

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR - PRICE 2s. 6d.

LIVERPOOL F.C.



LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

1963-64

F.A. CUP FINALISTS

1965

EUROPEAN CUP
SEMI-FINALISTS

1965

A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN



WEMBLEY! What a wealth of ambition, toil, sometimes heartbreak, sometimes achievement, are bound up in that magic word in football.

Pride in achievement in reaching this goal must not blind us to the fact that the greatest task still remains to be fulfilled—to win the F.A. Cup. Down the years this has been the one honour to elude us. Now we have the opportunity

to put that right.

I must say that no set of players ever carried club confidence more ably than do skipper Ronnie Yeats and his boys.

In my opinion, while no side will ever be labelled faultless, our team is the greatest ever to represent the club and as far as I am concerned no achievement is beyond their ability.

Congratulate them we must and wish them well too, but it would be remiss of me at this stage not to thank them sincerely for the superb entertainment they have provided, the wonderful spirit they have shown at all times.

Encouraged by their most able manager, Bill Shankly, they have played with a dedication that even such a relentless taskmaster has never been able to fault.

The team have set their hearts on victory—and I have complete confidence in their aim to make an Anfield dream come true.

Like the rest of you I have seen this team built from new foundations and have been thrilled as much as any when a new piece has slotted into place like some animated jig-saw puzzle.

With others of the "back room" team however, it has been my privilege and pleasure to be in at the exciting stages of chasing and signing.

Nobody can really say how many miles club officials have travelled to fulfil our team reconstruction requirements, but the reward has been to see realised our ambition that the finest supporters in the land should have a team worthy of such loyalty.

Suddenly, in four short years, all the disappointments and set-backs of years of frustration disappeared. First came promotion, then an encouraging but unsuccessful F.A. Cup semi-final appearance.

The Championship of the First Division was a really fine high-water mark and now, here we are, with a place in the showpiece game of the English season—the Cup Final.

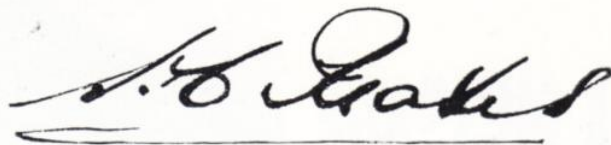
If this had been the extent of our triumphs, how could we have been disappointed? But it is not. Far from it. We are now astride Europe, nourishing the opportunity to bring fresh acclaim not only to Liverpool but to England also, in the European Cup competition.

I wish the team well in this gigantic double they chase. I have faith in their ability to succeed, but come what may we all salute them for providing all of us with a season we shall always remember.

The team have reached the heights and the way they have kept their heads in the blaze of publicity which has followed their achievements is further proof, if proof were needed, that the foundations are substantial and secure.

Liverpool F.C. have prospered in difficult times and my fervent wish and aim is to keep such prosperity with us for many years to come.

Once again then, let us salute our great players. We are proud of them!



THIS CUP SEASON

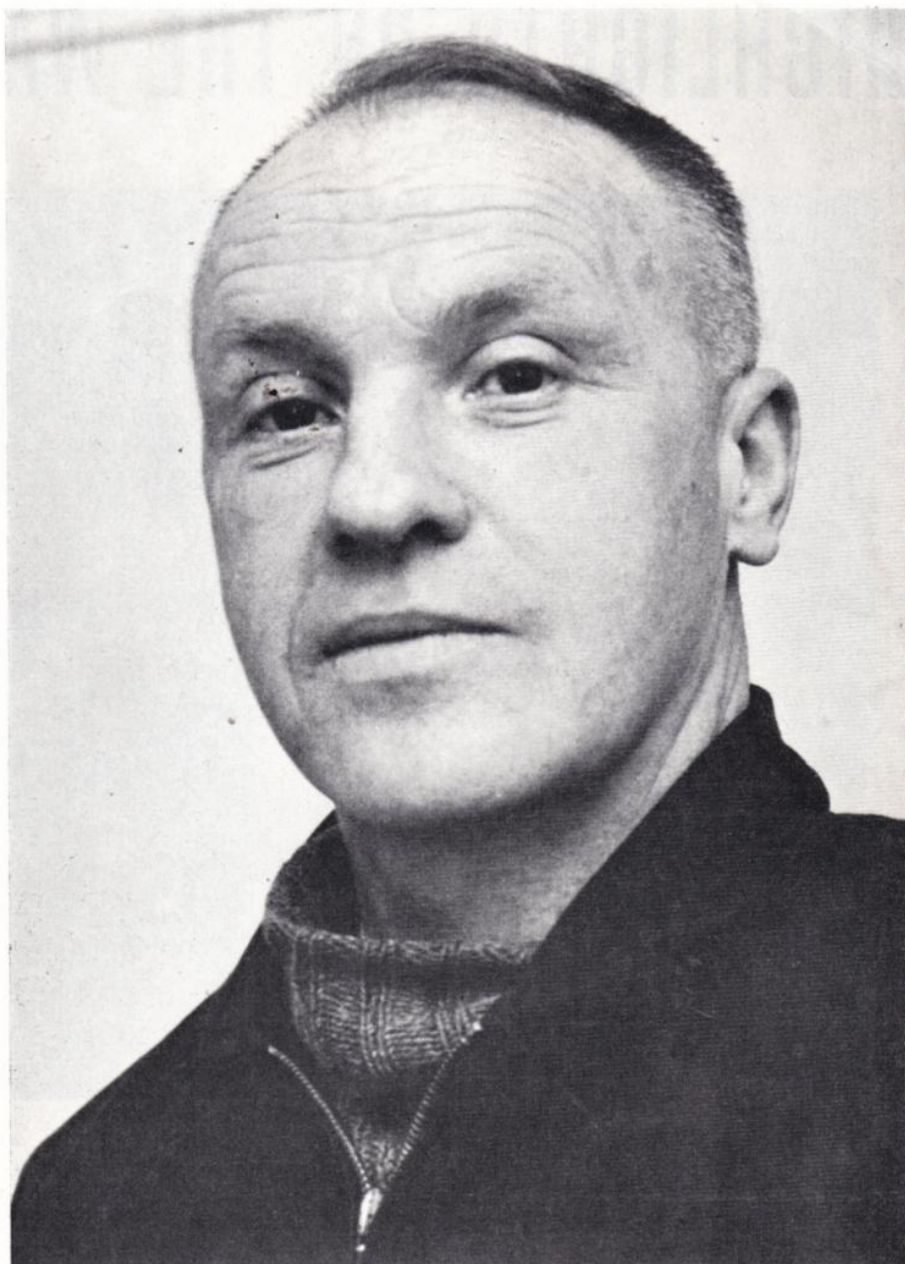
THIS has been a momentous season for the club and one which will go down in its history as a Cup season rather than a League season. We started with the Charity Shield and since then have played no less than fourteen Cup ties, of which seven have been in the European Cup and five (plus two re-plays) in our own Cup. All these games, together with the travelling involved, have put considerable physical and psychological strain on the players, but the boys have stood up to it in a way which demonstrates the benefits of the rigorous training which they undergo.

