 20, 2009.

SKIPPER Johnny Dixon cut an inspirational figure as Aston Villa made nonsense of the formbook to beat white-hot favourites Manchester United in the 1957 FA Cup final.

The dynamic inside-forward belied his 33 years to turn in one of the most influential performances of his long career as the Midlanders denied the Busby Babes their dream of becoming the first team in the 20th century to win the much-coveted League and FA Cup double.

Not only did Dixon deliver his customary package of ceaseless industry, eager combativeness and an enviable range of skills, but also he set up both goals in Villa's 2-1 triumph and lifted the spirits of their scorer, Peter McParland, who might otherwise have been at a low ebb.

From the sixth minute onwards the rumbustious Irish winger was barracked roundly by furious United fans who blamed him for a controversial collision in which their goalkeeper Ray Wood suffered a broken cheekbone. Thus the Red Devils were reduced to ten men for most of the contest as the notion of substitutes had not yet been embraced.

McParland's contribution might have suffered as a consequence, but Dixon acted decisively, putting an arm round his dazed team-mate, telling him not to blame himself for what they both believed to be an accident, and urging him to re-focus his concentration – with dazzling results.

Yet central though that occasion was to Dixon's reputation, it should not be allowed to obscure the comprehensive extent of his attainments at Villa Park, which extended for nearly a quarter of a century from the moment in 1944 when the calm, courteous north-easterner was recruited as an amateur from non-League Spennymoor United.

It was mid 1948-49 before Dixon, who could also weigh in effectively as wing-half or winger, cemented his berth in a strong Villa side. His directness and refusal to indulge in unnecessary elaboration when in possession of the ball endeared him to supporters and so did his goals, 144 of them in 430 senior outings.

He entered his prime at the outset of the 1950s, forging a productive inside-forward partnership with Tommy Thompson, finishing as the club's top scorer in four out of the decade's first six seasons and giving rise to demands from the Midlands press that he be picked for England. Sadly, he was never to be awarded the cap he deserved, suffering an injury shortly after being called up by Walter Winterbottom for one training squad and never getting another chance.

A dedicated professional, a teetotaller and non-smoker, Dixon set an impeccable personal example, especially to the club's youngsters, whom he coached for six years after injury forced him to retire as a player in 1961.

Later he worked as an ironmonger and played for the Villa Old Stars deep into his 60s, protesting vehemently whenever his manager summoned him from the action to take a breather on the bench.

VIC CROWE

Victor Herbert Crowe, born Abercynon, January 31, 1932; died January 21, 2009.

VIC Crowe was a craggily redoubtable Welsh international who served Aston Villa nobly over 17 years, first as a hugely influential wing-half, then as an innovative coach and finally as a staunchly reliable manager.

In his playing days Crowe was abrasively determined, though that approach was frequently gilded by a delightfully creative line in penetrative distribution, as Villa Park regulars in the 1950s and the early 1960s will readily testify.

When occupying the boss's seat, he was responsible for a gradual rise from sorry depths at the outset of the 1970s, only to endure disappointment in 1973-74, after which he was dismissed.

Crowe was born in South Wales but grew up in Birmingham, where his family moved when he was two. Football was in his blood, his father playing to part-time professional standard, and it soon became clear that

OBITUARIES IN BRIEF

HARRY OSCROFT. Died December 31, 2008, aged 82 after suffering with Alzheimer's. Legendary left-winger with an eye for goal who turned out for Sheffield United, Mansfield Town, Stoke City and Port Vale. Averaged nearly a goal every three games for Stoke, scoring 106 times in 349 appearances between 1949 and 1959. Later managed Brantham Athletic in Suffolk.

JACK WHEELER. Died January 10, 2009, aged 89. Ex-Notts County trainer who was a goalkeeper with both Birmingham City and Huddersfield Town. He began work at Meadow Lane in 1957 and stayed for 26 years. He had two stints as caretaker-manager, including a lengthy spell prior to the appointment of Jimmy Sirrel. The club re-named the Meadow Club 'Wheeler's Bar' last year in honour of a man who many feel is the club's greatest ever servant.

DAVID McVAY writes: "Jack's talent was to rehabilitate the sick and wounded, easing them back to the front line with a cocktail of homespun philosophy, marvellous stories from his own distinguished playing career, cemented by his own expert knowledge of physiotherapy.

