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DONATION

THE IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE

TESTIMONIAL SEASON 1977-78





The IAN CALLAGHAN MBE LIVERPOOL FC Testimonial Committee

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On behalf of my committee and myself I would like to thank everybody who has contributed to Ian's testimonial year and helped to make it a success. This applies to so many people that it is impossible to thank each person individually. You have rallied round and made great efforts to ensure that one of the finest players ever to grace professional football has a testimonial to reflect his stature both on and off the field.

We are most appreciative.

Yours sincerely

Chairman

Thanks from Cally

ONE of the nicest things about being a footballer is that you make so many friends. If I was ever unaware of that fact I know now beyond doubt how true it is because of the response from so many different quarters to my testimonial. I would like to thank my testimonial committee, which was formed and took on the job at very short notice, Liverpool Football Club and everyone at Anfield for everything they have done to help me, the advertisers and the numerous gentlemen of the Press for making the

production of this brochure possible. But, finally, and most importantly, I would like to say a special word of gratitude to you, the public, for supporting me in my testimonial season just as you have supported me over the years. I hope we will see a lot more of each other in the future because I want to continue playing for Liverpool for some time yet. Very grateful thanks to one and all.

Yours sincerely

Message from Liverpool F.C. Chairman

May I say, on behalf of Liverpool F.C., that we are delighted Ian is taking his testimonial this season. If ever a Liverpool player deserved one then it's Ian. Possibly, he has done more for the professional game than any other player and if the example he has set and the standards he has adhered to were followed by the thousands of youngsters wishing to take up the game football would benefit greatly. Ian is a model professional and I know he has not caused a moment's trouble for our illustrious manager

Bob Paisley. All of us at Anfield are delighted over Ian's recall to the England squad because he represents all the good things about the game. These days we hear so much about the bad side of football that we should highlight Ian's contribution to his profession. It goes without saying that we hope he continues to play for Liverpool for many years to come.

JOHN W. SMITH, J.P.
Chairman, Liverpool F.C.

THE



IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE—Testimonial Year 1977-78

BOB PAISLEY'S TRIBUTE

If every player in the game was like Ian Callaghan there would be no managers left—simply because they would not be needed.

To call him a great professional doesn't do him justice. He has this naturally quiet modest air which can only benefit the players around him at the club. He never loses his temper, never gets ruffled, never shouts the odds and never gets carried away over anything. And all these qualities are a steady and stabilising influence on a club.

Any player trying to analyse himself and his feelings could have no better example cited to him than Ian Callaghan. I've known him since he joined the club as an amateur, training twice a week, and his character and personality have not changed one little bit since then.

If he does you a favour—and he's always willing to do anything he can for anybody—he's not the type to make a song and dance about it. That's why I never like asking him—because you don't know how much trouble he'll go to to oblige you. He's the same with everybody, no matter how important or unimportant they may be. If there is a ball to be retrieved at the training ground he'll go and collect it himself rather than ask one of the young apprentices to do it.

As a player he will go down as one of the greatest clubmen of all time. He is a worker on the field and, like most workers, a great deal of what he does has passed unheralded and unrecognised.

I was always amazed at the work he got through on the flank as a winger earlier in his career. When he switched to midfield he proved something I have often thought; that he is one of the strongest players, from the point of view of stamina and fitness, that Liverpool have ever had. You see him now showing that extra bit of pace and nipping in ahead of men 10 years younger.

He has done such a good and efficient job in midfield that, in my opinion, he should have been playing there for England several years ago. He has thoroughly deserved his call up to the England squad.

Over the years we've tried to ease Ian off in training and to give him a rest, but I wonder, psychologically, whether it does him good because he has looked after himself so well that he is geared to playing consistently to his own high standard.

He doesn't seem to need a rest. He thrives on hard work. Unlike some great players he doesn't always take the shortest route and what he has achieved he has achieved the hard way—but this is a compliment to his great ability to read the game with the uncanny knack of his to see several moves ahead.

Perhaps he might have scored more goals than he has but he wasn't a born goal poacher and he is a provider for other people as well as being a cover man wherever he is needed.

As a man and a player they come no greater than Ian Callaghan.

*a whole season's greetings
to Cally*

out soon

Callaghan: A Football Phenomenon

by John Keith

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BILL SHANKLY'S TRIBUTE

A few years ago I wrote a book and in it I mentioned Ian Callaghan. It was only a few paragraphs about the tremendous example he set, not only to any footballer but to all people with his conduct, and about his ability and value to Liverpool over the years.

Shortly afterwards Ian Callaghan wrote a book and devoted a whole chapter to me, which was very flattering and which made me regret I had not written more about him.

That example in itself illustrates his complete lack of malice for many other people would have said, "He didn't write much about me so I won't mention him."

Now I've got the opportunity to put that right and say all I should have done in my book about this man. And writing about him gives me more pleasure than almost anything.

First about the man himself. If anyone ever listened to the gospel of unselfishness and how to behave then it was Ian Callaghan. It's nearly impossible to describe the man's honesty because everything he does is right and it's difficult to find many human beings who fall into that category.

I can't think of anyone who has ever had a bad word to say about him. It's hard to follow that kind of life and I'm sure he could have been a minister or a priest if he had wanted.

In the intimacy of a dressing room, familiarity with

the faces around you can breed contempt and there are sometimes blazing rows. But I've never known Ian Callaghan involved in one.

And turning to football it is debatable whether any player has played a bigger part in the success of Liverpool over the last 15 years.