It has been a tremendous experience for all players, particularly the younger ones, playing in all these Cup games. Their playing and general outlook has been broadened in a way which will be amply demonstrated in the future.

The European Cup competition has shown itself to be something apart from anything which we know in this country, where there is essentially a friendly background against which matches are played. In the European competition it would seem that anything is permissible. After the game against Cologne at Anfield had been postponed because of the freak blizzard which blew up, we were subjected to a further blast of propaganda from our opponents in which the most serious accusations were made against me and the club. These were part and parcel of the off-the-field tactics which are normal in this competition; fortunately I have had sufficient experience not to be upset by them.

In the F.A. Cup, the outstanding feature has been the fact that the three leading teams in the League, in addition to ourselves as Champions,

by
**BILL
SHANKLY**



contested the semi-finals. I cannot recall a time when the four "form" teams reached this stage together. Our opponents in the Final have surprised everybody by the results which they have obtained and whether they win or lose the Cup and/or League are to be congratulated upon their performances in the First Division.

When there is something really big at stake the boys know what I expect from them and so far have not let me down. Whatever happens,

I am certain of one thing and that is the team will give everything it has in an effort to bring this trophy to Anfield for the first time. . . . and then the way is clear for us to meet Inter Milan and, we hope, qualify for our second Final of the season. It is in our hands to do a lot for the prestige of British football, and it is our aim to bolster this no less than bring honour to the Liverpool Club.

HIGHLIGHTS ON THE WAY TO THE

by

LESLIE EDWARDS

(Sports Editor, Liverpool Echo)

LIVERPOOL'S eventful F.A. Cup year began at West Bromwich, where, despite arriving late—the weight of traffic in the Midlands caused havoc in their travelling schedule—they won a hard game by 2-1, but not after some anxiety that they might be forced to a replay. This was the match in which skipper Ron Yeats thought he heard the referee's whistle. He picked up the ball in his own penalty area to place it for the free-kick which never was and to his amazement found himself involved in a penalty award.

Fortunately for Liverpool, Cram a full-back who specialises in getting goals from the penalty

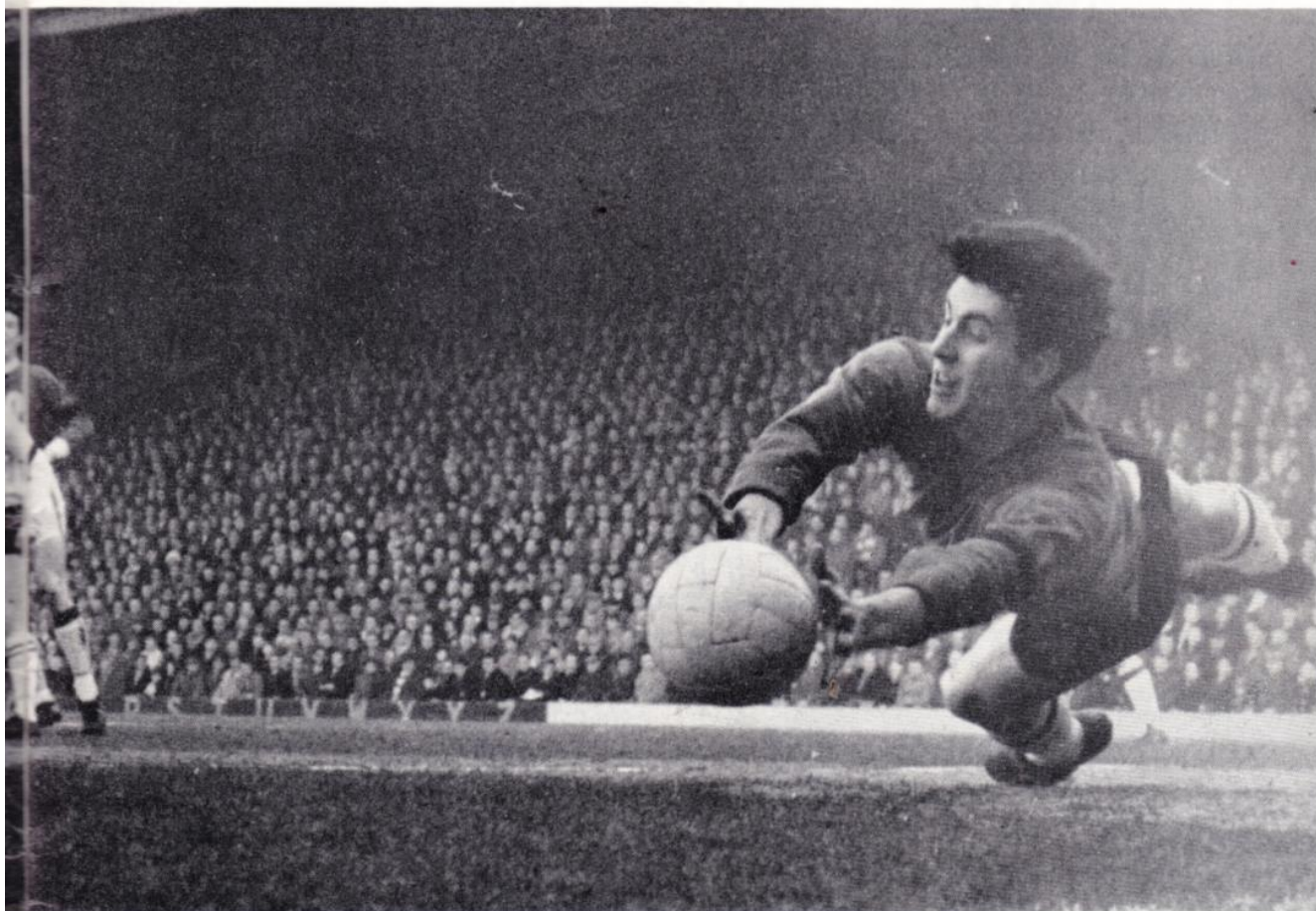


All eyes on Mulhearn (Stockport) as he

spot, missed this one and Liverpool went on their Cup way having learned the important lesson that you never handle a ball in the penalty area until the game has been stopped and there is no doubt that the referee is the man who has stopped it.

