

"EE-AYE-ADDIO!"

A review of Liverpool F.C. in words and pictures



6/-

Toshack

He's the £110,000 TON-UP BOY...

HERE IS Liverpool's latest—and most expensive—recruit. John Toshack, the 21-year-old ton-up boy. For this six-footer, signed from Cardiff for a club-record fee of £110,000, notched his 100th goal with the Welsh club.

In four seasons of League football with Cardiff, Toshack hit a century of goals, and became one of the most widely-travelled footballers on the European circuit.

For with Cardiff, Toshack has played in the European Cup-winners Cup—and travelled as far as Tashkent—since he was 18.

This season, he helped Cardiff reach the quarter-finals of the Cup-winners Cup... then his transfer to Liverpool enabled him to go into the European Fairs Cup, ready for the clash against Hibs.

Toshack, married with a baby son, had the chance to become a big-money player when Fulham offered around £70,000 for him, at the age of 18. Toshack turned down that move then.

He felt—and said—that he hadn't had enough top-class experience, and that he would rather stay and gain this with Cardiff, his home-town club, under the manager who signed him straight from school, Jimmy Scoular.



But Liverpool came along, and there was no hesitation this time. Toshack said "Yes"—and joined Bill Shankly's Anfield brigade.

Now Liverpool hope he'll hammer home the goals for them as regularly as he did for Cardiff City.

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SHANKLY

The man who has built a new football empire at Anfield

BILL SHANKLY . . . a name to roll around the tongue, a name to conjure with, wherever and whenever football is the topic under discussion. For when football is the subject, the name of Bill Shankly, inevitably, injects itself into the conversation.

The stories about Liverpool's manager are legion . . . and some are probably fiction. But they epitomise the genuine feeling of affection felt for the man by people inside the game of Soccer.

Mention Bill Shankly's name—and someone will say: "Did you hear about the time . . . ?" For instance, there was an occasion when an unfancied team went to Anfield and actually won. Immediately the final whistle blew, one wag spoke his thoughts aloud.

He mused for a moment, and then—in a passable imitation of the gravel-like, Shankly accent, he spoke: "The Fitba' League wull nevvrr accept this result!"

Another occasion . . . when Liverpool played Ferencvaros in their Fairs Cup return in Budapest this season. The coach taking the team to the giant Nep Stadium was involved in a minor brush with a car.

As the car halted, and the driver began to protest volubly, Shankly raised a laugh, as he called out: "Give it up . . . ye're outnumbered!"

As a matter of fact, the car driver didn't give it up. The crowd outside the coach swelled, and the two drivers got entangled in discussion. One or two other people joined in.

Bill Shankly sat, impassive, on the coach—then he erupted. One could sense his growing anxiety, for here was

his team, on the way to play a vital match . . . and time was ticking by.

Shankly wanted to be gone, to get his players to the Nep Stadium and get them into the quiet of the dressing-room. The last thing he desired was to have to race at breakneck speed to the ground, and—all hustle and bustle—have to hurry them out on to the pitch.

Shankly left the coach, and made his views known in no uncertain manner. The damage to the car was slight—a lick of paint off the side of the vehicle. Bill Shankly had more important matters on his mind—the welfare of his players.

And when the drivers had exchanged numbers, Shankly wanted to be off. Finally, he got what he wanted . . . and again he lapsed into silence.

Once more, he was single-mindedly concentrating on what lay ahead. A game of football which his team needed to win, to make further progress into Europe.

They tell stories of Bill Shankly in the days when he was at Huddersfield. Then, he had a young Scottish player under his wing; by the name of Denis Law.

Law never became a Liverpool player—but Shankly found and groomed his own stars for Anfield. Some he bought, too. Such as the giant centre-half, Ron Yeats, and the brilliant mid-field general, Ian St. John.

Shankly paid around £70,000 for the pair of them—and they formed the cornerstone of a team which reaped in all the honours going at home, in the 60's.

Shankly once said of St. John: "I didn't sign the best centre-forward in



the country . . . I signed the ONLY centre-forward." And St. John proved what a shrewd investment his boss had made, over and over again.

Bill Shankly went "straight down the middle", to fashion his team. He had Tommy Lawrence in goal, Yeats at No. 5, St. John at No. 9. He also had Liverpool-born Gerry Byrne at left-back—and Gerry was one of Bill Shankly's best players.

Indeed, when Byrne had to retire from the game, his boss went on record as saying that something had gone from Liverpool. He had a tremendous admiration for Gerry . . . and he was not afraid to show it.

For Shankly is a man who lives football, is passionately involved in the game—and especially in the affairs of Liverpool. And now and again, he permits himself to show the feeling of true emotion, when he feels deeply about something, or someone. Gerry Byrne was such a someone.

Under Shankly, the Anfield empire became great. Liverpool went to the final of the European Cup-winners Cup, and they reached the semi-finals of the European Cup. At home, they won the F.A. Cup, the League championship—twice—and the F.A. Charity Shield.

Liverpool were labelled the team of the 60's . . . and who could deny their claim to such a title?—They had power, purpose, skill. Shankly ventured into the transfer market, and signed players like Peter Thompson and Geoff. Strong.

Strong had played at centre-forward, and shown he could score goals. Under Shankly, he became a player who could dominate from full-back and wing-half.



Bill Shankly supervises an early training session as Liverpool prepare for the 1970/71 season.

Gradually, of course, the team began to show changes. Shankly watched Emlyn Hughes play for Blackpool, enthused over him—and had his bid to sign the player rejected. But later, he got his way, and £65,000 changed hands, as Hughes became a member of the Anfield brigade.

Shankly went out and splashed £95,000 on Tony Hateley; £100,000 on a teenager called Alun Evans; £65,000 on a lad called Alec Lindsay; £50,000 on a centre-half named Larry Lloyd (whose name was virtually unknown in football); and £23,000 on goalkeeper Ray Clemence.

Bill Shankly admitted, later, that he had foreseen the break-up of his all-conquering team of the 60's, and he had made his moves in good time.

When the wind of change began to blow through Anfield, Shankly produced Clemence and Lloyd, found a left-back niche for Lindsay, gave Alun Evans and Bobby Graham the chance to strike up a scoring partnership, and

took the wraps off a youngster whom he termed "a gem".

The lad was John McLaughlin, groomed to take over the mighty St. John's midfield role.

The start of the 70's saw many people uncertain about Liverpool's future. They were still good—but were they good enough? That was the question.

Shankly proclaimed his unswerving faith in his players, and they went from the start of the season until the end of September, before they were finally beaten, at Southampton. Even then, they lost because of an own-goal deflection—and they had deserved a better fate.

Bill Shankly thinks long and deeply about the game—and, above all, about Liverpool. His players know he will never sell them short. Whatever criticism may be levelled at them, Shankly will brook none of it.

Liverpool's players fight all the way; they never quit. Just like their boss. He is indomitable—and his players have to

be cast in the same mould. Or they are not the men to wear the red jersey of Liverpool.

Bill Shankly has surely known his moments of uncertainty—but he has never allowed them to be known. And he has gone on his way, seemingly convinced that his team could never fail. On the whole, they never have.

They have lost games—but that is not necessarily failure. They have certainly given the Liverpool faithful good cause to be proud of them. And of their manager.

Bill Shankly is a player's man, a supporters' man; a man who believes in his team with all the fervour he can convey. The sum total of Shankly's impact upon Liverpool may never really be known.

But this much is sure: he has given them utter loyalty and devotion. And, probably, his faith and shrewdness off the field have won many matches for them on it.



A hit . . . and a miss. Grounded (above)—Burnley 'keeper Tony Waiters, beaten by Evans for Liverpool's first goal of the League season, at Turf Moor. Below, the anguish of Emlyn Hughes and Alun Evans (on ground) after they had failed to get rebound chances into the net against Ferencvaros, in the Fairs Cup-tie at Anfield.



Scarlet



Pimpernel

BOBBY GRAHAM was the Boy Wonder who came out of the shadows to become a scarlet-shirted Pimpernel in the cause of Liverpool. A Boy Wonder who, as time went on, found his title changing. For he became tagged, as he candidly admits, **Boy Blunder**.

As a kid, he stood on the terraces of the ground at Motherwell, and watched his hero, Ian St. John, playing havoc with opposing defences.

But Bobby himself was whisked away to Anfield as a 15-year-old, was in the reserves at 16, and made his first-team debut at 18.

Ian St. John also arrived at Anfield, and Graham was able to observe his idol at close quarters. There was, of course, one difference. St. John was a ready-made, £35,000 import who went straight into the first team, and stayed there the best part of a decade.

During that time, Liverpool won the F.A. Cup, the League championship—twice—and the F.A. Charity Shield. During that time, Graham spent the best part of nine years trying to carve a niche for himself in the first team. But, at times, he almost despaired.

He played 18 first-team games after making his debut; but then it was a case of two or three first-team matches a season.

As his confidence suffered, so did his football. He found that he was losing faith in his own ability, that he just couldn't seem to get things right, any more. So the Boy Wonder became **Boy Blunder**—a nickname that still sticks to him, to this day.

Liverpool went out and bought big Tony Hateley from Chelsea, for £90,000—and Graham decided that his chance of holding a regular first-team spot had virtually vanished.

That's the elusive Bobby Graham

He'll be back . . . and bidding to win a Scottish Cap, too!

He worked it all out, and gave himself a year more at Anfield, to see if his fortunes would change. Well, they did; because Hateley himself struck a lean spell, found himself out of the side. And Graham got his chance again.

However, the football fates hadn't finished with Bobby Graham—not by a long chalk. For he went out through injury, and then had an in-and-out spell when he seemed just on the fringe of making it . . . but never quite got there.

Hateley eventually departed for Coventry City, and Graham resolved that he would do his best to win and keep that first-team place. But Liverpool splashed £100,000 on a teenager called Alun Evans, who was then in the Wolves

reserve side—and Evans exploded upon the Anfield scene like a bombshell.

For Graham, it was a case of back to the shadows, with occasional first-team outings. Until the start of last season. Then Evans, who had gone through a lean patch himself, was not there for the big kick-off. He was suspended. So Graham got another chance to prove that he was the man for the job.

And how well he took it! His display against Chelsea helped Liverpool to a 4-1 win. Graham was a veritable will-o'-the-wisp.

Then Liverpool came up against Manchester City—and Graham really

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came into his own, in this game at Maine-road. For he scored the two goals which sank City, and found himself the toast of Liverpool.

From then on, Bobby Graham went from strength to strength. He could take on a man and beat him—and he did this with verve and confidence. He could sell the dummy, he could crack home a shot, and he could leap to the highest ball and nod it like a bullet into the net.

Bobby Graham had arrived—and this season, he found himself paired with Alun Evans, both of them doing a job for Liverpool. The job being to score goals.

Evans forged into the lead, but Graham was the red-shirted wraith who often drew defences to pave the way for his team-mate. And he scored himself

—the goal that sank Ferencvaros in the Fairs Cup-tie at Anfield came from Graham, whose spring-heeled leap caught everyone napping.

It was ironic that, little more than a year after his dazzling display in that 4-1 triumph over Chelsea, it should be a game against the same team which sent him spinning out of football for weeks.

Bobby went for a ball, in the game at Anfield on the first Saturday of October, and found that his left toe had stubbed into the muddy ground—and when he tried to wrench the foot clear, there was a fateful crack. He had broken his ankle.

The forecast was four months of inaction; but closer examination revealed that the injury was a clear-cut break, with no complications. And the forecast

was amended. With luck, it could be a Christmas comeback.

So Bobby Graham, out of action since October 3, is now fighting his way back, and aiming for the day he can pull on that No. 9 jersey once again.

He has a double incentive: he wants to help Liverpool to collect some honours this season . . . and he wants to stake a claim once more for international recognition.

Just as he broke his ankle, the Scots were looking closely at him, and the odds were that he would be awarded his first cap for a game in November.

Fate cruelly robbed him of this chance; but now Graham is well on the way to recovery. And when he does come back, opposing defences everywhere had better watch out again!



This is how you get your goals in top-class football—even when the pressure is on. Up goes Bobby Graham (top left) to meet an Alun Evans cross and beat Ferencvaros 'keeper Geczi in the Fairs Cup-tie at Anfield. Top right, Graham—arm up-raised—signals his delight . . . and (right) there's no doubt how his team-mates feel about it. That goal gave the Reds a 1-0 victory, helped to steer them through to the next round.



THE MIGHTY SMITH

**He's the local lad who was
born to play for Liverpool . . . and here's why**

TOMMY SMITH is probably one of the most under-rated, under-publicised players in the game—but he has the consolation of knowing that his **OPPONENTS** never make the mistake of ignoring him! **THEY** know what hard work he makes it for them . . .

Tommy was destined to play for Liverpool almost as soon as he could kick a ball around. His dad was a fervent Liverpool supporter, and his greatest wish was that Tommy should become one of those heroes who wear the red jersey.

In fact, tragically, Tommy's father didn't live to see that proud, magic moment arrive . . . and maybe even he never dreamed that, one day, his son would take over as captain of the team from the giant Ron Yeats.

But Tommy's mother kept her husband's vision of footballing fame firmly in the front of her mind, and she took young Tommy along to see the man who could make a Soccer dream become reality. Bill Shankly, the manager of Liverpool.

Bill heard the background story, and promised to look after the lad, and put him through his Soccer paces. And so was born a partnership which has been beneficial to both club and player—and looks like going on for years, yet.

Smith, now aged 25, has played considerably more than 200 League games for Liverpool, and his name goes on the team sheet almost without a query as to his fitness. For Smith is a hard player who can take the knocks himself, and it takes a great deal to put him out of the running for a game on a Saturday afternoon.

He made his debut for Liverpool on May 8, 1962, against Birmingham, at his beloved Anfield, but it was not until

1965 that he established himself as a regular first-team player. In the 1965 F.A. Cup final against Leeds, he played inside-forward; but today, he is an automatic choice for the No. 4 jersey.

It seems difficult to imagine Smith ever playing for a club other than Liverpool; yet the summer of last year saw Tommy and the club involved in a contract dispute.