His unlimited strength, energy and willingness to help everybody have been vital factors at Anfield. Ian would run 100 miles to help a friend—and that's what football is all about.

He has been the cornerstone of both great Liverpool sides. When he was an out and out winger he was invaluable because he could still lie deep on the wing allowing Roger Hunt and Ian St. John the scope they needed to build up an attack.

I'll never forget going to Old Trafford when Bobby Charlton was starring at outside left. Ian Callaghan dropped back to intercept the passes to Charlton thus nullifying him.

That sort of adaptability is so precious but he also has strength and running ability quite apart from his high level of skill.

When the Liverpool team began to change and the game itself changed with everyone playing 4-3-3, Ian Callaghan became a definite midfield player.

I cannot give him enough praise. I could write for 300 years and not do that. But suffice it to say no player has earned a testimonial more than Ian Callaghan.





A football phenomenon

Cally holds more records than a disco

By JOHN KEITH

(Daily Express)

The feelings of the taxi driver heading along Liverpool's Scotland Road came streaming out. "Ian Callaghan . . . they should cast his legs in gold," he exclaimed, admiration in his eyes. "Sure," I replied, "but they'd have to catch him first."

The march of time and the tactics of opponents have been trying to trap and snare Mr. Callaghan, M.B.E., for so long and with so little success that one wonders if Steve Austin was a little late on the scene with his bionic exploits.

In terms of strength, stamina, skill and durability he is a phenomenon but while the limelight falls easily on to the flashier members of the football fraternity—"Fancy Dans" to use Bill Shankly's phrase—Callaghan's career continues its Corinthian path and his return to the England scene, after an 11-year absence, in Ron Greenwood's first squad is no more than he richly deserves.

Perhaps if he had been petulant, precocious or problematical his name would have blazed from the headlines almost as often as he has donned the red shirt of Liverpool—and he has done that well over 800 times.

It was at Anfield on 16 April, 1960 that Ian Callaghan made his bow in Liverpool's first team just a few days after his 18th birthday and starred in the 4-0 defeat of Bristol Rovers.

My colleague Graham Fisher, providing some of the earliest material for the Callaghan scrapbook, saw that game and reported in the *Daily Express*: "Twenty seven thousand fans roared their delight. Bristol players applauded. Liverpool players smiled. Even referee Reg Leafe politely clapped."

"For Liverpool right-winger Ian Callaghan, veteran of four Central League games, had just ended the most accomplished League debut I've had the pleasure to witness."

Move forward 17 years to the Wembley stage for the 1977 Charity Shield duel between Liverpool and Manchester United and Callaghan was still winning the applause, still applying himself with the enthusiasm of a starry-eyed youngster rather than a 35-year-old.

His span in the pressure cooker of top class Soccer is remarkable. It has linked the era of Harold Macmillan and the jive to that of Jim Callaghan (no relation!) and punk rock.

And en route Callaghan has collected more records than a disco and a cluster of cups and medals that would put a silversmith to shame as Liverpool have swept to unprecedented success at home and abroad.

He has won the unstinting admiration of his club managers Bill Shankly and Bob Paisley and everyone else in football. Kevin Keegan was once moved to remark: "Cally must be the only person in the game

without a single enemy . . . he's the next best thing to an angel."

The theories as to how the man chosen by Bobby Charlton as his greatest player has been able to produce his amazing consistency are many and varied.

Paisley believes that Callaghan's temperament is directly linked to his stamina. "You never see Ian retaliating or losing his temper and chasing someone across the pitch in anger. He uses his energies for the sole purpose of playing football and getting on with the game."

"He keeps his cool and we have stressed the importance of this to the youngsters at Anfield."

"We have had some strong men at this club players like Ron Yeats and Tommy Smith for example, but in terms of stamina Ian is probably the strongest of them all."

"I must admit that I had a few worries about him after his cartilage operation in 1970-71 when we had to push him back into the first team a little too early because of circumstances. The crowd got on to him a bit but to his great credit he came through it."

"Any parents of boys planning a career in football should use Ian as the perfect model, both as a player and a man. He proves that it's nice to be important but so important to be nice."

"How long can he go on? I don't know . . . I think someone, sometime put five years too many on his birth certificate! But I don't look at that anyway . . . I'm concerned with his performances on the field."

Callaghan's grand total of senior appearances for Liverpool—standing at 810 at the start of the 1977-78 season—was bettered by only three men.

At the time of writing Terry Paine leads the way with 935 first team appearances for Southampton and Hereford followed by Roy Sproson, who played 835 games for Port Vale, with Portsmouth's Jimmy Dickinson in third place on 815 appearances.

By the time this brochure is published Callaghan should have overtaken Dickinson's total and given freedom from injuries he is poised to pass Sproson's number of appearances early in 1978.

But the amazing fact of Callaghan's long run—without a single caution against his name—is that he played only 30 games in the Second Division. The rest have been in the First Division, Cups or European matches where the pressure and competition is greatest.

This was the breakdown at the start of the 1977-78 season:

	Div. Two	Div. One	F.A. Cup	League Cup	Europe	Total
Games	30	584	78	35	83	810
Goals	1	48	2	7	9	67

(In addition Callaghan has made seven F.A. Charity Shield appearances not included in the grand total.)



From HICKSON to DALGLISH

Anfield stars of many eras salute a great team mate



IAN ST. JOHN:

I just wish I knew his secret. When is he going to stop running? There's no sign of him stopping at the moment. He gets better every year. When I was playing with him and he was going up and down the wing I couldn't see him being anything but a winger. But he's switched to midfield and he's been tremendous. He's an example to us all, particularly to those who get carried away when some player appears on the scene in a big flash. He's the proof that it's the player who improves gradually who's the best.