When the draw for the fourth round linked Liverpool with Stockport County, that Fourth Division side were lying last of 92 clubs in the Football League. It looked easy—on paper. It was anything but easy. Stockport saved up their all-time best for this match at Anfield. They brought with them Mulhearn, a son of this city, who had the game of his lifetime and was instru-

FINAL



pushes a Tommy Smith drive to safety.

mental in helping his side to a replay. He handled Liverpool's hottest shots as though he were catching a tennis ball. Stockport who had signed Len White, hero of many of Newcastle United's Cup exploits in time to qualify for the Cup were outplayed and outgeneralled for the most part, but came up miraculously in the last 15 minutes with one sustained attack in which they bombarded Liverpool's goal with some five shots in almost as many seconds—and how Lawrence and his co-defenders came out of it without conceding a goal even they cannot know . . .

In the replay at Stockport it was all too easy. Liverpool won readily, in the mist, and it

was clear that Stockport having given their all in the first game had nothing left with which to go into battle:

The omen that Liverpool also beat Stockport County when last they reached Wembley in 1950 was not lost on Liverpool fans, but few of them could have anticipated their club would not only reach Wembley this year, but perform so brilliantly, at the first time of asking in the European Cup.

Round five bracketted Liverpool with Bolton Wanderers, then in the running for promotion to Div. 1 and a very hard side to beat on their own ground.

This was a tough, unrelenting battle with Yeats and Bolton's centre-forward, Wyn Davies, having a personal duel of bodily challenges. Liverpool's support, mostly by road, made Burnden Park seem almost like a second Anfield. The weather was Arctic; the game tense and torrid until Liverpool, through Callaghan, produced the only goal close on the finish.

Yet another away draw—at Leicester City—in the sixth round suggested to some Anfield fainthearts that this might be the end of the road as it had been against the same team in the Sheffield semi-final of 1963. Leicester City were Liverpool's bogey team in Cup and League with a long succession of League wins at Leicester and Anfield to give them a broad edge, psychologically. But this tie gave Liverpool the chance to pay off some old scores. They survived, and

were the better team, when getting a draw at Leicester and then came to Anfield to complete the job, with Hunt (who else?) getting the goal that settled the issue and put Liverpool in the semi-final for the third time since the War.

It looked on the face of it as though Docherty's Chelsea boys, going strong for Cup and League, might be the young men to stop the Anfield gallop, but at Villa Liverpool not only beat them but beat them handsomely and in such a way that none could dispute there was only one team worthy of Wembley, on the day. This was the match sealed by a stunning goal from Peter Thompson and another from the penalty spot by Billy Stevenson. And since that memorable semi-final day Liverpool have confirmed at Anfield their notable 2-0 ticket to end also, Chelsea's main championship hopes.

HOW WE FOUGHT TO THE FINAL OF THE F.A. CUP

3rd Round	January 9th	1965	West Bromwich Albion	2-1
4th Round	January 30th	1965	Stockport at Anfield	1-1
	February 3rd	1965	(replay)	2-0
5th Round	February 20th	1965	Bolton	1-0
6th Round	March 6th	1965	Leicester	0-0
	March 10th	1965	(replay at Anfield)	1-0
Semi-Final	March 27th	1965	Chelsea at Villa Park	2-0

F.A. CUP



Potter (West Bromwich) clutches a ball to his chest as Ian St. John rushes in to challenge.

EUROPEAN CUP



A duel between Overath (left) and Ron Yeats in the match at Cologne.



Ian St. John and Alf Arrowsmith jump for joy as Ian Callaghan (centre) heads home against Bolton.



Scene of jubilation against Leicester, as the ball rebounds out of the net.



Bonetti (Chelsea) pushes a shot high over the bar to end a Liverpool attack.

I FOLLOWED LIVERPOOL TO EUROPE

by

HORACE YATES

(Sports Editor, Liverpool Daily Post)

LIVERPOOL'S greatest stroke of good fortune in the European Cup competition was not gaining a favourable spin of the disc to decide the Rotterdam replay with F.C. Koln in their favour last month, but in the preliminary round draw before the season opened. The pairing with the Icelanders, Reykjavik, was like throwing them in at the shallow end to learn to swim in strange waters.

Imagine how different it might have been if they had been tossed in at the deep end—say



The mighty Schumacher (Cologne goalkeeper) foils yet

against Anderlecht, who came next or F.C. Koln, who extended them to the limit!

In those early days there was no Lawler, no Smith and no St. John as the team faced the unknown. As events turned out, Liverpool were able to laugh off their team problems and even if the team required a couple of months to find their feet in English League football, they could still have fielded two sides good enough to dispose of the Icelandic amateurs.

Reykjavik however, set the pattern of



another Liverpool raid.

defensive football that was to be accentuated later and Liverpool had to find a way through a packed rearguard. So ably did they strike a solution that they were able to score 11 goals against one in the two matches.

Scorers of four of those goals—Wallace (2), Chisnall and Graham—have not been able to gain a place in the Cup side since, but they played their part when call was made on them.

“Poor Liverpool,” almost everybody said when the next round paired them with the foot-

ball wizards of Anderlecht. The sympathy was provoked by knowledge of what these Anderlecht boys, in the name of Belgium, did to England at Wembley.

They simply toyed with the national side, stood head and shoulders above them in sheer football skill and were desperately unlucky to retire with only a draw.

How on earth a club side like Liverpool, still grinding its way painfully through a League programme, were going to cope with such class,

nobody could say. Even Bill Shankly, the Anfield club's manager, was decidedly thoughtful as he saw the Belgian pattern unfold.

It was to meet this gigantic challenge that Mr. Shankly evolved an entirely new pattern. He could not call on his £40,000 capture from Arsenal, Geoff Strong, who was ineligible. Who would plug the forward vacancy? That was the question the amateur selectors sought to solve.