The dispute lasted for a couple of months, and finally Cliff Lloyd, secretary of the Professional Footballers Association, was called in to give advice and guidance on the matter.

So, on August 14, Tommy Smith signed a new contract—and Liverpool and their fans knew they could settle down and breathe easily, once more. The Mighty Smith was no longer at odds with the club.

Stories of Tommy's toughness and hardness on the field of play are many, and often exaggerated. But only last season he demonstrated in no uncertain fashion how unyielding he can be, even to pain and injury.

For in a Fairs Cup-tie against Vitoria Setubal, from Portugal, Smith turned out to be a quiet hero.

He was Liverpool's star player in the European tie at Anfield—yet, for 70 minutes, he played with part of a knee-cap fractured. That, as anyone would freely admit, is devotion above and beyond the call of duty.

It meant that Tommy had to miss the Goodison derby game against Everton, and that he would be out of action for about a month—a long time, indeed, in the footballing life of Tommy Smith. For he had missed only eight League matches in Liverpool's previous 204 fixtures.

Indeed, it was also ironic that injury had cost him the chance of his first

England cap against Holland in Amsterdam earlier in the month, and the knee-cap fracture ruled him out of the running for a place in the England line-up against Portugal at Wembley a couple of weeks later.

Neither did Tommy Smith get a place in the England squad which went to Mexico for the World Cup last summer—although there were many shrewd judges (and not all on Merseyside) who reckoned that he was an unlucky man, indeed, not to have been selected by Sir Alf Ramsey.

Now, however, with the World Cup come and gone, Tommy Smith seems set for several exciting years with Liverpool—and there is always 1974 to come.

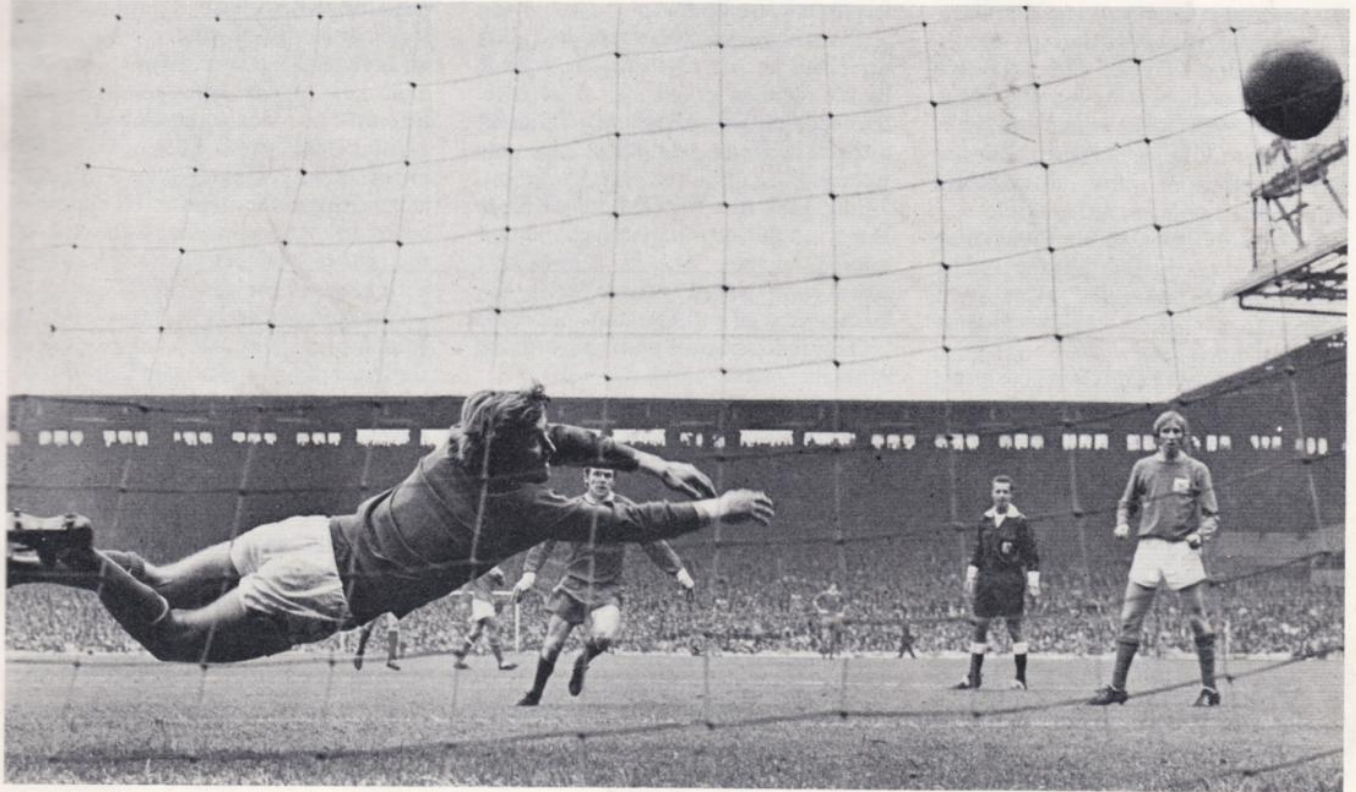
Since he became captain, he has shown a maturity in his play, and in his judgment, which makes it seem only natural that he should have taken over from Ron Yeats.

He has driven his team on, inspired by example, and still maintained that high, all-round standard of football which the fans have come to expect.

Tommy Smith was born to be a footballer; born to play for Liverpool; and he could well be destined to captain them through another era of greatness, in which they collect all the honours going. Just as they did in the 60's.

Top right: Tommy Smith in action as a scorer as he makes no mistake with a penalty against Burnley.

Bottom right: another cracking shot leaves Nottingham Forest 'keeper Barron beaten, but the ball cannoned off a post.





John McLaughlin

Enter the Young Ones

Shankly rebuilds his empire at Anfield and it's an exciting new era!

LIVERPOOL have made many signings, since Bill Shankly took over as the manager at Anfield. But transfer trends change, just as the pattern of football itself undergoes a constant evolution.

At one time, when a club needed a player, it used to venture into the transfer market—assuming it had the cash. Today, the WAY a club goes into the transfer market is worthy of examination. Take Liverpool, for example.

They have now what is a young team—in fact, you could call them The Young Ones. And the pattern of recruiting at Anfield has changed, as well as the personnel.

In recent seasons, Liverpool have delved into the lower divisions for their talent. Of course, they have produced their own players, too, and groomed them for stardom.

Chris Lawler cost nothing; Tommy Smith cost nothing; Ian Callaghan cost nothing; John McLaughlin cost nothing; and so did Bobby Graham.

This is almost half a team in itself; but it is worth a close study of the way Liverpool came to recruit the remaining members of their first-team line-up.

Goalkeeper Ray Clemence was signed from unfashionable Scunthorpe, a steel

town in Lincolnshire which has produced several players who have made the top grade. John Kaye, for instance, who cost £45,000 when he was transferred to West Brom.

Clemence cost just about half that sum; and he had to wait quite a while in the shadow of Tommy Lawrence. Indeed, he won England Under-23 honours while he was still a Liverpool reserve.

Left-back Alec Lindsay arrived from Bury; a £65,000 import who didn't immediately set Anfield alight. Last season, he played various roles—including that of a striker, and he scored quite a success in the reserves, with the goals he netted.

At the start of this season, it looked as if Lindsay might be away, for he asked for a transfer, and was put on the list. But in the last two months, Lindsay has settled in at left-back, and First Division football is there for the taking. As a regular.

Centre-half Larry Lloyd is a young giant who can make good the Shankly claim that he will be a great player. He was an unknown when Bill Shankly swooped, to land him for £50,000 from Bristol Rovers.

"Who's Lloyd?" people asked. They

simply had not heard of him. But, today, Larry Lloyd looks every inch a £50,000 footballer—and then some.

Emlyn Hughes was another Shankly buy—from Blackpool. He has matured so much at Anfield that now he is one of Liverpool's power players . . . reminiscent of the late, great Duncan Edwards, of Manchester United.

Alun Evans was a £100,000 Shankly import from Wolves—where he was languishing in the reserves. He exploded on to the Anfield scene, faded out of the picture, then came back this season with renewed fire and vigour.

And, of course, there is home-grown John McLaughlin, who at 18 plays with the authority of a man with a great deal of First Division experience behind him.

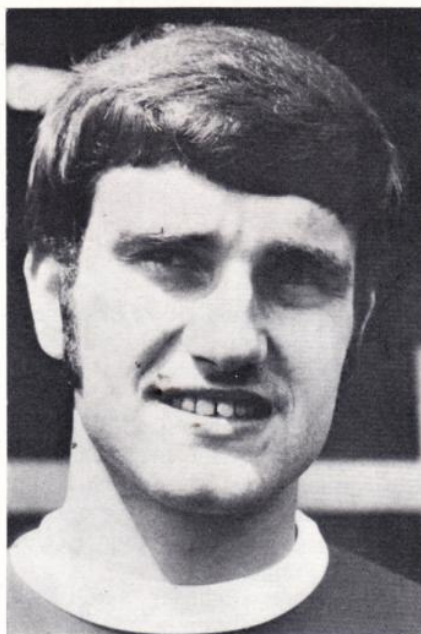
McLaughlin may well not play in every game this season, for he is still being nursed, to some extent. But he has already made an impact.

In the background is another Shankly acquisition—Steve Arnold, a defender signed from Crewe. His ex-manager, Ernie Tagg, says that Steve's best position is in the back four.

Tagg also reckons that Liverpool have landed a £100,000-plus player in the making . . . for just £12,000.



Steve Arnold



Larry Lloyd



Alan Evans

Liverpool, in fact, pipped Derby County for Arnold—and they have good reason to congratulate themselves.

Liverpool have ventured even out of the League—for instance, they snapped up winger Steve Heighway from Skelmersdale United . . . and from under the noses of half a dozen clubs who fancied him strongly.

And Brian Hall is another of The Young Ones who has come into the running for first-team selection. All in a week, Steve Heighway made his Anfield debut in a League Cup-tie, and played for the Republic of Ireland.

The following week, after playing at Southampton in the First Division, as replacement for the injured Ian Callaghan, Brian Hall found himself pitched into the Fairs Cup return against Ferencváros.

Liverpool have now appointed Tom Saunders, a headmaster who was manager of the England Under-15 team, as their youth development officer. A shrewd move—for Saunders knows all about the young talent that is around.

Bill Shankly's policy is clear-cut; he is prepared to delve into the Third and Fourth Divisions, to spot potential stars. Liverpool will pay what amount to substantial fees for such lads; but

the benefit they stand to gain is enormous.

Heighway and Hall can be £30,000 players within a year; Arnold can be worth even more; McLaughlin can eventually be moulded into a near-£100,000 footballer.

But still the search goes on. Tom Saunders will be spearheading the drive into local football circles, covering the length and breadth of Lancashire and Cheshire. And the net will be cast even further afield.

Liverpool are still ready to plunge and spend heavily for a ready-made star, should he become available, and should he suit their book.

But they are augmenting their search for ready-made talent by scouring the smaller pools in Soccer. It is a policy which is far-sighted, and can yield tremendous dividends.

Not only can this policy secure youngsters for next to nothing; it can give them a solid basis on which to build for years and years.

Liverpool today have their youngest team for a long time. Many of the players are barely out of their 20's. That gives them 10 years ahead, in top-class Soccer.

The Young Ones of Anfield today

can only get better, as they mature with age and experience.

Don Revie, the manager of Leeds United, said two or three seasons ago—when the average age of his team was around 24—that he couldn't wait to see how good they would be, in three years' time.

Look at Leeds today—they are better than ever. But Liverpool, too, can look ahead and say that three years from now, they will have a side considerably better than the one they have now—which is NOT bad, any way.

And The Young Ones will still be only in their mid-20's . . . so, by Revie's rule, they have three more years in which to reach their peak after THAT.

Building a football team takes time and patience; but the shrewd foresight of manager Shankly has already been confirmed, in the players he has at his disposal now.

Before Bill Shankly quits his Anfield empire, he may well again have a team that is being tagged the side of the 70's . . . just as his last great team was labelled the side of the 60's.

And then, The Young Ones will really have come into their own.

BIG EM

He's the defender who likes nothing better than going forward and joining in the ATTACK!

A BIG RANGY, good-looking lad with an impish sense of humour—that's Emlyn Hughes. A lad who also happens to be a tremendously accomplished professional footballer . . . even if his dad was a Rugby League professional.

Emlyn hails from the Rugby League stronghold of Barrow, and he played the game a few times; but he has never regretted taking the step which brought him acclaim through Soccer.

Liverpool manager Bill Shankly didn't take long to size up Big Em's potential, when the lad was a comparatively raw learner at Blackpool.

Indeed, Shankly watched him play in a game against Blackburn Rovers—and decided there was only one thing to do . . . try to sign him. But he got the thumbs-down from Blackpool, when he made his first attempt.

Shankly, however, can bide his time; and the time came when Blackpool were unable to refuse the £65,000 which Liverpool were ready, willing and able to pay. Shankly got his man.

And people then asked: "Who's this lad Emlyn Hughes?"

Even after he had begun to play for Liverpool, there were still those who insisted: "He's a big lad, a strong lad . . . but he's not as good as they claim."

Like Bill Shankly, though, England team-manager Sir Alf Ramsey believed that here was a great footballer in the making.

It seems strange to reflect that little more than three years ago, the name of Emlyn Hughes meant little to people

away from the boundaries of Bloomfield-road, Blackpool, and Anfield. But today, Emlyn Hughes is accepted as a player who has arrived.

He had made only a handful of first-team appearances for Blackpool—perhaps around two dozen—when Bill Shankly landed him for Liverpool. But he made giant strides after he had arrived at Anfield.

Hughes was originally a full-back, but now he is playing a midfield role from wing-half for Liverpool. And looking every inch the professional's professional.

For he grafts and runs non-stop, covers a vast amount of ground in every game, and covers team-mates who find themselves in trouble.

It didn't take long for Hughes to catch the eye of Sir Alf Ramsey, and England Under-23 caps quickly came his way. Then, just a year ago, Big Em was awarded his first full England cap, against Holland in Amsterdam. At left-back . . .