"Stories about Jack, the nicest and gentlest man I ever met in football or any walk of life, are too many to recall. During Jimmy Sirrel's obsession with practice matches, Jack was still turning out in goal into his late 50s when either Roy Brown or Eric McManus and a young Rob Sprigg were injured, his reflexes blunted by age but not his sense of angles as he stood up to the blunderbusts that exploded from Brian Stubbs' right boot or Les Bradd's head.

'When you're out in the week David, if you fancy a beer, ask for it in a half glass. You're having a quiet drink with friends then. Stand with a pint in your hand, and you're on the town getting drunk.' A drop of common sense from the man who never touched alcohol.

"Did I heed his advice? Of course not. Do I miss him and those lazy days of rehab? Without doubt."

TOMMY CASEY. Died January 11, 2009, aged 78. Effervescent wing-half cum forward who was a prodigious worker for Northern Ireland and his five professional clubs. Casey, who won 12 caps, wasn't always first choice for club or country, but when he was picked he rarely failed to make his presence felt. He made little impact with Leeds United, but then excelled with Bournemouth, spent his prime with Newcastle from 1952 to 1958 (his sweat lubricating their FA Cup final victory over Manchester City in 1955) and then served Portsmouth and Bristol City before retiring in 1963. Later he managed Distillery and Grimsby Town.

PAUL BIRCH. Died February 2, 2009, aged 46 after a battle with cancer. Chunky little Aston Villa midfielder who gave the performance of his life when he man-marked Inter Milan's Lothar Matthaus so tightly in a home UEFA Cup encounter in 1990. Villa won 2-0, but were eliminated in the second leg. Still, it was a display which highlighted his immense if often unobtrusive contribution to the club over eight seasons, often operating

the boy had both the talent and the inclination to make his own way. He duly turned professional with Villa in 1952.

He made his senior entrance in 1954, and soon claimed a regular place. His cause aided by his capacity to occupy either midfield flank, Crowe proved equally useful when aiding Villa to finish sixth in the top flight that term and when contributing grittily during a successful relegation battle a year later.

Knee trouble sidelined him for the 1957 FA Cup final win against Manchester United, but he regained such consistent form that he went to the World Cup finals with Wales in 1958. His full international debut followed in November, but then came further travail as Villa went down in 1959.

However, he captained the side to promotion at the first attempt as Second Division champions, went on to skipper his country, then led Villa to success in the inaugural League Cup competition in 1960-61.

Two years later they made it to the final again, but this time they lost to Birmingham City. By then Crowe was in his 30s and had won the last of his 16 caps. In 1964, after more than 350 appearances for Villa, he accepted a £4,000 transfer to Third Division Peterborough United.

He captained Posh to the last eight of the FA Cup and a League Cup semi-final before becoming player-coach of Atlanta Chiefs, with whom he won the NASL title in 1968. The following year he returned to Villa Park, initially to coach, but in January 1970 he became boss of a dispirited side at the foot of the Second Division. He was unable to avoid relegation, but he launched a rebuilding programme which began to bear fruit in his first full season at the helm. Villa missed promotion narrowly, but reached the League Cup final, losing 2-0 to Tottenham Hotspur.

In 1971-72 he led an exhilarating charge to the Third Division crown, but after an anti-climactic 1973-74 campaign Crowe was sacked, many believed harshly. Later he coached Portland Timbers.

EDDIE LOWE

Edward Lowe, born Halesowen, July 11, 1925; died March 9, 2009.

WHEN gifted wing-half Eddie Lowe shone on his England debut, selling an outrageous dummy to the entire French rearguard before freeing Raich Carter to score in an emphatic victory over France at Highbury in May 1947, it seemed his international future was assured.

But although the lean, lanky Midlander continued to excel in the short term for Aston Villa, then played more than 500 times for Fulham over 13 terms of loyal and efficient service, he enjoyed only two more outings for his country, the last being a mere three weeks on from his entrance.

The reason? Selectorial bias, when a committee rather than a manager was responsible for picking the team, was rumoured to be rampant, but it could never be proved. Thus the self-effacing, studiously-correct Lowe had no alternative but to face the inevitable and get on with an immensely worthy club career, giving impeccable value for money every time he took the field.

Usually he played as a deep-lying left-half, in modern parlance a defensive midfielder who could also slot in alongside the centre-half at need. Although he was no greyhound, his distinctive loping stride carried him around the field with deceptive pace, and while fairness was his byword, he was unremittingly hard in the tackle. As a man-marker he was fiercely tenacious, proving adhesively effective against some of the most inventive schemers of the day.