Few, if any, hit on the Shankly answer. He decided on extra defensive power by introducing Tommy Smith in the greatest confidence trick of the season. He stuck a No. 10 jersey on Smith's back and played him as an extra centre half.

For international half back Gordon Milne, there was evolved an entirely new role for him, as go-between, fetcher and carrier or what you will. It was a challenge to Milne and a daring managerial throw.

How brilliantly the experiment succeeded everybody now knows, for not only did the same team upset all calculations by thrashing the Belgians with an aggregate of four goals to nil, but it eased Liverpool up the table in League football and produced the tightest knit side in Anfield's history.

The more methodical, even if not quite so brilliant German side F.C. Koln provided a nut that even Liverpool could not crack. Home and away the games were goalless and in the Rotterdam reply four goals were shared before a toss sent Liverpool bounding forward to a semi-final with Inter Milan, the holders.

Those stirring struggles against some of the cream of the continent worked wonders for this Liverpool side. Their experience showed they could do what so few English sides had been able to achieve—rumble the continentals at their own game.

The team grew in stature, their confidence bounded to new heights and Chelsea will swear it was the know-how they collected in this tough school that helped Liverpool through to Wembley. I would not be prepared to argue the point, for in my opinion Europe has helped to fashion Liverpool into the best cup-fighting team in England—and only Leeds United now remain with a chance to disprove the theory.

Because it has taken so long for everybody to realise that Smith and Milne have taken over the other's role (numerically speaking) Liverpool have been labelled a defensive side. Maybe, but they manage to do more attacking than any other side I have seen saddled with a defensive label.

Here's to success at Wembley—and in the European Cup as well! What a history-making double that would be!

Lawrence, Byrne, Milne, Yeats, Stevenson, Callaghan and Hunt have played in all seven European Cup games, and both St. John and Thompson have missed only one.

OUR MARCH TO THE SEMI-FINAL OF THE EUROPEAN CUP

August 17th	1964	Reykjavik (Iceland)	5-0
September 14th	1964	At Anfield	6-1
November 25th	1964	Anderlecht	
		(at Anfield)	3-0
December 16th	1964	Anderlecht (Belgium)	1-0
February 10th	1965	Cologne (Germany)	0-0
March 17th	1965	At Anfield	0-0
March 24th	1965	Replay at Rotterdam	2-2
		Won on Toss-up	



Ron Yeats wins yet again in the air against Reykjavik.



The first of Liverpool's three goals against Anderlecht at Anfield is scored by Ian St. John.



Ian St. John drives home Liverpool's second goal in the Anfield game against Reykjavik.



Roger Hunt bursts through the Cologne defenders, Pott and Regh, who are glad to concede a corner.

LIVERPOOL'S A NAME TO CONJURE WITH ON THE CONTINENT

By
IAN HARGRAVES
DAILY POST
Special Sports Reporter

IN pursuit of advance information about Liverpool's European Cup opponents this season, I have learned more about Continental soccer—and Continental habits—than I ever expected.

There was the shock of being asked to play mini-golf on the terrace roof of I.F.C. Koln's clubhouse after being pursued by an angry club mascot.

There was the shock of encountering a withering blast of sound on entering Milan's San Siro stadium—and of having a firecracker tossed almost on top of me.

And there was the shock of being well-nigh suffocated in a Brussels hotel not too far from the Anderlecht headquarters, because the central heating controls had jammed.

On the whole, however, my experiences have been extremely pleasant. Liverpool's fame has spread abroad these days, and everywhere local supporters have been both curious and hospitable.

Indeed, hospitality has been such that one can only regret that the average supporter has little opportunity to enjoy it. Whereas, I have travelled at weekends and been able to spend a couple of days with new acquaintances and friends, the Cologne, Anderlecht and, of course, the Liverpool supporters have had to make do with the briefest of brief encounters.

Such short visits can create a misleading impression. Just as it took me a day or two to find my way round Cologne, so Cologne officials whom I showed round Liverpool would never have had the chance to see such pleasant places as Speke Hall, Liverpool Cathedral and Otterspool Promenade had I not been available to direct their steps in the right direction.

Many aspects of the Continental soccer system seem preferable to our own. Their fixture lists are less congested, as we know to our cost, and many of their clubs have other sporting activities which enable members to enjoy themselves socially in a way that is impossible over here.

Stadia tend to be situated out of town in pleasant areas, and to have transport facilities far in advance of our own.

On the other hand, I feel we can still show them a thing or two. The English or Football League championship is a far more open and—I think exciting affair than that of many countries such as Belgium, which is continually dominated by one or two leading clubs.

Our grounds, for all their lack of modern facilities, generally boast far more cover and, in the case of the ordinary domestic matches, far more atmosphere. More than anything else, our football is much, much cheaper.

Liverpool and Everton supporters still think 10s. an enormous price to pay for a seat at a vital Cup-tie; many Continental grounds cannot be entered for less even when the game is utterly unimportant.