Bill Shankly summed up the situation, when he said: "There is no limit to how far this boy can go. He has skill, speed, strength, determination, tem-



West Brom's John Talbot just manages to block this fierce shot from Emlyn Hughes—and there's no doubt about the effort both men are putting into their game.

perament . . . which surely gives him everything a star requires."

So, at 22, Emlyn Hughes began his full international career, even if Sir Alf saw him as a full-back, rather than a midfield operator.

But by February of this year, Ramsey had acknowledged his fluent play at wing-half by picking him for the England-Belgium match in Brussels—and assigning to him the midfield role he plays for Liverpool.

By March this year, Hughes was a footballer whose life seemed to be all go. For he had played almost 50 games, since the start of the season—and the World Cup in Mexico was coming up fast.

At that time, he had played more than 150 games for Liverpool, and by the early stages of this season he had reached the 200 mark. Meantime, with Liverpool, England Under-23's and the full England team, he had travelled most of Europe . . . and even further afield.

Scandinavia, Portugal, Germany, Holland, Belgium, the Iron Curtain—even the Canaries . . . Big Em had been and seen all these.

This season he has been on his travels again, after the World Cup, for Liverpool have been engaged in Europe once more. And Emlyn Hughes seems to enjoy every moment of it.

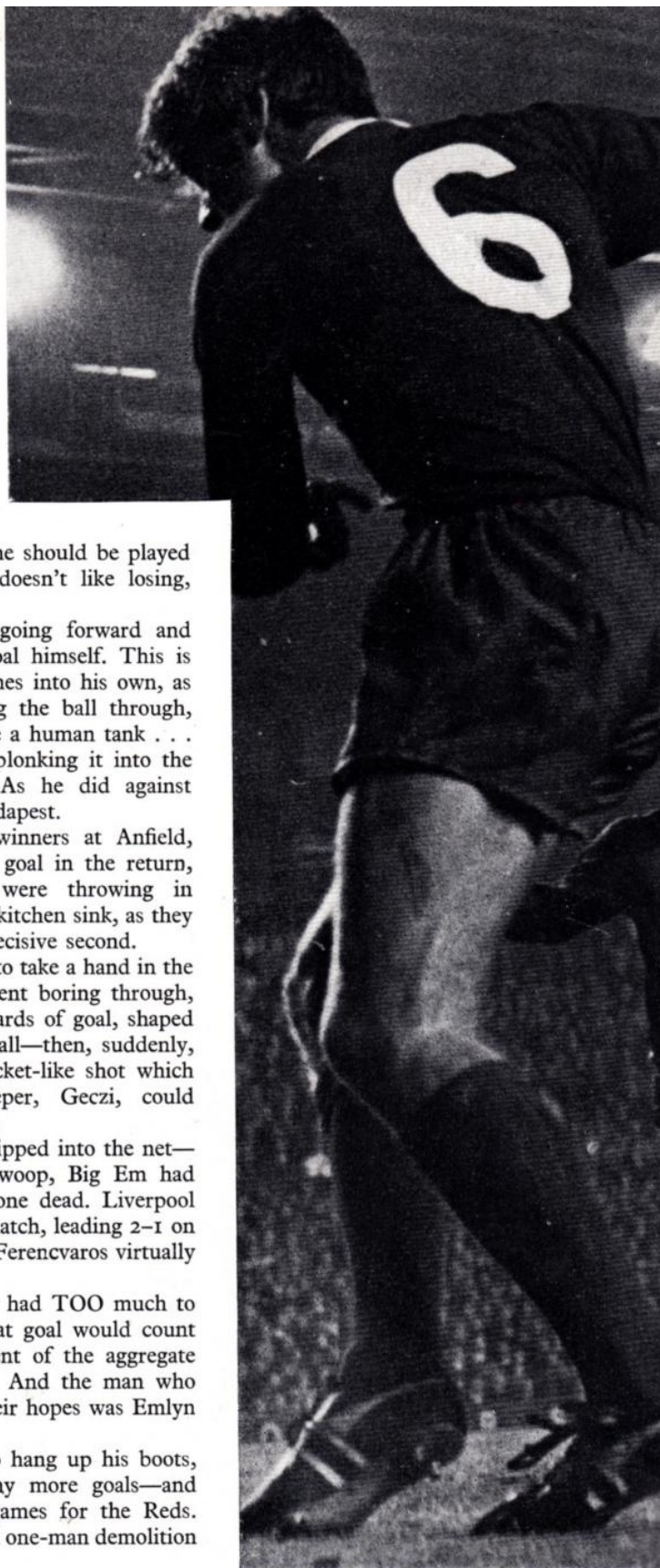
It doesn't take much to make him laugh; and he's been a pin-up boy of the football followers for quite a long time. Indeed, towards the end of the 1968-69 season, he was voted the best-looking Soccer player.

More than 36,000 girls had voted him top of the pops in the Football League Review most-attractive footballer poll. And 36,000 surely couldn't be wrong! In fact, Emlyn polled 5,000 votes more than his nearest challenger.

But Emlyn's heart is really in football—and that's where he puts every ounce of his 5 ft. 10½ in., 11 stone 13 lb. frame. Football to him is a joyful adventure, and you can sense it whenever he gets the ball. This is what he's living for—the chance to show his Soccer skills and help his team to victory.

The lad with the engaging grin doesn't make football a grim affair—but

How would YOU like to come up against Big Em?—Here he is in action once more . . . a formidable opponent, indeed.



he believes the game should be played to be WON. He doesn't like losing, one little bit.

And he enjoys going forward and having a go for goal himself. This is when he really comes into his own, as you see him taking the ball through, driving onward like a human tank . . . and, on occasion, plonking it into the back of the net. As he did against Ferencvaros, in Budapest.

Liverpool, 1-0 winners at Anfield, were trailing by a goal in the return, and Ferencvaros were throwing in everything but the kitchen sink, as they strove to get the decisive second.

Hughes decided to take a hand in the proceedings. He went boring through, got to within 20 yards of goal, shaped as if to pass the ball—then, suddenly, he unleashed a rocket-like shot which the giant goalkeeper, Geczi, could scarcely have seen.

The ball fairly zipped into the net—and, in one fell swoop, Big Em had killed the game stone dead. Liverpool were level in the match, leading 2-1 on aggregate . . . and Ferencvaros virtually packed it in.

They knew they had TOO much to do, to win; for that goal would count double, in the event of the aggregate scores being level. And the man who had demolished their hopes was Emlyn Hughes.

Before he has to hang up his boots, he will score many more goals—and win many more games for the Reds. Because he can be a one-man demolition squad.

A Salute to the Old Firm



Geoff Strong

Willie Stevenson



IT WOULD be utterly and totally wrong to write about Liverpool, without mention of "the old firm" . . . the men who, though now deposed, gave so much to make Liverpool the team of the 60's.

Tommy Lawrence, Ron Yeats, Ian St. John, Geoff Strong, Gerry Byrne, Willie Stevenson, Gordon Milne, Roger Hunt . . . men like these have earned an honoured place in Liverpool's history.

Lawrence was a home-produced player; a man whose name was automatically on the team sheet, through many, many games. Just like Yeats and St. John were certainties, too, week in and week out.

Geoff Strong was a £40,000 signing from Arsenal who stayed long enough at Anfield to become their "Mr. Versatile"—he could play at full-back, at centre-half, at wing-half, and as a scoring forward. What value he gave to Liverpool, before his transfer to Coventry!

Willie Stevenson, too, was a player of tremendous talent, and he served the Reds so well, before he departed from Anfield for Stoke. A Scot, like Yeats and St. John, Stevenson was a player

who delighted with some of the arts and crafts of the game.

Gerry Byrne . . . who could ever forget his courage when he played through an F.A. Cup final at Wembley? And Leeds United, the opposition that day, didn't know until it was all over that Gerry had played on with a broken collar bone.

Gordon Milne, as Bill Shankly has admitted, was "a steal" from Preston at the price. Shankly had known the player since he was a toddler—after all, Bill had played for Preston, where Gordon's father finished up as manager.

Milne was eventually transferred to Blackpool, after having given Liverpool sterling service.

And what about Roger Hunt?—Here was the man the fans dubbed "Sir Roger". He broke the club's scoring record, he played the game like the gentleman he is—and so long as he was up front, Liverpool were always in with a chance.

The sad night came when Roger was pulled off during a Cup-tie against Leicester. And at Anfield, too, of all places. It was a move which Bill Shankly made with reluctance. He knew how Roger would feel . . . he knew how he felt himself, about having to take the decision.

You could go through many, many games in which Roger Hunt played, and point to the vital goals he scored for Liverpool. But that would tell only half the story of the fantastic partnership Roger and the Reds struck up, in his years at Anfield.

A partnership which also involved the supporters, for THEY could see no wrong in "Sir Roger". And never did he give them cause to berate him, either.

It was a wrench, a sad day, indeed, when Roger parted company with Liverpool, and went to Bolton. A wrench for Roger to leave, a wrench for Shankly to bid him farewell. But it was another sign that the days of the "old firm" were numbered.

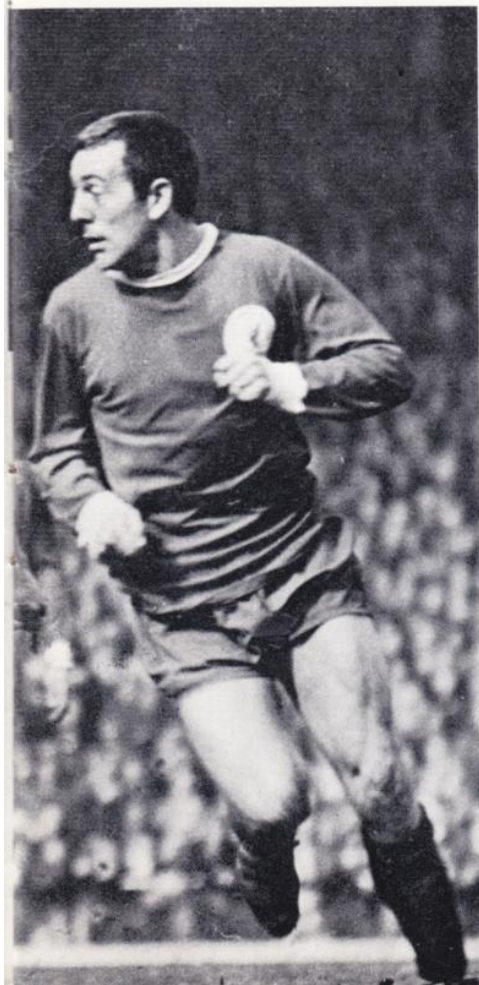
Tommy Lawrence





Ron Yeats (left) and Roger Hunt, pictured with the F.A. Charity Shield . . . just one of the honours that the "old firm" helped to earn for Liverpool.

Ian St. John



Now over to two Scots . . . And first, Ron Yeats. A colossus at centre-half; a man whose opponents bounced off him—if they had the misfortune or the lack of sense to try physical conclusions with big Ron.

He bestrode the Anfield scene like the giant he was; and many a centre-forward with a reputation for scoring goals was made to look puny, a veritable pygmy, when he came up against the man who was marking him.

Ian St. John, the Scot from Motherwell, became an idol of the Anfield crowd—Everton star Alan Ball, in his Blackpool days, once tangled with "The Saint" . . . and didn't the Anfield crowd let him know it!

In the sizzling 60's, St. John played football like a master; his razor-keen brain telegraphed messages which enabled him to read situations before they were even "on".

He could score goals, he could make them. His passes were astute—so much so, that they foiled the opposition completely. And he was ever there, lurking in space or running yards to make space, when the ball was in some other part of the field.

When the time came to make adjustments to the Liverpool team, no-one

was more genuinely sorry than Bill Shankly. These, as he said, were HIS players . . . men who had done marvellous things for Liverpool.

You cannot depose people who have been kings, and not feel upset about doing it. Shankly admitted this, and made no secret of the fact that it caused him real regret. He must have pondered long and hard before taking the irrevocable steps.

Indeed, Bill Shankly conceded that he believed his team of the 60's would have had longer to run, before the parting of the ways became necessary.

Gordon Milne and Willie Stevenson had already been transferred; then Roger Hunt went to Bolton; Gerry Byrne could no longer play his part, for injury had taken its toll; and last season, men like Yeats and St. John found that their places were in jeopardy. This season, Strong was transferred.

So the transition had been effected. The "old firm" dropped out of the limelight. But not out of the affections of those who have followed the fortunes of Liverpool these past 10 years.

And the contributions that players such as these made towards Liverpool's success never will be forgotten; neither do they deserve to be.

Lloyd will play at No.5

An under-23 cap now . . . and a World Cup wonder in four years time

THE WORLD of Larry Lloyd must seem to be exciting . . . marvellous . . . fantastic. As it stands, right now. For he is Liverpool's first-choice centre-half, and he has been noticed by England team-manager, Sir Alf Ramsey.

Little more than a month ago, he made his European debut, against the Hungarians of Ferencvaros, and followed up with a game for the Under-23 side at Leicester.

But the world of Larry Lloyd may take on even more dazzling dimensions, within the next couple of years or so. For here is a player—virtually unknown in April, 1969—who will surely become an England star . . . and probably in the next World Cup, in Germany.

April, 1969, was the month that Liverpool manager Bill Shankly set the football world astir. For he swooped, secretly and without even a hint leaking out that he was interested in the player, to sign Lloyd from Bristol Rovers.

Lloyd was 20; he was in his first season of League football with Rovers; yet Shankly did not hesitate—he signed him for £50,000 without batting an eyelid, and set out to groom him as the successor to Ron Yeats.

Everton, the other team on Merseyside, had already had experience of Lloyd—he played against them in a first-round F.A. Cup-tie at Goodison Park on February 12, 1969.

Liverpool's interest in Lloyd had begun, even then, for a club official had seen him give an outstanding display in a game at Tranmere in the January.

The report went back to Bill Shankly that here was a player to be watched . . . and the Liverpool boss duly had him watched. Bill saw for himself, when

Bristol Rovers played Everton in that Cup-tie. And he decided that the big fellow—Larry stands 6ft. 2in. tall—would do for him.