TOMMY SMITH:

You could say that anyone who wanted to scare their kids could send them to Tommy Smith and anyone who wanted to console them could send them to Ian Callaghan. (Laugh.) But seriously, if you want your kids to play football and have the right outlook on life just point to Cally as the perfect example. I don't know anybody who dislikes him. He's by no means an angel, but he is the ideal pro.

WILLIE STEVENSON:

My outstanding memory of Ian concerns training. The training system at Liverpool is very rigorous and thorough and it gave me a bit of a shock when I came to Liverpool from Scotland. But Bill Shankly and Reuben Bennett would actually pull Ian out of training on occasions because he did so much in matches that they didn't want him to burn himself up. I think one of the secrets of his long success is that training comes easily to him... he looks forward to it.



KEVIN KEEGAN:

It won't surprise me if Cally keeps playing until he's 40 or beyond. He keeps going and he's so fit. On and off the field he is a man virtually without a fault. You can be quite sure that if a player has a weakness his team-mates, with whom he spends so much time, will spot it. But even under this kind of microscope Cally has always come shining through. Of course he has a bad game now and then... like once every other season! There's nobody like him in the game today and if you played football for 200 years you'd never meet another Ian Callaghan.

KENNY DALGLISH:

I'm very sorry that a Scotland international will mean I'll miss Cally's testimonial game because he's an amazing person for 35.

I hope I'm as quick and fit at that age because he can probably outrun any one of us at Anfield. His application and appetite for the game after so many years is incredible and I wouldn't mind opening up his body to see what's inside!

EMLYN HUGHES:

Ian is an amazing lad and what makes him even more incredible is that he's as nice on the field as he is off it. The things he's seen in his career and what other players have tried to do to him on the field seems to have no effect on him—he never loses his temper and you never hear him swearing. He's a hell of a nice fellow... they should call him St Ian. He's so dedicated and full of enthusiasm it just isn't true. For instance, we have to report for training each morning at a quarter to ten. But if you get in at half past nine Cally will be there before you. The standing joke at the club now is: "Somebody got in so early today that Cally had only just arrived!" It's been said countless times but he IS the model professional, the perfect example for a father to hold up to his son if he wanted to become a footballer.

GERRY BYRNE:

I too have shared a room with Ian Callaghan just as Tommy Smith and Alec Lindsay have done. What he's got against full backs I just don't know! Sharing with Ian is an experience... it tires you out because you have to do all the organising. But, seriously, he's a great lad and a great player and nobody deserves more from football than he does. There's no sign of him packing up and I hope he carries on playing for a long time to come.



STEVE HEIGHWAY:

It's never a bad thing if you want to do well to learn from people who have been very successful—and Cally is someone I've tried to copy. Over the years I've watched him to try to discover the secret of his eternal youth and one thing I've copied from him is a dressing room routine before a match. Cally is always one of the first to change and then he warms up before sitting down quietly to relax for a quarter of an hour before the game.

A little thing like that is just part of his great professionalism. It's served him well for almost 20 years and I hope it helps me too.

PETER THOMPSON:

When you remember that testimonial matches were originally designed for one-club men as a reward for loyalty you couldn't nominate a more worthy candidate than Ian. He's been playing for so long he's even older than me! I shared some marvellous years with him at Anfield and my only regret is we never got to play for England together. I was dropped for the 1966 World Cup and Ian brought in, but soon afterwards I was recalled and Ian was left out. Moving into midfield has worked wonders for him and extended a long career to bring him even more honours. At one stage, after he had had a cartilage operation, I thought he might be on the way down but that was six years ago and since then he has gone from strength to strength. I admire him but I could never envy him—he's such a genuine guy everyone in the game has something nice to say about him.

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GORDON MILNE:

The incredible thing for me is that it seems a long, long time since I joined Liverpool and I seem to have been in management a lifetime yet Cally was there at Anfield when I arrived and he's still going strong. When I left some people said I was leaving at the right time because Liverpool had had their great days. But they've gone on to be even more successful and Cally's been a part of it all. It makes me feel good to think about what he's won. Joe Mercer used to say when he was worried about the game that the baddies were winning. But Cally, the good guy, is the biggest winner of all.



PHIL THOMPSON:

I've had the privilege of watching Cally since I was a kid but I missed his debut. I was only six at the time and didn't know my way to Anfield! I'm sure if he had moved into midfield a long time ago he would have won more England caps because I could see him playing alongside Bobby Charlton very easily. The thing that amazes me about Cally is that he never needs to do sprints to warm-up before a match.

RON YEATS:

When I came down from Scotland to join Liverpool in the early sixties Ian was an out and out winger—and I never thought he would be anything else. He had a lot of pace but I thought that once he lost that he would be finished. But he's amazed me and most other people at the way he has moved into midfield with such great success. He's had two careers in one. Ian is a very determined little man and I think the reason he has done so well is his attitude. It goes without saying that he's one of the nicest people in the game.



RAY KENNEDY:

If you can pick your man to play and live like, pick Cally. You won't go far wrong. He's everything you need. He shows that if you look after yourself you can do it. It looks as if he will go on for ever. He's great to play with. He's got this tremendous enthusiasm for the game and he never complains. He's a remarkable fellow and a great bloke.