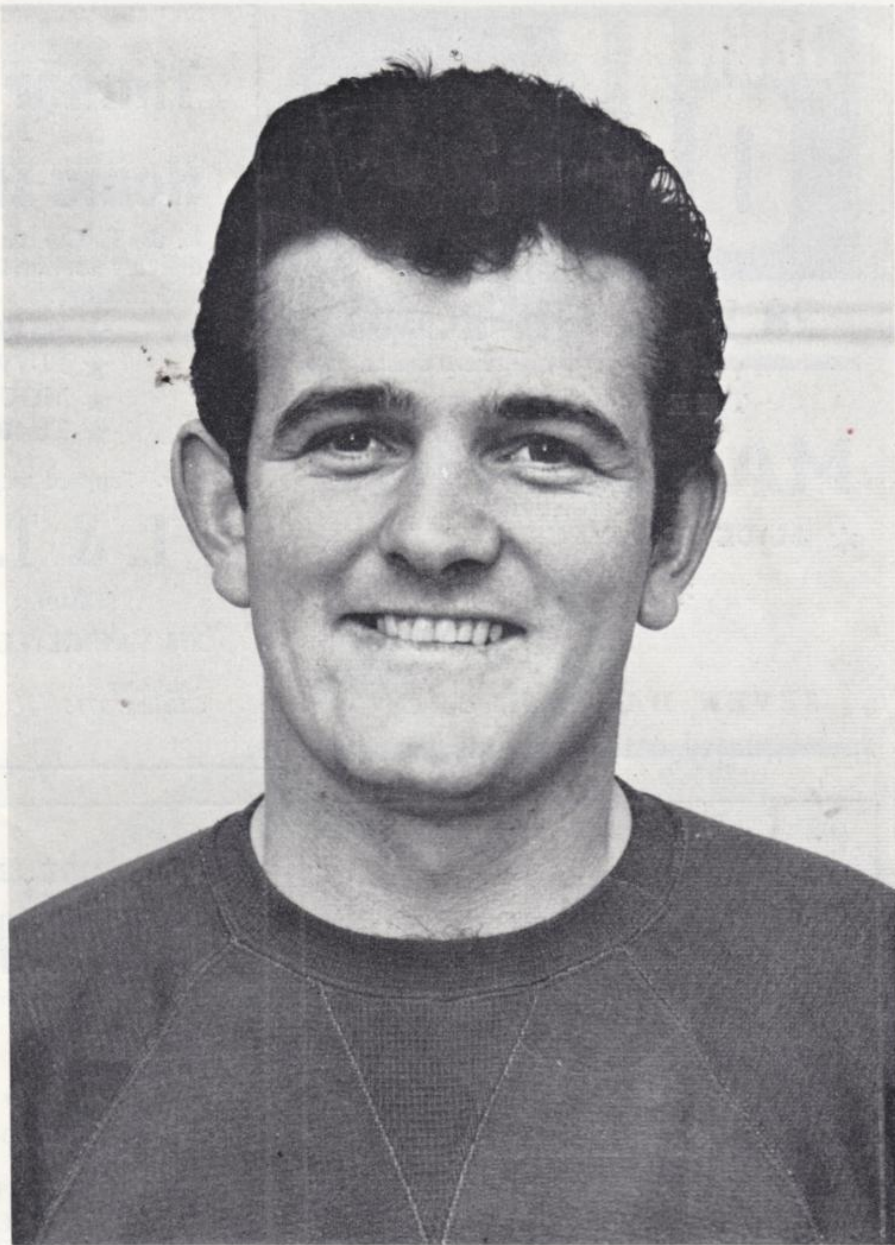
One thing is certain. Despite the odd controversy and disagreement, only good can come of continual competition between the leading clubs of Europe. I am sure that Liverpool's players and supporters have learned a lot during this most exciting season, and that they will make full use of that knowledge next time the Reds march on the Continent.

TOM LAWRENCE

Age 24

Height 6 ft.

Weight 13 st. 4 lbs.



Dark and curly haired, this brilliant, Scottish-born goalkeeper has twice been honoured by his country, once in the Under 23 team.

He has been at Anfield since he was 16, is now married with a daughter and wants a Cup winner's medal to go with his cap, his championship medal and the trophies he has already won on the golf course.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Tom Lawrence". The signature is stylized with a large, looping "T" and a long horizontal stroke at the end.

CHRIS LAWLER

Age 21

Height 6 ft.

Weight 12 st. 9 lbs.



Chris plays it cool and cultured, after his honours with the England schoolboy and youth teams, both of which he captained. He is on the fringe of full recognition by his country.

Liverpool has been his only club and he will be settling down in the city after his marriage on May 3—and what better present than a victory at Wembley?

Chris Lawler

GERRY BYRNE

Age 26

Height 5 ft. 10½ ins.

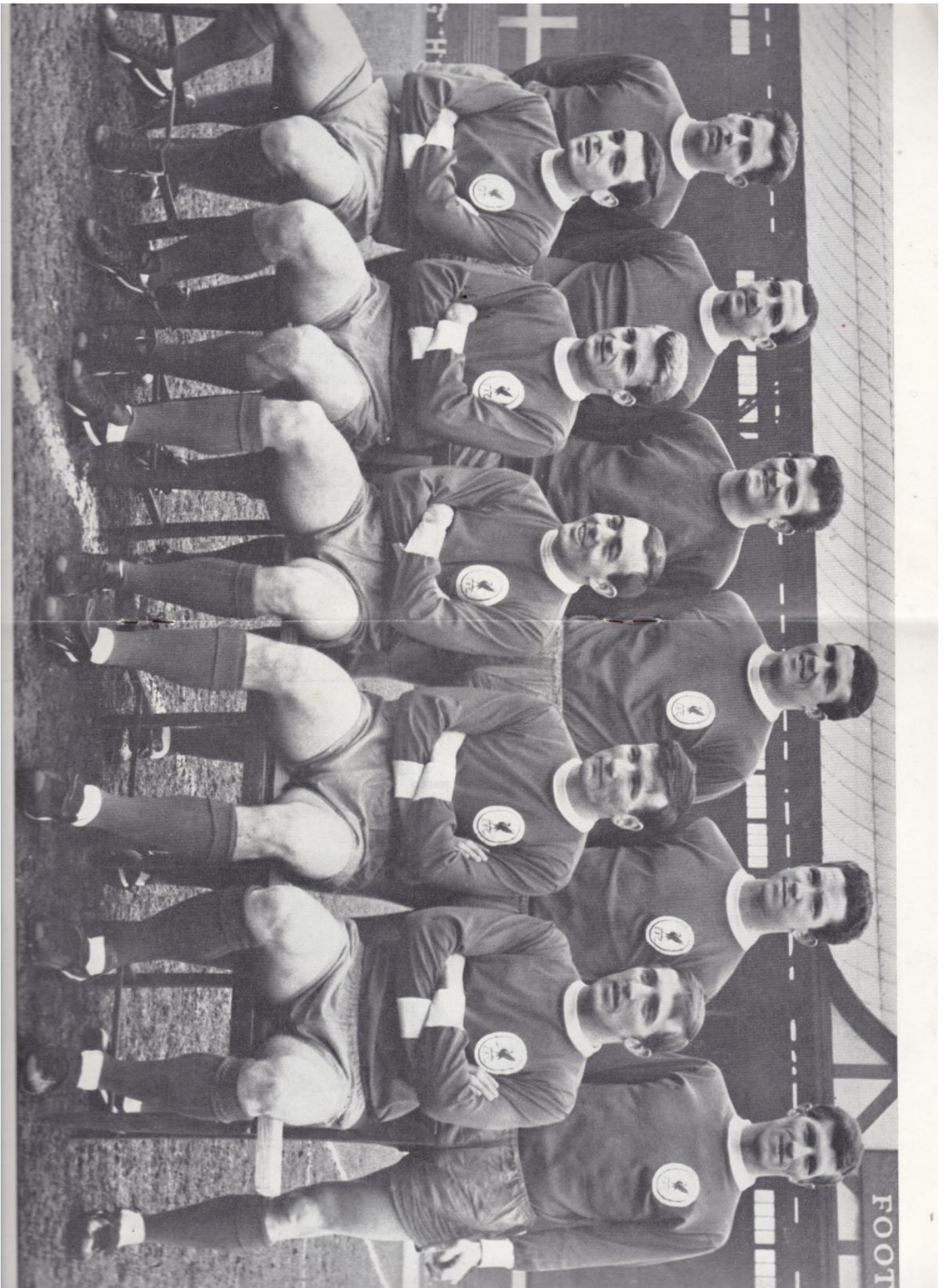
Weight 11 st. 10 lbs.