Bristol-born, Lloyd graduated through Rovers' junior teams, and in his brief senior spell with Rovers, he missed only one game. Doubtless the friendship between Rovers manager Fred Ford and Bill Shankly—they were at Carlisle together—paved the way for the deal to go through smoothly. Ford, of course, later moved to Swindon—the team that knocked the Reds out of the League Cup!

And Lloyd spent his final night as a Rovers player at Goodison Park—this time watching Everton in their top-of-the-table clash with Leeds United.

"It was the first live First Division match I'd seen—and it frightened me a bit, to think of myself playing among those kinds of players," he admitted afterwards.

Lloyd was still a little dazzled by his phenomenal rise from obscurity to First Division. "It all happened so quickly that I cannot get used to the idea," said the genial giant.

He signed for Bristol Rovers as an Amateur at the age of 15, and by the time he was 17 he had gained four England amateur international caps. For two years, he worked as a fitter, and he did not sign professional forms for Rovers until he was 18.

Today, the world of big-time Soccer is within his grasp. The glory, the rewards . . . they are there for the taking. Anyone who saw him in action against Ferencvaros, in the two Fairs Cup-ties this season, will agree that Larry Lloyd had progressed tremendously.

A little bit frightened of the competition in First Division football?—You should have seen him, in Budapest!

He was the rock on which so many Ferencvaros attacks floundered, and were finally shattered. He read situations so swiftly that he seemed to be in three places at once, as he covered ground and covered team-mates.

That dark head was constantly in action, nodding the ball clear of goal; and those boots of his were just as quick to put the ball where it could do no harm to Liverpool.

Assuming that Larry Lloyd maintains his form, and makes even further progress—which he should—he has a long and illustrious career ahead of him.

Sir Alf Ramsey has noted how he can play—and he isn't a centre-half who just gives the ball the big boot. Almost every move he makes is calculated, constructive.

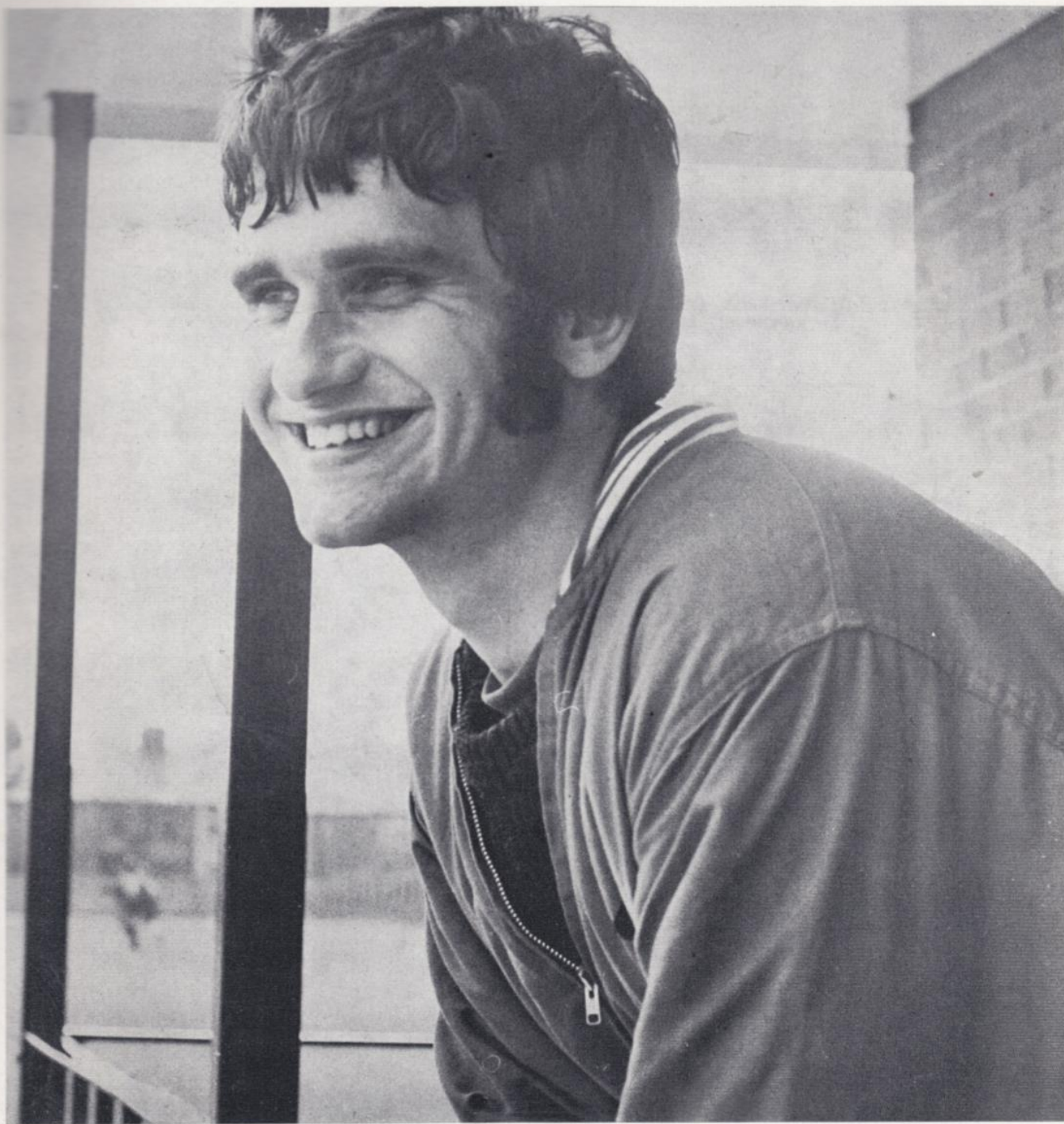
Lloyd may have come from behind, when you think about players who have already had England Under-23 recognition. Men like Alan Stephenson and Roy McFarland.

But Larry has been catching up so fast that it will be no great surprise if he overtakes every contender in sight, bearing in mind that the World Cup is in four years' time.

By then, Brian Labone and Jackie Charlton will surely be out of the reckoning. Everton's Roger Kenyon may have come to the fore even more.

But the name that could well be on everyone's lips is that of Larry Lloyd. For this fellow looks the genuine article—and he could be at the very top—to stay.

for England !





A switch in time puts Lindsay back in the big-time!

SEPTEMBER, 1970, brought what looked like an end to the troubled days of footballer Alec Lindsay, the lad whom Liverpool signed from Bury for £65,000—the lad who, only a few weeks earlier, had clearly decided he didn't fit into the Anfield pattern.

Liverpool manager Bill Shankly had never doubted his ability, but he was switched around quite a bit in the reserves, played with varying success in first-team roles, and finally looked like leaving the Anfield scene altogether.

Indeed, Lindsay handed in a transfer request—and had it granted.

Last season, Lindsay played five first-team matches; but, somehow, the essential spark which had swayed Liverpool into paying that hefty transfer fee for him seemed to have vanished.

This season, it looked like a case of him playing in the reserves again, until some other club took Liverpool up on that transfer request.

And then Liverpool gave him his chance to show what he could do at left-back, in a hard game at Newcastle. Lindsay fitted into the position like a hand fits perfectly into a glove.

His next test came against Ferencvaros, in the European Fairs Cup-tie at

Anfield. After an indecisive start, Lindsay went from strength to strength.

And in the return game in Budapest, he took the eye many times, with timely interceptions, shrewd passes forward, and occasional forays into the Ferencvaros territory.

So the problems which beset Liverpool at left-back, since Gerry Byrne had to bow out through injury, could well have been solved, to the satisfaction of both Liverpool and Alec Lindsay.

As manager Bill Shankly reported, after that first game at Newcastle: "The lad looked as if he had been playing at left-back all his life. He places passes up the touchline with tremendous accuracy." And so he does.

Lindsay was 21 when Liverpool landed him from Bury as a wing-half starlet, in April, 1969. So he could give them 10 years' top-class service at left-back.

Lindsay achieved fame with Bury in the same era that they produced players like Colin Bell, Bobby Owen and Jimmy Kerr. Bell and Owen went to Manchester City for a total fee of more than £100,000; and Kerr joined Blackburn this season, in another £65,000 deal.

Bell has certainly proved a top-class investment for Manchester City; and Lindsay looks like doing the same for

the Reds. Lindsay's appearances in the reserves last season earned him a reputation as a fellow who could score goals—he has a strong shot, as well as being an accurate passer of the ball.

While he was at Bury, he excelled as a defensive player—who suddenly went forward, striking for goal. Now he's back in the No. 3 jersey for Liverpool . . . but you can see that he spells danger as an attacker, too.

One of his trademarks is to push a ball almost down the touchline to a forward—and it seems, at times, that such a move isn't on, without letting the ball run out of play.

But such is Lindsay's accuracy, as he stabs the ball forward, that it will run unerringly to the player for whom the pass is intended. And, seconds later, you realise Lindsay has gone up himself, and is ready to receive the return.

Certainly in the last couple of months the question mark over Lindsay's future has practically vanished. The storm clouds could be a thing of the past.

So long as he plays at left-back, he cannot be other than happy; and so long as he keeps up the form that won him the place, Liverpool must be happy, too. Happy enough to reject ANY overtures for his transfer . . .



Europe-How much



HOW MUCH does Europe mean to British Soccer?—And we're NOT talking about the Common Market, of course . . . Since the days when Real Madrid had a virtual monopoly of the European Cup, British clubs have tried—and two have succeeded—to capture Europe's premier club trophy.

But there are signs that, today, some people at home are turning their eyes away from Europe, and there are more and more inducements being dangled before clubs, in the shape of competitions in this country. Will there be a break between Britain and Europe, in Soccer?—Of course not!

Yet Europe is not the be-all and end-all. There is plenty of cash to be made on the home front, these days, as well. And, as Everton manager Harry Catterick has observed, winning the First Division title is STILL the greatest achievement of all.

Liverpool manager Bill Shankly isn't over-keen on these excursions into

Europe, either—although the Liverpool boss recognises full well that success in Europe is not only a boost to the prestige of a club.

It can mean a financial windfall of up to £100,000 . . . and THAT sort of money is not to be sneezed at.

With £100,000, you can buy an Alun Evans—and pay cash on the nail; or you can plough it back into football, in the shape of better facilities for the fans or the players.

New stands, such as we now see at Anfield and Goodison, don't arise overnight; neither does the money which pays for them.

There is another angle to European football, as well. Liverpool and Everton have yet to hit the jackpot there. After Chelsea had been discouraged from entering Europe, when they won the First Division title, Manchester United came along to succeed them—and they promptly and blandly ignored every suggestion that they should not compete.

Matt Busby took his Red Devils into Europe—and, after 10 years of striving, captured the European Cup for England. It was the second time a British club had achieved the feat of winning the European Cup, for Glasgow Celtic had been the previous holders.

On the European Cup-winners Cup front, West Ham and Tottenham had taken the trophy, in 1965 and 1963, respectively. That generated a deal of enthusiasm for more. Manchester City obliged, last season.

And in the Fairs Cup, England scored a hat-trick of final victories, starting with Leeds United in 1968, followed by Newcastle United, and topped off by Arsenal.

English clubs now have assumed a dominance in Europe which they have been seeking for years. Now the Continentals WANT us to be in the big European competitions, for such is

the quality of clubs from these islands that we are crowd-pullers.

But while teams like Manchester United, Manchester City, West Ham, Tottenham, Leeds, Newcastle and Arsenal have tilted at the European windmill, and succeeded, the BIG TWO from Merseyside have been singularly unsuccessful.

Liverpool did reach the final of the European Cup-winners Cup, and they did reach the semi-finals of the European Cup. But they never brought home a trophy. And Everton have fared much worse.

Everton had the misfortune to come up against Inter-Milan, straight away, the last time they won the First Division championship, in 1963. Everton went out, straight away . . . and Inter went on to win the European Cup.

Everton have done relatively nothing, either, in the Cup-winners Cup and the Fairs Cup. Small wonder, then, that Harry Catterick does not exactly go wild with enthusiasm over European competitions.

But again, at the same time, his shrewd business brain is well aware that success in these competitions rakes in the cash. Don Revie, manager of Leeds United, has admitted that his club have been more than grateful for the money which has been spun their way from European tournaments.

Leeds, up to this season, have had good reason to be disappointed with their gates at Elland-road; and the cash from the European encounters has helped in no small measure to swell the Leeds coffers and enable them to go out and plunge for players like Mick Jones (£100,000) and Allan Clarke (£165,000).

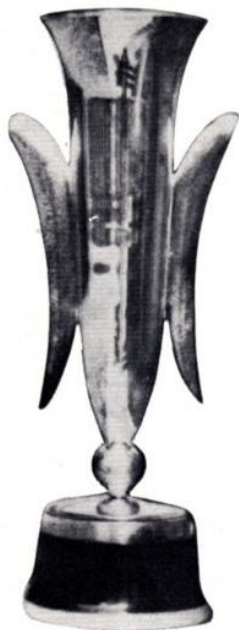
So both Everton and Liverpool well know that while Europe has its pitfalls, its snares, it can also bestow handsome financial rewards upon those who seek and achieve success.

Yet neither Catterick nor Shankly

does it matter?

would want to put all their eggs in the European basket, for there are good pickings to be made at home. The League title, of course—the fans will flock to watch a team fighting it out for the championship. And the F.A. Cup.

There is a guaranteed crowd of 100,000 at Wembley for an F.A. Cup final every year—and last season's receipts totalled a record, when you



take in the replay between Leeds and Chelsea at Old Trafford.

The League Cup, too, has become a cash bonanza for the two finalists, with the game staged at Wembley—indeed, every competing club gets a rake-off from this competition.

It started off as "Hardaker's baby"—a tournament scorned and scoffed at; but it has been weaned into a thriving money-spinner.

Just look at the receipts from the final between Manchester City and West Brom. The 100,000 crowd paid £123,000 . . . and that, as the Americans used to say, ain't hay.

Now we have sponsored football—the Watney Cup, the Texaco competition, the Ford Sporting League . . . and there is the possibility of more to come.