In addition, he was powerful in the air, he was invariably composed and, as the French discovered to their chagrin, he could pass like a dream. For all that, often he was conservative with his distribution, preferring to break up attacks and feed his own creative inside-forwards which, when he was lining up with an artist like Johnny Haynes of Fulham, was a policy as eminently sensible as it was characteristically selfless.

Lowe turned professional with Villa in 1945 and quickly established a regular berth, but niggling injuries and hot competition for places presaged a switch to Fulham in 1950, Eddie being valued at £10,000 in a £13,000 package which also included his younger brother Reg, a left-back whose career was to be ended prematurely by a broken leg.

Lowe senior's doughty contribution could not prevent relegation in 1952 but he emerged as a key figure in a team which grew steadily stronger until they regained their place among the elite in 1959.

Thereafter he maintained a solid presence as Fulham triumphed in several demotion dogfights before he became player-boss of Third Division Notts County in September 1963. However, management did not suit Lowe, who was sacked in 1965. Later he earned his living as purchasing manager of a boiler-making company in Nottingham.

REG DAVIES

Ellis Reginald Davies, born Cymmer, near Swansea, May 27 1929; died February 9, 2009.

REG Davies had a golden voice, but gave up the chance of an illustrious singing career in favour of playing football, most notably for Newcastle United and Wales.

The pallid, slender, almost frail-looking teenager matured into a subtly inventive inside-forward, a schemer and a scorer both. He possessed not a vestige of brawn but was endowed with an

on the right flank, but proving equally effective at the heart of midfield. Birch became renowned for his ceaseless industry and passionate commitment, but also he was deceptively deft with the ball at his feet and specialised in high-velocity, long-range shots. When Villa went down in 1986-87 he remained irrepressible, but niggling injuries bothered him and he was sold to Second Division Wolves for £400,000 in 1991. At Molineux he proved a solid citizen in a mediocre outfit, until he was loaned to Preston North End in 1996 in time to play a telling part in the clinching of the Third Division championship. There followed brief stints with Doncaster and Exeter.

NEVILLE HAMILTON. Died February 9, 2009, aged 48 after a heart operation. Gregarious ex-Leicester City, Mansfield Town and Rochdale midfielder who was forced to quit the game after suffering a heart attack during pre-season training with Wolves in 1984. He then became a coach, and rejoined Leicester, for whom he was working at the time of his death. Former Leicester player Alan Birchenall said: "Everyone who knew Nev loved him. I have never been to a funeral where there has been so much clapping - we have lost a great man in his prime and he is going to leave a big hole."

ANDY BOWMAN. Died March 2, 2009, aged 74. Though he spent much of his career in the shadows of wing-halves Dave Mackay and John Cumming, the fiercely-committed Andy Bowman forged his own lasting niche in Hearts' folklore. After starting his career with Chelsea, and making a single appearance when they won the title in 1954-55, he was sold to Hearts for £1,000 in 1955. While never quite laying long-term claim to a regular berth, he helped to lift the Scottish League title in 1957-58 and 1959-60, completing a double by adding a League Cup medal in the second of those terms. He joined Newport County in 1961, and later served Hamilton Academical.

HARRY PARKES. Died March 4, 2009, aged 89. One of England's finest uncapped defenders, he served Aston Villa as a full-back for a decade after the Second World War. Parkes was quick, strong and reliable, never shirked a physical challenge, and was ahead of his time in that he enjoyed an occasional foray into opposition territory, probably a legacy of earlier experiences as an attacker. He enjoyed several spells as captain - and a permanent role as dressing-room comedian.

HUGH KELLY. Died March 28, 2009, aged 85. An unyieldingly firm, prodigiously hard-working wing-half who captained Blackpool to runners-up spot behind Manchester United's Busby Babes in the 1955-56 First Division title race, the loftiest position in the club's history. The Scottish international, who was widely considered unlucky to earn only a single cap, was a one-club man, serving the Seasiders with unswerving loyalty from 1946 to 1961, making 470 appearances along the way. He finished on the losing side in two FA Cup finals, against Manchester United in 1948 and Newcastle United three years later, then missed the dramatic 1953 Wembley victory over Bolton Wanderers through injury.

astute football brain and sudden, searing acceleration over short distances which rendered him a menace both in centre-field and anywhere in the vicinity of opponents' penalty boxes.