DAVE HICKSON:

I played in the same forward line as Ian on the day he made his debut against Bristol Rovers in April, 1960. He made an immediate impact and I thought to myself . . . "here is an England player if ever I saw one." If he passed to you then you got it . . . if he crossed the ball he pinpointed it to you. It was just as if he had radar. It has absolutely baffled me ever since why he has been virtually ignored by England. He should have been a regular for years because he has a brilliant football brain and he is so dedicated that it hasn't surprised me to see him still going strong today.

ROGER HUNT

Ian has amazed everyone by staying at the top so long—I still find it hard to believe he is still going strong five years after I left Anfield. I always thought he might start to struggle a little when he lost some of his pace but it just hasn't happened. I'm sure his relaxed and easy going nature off the field has contributed to his long career. He's not the type of person to worry unduly and he's always managed to get things into perspective. These are the qualities which have enabled him to extend his career at a stage when most players would be bowing out or settling for life in a lower division. He is a remarkable man, apart from being an outstanding player.



JOHN TOSHACK:

It's almost impossible to say anything about Cally that hasn't been said before. I think the fact that he's playing in the position he is now has helped him to keep going for such a long time. He's always had good players around him, ready to receive and give passes. If you are going to direct the traffic it's essential to have traffic there in the first place. I'm sure Ian would be the first to agree with me. He is the team's stabiliser . . . he settles things down. Perhaps if he had been recalled by England a long time ago they wouldn't have reached their current plight . . . prevention is always better than a cure.

PHIL NEAL:

It's a long way from Fourth Division Northampton to Liverpool. They're two different worlds—but that's the switch I made in October, 1974. There were all sorts of feelings rushing around in my head when I first got to Anfield because I really couldn't take everything in . . . but one thing did make an impression on me. I was given a peg in the dressing room next to Cally and every time I went home for months afterwards I would say to people: "I get changed next to Ian Callaghan." That, for me, was something to be proud of. Words can't do justice to him and the amount he's contributed to the game.



RAY CLEMENCE:

I think that up and coming Chelsea player Butch Wilkins best summed up Cally when we were at the England hotel before the international with Switzerland only a few days after Liverpool had knocked Wilkins and Chelsea out of the League Cup. "Cally never ceases to amaze me," Wilkins said. "I've never seen anyone cover as much ground in all my life." And that's Cally. I've had the pleasure of playing behind him for seven years now and he's always there if anyone is in trouble. He's the anchor man in midfield shielding the defence and helping the attack. I know whenever I've got the ball, Cally will be looking for space so that he can be available to receive it which is a great help to any goalkeeper.

How two friends reached the top

—one for laughs and the other for kicks!

Two sons of Liverpool who have put the city on the map in their distinctive ways—footballer supreme Ian Callaghan and top comedian Jimmy Tarbuck. Their friendship stretches back to the late 1950's when they were both starting out on the careers that have brought them national fame—and they are just as big pals today as they ever were. Jimmy, a red hot Liverpool fan and a member of Ian's testimonial committee, recalls: "I remember Ian playing for Liverpool Schoolboys but I really got to know him when several of us used to meet in a coffee house in the city centre. Ian and many other players would pop in, including Johnny Morrissey, Jimmy Melia and Bobby Campbell who was best man at my wedding. We were just kids then, swapping stories and having a few laughs. We didn't know what was ahead of us. Ian has never changed. He's always been the same great fellow on and off the field. He is like vintage wine . . . the older he gets the better he gets. It will be a sad day for Liverpool and the whole of football when he hangs up his boots. I just hope that day is a long way off.

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Ian Callaghan . . .*

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Alias Smith and Cally

You can't have one without the other

BY **ELTON WELSBY**
(Radio City)

Looking around we could have been anywhere in Europe. International hotels are like that. Outside was Amsterdam, asleep in the early hours. Inside a few of us talked football. Tommy Smith was in the chair. Cally had gone to bed.

It was the last night of a week long pre-season European tour and, at 35, Cally had been Liverpool's most outstanding player over three games. "He's got to play well at this stage of the season," grinned Smithy, "otherwise people start writing him off."

Smith and Callaghan are mates. They room together, travel together and generally look after each other away from home. Or at least Smithy looks after Cally. It's hard to imagine Tommy Smith as a nursemaid.

"Cally and I started rooming together when Gerry Byrne and then Chris Lawler went out of the first team. Cally used to share with Gerry, and me with Chris. I suppose as we were the two 60's survivors it was natural, although at the time a few people were surprised because our reputations were so different."

"I'm branded the excitable type—a hard case early in my career—but in recent years I've mellowed, and that's due to Cally's influence as much as anyone else's."

"People ask me what is so different about Cally, what's the secret of his consistency. Well, one reason,

other than his own personal discipline and high standard of fitness, is that he's got hardly anything to worry about off the field. I do the worrying for him. It started off as a joke, but quite honestly I don't know what he'd do now if I didn't order the breakfasts and papers for the morning or fill in the visas before entering another country.

"The two of us went on Bobby Charlton's close season world tour. When we left Copenhagen for Iceland, Cally decided his boots wouldn't be suitable. He had two pairs, one of them borrowed from Roy Evans. I phoned a friend who works for Gola and he sent Cally two new pairs.

"He also borrowed another pair, so by the end of the tour I was carrying five pairs for Cally as well as my own. And he still only wore one pair on the whole trip!"

The conversation continued, with Smithy recalling Cally's great moments while the 'old man', as Ronnie Moran calls him, was sleeping peacefully. "He doesn't have nightmares, you know, even ghosts like him. In fact I've never met anyone who doesn't like Cally."

The Smith/Callaghan partnership almost split up at the end of last season when Smithy announced his retirement. "It wasn't Bob Paisley who persuaded me to stay on," joked Smith, "it was Cally—he likes the cushy life too much."