There are plenty of people inside the game who are wondering where it will all end. But the bosses who hold sway in the corridors of Football League power are no mugs—they are concerned, and rightly, that the game shall benefit from the massive injections of cash.

So, in fact, it is certain that whatever the pattern of football at home, over the next few seasons, every club will stand to rake in extra money.

The trouble, of course, is that crack clubs can fight only on a limited number of fronts, if they wish to achieve glowing success.

Those fronts, right now, are the League, the European Cup, the F.A. Cup, the League Cup, and the Cup-winners Cup and the Fairs Cup.

It still matters to win the title, and go in quest of the European Cup; the F.A. Cup opens the door to the Cup-winners Cup; and the League Cup is the gateway to the Fairs Cup.

So when you go for one prize, you are automatically going for a double.

This, then, is the dilemma that clubs like Everton and Liverpool, Leeds and Manchester City face, as they battle against each other and against European opponents.

Even this season, Everton reached a point where Harry Catterick must have wondered which was the best course. After that bad start, Everton were way behind Leeds in the League—and Catterick must have pondered whether to forget the League, and concentrate on the European Cup and the F.A. Cup.

But, of course, Everton had to snap out of that bad spell—and now they are still in with a chance of the League. Liverpool, too, have clearly had to ponder upon the relative importance of their entry into the League Cup—



should they go flat out to win it, and ensure themselves a place in Europe next season, or would it not matter too much if Mansfield, say, knocked them out?

Well, Mansfield didn't knock them out. And the situation, under such circumstances, changes again. For, once you start to make progress, you become eager to go further and further. And the same applies in the F.A. Cup. Those visions of Wembley begin to take shape.

HOW MUCH, then, does Europe matter to English clubs?—Still a very great deal. And, indeed, considering the success other and lesser lights have had in European competition, it would be very nice, indeed, if Liverpool and Everton could bring home a European trophy.

As managers Catterick and Shankly duly appreciate.

It would be something new for the fans to cheer; and, financially speaking, it would be a golden pay-off to a season of success.



THREE YEARS is a long time for a professional footballer to play second fiddle — and consistently second fiddle—to a first-team man. Yet that is exactly what Ray Clemence did, after his arrival at Anfield.

Tommy Lawrence, it seemed, was a fixture between the posts, as Liverpool's first-choice goalkeeper. Now and again, but not very often, the goalkeeper whom Liverpool had signed from Scunthorpe for around £18,000, would get a chance in the senior line-up.

Clemence, a six-footer who weighs 12 stone, is a Skegness lad who spent two years with Scunthorpe.

He signed for Liverpool in June, 1967, when he was an 18-year-old, and the previous season he had played in 46 first-team games and two F.A. Cup-ties for Scunthorpe. Not big-time stuff . . . but at least, it was first-team football.

Bill Shankly said of his new boy, at the time: "He's a nicely-built lad, with one or two mannerisms, and maybe a wee bit cocky. But we're getting him in plenty of time to work on him."

By last December, when Clemence was 21, he had played but three first-team games . . . and conceded not one goal. He played when Liverpool beat Swansea 2-0 in a League Cup-tie, and when Liverpool beat Dundalk 10-0 and 4-0 in Fairs Cup matches.

Yet he was already the possessor of an Under-23 cap, gained when he played for England against Wales two seasons earlier.

As Christmas loomed last year, Liverpool reserves were once more strolling towards the Central League title, having then won 21 out of 27 games—and having lost only one match.

As for Clemence, he could feel proud of the fact that he had conceded only EIGHT goals, while his team-mates had scored more than 60.

Indeed, counting two first-team matches, he had figured in 29 games and shut out opposing forwards completely 23 times.

Clemence won his England Under-23 cap after 13 reserve games for Liverpool, in which he had been beaten only 10 times. A few weeks ago, he was called

Cool, calm and collected... that's goalkeeper Ray Clemence



up again by Sir Alf Ramsey, as a substitute for the England Under-23 match at Leicester. The No. 1 choice was Peter Shilton—who plays for Leicester, and is regarded as the natural successor to Gordon Banks.

Meanwhile, Clemence has finally taken over the role of principal at Anfield, and—so it seems—abandoned his role as understudy to Tommy Lawrence.

The lad who was once a bank clerk

and had a spell looking after the deck chairs on the beach at Skegness has arrived—as a fully-fledged member of the new-look Liverpool first team.

Clemence has been worth waiting for; and no doubt Liverpool feel that all the work they have done on him has been worth while.

You couldn't really call him cocky, as he goes out to keep goal. But, now that he has made it, there's a certain air about him in action.

The air of a player who always believed in himself, and is now being given the chance to prove to the world that he ranks with the best.

He looks calm, cool—and safe as the Banks of England. And though young Shilton is first in line as Banks's England successor, right now, don't be TOO sure that Ray Clemence won't be breathing right down Peter's neck. Well before the 1974 World Cup.

Demolition Job on Dinamo!

DINAMO BUCHAREST came, saw . . . and were conquered, at Anfield. It was the Fairs Cup-tie, and everyone expected another hard encounter, as Liverpool sought to pile on the goals.

In the previous round, they had managed only one goal, against Ferencvaros, of Hungary. And Dinamo were rated just as formidable.

But Liverpool were in ruthless mood as they threw everything into attack, and Dinamo cracked. Three times the Reds got the ball in the net . . . without reply.

On the right, you can see how the goals came. The first was a cracking header from inside right Alec Lindsay; the second came from right-back Chris Lawler. And the third came from that human dynamo, Emlyn Hughes.

It could so easily have been a six-goal triumph for Liverpool at Anfield, for they hit the bar twice and had another near-miss when Lawler (below) was just foiled by keeper Constantinescu.

It was a result which put the Reds in great heart for their return trip to Bucharest. For Dinamo faced the almost-impossible task of scoring FOUR—

without reply—to win the tie.

For a few brief moments, in the return game, it seemed Dinamo Bucharest might make a fight of it, for they scored after half an hour.

But Liverpool, who had substituted Phil Boersma for the injured Alun Evans after only 15 minutes, came out looking for goals in the second half—and within five minutes, Boersma had got one.

This restored Liverpool's winning margin to three goals, they gave nothing more away, going through on a 4-1 aggregate to meet Hibs in the next round.



GOAL 1



GOAL 2



GOAL 3





Heads I win! Chris Lawler gets up to head the ball during—Fairs Cup—tie against Ferencvaros.

THE QUIET MAN—that's what you could call Chris Lawler. When other players were enjoying themselves with much more expression—such as joining lustily in singing—after the Fairs Cup-tie against Ferencvaros in Budapest, Chris sat quietly having a drink.

Only his smile betrayed the fact that he, too, was relaxing and savouring the impromptu entertainment being provided by his team-mates. And yet there is not a player they would rather have on their side, at right-back.

For Chris is not only a quiet man—he is virtually Mr. Consistency.

In April, last year, he chalked up a run of 200 consecutive first-team games for Liverpool—the last time he had missed a match was a European Cup-winner's Cup-tie against Juventus in Turin, in September, 1965.

After the Ferencvaros game, it looked as if he might miss the Anfield battle against Chelsea, the following Saturday,

for he had a couple of stitches in an eye injury. But . . . he was there again.

Only last March he reached another milestone in his career with Liverpool, when he went out to play against Arsenal at Highbury. For this was his 250th consecutive first-team appearance, and his 317th game for the Reds.

Somehow, you never expect to see his name missing from the team sheet . . .

Lawler's fantastic run began with a home match against Aston Villa on October 2, 1965—and Villa, you will reflect, are in the THIRD Division today.

At the time that he chalked up his 250th consecutive first-team game, his record made impressive reading: 193 League matches, 25 European ties; 24 F.A. Cup-ties; seven League Cup-ties; and one F.A. Charity Shield game.

Today, of course, he has added to that total, with two European ties against Ferencvaros, and the games

against Dinamo Bucharest. Plus this season's League Cup-ties . . . and, inevitably, the Saturday-by-Saturday League matches. And there is the F.A. Cup still to come.

Chris has still a long way to go before he can beat the record of Harold Bell, who played 401 consecutive League matches for Tranmere Rovers, between 1946 and 1955—but he has certainly earned his Anfield title of "Mr. Consistency".

Lawler is an accomplished defender, who can look after most opposing wingers—and in his time he has faced the best—while going forward himself as an attacking full-back.

Indeed, he has earned a reputation among opponents as a player who can lay on goals—and score them. He has totted up more than 30 goals in his career, and more than a score of these have been in League matches.

So he can set a record here, because Stan Lynn (Villa and Birmingham) and

The Quiet Man of Anfield can always be relied on to be in the line-up

Jackie Brownsword (Scunthorpe) each notched 50 League goals, from full-back.

Chris can make it—and without the aid of penalties, which helped the other two players achieve their totals. For Chris Lawler (as yet) is not recognised as a spot-kick man.

Last December, Chris reached another landmark, when he played in his 300th first-team game for Liverpool—it also happened to be the derby game against Everton.

Oddly enough, when he comes up against Everton's Johnny Morrissey, it is a case of former Liverpool Boys players being in direct opposition. Chris went on to skipper Lancashire and England boys . . . at centre-half.

Indeed, he made his debut for Liverpool as deputy for big Ron Yeats. But now he is regarded as a right-back, and in this position he has consistently shown flair.

Chris has won England Under-23



honours, but it looks now as if he may miss the greatest honour of all—playing for England in a full international.

However, Chris is not the type to grumble . . . he can rest assured that he has already done enough for Liverpool to earn the respect and admiration of the fans. And not all of them are on Merseyside.

Lawler in attacking mood—and this powerful header goes just wide of goal . . . much to the relief of West Brom defender John Talbut.



THE TOP RIVALS FOR THE TITLE

WHO CAN wrest the championship crown from Everton? Or can Everton keep right on to the end of the road, and finish up by winning the title again?

Three months ago, some foolish forecasters were already saying that the title had slipped away from Everton, as Leeds United raced into an eight-point lead . . . just as Everton themselves had done, at one stage last season.

As the Everton machine stuttered and spluttered, Leeds began to assume the appearance of an unstoppable juggernaut, as they steam-rolled their way to victory after victory, in their first five matches.

Manchester City, too, were piling up the points; and Liverpool went from August 15 until September 26, before they finally lost their first game in League, League Cup or Fairs Cup.

Then there were other teams of quality—Chelsea, Arsenal and (surprisingly) Crystal Palace, throwing up a challenge from London. Meanwhile, all was not well with Everton . . .

Their new skipper Alan Ball, was being criticised for his on-field actions,

as he roused team-mates; there were plenty of people not too happy about the replacement of Brian Labone, as skipper—and as centre-half, by Roger Kenyon.

Suddenly, though, Everton clicked—they won at West Ham, and the criticism became a little muted; they won at home against Ipswich, and they won at Blackpool, and they rounded off September by beating Crystal Palace. Suddenly, Everton was thrusting their way up the table.

Meanwhile, Leeds still lorded it at the top—but they had begun to suffer reverses . . . and injuries. Johnny Giles, for instance, required an operation which put him out for weeks.

The odds were beginning to even up, so far as Everton were concerned—although there was still an uncomfortable amount of leeway to be made up, too.

However, as Harry Catterick observed, after the 3-1 beating of Crystal Palace, there was still a long, long way to go before the title issue could be decided.

Who, then, as the half-way stage looms, can be rated as the most dangerous challengers for Everton's crown?—Certainly, the name of Leeds United must be to the fore. They have skill, strength and power.

They have a team of internationals, almost—and even without Giles, they are a formidable combination. Billy

Bremner, their Scottish international skipper, leads them ever on; Paul Reaney, the full-back who broke a leg, is back in action, and that could release jack-of-all-trades Paul Madeley for other work; and up front, they have the twin striking spearhead of Allan Clarke and Mick Jones.

Chelsea, too, who finished third last time out, have what Harry Catterick regards as one of the best-equipped pools of players in the First Division. And in men like Ian Hutchinson, Peter Osgood and Alan Hudson, they have players of flair.

Liverpool, as Don Revie has observed more than once, can NEVER be discounted—even though Bill Shankly has refashioned his team at Anfield. Lawrence, Yeats and St. John are in the shadows—but other, younger men have sprung to the fore.

Shankly rates John McLaughlin a gem; Alun Evans has regained the scoring touch; Bobby Graham is a red-shirted pimpnel; and, behind them, Liverpool have the power and purpose of Emlyn Hughes and Tommy Smith.

Even then, you cannot finish without mention of goalkeeper Ray Clemence and centre-half Larry Lloyd, for these two players have grown in stature with each game. And Alec Lindsay, after an uncertain, unhappy first few weeks, could be the answer to Liverpool's left-back problem.



Harry Catterick



Don Revie



Joe Mercer



Bill Shankly

Manchester City, lying close to Leeds, have aces in their pack like Colin Bell and Francis Lee, and they are guided by the shrewd old head of Tony Book, a captain whose influence cannot be measured. City can score goals—and they have tightened their defence.

Manchester United are the unpredictable—they can turn on the magic, but they can also play like men uninspired. Yet they can never be dismissed, while they have stars like Best and Charlton in their ranks.

Arsenal are a team who seldom lose by more than the odd goal—indeed, they seldom lose. Their five-goal drubbing at Stoke in September was one of those things.

Basically, they have a tight defence on which they rely to keep out the opposition; and they have enough fire-power to score a goal or two themselves. John Radford, especially, can be a menace, given half a chance.

Derby County, who finished fourth last season, do not look such a good bet this time; nor do Coventry—but Tottenham could present a greater challenge than last time, although Crystal Palace will surprise everyone if they maintain their march towards the top.

You can dismiss teams like Southampton, Ipswich, Blackpool, Huddersfield, Stoke and Wolves. Burnley are too far behind to catch anyone. And West Ham are too inconsistent to reach for

the honours in a 42-game slog.

When it is all boiled down, you need look no further than these teams: Everton, Leeds, Liverpool, Chelsea, Manchester City, possibly Arsenal or Tottenham . . . and maybe, just maybe, Manchester United.