His was not an obtrusive presence, but he had a priceless instinct for drifting into a telling position, and once there he had the ability to capitalise instantly, either with a penetrative pass or a waspish finish.

All the enjoyment that such skills engendered surely would have been denied to the fans of his four Football League clubs and his country, for whom he was capped six times, had he elected to build on his early musical success.

Instead he signed as an amateur with Southampton in the mid-1940s, then turned professional with Southend United when he was demobbed following national service in 1949.

Davies shone for the Shrimpers, so brightly that Newcastle signed him in April 1951 for £9,000, which included £1,000 to be paid only if he attained full international stature. As it turned out the Roots Hall club had to wait a mere 18 months before banking the full fee.

By 1952-53 Davies began to make an impact for both the Magpies and Wales, though he was disappointed to miss the 1955 FA Cup final with tonsillitis.

Although he played more games than he missed during most of his eight-year sojourn at St James' Park, and collected 50 goals in his 170 appearances, the Welshman - who could operate either on the right or the left, or even on the wing - rarely commanded an automatic berth.

In 1958 he joined Swansea Town as a makeweight in the deal which took Ivor Allchurch to the north-east. He spent three seasons at the Vetch Field, featuring in a narrow escape from relegation in 1962, before making a £4,000 switch to Carlisle United that summer. His first term at Brunton Park ended in demotion to the basement tier, but he was prominent as the Cumbrians bounced back at the first attempt in 1963-64.

After that, aged 35, Davies spent a season with Merthyr Tydfil before enjoying a spell as player-manager of King's Lynn.

JOE HAVERTY

Joseph Haverty, born Dublin, February 17, 1936; died February 7, 2009.

JOE Haverty was the laughing left-wing leprechaun who lightened the gloom for Arsenal fans during a dismal period of mediocrity at Highbury.

Occasionally the tiny Dubliner, who wore the Gunners' No.11 shirt on and off throughout the second half of the 1950s and into the following decade, overdid his impudence, thus losing the ball and with it the team's attacking impetus.

When that happened there would be catcalls from the terraces, but such was his charm, as both performer and personality, that frequently he redeemed himself with a sudden enchanting manoeuvre, dribbling his way into all but the hardest of hearts.

Haverty was recruited by Arsenal as an 18-year-old in 1954 from St Patrick's Athletic, one of his home city's leading clubs, and Highbury boss Tom Whittaker was so impressed he pitched him into immediate top-flight action.

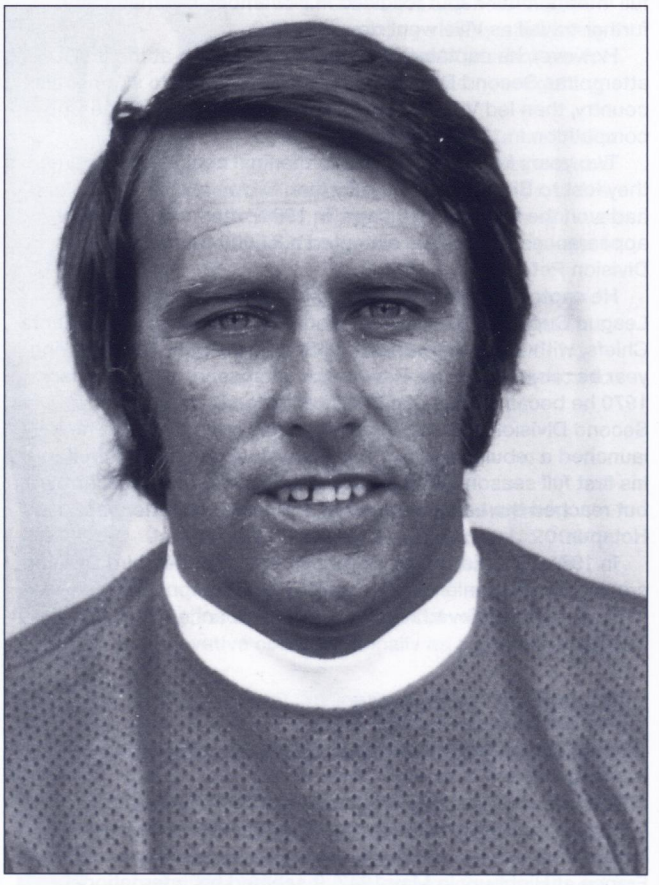
But it was not until 1956-57 that the Irishman was granted a settled sequence, by which time he had made an explosive entry on to the world stage, netting with a rasping volley against Holland as he won the first of his 32 caps.