At right or left back Gerry Byrne has made his niche in the Liverpool team. He left school and went direct to Anfield.

He has won an England Under 23 and England full cap—a fine record for a player who really had to be persuaded to take up the game as a career.

Gerry Byrne.



GORDON MILNE

Age 27

Height 5 ft. 7 ins.

Weight 11 st.



One of the players Bill Shankley bought to bolster Liverpool's promotion drive from the Second Division. Can't help but be a footballer, because his father, Jimmy Milne, is manager at Preston where Gordon left to come to Anfield.

Gordon is not big, but he is all heart. Wearing the No. 4 jersey he has played a regal part in Liverpool's F.A. and European Cup march.

Gordon Milne

RON YEATS

Age 26

Height 6 ft. 1½ ins.

Weight 14 st.



The Colossus of Anfield, this is Ron Yeats, centre-half and captain of a side which in his three years with them won the Second Division championship, reached the F.A. Cup semi-final, won the First Division and now in the F.A. Cup Final and within two matches of reaching the European Cup Final.

Came to Liverpool from Dundee United, Ron is also a Scottish Youth and full international.

Ron Yeats

WILLIE STEVENSON

Age 25

Height 5 ft. 11 ins.

Weight 11 st. 11 lbs.



A winner's medal at Wembley is all Willie needs to achieve his greatest ambition. He already has Scottish League and Cup medals, as well as a First Division title medal.

On top of all this he has also represented his country as a schoolboy and at the highest level. He is also the new Anfield penalty king.

Willie Stevenson

IAN CALLAGHAN

Age 22

Height 5 ft. 8 ins

Weight 10 st. 6 lbs.



We hear of forwards becoming half-backs, but rarely of wing half-backs becoming wingers. This was how Ian developed at Anfield and when he made his debut for the club when they were in the Second Division the man he replaced was Billy Liddell.

From that moment this quiet, unassuming young man has grown in the affections of Liverpool supporters, another example of the local boy making good.

Ian Callaghan

ROGER HUNT

Age 26

Height 5 ft. 8½ ins.

Weight 11 st. 11 lbs.



Top goal scorer and one of the most dangerous forwards in the game. He is a club man first and last and even his honours on the international field have never overshadowed this.

Roger has 6 International Caps, played in 4 Football League games, and holds First and Second Division winners' medals.

Roger Hunt

IAN ST JOHN

Age 26

Height 5 ft. 8 ins.

Weight 11 st. 3 lbs.



Although "When the Saints go marching in" was not specially composed in his honour, it had to become Liverpool's theme song once he arrived at Anfield from Motherwell.

Scotland has recognised his ability many times and if any player wants to win the Cup it is St. John. It almost broke his heart when Leicester won that semi-final two season ago.

Ian St John

TOMMY SMITH

Age 20

Height 5 ft. 11 ins.

Weight 13 st.



Schoolboy and youth international star, Tommy is another Liverpool lad who has made the grade in his home city. His selection for the England Under 23 team was inevitable.

He was not a member of last season's championship winning eleven, but reckons that two Cup medals—the F.A. and European—will make up for that.

PETER THOMPSON

Age 22

Height 5 ft. 8½ ins.

Weight 11 st. 9 lbs.



A championship medal in his first season with Liverpool and a Cup winner's medal in the second If this happens at Wembley on May 1 there will be no more top honours left in the game for Peter whose name is one of the first England team manager Alf Ramsey pencils into his team these days.

Probably the best winger in England, he has to be to play at outside right for his country and outside left for his club.

Peter Thompson

Ron Yeats

Looks Back

IN considering this season I find that it automatically divides itself into three parts, League games, F.A. Cup ties and European Cup ties.

At the start of the season we had a period during which we struggled to find the rhythm which had carried us to the Championship and by the time we had re-discovered it, any chance which we had of repeating the previous year's success was virtually gone. All that was left for us was to try to play entertaining football with a view to finishing in a respectable position in the League and at the same time provide those who had paid to watch our games with value for their money.

When the time arrived for us to play our first round in the F.A. Cup we were playing with more of the form of which we knew ourselves to be capable. The fact that the Cup had never come to Anfield was an added incentive, if we needed one and so we set Wembley as our target. The rounds through which we have passed have inevitably provided highlights and dark shadows. For me the blackest shadow was at West Bromwich, where, under the impression that the whistle had been blown for a free kick in our favour, I picked up the ball in the penalty area. This was an action that could have thrown the game away and with it any chance of the Cup, but the relief which I felt when the penalty was missed was one of my highlights of the competition.

Strangely enough, the tie which should have been the easiest proved one of the hardest.

With memories of what we had allowed Swansea to do to us a year ago, we faced Stockport with the determination not to allow such a thing to happen again. There was never any danger of that, but we (and everybody who saw the match) were staggered by the quality of the football put up by a team which was, and is, propping up four divisions.

I listened to the draw for the quarter-finals over my car radio and when I heard that we were paired with Leicester I nearly crashed the car! However, the fact that we had drawn our bogey team provided a great challenge and we found ourselves equal to it.

The date for the semi-finals was thought to be unfortunate for us, as we had an engagement in Rotterdam on the previous Wednesday, which lasted two hours. We had worked pretty hard on a heavy pitch and, in addition, done a bit of travelling during the week, but we felt that we were fit enough to make light of any disadvantage which this might prove. This is how it turned out and so our goal was achieved.