From this group will emerge the League champions of 1970-71 season. And if you aim to whittle it down to a short list, you must plump for Everton, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester City—and Chelsea as good outsiders.

The dominance of the northern clubs is still complete, for they are the teams everyone fears. People said Liverpool would need two more seasons, before they could hope to break through to take the title again—but Bill Shankly has accomplished much more in a much shorter time than most people believed possible.

Everton will get better and better in the first five years of the 70's. And Leeds will not begin to run out of steam for at least three seasons.

Manchester City may miss out, for once, after their run of successes which scooped the title, the F.A. Cup, the League Cup and the European Cup-winners Cup—but do not underestimate the shrewd planning of Joe Mercer and Malcolm Allison. They will see to it that City don't flop.

Chelsea, guided by Dave Sexton and his No. 2, Ronnie Suart, will continue to present a southern challenge over the

next few seasons—and it may well grow, rather than diminish.

But this season, Leeds United look like being the team they all have to beat, in the race for the title. Leeds are in Europe again; but the Fairs Cup is not their real aim. They have already won that.

This season, their priority is the championship—it comes before Europe, before the F.A. Cup. Like Liverpool and Everton, Leeds will take each game as it comes . . . but they will take each League game more seriously than any other engagement they may have.

For Leeds were bitterly disappointed that they did not lift the European Cup last season. They still believe they have the team most fitted to do it—and they want another crack at Europe's premier club competition. The doorway to the European Cup will be open, if they can regain the title.

Don Revie and his team want that title, next spring; and they are determined to get it. There will be no let-up in their efforts to snatch the prize. And they do not make many mistakes. So the warning to Everton and Liverpool is clear: BEWARE OF LEEDS!

Whitham finds he's had to play a game of patience

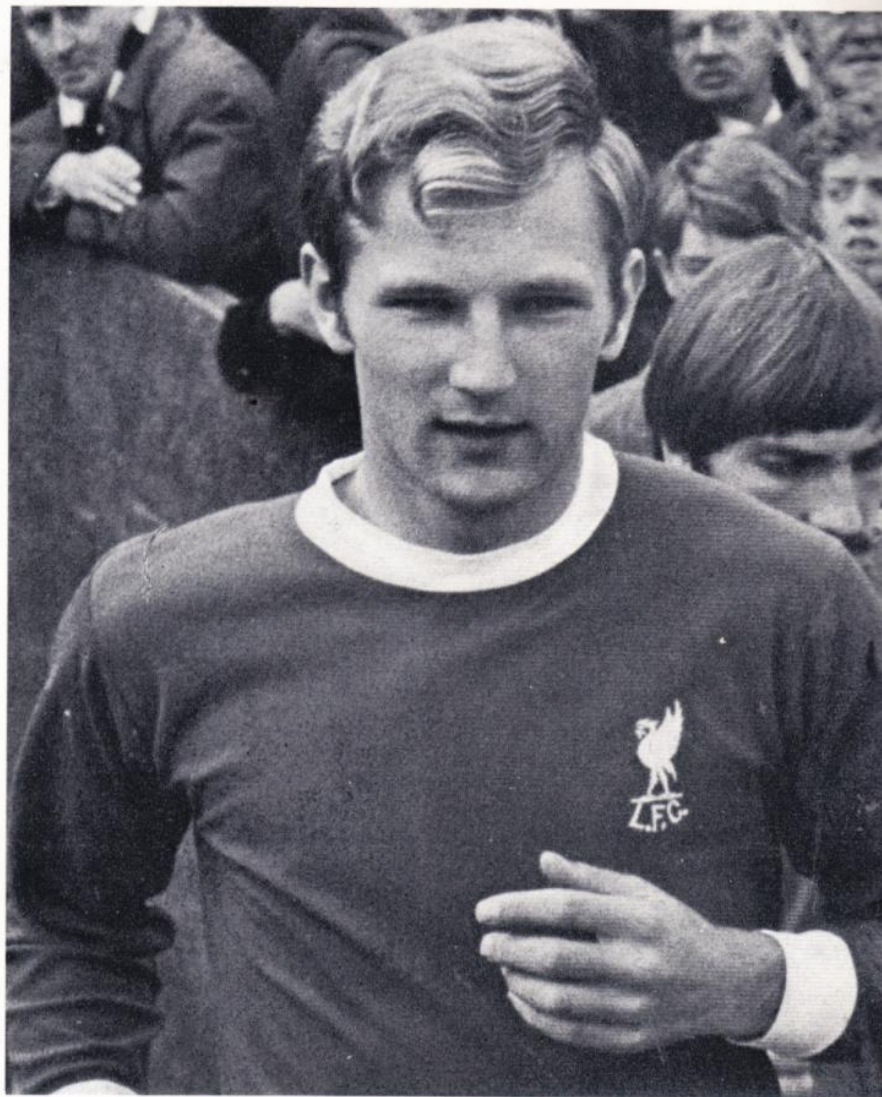
JACK WHITHAM is the player who has had to take up the lonely game of patience. For this close-season import from Sheffield Wednesday—he cost Liverpool £50,000—is still seeking to make a breakthrough to a regular first-team place.

Whitham was Wednesday's leading scorer for two seasons—despite the fact that, each time, he missed virtually half a season through injury. His arrival at Liverpool was expected by many to be the start of a new era, in which he would be plunged straight into the side as a scoring striker.

Instead, Alun Evans and Bobby Graham got the vote; and Whitham languished in the reserves. Occasionally, he got a first-team game, but he was still waiting for a chance to get an extended run and show his paces.

Manager Bill Shankly put the matter in perspective, when he pointed out that Whitham was really being given the chance to acclimatise himself—and he emphasised that he had been bought to strengthen Liverpool's player pool.

In the reserves, Whitham made an impact, for he started scoring the goals—against Blackburn, he scored three and made a fourth, for instance.



Whitham also scored four goals on one occasion for Wednesday—in a 5-4 victory over the great Manchester United. And he collected an England Under-23 cap with Wednesday.

Burnley-born, this six-footer went to Wednesday . . . and his last game for them at Anfield saw him carried off on a stretcher. He played against the Reds twice—and finished on the losing side each time.

Since he arrived at Anfield, he has been fighting for a chance to be a winner . . . in the first team.

Off the field, he's a musician. His brother runs a pop group in Burnley, and Jack, who can play the guitar, often

gets an idea for a tune. Together, he and his brother work out the melody.

But the thing that will be the sweetest music of all to Jack Whitham will be the knowledge that he has won—and held—a regular first-team spot with Liverpool. And that he is hammering home the goals he was bought to score.

Liverpool, like Whitham, have had to play a waiting game. But the patience club and player have shown could turn out to have been worth while, in the end. For one day Jack Whitham will have a blinder in the first team. And then he may well and truly have arrived.



Graduates at the Anfield Soccer Academy



ONLY A few months ago, Steve Heighway was completing his studies at Warwick University. At week-ends, he travelled up to play football for Cheshire Leaguers Skelmersdale United.

But since this football season began, it's been go-go-go for Steve—and in top-class professional football, at that. For he graduated from university with a B.A. in economics and politics, signed professional for Liverpool, and finished up playing in the First Division AND international football.

Steve's parents are English—but he was born in Dublin. He was 10 years old when he came to England. And he was 12 years old before he began to play football.

After he joined Skem, it didn't take long for the big professional clubs to realise that here was a winger with top-grade potential. Half a dozen clubs were angling after his signature. Coventry were among the keenest, but the names of Liverpool and Everton were also well to the fore.

In the end, Steve plumped for Anfield—and then it really all started to happen. Almost straight away, he found himself a member of the Republic of Ireland international squad—and a regular member of Liverpool's first-team pool of players.

For four games, he was substitute for the Reds—against West Brom, Manchester United, Newcastle, and the Hungarian side, Ferencvaros. In fact, he was called on the field twice. And then he made his debut proper in the League Cup replay against Mansfield at Anfield.

Within 24 hours, he had flown over to Dublin to make his international

debut for the Republic of Ireland, in a friendly game against Poland. And his travels took in the trip to Hungary, for the return against Ferencvaros, although he didn't play in that game.

But after two more matches as substitute for Liverpool, he played in the League Cup-tie at Swindon; and then he was called up by the Republic of Ireland once more, this time to play against Sweden in a stern test—a European Nations Cup game in Dublin.

In the meantime, he had made his League debut for Liverpool, by playing at Tottenham, when the Reds were without the injured Bobby Graham and Ian Callaghan.

Heighway is an articulate young man and a realist. He knows he has chosen a career which is uncertain—and demanding. He has pace, skill and confidence, though—last season, with Skelmersdale, he scored 25 goals, and Liverpool clearly hope that he will add punch to their attack.

Although he was a late starter in Soccer, he won recognition by being chosen for the Cheshire Grammar Schools side, and progressed to the English Grammar Schools team. More football followed—with the English and British Universities.

For two years, he played as an amateur for Manchester City, but when it came to signing professional forms, Liverpool were the No. 1 choice. "They were always my idols," he said. "And, for me, Peter Thompson was the ultimate in wingers."

But although he has such a high regard for Peter, Steve doesn't aim to become a second Thompson. He has his own style of play, and will stick to it. Yet it is obviously not going too far, to

suggest that in Steve Heighway, Liverpool have a ready-made successor to Peter Thompson . . . even if the transition does not take place for a few more seasons.

BRIAN HALL is a young man with a B.Sc. degree in maths and physics. He is also a professional footballer who bids fair to make a name for himself with Liverpool.

At 22, he had had to wait a pretty fair length of time, before he made his home debut for Liverpool. But the chance came for him when Ian Callaghan was out through injury, and Brian got the job of filling Ian's boots against Chelsea.

So he played his fifth senior game for the Reds—he had several times appeared as substitute—and he was one of the stars in Liverpool's 1-0 victory.

Hall, who studied at Liverpool University, signed professional for Liverpool in 1968, after having played as an amateur for them. It wasn't long either before he was winning praise for some magnificent displays in Liverpool's Central League side.

His first full senior game was in the League Cup-tie at Mansfield, and he was called on again for Liverpool's Fairs Cup-tie against Ferencvaros in Budapest.

Then, with Ian Callaghan and Bobby Graham both out through injury, he went into action with Steve Heighway, when Liverpool played Tottenham at White Hart-lane in October.

And the signs are that this likeable, chirpy young footballer will play many more first-team games for the Reds. For although he is no giant in stature, he has skill, and he is not lacking in courage.

WONDERFUL WEMBLEY

BILL SHANKLY will be remembered for many things, during his reign as Liverpool's manager. But one of the most important successes he achieved came in May, 1965—because then, he took Liverpool to the F.A. Cup final at Wembley . . . and they returned with the glittering trophy, for the first time in their history.

Ron Yeats led the Liverpool team out, amid an enthusiastic chorus of cheers and "Ee-aye-addio's" from the faithful. And this was how the two teams—yes, Leeds United were also there—lined up:

LIVERPOOL: Lawrence; Lawler, Byrne; Strong, Yeats, Stevenson; Callaghan, Hunt, St. John, Smith, Thompson.

LEEDS: Sprake; Reaney, Bell; Bremner, Charlton, Hunter; Giles, Storrle, Peacock, Collins, Johanneson.

Bobby Collins, one-time "king" of the Goodison fans at Everton, had been transferred to Leeds, helped to steer them from the perils of relegation to the Third Division, inspired them in their fight for honours after they had won promotion to the First Division . . . and had been named Footballer of the Year.

Tommy Smith was playing in the inside-left position for Liverpool—and maybe he never dreamed that five years later, he would be leading out the team at Anfield as captain.

Leeds never really lived up to their promise, and the game did not become the showpiece so many people had

hoped it would be. Early on, Liverpool showed that they had the edge on their opponents, who seemed hesitant and, perhaps, the more affected by Wembley nerves.

Liverpool came close to scoring when Ian St. John burst through, raced on, rounded an opponent and slipped the ball to Ian Callaghan. A goal seemed certain—until big Jack Charlton took the full force of the shot, and the ball rebounded off him for a corner.

Leeds were covering well in defence, and then they, too, began to probe cautiously, as they started to mount attacks. When Willie Bell won a left-wing corner, Bobby Collins floated the ball dangerously into the Liverpool goalmouth—but although Peacock got his head to the ball, his effort sailed over the bar, and Liverpool fans breathed again.

As players went in for the ball, they began to collect the bruises, and the trainers were on the field often enough to make the game seem a stop-go affair.

The sun had failed to come through, and then the sky began to darken, and the rain came down. It seemed an unhappy omen for someone . . .

Liverpool were playing the more fluent football, still, yet they could not find a way to breach the massed ranks of the Leeds United defenders.

There was danger again for Leeds, when Callaghan whipped in a centre which Sprake failed to hold, but the diminutive Giles, who had dropped back, was there to collect the loose ball and clear.

A shot from Smith, who had taken a square pass from Strong, went narrowly wide; and Hunt hammered in a tremendous long-range shot which Sprake managed to tip over the bar. And then a shot by Strong was deflected when it seemed a goal might result.

It's ours! Ron Yeats and a track-suited Gordon Milne bear the F.A. Cup aloft in triumph.





Six pairs of eyes watch . . . and see this effort from Roger Hunt go into the Leeds United net, for Liverpool's first goal.



Down goes St. John—out go Leeds. It's the extra-time winner for Liverpool . . . and the F.A. Cup belongs to Merseyside.

But when half-time arrived, this battle between two strong teams had yielded not a goal. And still the rain came down . . .

The second half saw Liverpool once more trying to break through, and get the goal that, surely, would be the clincher. Thompson got in a centre which Bremner, thrusting out a despairing foot, managed to turn for a corner; and then Hunt and Callaghan, in quick succession, went close.

Once again it was Charlton who took the brunt, as Callaghan slammed in a hard, short-range shot. Certainly Liverpool were on top, but they could not translate their superiority into goals.

It was not a great final, a Soccer classic; but with so many men of steel around, it was a game that was hard-fought. And Liverpool were the team which won the duel, nine times out of 10, when it was a battle for a 50-50 ball.

But with the minutes ticking away towards time, neither side could make an impression upon the other. Yet Leeds had to thank their 'keeper, Sprake, for three magnificent saves.