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Isn't he lovely!

Two women with the same conclusion

By ANN CUMMINGS (Liverpool Echo)

Cally has been a winner off the field for me, for his kindness, consideration and courtesy, ever since I first got to know him a decade ago. And I know his pretty wife Linda won't mind me paying tribute to this smashing chap whom I have always both liked and respected.

"He is lovely, isn't he?" she agrees during our woman-to-woman talk about him, adding impulsively: "I just love him."

I've admired Cally on the field for years, but it's been a double delight to know him off it. It's always a pleasure to meet this dapper gentleman with the relaxed air of a Perry Como. Nothing is ever too much trouble for him and he's always been as helpful as possible to me in my newspaper work.

So it was nice to get the "low-down" on him from his wife, and learn that he really is the model husband and father, as well as professional footballer.

"He's a marvellous husband," said Linda at their comfortable Maghull home, where they have lived for the past eight years. "We still think as much of each other as we did the day we got married—if not more. If anything, it has improved as the years go by. He's very kind and considerate; never mean—if I want anything, I can have it."

"He's a quiet person who would never do anything

to hurt anyone, and he never holds grudges. Ian's very easy to get on with, as well.

"I suppose if some people were in his position for as long as he has been, they might have their heads in the skies, but Ian is not like that at all, and never has been. He lives each day as it comes."

"He's a very sensible person. We've been in the same house now for eight years and he never thinks of moving. He would rather live in comfort than be ostentatious."

"I don't think we will ever have any trouble in coming down to earth, because we are that already!"

"But don't get the impression he is dull in any way. He's good company to be with and loves a joke, which he can tell as good as anybody."

"But he is a family man who enjoys the home life. He has a drink now and again with the lads but basically he is a home lover. And he loves his job. He thinks he is very lucky to be doing something he loves so much."

Linda says Ian is also a good father to their two daughters, Samantha, aged seven, and Suzanne, three.

"He's very good with them and doesn't over-indulge them," she says. "On the other hand, being typical girls, they know at times how to twist him round their little fingers! And Ian is soft at heart."

"We're very pleased at the moment in how Samantha is following her own interests. She's keen on riding, at which she is becoming pretty good, and she loves swimming as well."

Although he's won countless honours in his career, Ian has only one trophy on display in his home—the Footballer of the Year award.

He is fond of art and enjoys choosing paintings for his home. His other great joy is his garden where he lovingly tends his roses and neat lawn.

He also enjoys watching television and listening to tapes, preferring Tony Bennett and Andy Williams, but now and again playing Rod Stewart and Wings records if he's in a lively mood.

Ian is also something of a gourmet who enjoys good food and wine. "He's got a good appetite and always enjoys his food," said Linda. "He loves Continental dishes, particularly with rice and chicken, but he has no real favourites and is easy to feed."

"We have our own circle of friends and sometimes go out for a meal, but we don't lead the super-star life that people sometimes tend to think we do. But football has brought us a good life so we can go to nice places for meals and enjoy holidays in the sun in Majorca or Spain."

Linda, a former beauty queen, met Ian in 1968. Her first words to him were: "Do you smoke?"

Said Linda: "He looked at me as if I had asked him to take poison! I was promoting cigarettes as a demonstrator at the time."

"It was Roy Evans who actually introduced us. Ian jokes that he's never forgiven him since! We married a year after we met."

"I didn't know much about football then and I don't know much more now. But I do know one thing—I am very proud of my husband."

Good Luck Ian

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Thanks for the memories...

A tot of whisky, a headed goal and five championship medals

By **HORACE YATES**

(*Liverpool Daily Post*)

Players come and players go, but Ian Callaghan seemingly goes on for ever. When he was first unveiled to the Anfield public as a small, slim, shy 17-years-old against Bristol Rovers on 16 April, 1960, the big Liverpool names included Ronnie Moran, Gerry Byrne, John Wheeler, Geoff Twentyman, John Morrissey, Billy Liddell, Roger Hunt, Dave Hickson, Jimmy Melia and Alan A'Court.

It was a modest beginning, playing in four of the last five games, with a rest between them as a precaution against overstretching the lad. Stamina was one thing nobody wished to puncture.

He played in only three games the following season, before staking his place in 1961-62 when he scored his first goal at Preston and found himself with a Second Division Championship medal and a footing in the First Division he has never lost.

So that apart from 30 matches Cally has played his illustrious part in football entirely in the First Division... and what an ornament he has been to the game. He is every father's (and mother's too) idea of how they would have liked their favourite son to turn out.

In his 17 playing years at Anfield nobody has ever had to raise their voice or say a harsh word to Ian. Seen not heard, has always been his motto in life.

Well do I remember travelling with Liverpool to a game in the Midlands when Cally was still very much the new boy. He was not feeling very well during the journey and a tot of whisky was prescribed as the cure-all.

"Wait," cautioned Bob Paisley. "He's probably never tasted whisky in his life and a stiff dose will probably put him even further under the weather."

And so Ian's introduction to whisky was cut to proportions that would hardly have alerted the Temperance Society.

'Dr. Paisley's' prescription worked. Ian recovered and played.

Perhaps because, at the time of writing, Cally has scored only 49 League goals in his life it is not difficult to pick out a few of those he will never forget.

A place of honour is reserved for Deepdale on 4 November, 1961—his first game of that season, for he scored for the first time.