Our entry into Europe has proved a wonderful experience from every possible angle. From the start it was our ambition to do what all other British teams have failed to do . . . bring the trophy to England. Once again we are triers and, win or lose at Wembley we shall do our utmost to show that British football as played at Anfield is a force which even the glamour sides of the Continent must respect. If we succeed we shall have achieved another ambition; if we lose we

hope that we shall do so in a way which will be a credit to Britain and Liverpool.

I cannot conclude this article without a word of sincere thanks to all our loyal supporters. Their encouragement is something without which we would find it hard to succeed and I want them all to know that we truly appreciate it.

On behalf of all the boys, thank you, all of you.



IAN ST. JOHN IN ACTION!



Jennings the Spur's goalkeeper claws down a cross from Strong with St. John rushing in.

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!



by A. MERCER, *SECRETARY LIVERPOOL F.C. SUPPORTERS' CLUB*

TWELVE months ago I was privileged in being asked to write a few lines in appreciation of "the Boys in Red", their Manager and his back room team on the occasion of their winning the Championship. To-day it is my pleasant task once more to pay a tribute to them for their outstanding successes during the season, which is now drawing to a close.

Once again we of the Supporters Club think of their achievements as a triumph of real team work from the Chairman downwards, team work which has built at Anfield a spirit which it would be hard to equal at any other club in the country. As long as this spirit lives, Liverpool's name will always be a proud one in the football world.

The words are written before the Final at Wembley but to all loyal supporters it is unthinkable that, having gone so far, the team can fail to bring the Cup to Liverpool at long last. This would truly set the stamp of greatness on the team; Champions one season and Cup Winners the next. Wembley, as we know, can be a law unto itself and if it does happen that the

Cup goes to Leeds, we shall still retain that pride which we have for the team because we know that they will have gone down fighting to the final whistle.

Entry into the European Cup brought us into a new world of football, new, that is, as far as active interest is concerned. Those of us who could, have travelled Europe with you and a wonderful experience it has been. Those of us who were unable to accompany you in the flesh, travelled with you in thought and from hundreds of miles away were willing you to win.

British teams have played in the European Cup before. Some have acquitted themselves with credit, but for the most part either the occasion has proved too strong long before the semi-final stage.

This stage you have now reached with Inter Milan as the last obstacle before the Final. It must be part of your faith that obstacles were made to be overcome and we believe that you will overcome this one to become the first British team to appear in the Final.

At Anfield we shall be there in force to support you; in Italy only a few of us will be able to make the journey, but as before you will know that, present or absent, all of us are wholly behind you.

Thank you Ron Yeats and your team, Bill Shankly and your team, and Mr. Reakes and your team for making up a **REAL TEAM** which we are more than proud to support.

OUR OPPONENTS



LEEDS UNITED—F.A. CUP FINAL

BACK ROW (Left to Right): Bell, Reaney, Goodwin, Sprake, Williamson, Hunter, Lawson.
FRONT ROW (Left to Right): Giles, Bremner, Storrie, Collins, Revie (manager), Weston, Greenhoff, Charlton.



INTER-MILAN—SEMI-FINAL EUROPEAN CUP

BACK ROW (Left to Right): Sarti, Facchetti, Guarneri, Tagnin, Burgnich, Picchi.
FRONT ROW (Left to Right): Corso, Milani, Mazzola, Jair, Suarez.

FLASHBACK TO 1950

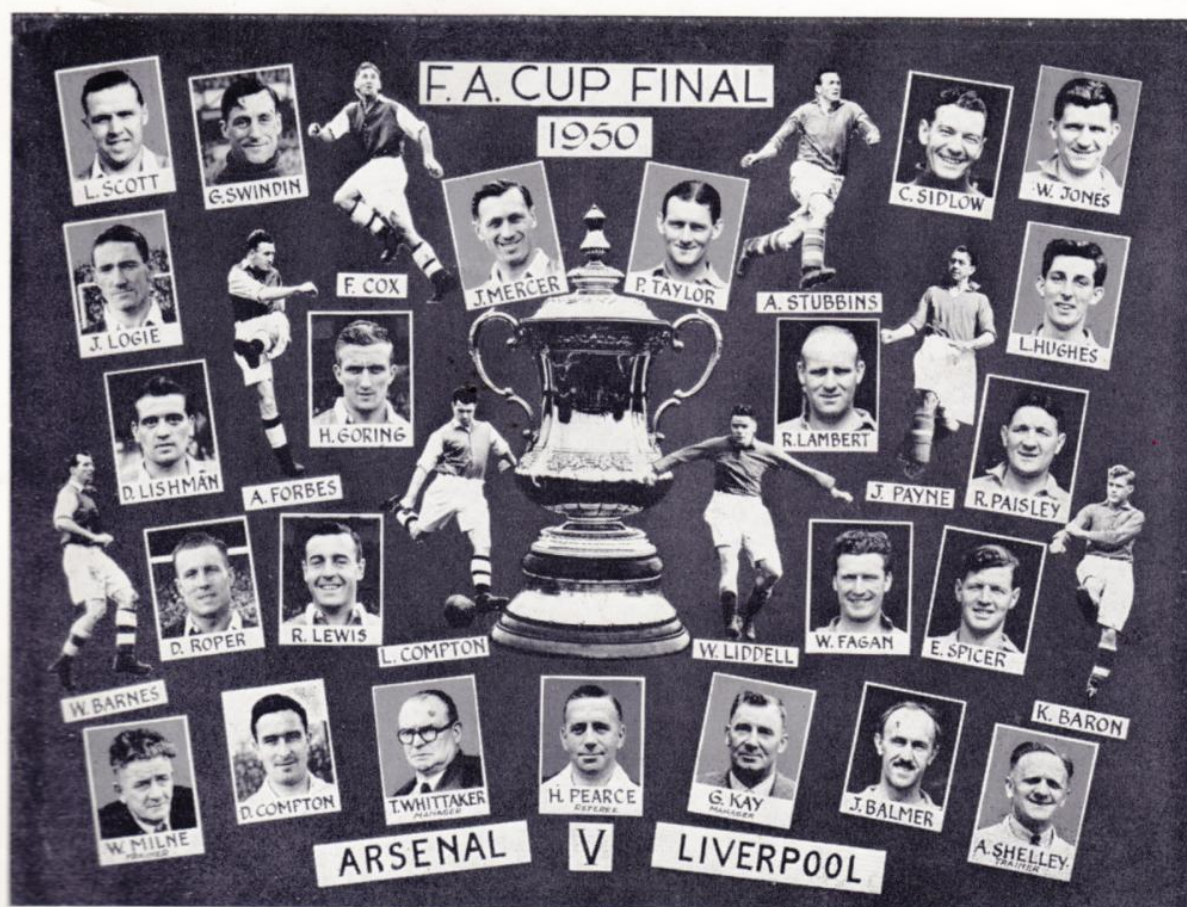


(Top) King George VI greets the team at Wembley.
(Left) Gigantic crowd welcomes the team back to Liverpool.