He was at full stretch, when he turned a shot from Thompson for a corner; he plucked the ball from Ron Yeats's head, seconds later; and he made it look easy, as he collected a rocket shot from Strong which was bang on the target.

And, after 90 minutes, he was still unbeaten.

So Liverpool and Leeds went into extra time—the first time it had happened since the 1947 final between Charlton and Burnley. And three minutes after the restart, the Liverpool section of Wembley erupted as Hunt netted, from a pass by Byrne.

Thompson had slipped the ball out to Byrne, near the left-wing corner flag; and the full-back—who, the world learned later, had played for most of the game with a broken collar bone—turned the ball into goal, for the waiting Hunt to snap up the scoring chance.

Hunt stooped . . . and nodded the ball into the net.

But Leeds had not quite shot their bolt; for eight minutes later, they equalised, when Charlton headed the ball across to Bremner, just inside the

penalty box, and he crashed it home before Lawrence had barely time to move.

By half-time of extra time, it was still 1-1 . . . and players in both teams were looking weary. Yet Liverpool stuck to their task, in the final 15 minutes, and Sprake was both brave and lucky, as he tipped a shot by Strong for a corner.

But the pay-off came with but nine minutes to go. Callaghan tore down, and crossed a magnificent ball for St. John—who headed it home like a bullet. It was the killer blow.

And in the dying seconds of the game, it was Liverpool who almost scored a third, as Thompson robbed Charlton, and forced Sprake to his final save—a full-length effort which won generous applause.

And so Liverpool brought the F.A. Cup back to Anfield—a triumph engineered by their indomitable manager, and his valiant players.

A triumph which was merely one of several in the 60's . . . but, so far, the only time Liverpool have won the F.A. Cup. Will they do it again, in the 70's . . . maybe this season?

The moment that Liverpool KNEW the F.A. Cup was theirs. Below, Hunt, Strong and Stevenson, salute St. John, scorer of the winner. Below, right, a sad-faced Bobby Collins seems to be saying to Jackie Charlton: "It's too late . . . we've lost."





1971- Will it be the Red's turn again?

WHEN YOU go through the list of past F.A. Cup winners, the name of Liverpool figures in a very lowly position—they have won the trophy but once.

It is possibly a little ironic that clubs ahead of them are clubs who, today, stand in the shadows . . . while Liverpool are still one of the king-pins of the finest league in the world.

Aston Villa, now in the Third Division, take pride of place with seven Cup triumphs; Second Division strugglers Blackburn have won the Cup half a dozen times, as have Newcastle United.

Sheffield United and Bolton, who have also known better days, have each gone home with the Cup four times; Everton and Sheffield Wednesday have won the Cup three times; and lowly Bury and Preston—shades of the past!—have taken the trophy back to Lancashire twice apiece.

Liverpool have not been much of a team for even reaching Wembley, either—Newcastle and West Brom can claim 10 final appearances each, and Villa, Blackburn and Wolves have been there eight times.

On the seven mark stand Everton, along with Manchester City, Bolton and Preston; and Sheffield United have reached the final six times.

Yorkshire rivals Huddersfield and Sheffield Wednesday can each claim five

appearances; Derby County, Leicester—even Oxford University and Royal Engineers—have been finalists four times apiece.

And then you come to the three-timers . . . Blackpool, Burnley, Chelsea, Portsmouth and . . . Liverpool.

Semi-finalists?—Villa and West Brom have played in 17 of these; Blackburn in 16 and Everton in 15; Wednesday in 13, and Newcastle, Bolton, Derby and Manchester United in 12.

The 10-up teams are Chelsea, Nottingham Forest, Preston, Sheffield United, Wolves, while Arsenal, Manchester City, Sunderland and Tottenham have been semi-finalists nine times each.

Liverpool?—They stand on eight.

And in a few weeks, they will be trying once more to get to Wembley, to give their followers the chance to see them play in Soccer's seasonal showpiece. Which is also now another passport to Europe.

Last year, Liverpool seemed—for a time—as if they might be going to get there again. For after having drawn a tough one against Coventry—the score was 1-1—they won the hard way, by doing it all in the replay, where they scored three times without reply.

The same thing happened in the fourth round, when they came up against their so-called bogey team, Leicester. The first time out, at Anfield, Liverpool couldn't get a goal—and neither could Leicester.

But in the return encounter, it was Liverpool who shook the watching home supporters, by scoring twice without reply. And then came the sixth round—just one step from the semi-finals. Liverpool were drawn at Watford.

Surely, here, was the incentive to win—even though the Reds were without Tommy Smith, who was injured.

But the sixth round proved to be the knock-out round for Liverpool, as Watford scored the only goal, and went on to a semi-final against Chelsea.

Even as Chelsea well and truly hammered their gallant opponents, by five goals to one, the arguments still raged on Merseyside about Liverpool's defeat.

It was ironic to reflect, also, that the final was played between Chelsea and Leeds . . . the team that Liverpool had beaten for the Cup, in their 1965 battle at Wembley.

Had Liverpool disposed of Watford, would they have met and beaten Chelsea and so gone to Wembley to tackle Leeds once more?

Of course, we can speculate on the ifs and buts until we are blue in the face—but what is gone is gone; and the FACT is that in a few more weeks, Liverpool will embark upon their annual F.A. Cup quest again.

What will fate have in store?—The Reds must hope for kinder draws than they have had in the League Cup and the Fairs Cup. Mansfield, Swindon, Ferencvaros, Dinamo Bucharest . . . teams such as these can spring surprises.

You can be sure that the bookies will make the Reds one of the favoured teams—maybe after Leeds, Everton, Chelsea, even Manchester United and Manchester City.

But Liverpool will be among those bracketed as the most likely to succeed, despite their past record. For they are always capable of doing something, in any competition.



Flashback . . . to 1965. Will Liverpool make it another F.A. Cup year in 1971?

It may be an omen that this is the start of the 70's—with a new-look team. A team which has brought down the average age, and which could bring down any old superstitions, too, about bad luck in the F.A. Cup.

Look now at the team, and at the line-up which did win the Cup for Liverpool in 1965. You will note the names that are missing . . . Lawrence, Byrne, Stevenson, Yeats, Strong, Hunt, St. John.

Lawler is still there; and Callaghan

and Thompson. Smith, inside-left in the 1965 team, is now the skipper who plays such a commanding role at wing-half.

These players tasted F.A. Cup glory once—and they may well taste it again, for alongside them are youngsters dedicated not only to playing for Liverpool, but to bringing home some more trophies.

Clemence, Lloyd, Lindsay, Hughes, Evans, Graham, McLaughlin . . . players like these have been tested, and found to measure up to the tremendous demands which top-class football makes.

Now they have been hardened by competition in the League Cup, and in

Europe. Another great Anfield team is taking shape—and the players involved in the new grouping are eager for honours, restless for success.

The fans are anxious to cheer their heroes home—and the players are anxious to give the fans cause to cheer. Liverpool may well be one of the most formidable teams in the F.A. Cup competition this season.

You need a bit of luck, to win any game; but you need to win only five games to reach Wembley. And, once you get there, you need not fear your opponents, no matter whom they might be. This **COULD** be Liverpool's year . . .

**Just call him
PETER THE GREAT!**



PETER THOMPSON must rate as one of the best—and one of the unluckiest—players in post-war football. For although he has won England honours, he twice figured in England's World Cup squad, without reaping the ultimate reward.

Thompson is an individualist, in many ways—and individualists have largely gone out of fashion, in these days of so-called method Soccer. Yet there has always been a place for him in Liverpool's team, since Bill Shankly signed him from Preston for £40,000 almost seven years ago.

As things stand, Thompson has found an international place harder to hold, for he has won fewer than 20 international caps. Yet Sir Alf Ramsey still regards him as a highly skilled player, and he thought sufficient of Peter to take him to Mexico for the 1970 World Cup . . . his second time around.

Thompson has fantastic dribbling ability, immense skill when it comes to beating a man—and the speed of a deer. He also possesses a cracking shot . . . although he is the first to admit that in recent seasons, he has not scored as many goals as he would have liked.

When he was signed from Preston, in fact, he had a reputation as a player who could stick the ball in the net. But his transfer took him by surprise—he read about it in the morning papers, in August, 1963.

Of course, he had made clear his ambition to play in First Division football, after having starred at centre-forward and on the left wing for Preston. But the two clubs spent more than two hours negotiating the transfer, and the talks went on until after midnight, before a deal was finally clinched.

So he awoke to read all about it; and when he made the short trip to Anfield, he soon signed on the dotted line for Liverpool. A Liverpool delegation had been to Deepdale the previous night, to

make a final assessment of Peter in a friendly game against Blackburn—and then the transfer talks began.

There were two strange twists about the fact that Thompson had joined Liverpool—his was the goal which had knocked the Reds out of the F.A. Cup in a second replay against Preston at Manchester, two seasons earlier.

And a former Everton manager, Cliff Britton—who spotted Thompson when he was a Carlisle boy footballer—was doomed to disappointment . . . for he had gone to Preston with the hope of landing Thompson for Hull City.

Thompson was recruited by Liverpool as an outside-left, although he had not played in that position for Preston for 18 months or so. Preston had switched him to centre-forward for a spell.

When he arrived at Anfield, as a 21-year-old, he completed one of the youngest forward lines in the First Division—indeed, it was Liverpool's youngest attack for many years.

But Liverpool had had a battle to get him, for Hull topped the Reds' original £30,000 offer by £5,000. Then Liverpool went up to £40,000. And so Thompson, who had played 136 consecutive League games for the North End, moved to Anfield.

And the player who made his League debut for Preston at the tender age of 17 became one of the most gifted footballers ever to be signed by Liverpool.

With the Reds, Peter forced his way back into the England Under-23 team, and eventually gained full international honours.

When he made his England debut in May, 1964—against Portugal, in Lisbon—he stole the show, as England swept to a 4-3 victory. With Liverpool, he has gained League and F.A. Cup-winners medals.

And in more than 300 League games for the Reds, he has never given less than 90 minutes' effort, every match. Perhaps he has been short on goals—he still needs a few to reach the 50 mark—but indisputably he has been a great servant to his club and his country.

Maybe Sir Alf Ramsey has found him to be a bit of an enigma, when it comes to the scoring touch; maybe Peter himself has wondered often enough why he doesn't get more goals.

But his play, overall, is sufficient to delight the purists and to satisfy those who demand a high work-rate of professional footballers, in this day and age.

Peter Thompson can never be faulted on the score of skill or effort. And he should be a star at Anfield for several more seasons yet—despite the increasing competition from Steve Heighway.

Peter recognises that he must earn his place; and Steve will have to go some, to claim the No. 11 spot. Even then, Peter Thompson could make a switch to No. 9—just as he did before. In this game, the unexpected often happens. . . .

It's a goal (left)—and Peter Thompson makes no secret of his delight as he beats Huddersfield 'keeper Poole. (Right) the Liverpool winger in action again.



One of the greatest—that's IAN CALLAGHAN

IT'S TRITE, but true . . . you never miss someone until they are gone. And—no disrespect to anyone else at Anfield—Liverpool certainly missed Ian Callaghan when he was out for a lengthy spell through an injury which, in the end, meant a cartilage operation.

Ian, like Chris Lawler, is one of the quiet men of the Liverpool team—a player whose presence is almost taken for granted, because he is so seldom on the injured list. And so seldom off form.

The day Ian Callaghan made his League debut for Liverpool, the newspaper headlines announced that the Reds had made "startling changes." The great Billy Liddell was out; and 18-year-old Callaghan, a professional of little more than a month's standing, replaced him for the Anfield game against Bristol Rovers.

At the same time, Gerry Byrne went in at right-back for John Molyneux. Byrne gave Liverpool sterling service, before he had to bow out, after a long fight against injury; Callaghan is still giving the Reds sterling service.

Callaghan and Roger Hunt formed a right-wing partnership—the youngest for many years, and both men were destined to stay a long, long time. For both players came good, to serve Liverpool tremendously well. Now Hunt is gone—but Callaghan is still there.

He joined Liverpool straight from school, and he might well have been in the first team even earlier, but manager Bill Shankly did not want to rush him.

Liverpool's team, the day Ian made his debut, evokes some memories . . . Slater; Byrne, Moran; Wheeler, White, Campbell; Callaghan, Hunt, Hickson, Melia, A'Court.

Slater went to Watford, Byrne bowed out, Ronnie Moran became a back-



room boy. Wheeler, White and Campbell departed, Hunt is with Bolton, Hickson went on his way, like Alan A'Court, and Jimmy Melia is now team boss at Aldershot.

By November, 1962, Ian Callaghan had become an England Under-23 player—chosen to play against Greece, at Birmingham. The honour came only 18 months after he had made his League debut. He had graduated via the city schoolboys and the Anfield junior teams.

And he had increasingly impressed everyone with his courage, his willingness to work, and his effective wing play.

July, 1966, saw Sir Alf Ramsey

bestow the final honour, when he chose Ian for a full England international cap against France, in the World Cup. Ian came in for Terry Paine—the only change from the team which had beaten Mexico.

By February, 1967, the good-looking young bachelor had become Merseyside's first Soccer idol to have his own fan club. In a few weeks, membership of the club had shot up to more than 150. Which went to show how popular the modest young footballer was. And still is.

Ian Callaghan is a Liverpool lad—he learned his football down Dingle way, when he played the game as a kid in the



No, it's not a Rugby tackle . . . it's a goalmouth incident in which Ian Callaghan came off worst.

streets around Dingle Recreation ground. And though he has come a long way since, he has proved a tremendous ambassador for Liverpool—and for football.

Early last year, Ian chalked up his 300th League game for the Reds; and by the September, he had joined the Anfield “400 club”. For, against Coventry City, he made his 400th appearance in the red jersey of Liverpool.

At that time, he was behind Roger Hunt, who had made nearly 500 appearances, and ahead of Ron Yeats, who shortly joined Ian on the 400 mark. And Ian St. John came following soon afterwards.

At one time, Ian was Liverpool's only remaining bachelor—he was dubbed football's most eligible bachelor, in fact—and then in May, 1969, he married a Garston girl, Linda Foulter . . . a former beauty queen.