Another he might be persuaded to discuss in one of his more expansive moments was that at Bolton on 20 February, 1965. Not only was it Liverpool's passport to the F.A. Cup sixth round and the first time he had scored in this competition, but it was in the dying seconds when a replay seemed certain.

To this day he has his leg pulled by Ronnie Moran and Joe Fagan about so seldom putting his head in

contact with the ball, but nobody pulled his leg that night, for it was a header that helped Liverpool on their way to Wembley and their first F.A. Cup triumph over Leeds United.

"I don't think it's the only time I have scored with a header," Ian says, "but there can't have been many."

For such an occasional contributor to the goals column, it was remarkable that he should be able to point to a hat-trick against Hull City on 4 December, 1973—the only goals Liverpool scored, in the Football League Cup competition.

Another red letter day were two goals that beat Everton on 28 September, 1963.

Now what remains for this player who has already picked up a set of medals that would send most collectors happily into retirement. Cally has no doubts about that.

"I would love to help Liverpool to another Championship triumph this season," he says. "Not only would that gives us three in a row, but it would be my sixth Championship medal—and I gather that's something nobody has ever done." Good luck Ian. That's a wish every Liverpudlian and a host of admirers pray will come true.

Good Luck Ian

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THE



IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE—Testimonial Year 1977-78

The winter of '59

By
**CHRIS
JAMES**
(Daily Mirror)

And a youngster takes his first step to stardom

The Guy Fawkes bonfires had long since become heaps of ash and Church Street was aglow with glittering lights as the Christmas of 1959 approached when Bill Shankly became manager of Liverpool.

Down at Melwood, then ramshackle compared with its present state of near-Utopia for football training, a little dark-haired lad from Toxteth trained two evenings a week as an amateur.

Ian Callaghan had left school and was an apprentice central heating engineer. But the heat he dreamed of producing was on a football field and at Anfield in particular.

And amid the damp chill of those winter evenings he worked hard obeying the orders barked in a strong Scottish brogue by Liverpool coach Reuben Bennett whom no parade ground sergeant major could have outshouted.

Callaghan's enthusiasm was rewarded when the reserves were short of players for a game and his name was pencilled in even though he was still an amateur.

Bill Shankly was too busy trying to restore the first team to First Division status to take much notice of Callaghan and because of the commitments of the senior team he did not see that Central League match.

But he soon heard about it from the reserve team

coach Joe Fagan. "I want that lad Callaghan again," he told Shankly. "He's useful. He's good with corners, is always working and is a busy little player."

"If that's the case you'd better play him again," replied Shankly—and Ian Callaghan's illustrious career moved on to the launch pad.

Shankly recalls: "If I'd have seen him playing then Joe wouldn't have needed to ask me if he could have him for the reserves again."

"I took a look then myself and in two or three weeks he had signed as a professional. I called him into my office and said to him: 'I want you to become a professional but I want you to go home and discuss it with your parents before you decide.'

"You see the wages then were still only about £20 a week. It wasn't until a year or so later that the maximum wage was abolished."

"But I knew even before he went home to discuss it that he would be signing because he was so keen."

"Then it was only two or three weeks more before I named him in the big team for his debut."

That was March 1960 and the opponents were Bristol Rovers. He had an outstanding game—the first of the 800 or more he has had since to the joy of the Kop and everyone up and down the country and throughout Europe who has had the privilege of watching him.

From the big names in the game

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**DAILY
Mirror**

**Sunday
Mirror**

**Sunday
People**

SOCCER COVERAGE AT ITS BEST



By COLIN WOOD
(Daily Mail)

To whom it may concern...

How about another football knighthood!?

All over the country there are men to whom Ian Callaghan has been a great disappointment. All of them are younger than him, but some are no longer playing.

I'm not striking a sour note in this season of tribute to one of the greatest men ever to grace our national game. I'm simply using those whom Cally has disappointed to measure the length and breadth of the Callaghan career.

Keen students of the transfer gossip columns in the newspapers will be able to reel off the names. At one time every promising midfield player seemed a potential replacement for Callaghan. Now, no knowledgeable football writer would put his name to a story suggesting that Liverpool were looking for someone to take Cally's place.

We've learned our lesson. We know that he's going to go on for ever.

All we can do is feel for those to whom we have given false hope; those linked in print with the great man through no fault of their own.

And we have to admit they must be the only ones he's ever disappointed. For there's nothing disappointing about the rest of the Ian Callaghan story.

I count it a privilege to have been able to report

football affairs at Anfield through all the great years from 1963 onwards. And one of the greatest privileges of all is that I have been able to rub shoulders with the great man.