At domestic level, a combination of managerial experiments and recurring back problems limited his input until 1959-60, when he enjoyed the most productive season of his life, contributing eight league goals.

He set up plenty, too, pleasing the crowd with his pace, guile and knack of crossing accurately, but Arsenal were mired discontentedly in mid-table.

Perhaps understandably, 'Little Joe' was not keen to mix it physically with muscular defenders and he had a distinctive manner of hopping from their path, a habit marked one yuletide by the arrival at Highbury of a Christmas card addressed to Haverty and picturing a spectacularly agile kangaroo. To his credit, he laughed louder at the joke than anyone else.

In August 1961 Haverty was sold to Blackburn Rovers for £17,500. He never settled, and in September 1962 he returned to London with Millwall, with whom he flourished for two years. There followed a fleeting stint with Bristol Rovers, more Irish billets and a USA sojourn before he retired in 1970.



ALAN SUDDICK

Alan Suddick, born Chester-le-Street, May 2, 1944; died March 16, 2009 after a battle with cancer.

ALAN Suddick (pictured) was one of the principal folk heroes in Blackpool's football history. Fans who had practically deified the likes of Stanley Matthews and Alan Ball, and also held Jimmy Armfield in colossal affection, nevertheless found a unique niche for the multi-talented north-easterner, dubbing him 'The King of Bloomfield Road'.

Suddick started his professional days with Newcastle United as a precociously gifted but somewhat erratic 17-year-old in 1961. Soon he had attracted a cult following with his expansive displays at inside-forward or on either wing, his assured control, imaginative passing and penchant for wickedly powerful 'banana' shots earning him two England Under-23 caps.

The Magpies were relegated from the top flight at the end of his debut campaign, but he was massively influential as they went up as Second Division champions in 1964-65.

Come December 1966 Suddick was sold to Blackpool for a club record £63,000, and became an integral part of the Seasiders' team for the next decade. He matured into Blackpool's premier entertainer, starring as an ever-present when they were promoted as Division Two runners-up in 1969-70.

Instant relegation followed, but Suddick continued to excel until injuries reduced his effectiveness in the mid-1970s.

He was past his best when sold to Stoke City for £12,000 in December 1976. There followed brief spells with Southport on loan and Bury before a coaching stint back at Blackpool, and he then entered non-League circles.

The Book of Football Obituaries (www.knowthescorebooks.co.uk)

BACKPASS Errors & Additions

ISSUE 6

Page 11 - FASHION DISASTERS
Birmingham City's 'German flag' third kit was first worn at Tottenham Hotspur on August 23, 1972, not at West Brom the following week (AJ Weston - see YOUR SAY on page 35).

Page 20 – RECORD BREAKERS, MICK WRIGHT
Forget King's Lynn – it was Workington who unwittingly launched Jimmy Hill on the road to management at Coventry City.

The Linnets remain convinced their remarkable 2-1 FA Cup win at Highfield Road in November, 1961, led to Hill being appointed City boss.

Mick Wright, in the last issue of BACKPASS, suggested that his winner for the Southern League strugglers led to the Division Three side axing boss Billy Frith, with Hill being brought in to spark the Sky Blue revolution.

A great story but, sadly, not quite true.

Derek Henderson, who covered Coventry City for the Coventry Telegraph from 1958 to 1973, wrote in his 1967 book The Sky Blues: "A myth has grown up around Jimmy Hill's appointment as Coventry's 10th post-War manager in that it is still believed to have been the direct result of the King's Lynn fiasco.

"King's Lynn was no more than an odd quirk of fate which added fuel to the fire. The decision to bring the champion of the players' cause to Highfield Road was made several days before the cup tie. Indeed, Hill himself was one of the 12,080 people who saw Coventry crash ignominiously out of the cup.

"How he managed to smuggle himself into the rickety old stand, away from prying eyes on the opposite side of the ground to the main stand, without being recognised or talked about, was one of football's biggest mysteries at the time."

Workington are now members of the Blue Square North along with, coincidently, King's Lynn but they were a league club from 1951 to 1977 when they were thrown out in favour of Wimbledon.

It was the Cumbrian club, then a humble mid-table Division Four side, who sparked the chain of events that led to Hill going to Coventry when they destroyed City 3-0 in a one-sided League Cup tie on September 13, 1961.