Linda had won the Miss Liverpool title in 1966, and Ian had known her 18 months when they married. She was a receptionist.

The knee injury which put Ian Callaghan out of football for a spell this season did not help Liverpool, who became victims of more injury trouble when Peter Thompson and Bobby Graham went out.

And there is no doubt that Liverpool

could well have done with Ian Callaghan around that time. For he has become a key man in the remodelled team, dropping back to help his defence, playing a grafting midfield role, and still foraging up front as an attacker, when the occasion demands it.

Ian Callaghan is one of the best players the Reds have ever had—a loyal, one-club man who gives everything for the team. And a real sportsman, too. When you add his undoubted ability, you have a player any manager would give his right arm to get. And there couldn't be a higher tribute to Ian than that.

ALUN EVANS

**The man who has
emerged from the shadows**



A MOP OF flaxen hair . . . an engaging smile . . . and a heart almost as big as his frame. That, perhaps, sums up Alun Evans, the player signed as a £100,000 teenager by Liverpool, to a fanfare of trumpets. The player who, this season, emerged from the shadows to turn on scoring performances which won admiration and respect from the fans.

Like Bobby Graham, Alun Evans knows what it's like to be in the shadows. He knows what it's like to be hailed as a star—and to become virtually a forgotten man, so far as the fans are concerned.

When Evans was signed from Wolves—where he was languishing in the reserves—he made an immediate impact upon the Anfield scene. He was bought to score goals—and he scored 'em.

He was given, as manager Bill Shankly said, one of the hardest tasks in football—that of being a front runner; a player who takes some stick, as he endeavours to knock the ball into the net.

Evans took some stick, indeed—and sometimes from the fans. He has been taking plenty of stick this season—from opponents who know the menace of the man in the red jersey.

Evans is a player of heart and courage—if you doubt it, you should have been with Liverpool in Budapest. He was carried off the previous Saturday, you will recall; but he was back in action in Budapest.

In the second half, he didn't seem to be going up for the ball, as often as he usually does. The explanation was simple, as it became clear afterwards. Evans finished up having stitches inserted in a nasty gash over his right eye—heading a ball must have been like being hammered with the stick of an outsize gong.

But he was still smiling as he celebrated the dawn of his 21st birthday, a few hours later. And he was there again, the following Saturday, when Liverpool beat Chelsea 1-0 at Anfield. The goal was scored by Evans . . .

As an England schoolboy and youth international, Alun Evans could reasonably have hoped to get right to the top in professional Soccer. But there came a time when his first-team future with Wolves seemed insecure.



Bill Shankly became the first manager in British football history to splash £100,000 on a teenage signing—Evans was then 18—and after the initial impact, Evans had another battle on his hands at Anfield.

He found, for instance, what a devastating effect a seven-day suspension could have on a player's career. He was sent off, for the first time—and the seven-day ban started with kick-off day, the following season.

When Evans was free to play for Liverpool's first team again, Bobby Graham was the man in possession. And by November of last year, he had played only three of Liverpool's 18 League games, that term.

The knowledge that he was back in the reserves, just as he had been at Wolves, must have made him smile wryly. For it was against Wolves—and on the Molineux ground where the home fans had booed him only weeks earlier—that he scored twice for Liverpool in a 6-0 triumph, soon after he arrived at Anfield.

But that seven-day suspension at the very start of the season had crucial implications for Evans. For Graham starred in a 4-1 victory over Chelsea, and kept on playing well.

This season, after Liverpool had signed Jack Whitham from Sheffield

Wednesday for £50,000, both Evans and Graham must have been wondering who would make way for the new boy.

But manager Bill Shankly kept Whitham in the reserves and gave Evans and Graham the chance to strike up a partnership. They did so, to great effect. Graham scored some goals, but Evans became the striker in chief, averaging almost a goal a game.

And he found that Sir Alf Ramsey hadn't forgotten him, either. For the England team manager chose Alun Evans for the England Under-23 team this season . . . and, remembering, that the next World Cup is still almost four years distant, this could be a significant pointer, even though Evans had to pull out, through injury.

Evans, don't forget, is only just 21; and he will be an even better player inside the next four years. Clearly, then, Ramsey is determined to assess for himself just what claim Evans can stake to a full England place in the next World Cup tournament.

And Evans himself has every incentive to show the England team boss, as well as Liverpool, that he has arrived—to stay. He can do himself a power of good, if he maintains that strong-running brand of football which has earned him some fine goals.

He can use his head—in more senses

than one—and help himself to reap every single one of the vast rewards which await a player who really hits the top. And be sure that Alun Evans isn't quite at his peak, yet . . .



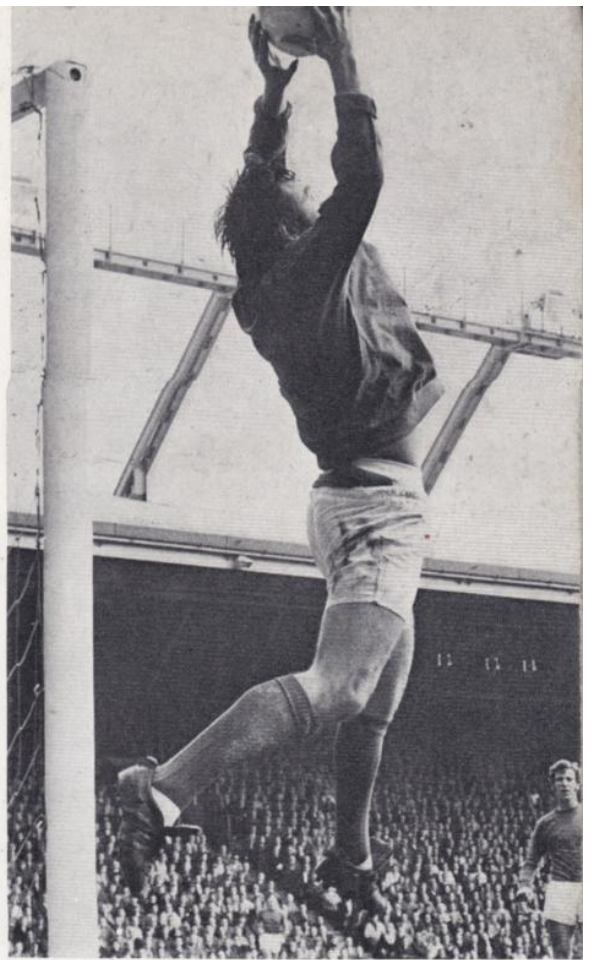
RIMMER— A NAME TO REMEMBER AT ANFIELD

EVERY NOW and then, the Anfield faithful find a hero to salute in the opposing team—Gordon Banks, of Stoke and England, for example, is a favourite with the Kop fans. This season, another goalkeeper won the respect and admiration of those so-knowledgeable supporters.

These pictures show just how much Manchester United had cause to be thankful to Jimmy Rimmer, for wherever you look, Rimmer is in the thick of the action. Diving to save, leaping to pluck the ball to safety . . . and putting a brake on the Liverpool scoring machine.

Rimmer had to be here, there and everywhere, to thwart the eager-beaver Anfield attackers. And even he couldn't stop 'em all. But for Rimmer, it could have been more . . . much more.





McLaughlin

the youngster who has won his soccer spurs



AT THE start of 1969, John McLaughlin signed full-time professional forms for Liverpool. He was 17 . . . and rated one of the most exciting prospects in Soccer. As a 16-year-old, he had already shown dazzling potential in Liverpool's Central League side.

By April this year, McLaughlin had made headline news, as Liverpool plunged him into the final League game of the season at Chelsea. He was 18, and clearly earmarked as the midfield successor to Ian St. John.

The one question mark against McLaughlin's name was his stamina—and the doubt was whether or not, in the fierce pace of First Division football, he would be able to last 90 gruelling minutes, every game.

His skill was never in question—it was a simple matter of physical strength. And as Liverpool manager Bill Shankly pondered during the summer on what the future held for his young protege, McLaughlin himself was being given a quiet build-up . . . by going on a special diet of steak.

Even as the start of this season loomed, Shankly was still mulling over the wisdom of plunging McLaughlin straight into the action, which began—for Liverpool—with a tough away game against Burnley. But the lad from Kirkby could not be denied, and in the end Shankly decided to venture all.

McLaughlin went in—and stayed in. Liverpool kicked off with a 2-1 win at Turf Moor, and went on their way in an unbeaten run which lasted until the middle of September. McLaughlin stayed the pace, too . . . although, now and again, he was rested.

But in those early days of the season, he had already done enough to win his First Division spurs—and one team, especially, would testify to that. Huddersfield Town.

Newly-promoted Town came to Anfield, and their manager, Ian Greaves, promised that they would not be overawed. They would run and run, he said, in their efforts to prise a victory from Liverpool.

Salute to a new Anfield star . . . John McLaughlin (No. 10) receives the congratulations of team-mates, after his second goal against Huddersfield at Anfield.



They ran and ran . . . and one of the men they were chasing—but seldom caught—was McLaughlin, making HIS home League debut. He was the star of the game, scored two goals, and walked off to a tremendous ovation.

Sitting in the stand, watching this new Soccer prodigy explode upon the Anfield scene, was England team manager Sir Alf Ramsey . . . who will surely have noted the youngster's tremendous potential.

John, who has spent most of his life

living in Southdene, a suburb of the Kirkby development, played for Kirkby and Lancashire boys. It didn't take long for Liverpool to spot him, and whisk him away to Anfield.

Manager Bili Shankly gave the lad rave notices, even before anyone outside Anfield had heard the name of McLaughlin. Shankly summed it all up, when he said of McLaughlin: "His potential is unbelievable. He knows the game, and is very mature for his age.

"He is the best schoolboy prospect to be turned up for a very long time . . ."

Even today, John McLaughlin has the appearance of a very young youngster, with his ready, but modest smile, and a completely unassuming air. But he can become a star whose name will resound around the world of football; a star who was discovered on Liverpool's own doorstep—and who could become worth much more than £100,000.



Goalkeeper's eye view of a goal . . . As John McLaughlin hammers home No. 1 for Liverpool, Huddersfield 'keeper Poole is beaten, goes down . . . and turns his head to see the jubilant salute from Bobby Graham, Alun Evans and Emlyn Hughes.

THE MUSKETEERS

Rubin Bennett



Bob Paisley and Rubin Bennett are Shankly's comrades in arms

Bob Paisley



BILL SHANKLY, Bob Paisley, Rubin Bennett . . . it sounds like the Three Musketeers. And, in a sense, they are – comrades dedicated to the cause of Liverpool.

Bob Paisley has been 30 years and more at Anfield. He was signed as a player in May, 1939, from one of the greatest of this country's Soccer nurseries, the North-East.

He was born at Hetton-le-Hole, Co. Durham, and attracted the attention of the bigger clubs with his powerful wing-half play for those great amateurs, Bishop Auckland. With Bishops, he won an F.A. Amateur Cup medal just before he joined the Reds.

Today, his Geordie accent is still in evidence; but his heart is on Merseyside. And he is the most-travelled member of Liverpool's staff.

Almost as soon as he had joined the Reds, he was on his travels – as a member of the Army. He spent four years in the desert, and after service returned to Anfield to take up the threads of his interrupted playing career.

He was in good company, for he found himself in a team which boasted names like Billy Liddell, Laurie Hughes, Bill Jones, Phil Taylor, Ray Lambert, Willie Fagan and Jackie Balmer.

In season 1946-47, Liverpool won the League championship; but when they

went to Wembley for the F.A. Cup final in 1950, Bob Paisley was missing.

He had played in every round, bar one – a third-round game at Blackburn. That one went to a replay, for which he was back. He also scored in Liverpool's 2-1 victory over Everton in the Maineroad semi-final.

In 1954, Bob Paisley bowed out, as a player, and became one of the backroom boys at Anfield. He had already studied physiotherapy and training, and under Bob, the reserves had three years of success, finishing sixth, second – and first. That was the first time they had been Central League champions.

Then Bob Paisley moved up to become trainer of the first team, and so there grew this great partnership of Shankly, Paisley and Bennett. It has been a tremendous asset to Liverpool.

And the medals Bob has collected prove the point, for he was associated with the teams that won the Second Division, the First Division championship – twice – and the F.A. Cup.

Bob, who went to the U.S. as a player on three tours with Liverpool, travelled there with them again, as trainer; and in the past few seasons, as Liverpool have fought on the European front, Bob Paisley has been all over the Continent with them.

The careers of Bob Paisley and Rubin

Bennett have run parallel, since Rubin arrived at Anfield as chief coach at the start of 1959. Rubin, still clearly a Scot, has been trainer-coach with Third Lanark.

When Rubin became chief coach, Bob became first-team trainer. And together they have played an impressive role in the story of Liverpool's success.

Rubin Bennett is a native of Aberdeen, but he had sampled English League football – with Hull – before he arrived at Anfield. He had also been a goalkeeper with Dundee, played for Queen of South, been at Motherwell, been trainer at Dundee, and been assistant manager at Ayr.

This ex-Army P.T.I. came to Anfield on a five-year contract, when Liverpool were in the Second Division. Like Bob Paisley, he has stayed to see them become one of the top teams in Europe, let alone Britain, and he is still there, still making up the formidable threesome of Shankly, Paisley and Bennett.

Before Rubin Bennett and Bob Paisley bow out – will it be when Bill Shankly's reign at Anfield ends? – there may well be more honours to come the way of the Reds. If so, the Three Musketeers will have made another significant contribution to the overall story of success.



Determination—it's on the faces of both Chris Lawler and David Webb, as they go together for the ball in this season's Liverpool-Chelsea dual at Anfield. Lawler, a full-back playing an attacking role here, won the encounter.



Injury . . . and irony. Above, Alun Evans lies injured—and he finished up hobbling out of the Fairs Cup return against Dinamo Bucharest. Below, the man who came on as substitute for him, Phil Boersma (No. 15). Evans was Liverpool's leading marksman, a man on whom they banked for goals. Boersma?—He was the stand-in who got the vital equaliser which saw Liverpool through to the next round, against Hibs.