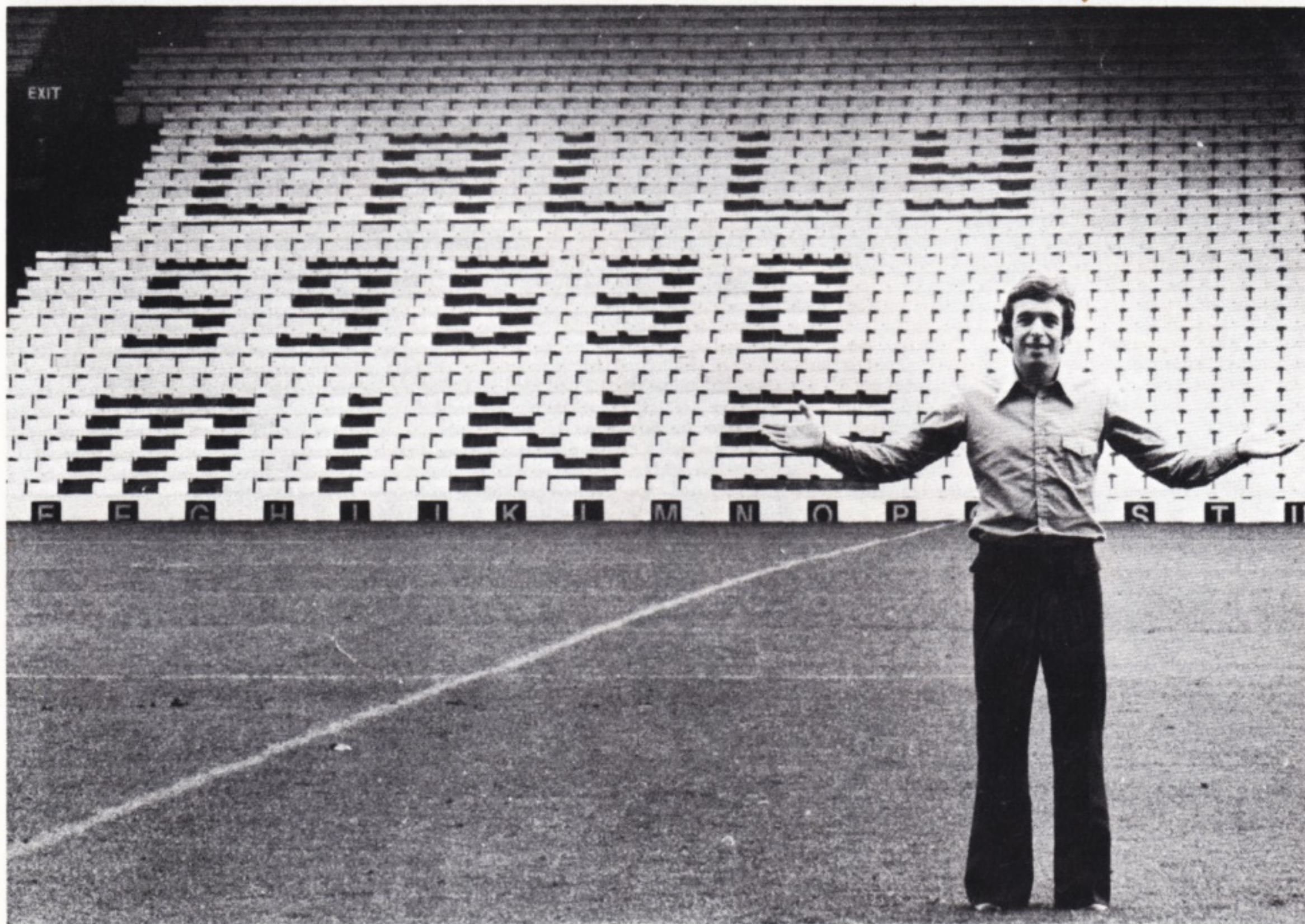
Once, in fact, I rubbed shoulders with him rather too closely and put him out of action. It was in Bruges in 1976 during the U.E.F.A. Cup-winning celebrations. I knocked Cally over and he damaged his ribs. Fortunately, he had all summer to recover. I'm sure that I'd have been ex-communicated if Liverpool had faced more matches then and he'd been ruled out.

A year later we celebrated again, in Rome, the realisation of his greatest ambition, the winning of the European Cup. We didn't sing a duet that night and I wonder whether it was because he didn't like the sound of my voice or he didn't want another rib injury.

I remember my first sighting of him vividly. It was on 16 February, 1963 — the year of the big freeze.

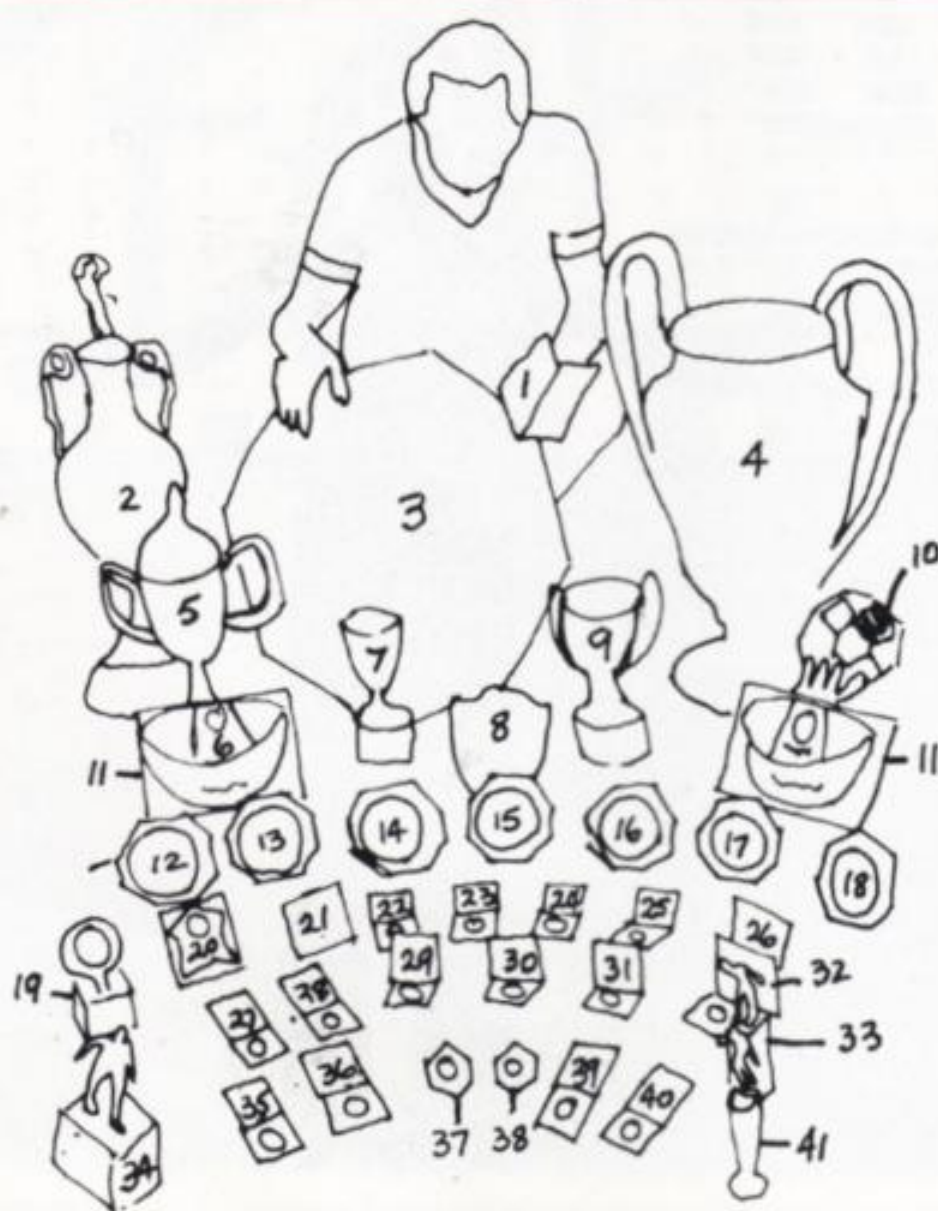
A few months later I was appointed the *Daily Mail's* Man on Merseyside and met Cally for the first time.