Michael Commons, a summer signing from Lincoln City, bagged a brace to put Workington 2-0 up after 23 minutes and Frank Kirkup added a third on 62.

The season had started badly for City with a 4-0 reverse at Reading and had gone rapidly downhill and the Workington surrender convinced Coventry chairman Derrick Robins that it was time for Frith to go.

The day of destiny for Robins arrived when he attended a charity Taverners Ball a couple of weeks after the Workington debacle.

England boss Walter Winterbottom, a close friend of Robins, introduced him to Hill. Robins was soon deep in conversation with Hill and he liked what he heard. Both men were fanatical about football and, in Hill, Robins saw a man with the vision and enthusiasm to transform downtrodden Coventry.

A few days before King's Lynn came to town, on November 25, Hill was offered, and accepted, the Coventry job. Even a 10-0 defeat of King's Lynn would not have saved Frith.

On the following Wednesday, Hill was duly announced as manager of Coventry with Frith sacked.

The Sky Blue revolution was born and within six crazy, action-packed years Coventry were in the top flight - with Hill then quitting to go into television. (Phil Horsfall).

Page 40 - MEMORIES, DENNIS LONGHORN
Center Parcs at Elveden Forest is in Suffolk, not Norfolk (Martin Smith).

Page 44 - BRIEF ENCOUNTER
Northampton Town's 4-2 home defeat by Fulham in the 1965-66 season was not on Easter Saturday, but two weeks after Easter. (Mike Berry).

Page 46 - HOME CHAMPIONSHIP, 1965-66
The scorer of two of the Scotland goals against England in the 4-3 defeat on April 2, 1966 was Jimmy Johnstone, not Willie Johnston. (Julian Rowe).

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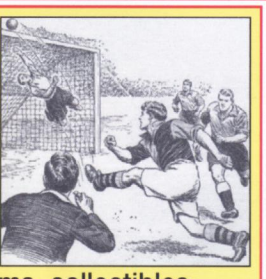
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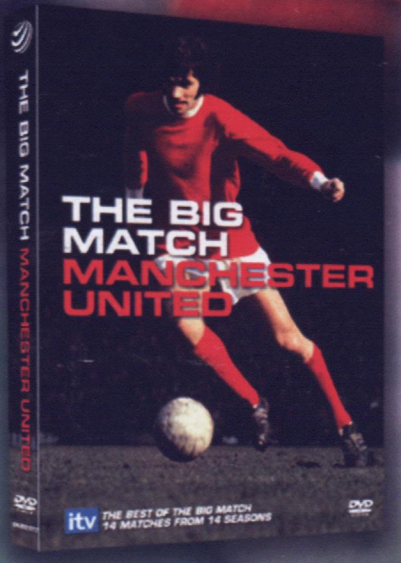
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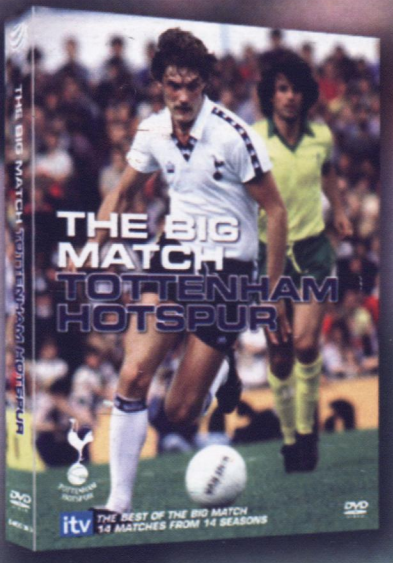
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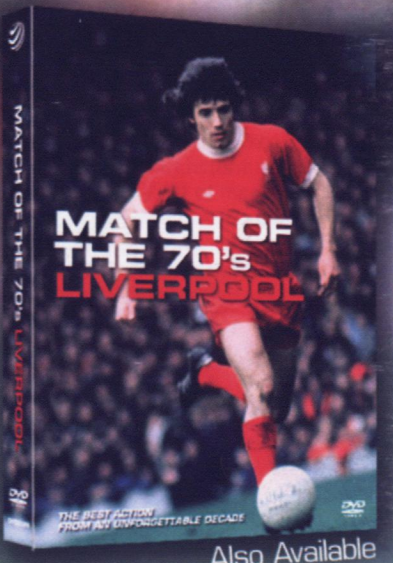
The answer to the WHO AM I? on page 5 is Jimmy Melia, Brighton's manager in the 1983 FA Cup final.

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