(Above) One of Sidlow's sensational saves during the match.

(Left) Scene on the Town Hall balcony with the Lady Mayoress.



F.A. CUP WINNERS

1900	Bury	1923	Bolton Wanderers	1948	Manchester United
1901	Tottenham Hotspur	1924	Newcastle United	1949	Wolverhampton W.
1902	Sheffield United	1925	Sheffield United	1950	Arsenal
1903	Bury	1926	Bolton Wanderers	1951	Newcastle United
1904	Manchester City	1927	Cardiff City	1952	Newcastle United
1905	Aston Villa	1928	Blackburn Rovers	1953	Blackpool
1906	Everton	1929	Bolton Wanderers	1954	West Bromwich Albion
1907	Sheffield Wednesday	1930	Arsenal	1955	Newcastle United
1908	Wolverhampton W.	1931	West Bromwich Albion	1956	Manchester City
1909	Manchester United	1932	Newcastle United	1957	Aston Villa
1910	Newcastle United	1933	Everton	1958	Bolton Wanderers
1911	Bradford City	1934	Manchester City	1959	Nottingham Forest
1912	Barnsley	1935	Sheffield Wednesday	1960	Wolverhampton W.
1913	Aston Villa	1936	Arsenal	1961	Tottenham Hotspur
1914	Burnley	1937	Sunderland	1962	Tottenham Hotspur
1915	Sheffield United	1938	Preston North End	1963	Manchester United
1920	Aston Villa	1939	Portsmouth	1964	West Ham United
1921	Tottenham Hotspur	1946	Derby County		
1922	Huddersfield Town	1947	Charlton Athletic		

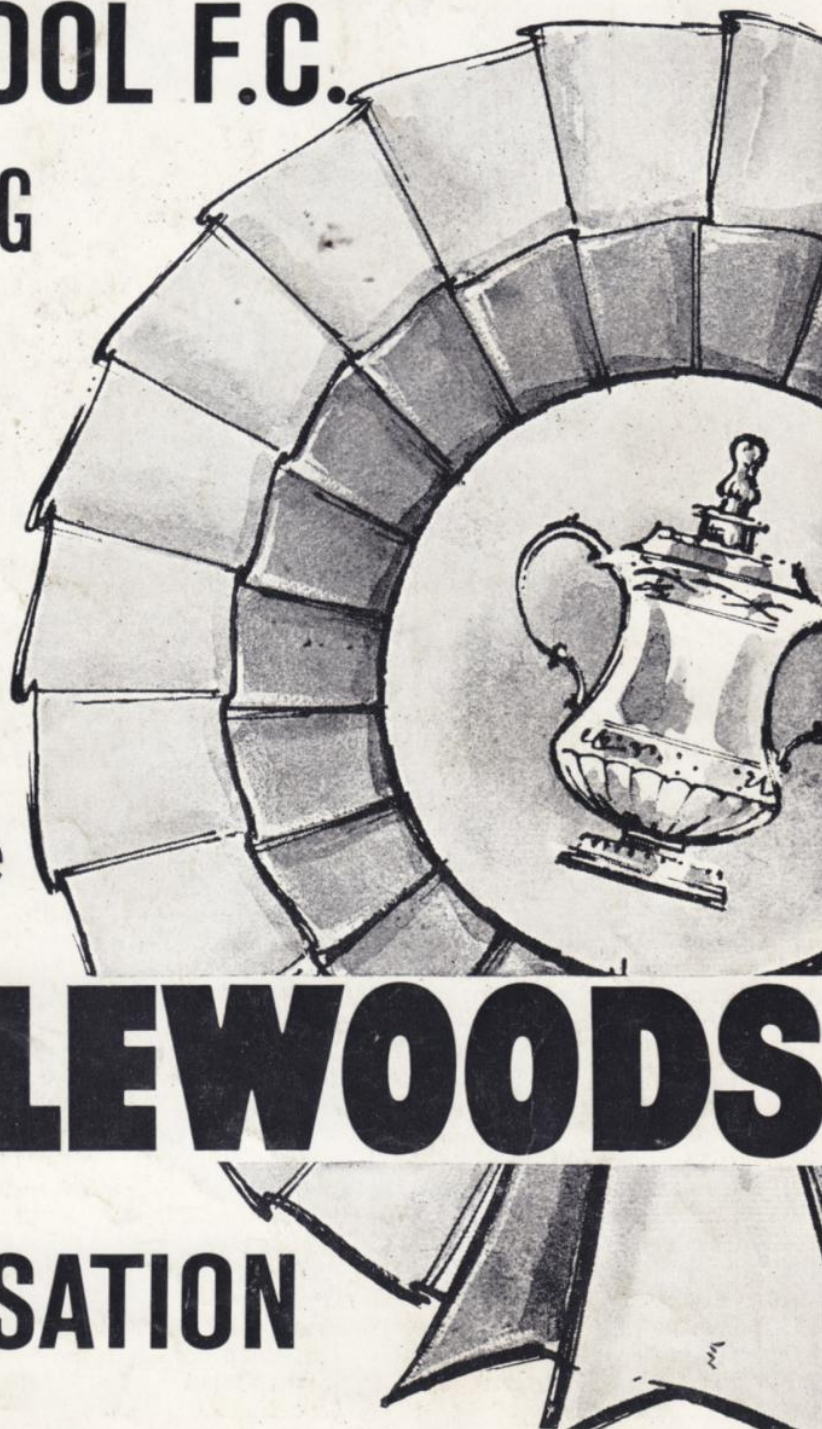
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