Since then he's been the man who's only made news for the right reasons. Others have hogged the headlines. Cally's headlines have recorded his achievements.





A MAN AND HIS MEDALS...



The Ian Callaghan Testimonial Brochure presents, for the first time, a portrait of Ian with his harvest of cups and medals collected from 17 years in football.

Key to picture is as follows:

1. M.B.E.
2. League Championship Trophy
3. F.A. Charity Shield
4. European Champions Cup
5. Daily Express Player of the Year Award 1974
6. England International Cap v. Finland 1966
7. Liverpool Senior Cup Runners-up Trophy 1960-61
8. Liverpool Echo Sports Personality Award 1973-74
9. Liverpool Senior Cup Winners Trophy 1962
10. Sun Player of the Year Award 1974
11. England International Cap v. France (World Cup) 1966.
- 12-18. F.A. Charity Shield Medals 1964, 1965, 1966, 1971, 1974, 1976, 1977
19. St. Patrick's C.Y.M.S. Christmas Award 1966.
20. Liverpool F.C. Supporters' Club League Championship Medal 1965-66
- 21-26. Five League Championship Medals (1964, 1966, 1973, 1976, 1977) plus Second Div. Championship Medal 1962.
27. Football League Representative Medal
28. Football League Representative Medal.
29. European Cup Winners Medal 1977
30. U.E.F.A. Cup Winners Medal 1973
31. U.E.F.A. Cup Winners Medal 1976
32. European Team of the Year Medal 1976
33. Liverpool F.C. Supporters' Club Award 1967
34. F.W.A. Footballer of the Year Award 1974
35. F.A. Cup Runners-up Medal 1971
36. F.A. Cup Winners Medal 1965
37. Man-of-the-match Award Finland v. England 1966
38. European Cup Winners Cup Runners-up-Medal 1966
39. F.A. Cup Winners Medal 1974
40. F.A. Cup Runners-up Medal 1977
41. Liverpool Weekly News Footballer of the Year Award 1965

PROFILE

Full name: IAN ROBERT CALLAGHAN
Born: 10 April, 1942. Height 5 ft. 7 ins. Weight: 11 st.
Birthplace: Toxteth, Liverpool.
Wife: LINDA. (Married in May 1969).
Children: SUZANNE and SAMANTHA
Career Details: Started playing football for St. Patrick's School team and local boys' club before being selected for Liverpool Schoolboys. Signed for Liverpool as an amateur in 1958 and became a professional 28 March, 1960. Made his first team debut less than three weeks later in the Second Division game against Bristol Rovers at Anfield on 16 April, 1960 . . . replacing his boyhood idol Billy Liddell. Callaghan went on to overtake Liddell's club record number of League appearances and to the start of the 1977-78 season Callaghan had played in 817 senior games for Liverpool including seven F.A. Charity Shield matches.
Honours: See details in key to colour picture on page 20.
Hobbies: Enjoying a meal with Linda, gardening, listening to Tony Bennett and good jazz records . . . and playing football because I enjoy it enormously.

Side by side as they have been for years . . . Ian Callaghan and Tommy Smith run out of the Anfield tunnel back in the sixties. Behind them is Geoff Strong, now a member of Ian's Testimonial Committee.





Better late than never...

The applause rang out for the Footballer of the Year

By MIKE LANGLEY
(Sunday People)

The melon had long gone with gusto, as had the minestrone sprinkled with parmesan. Seven hundred portions of roast duckling disappeared likewise, and the sherry trifle was just stepping through the ropes. Everyone was nearly replete, which is a posh word for full. The only emptiness was beside me in the seat of honour.

I was chairman of the 1974 Footballer of the Year dinner and wondered miserably if it would be remembered only for arriving at the coffee-and-brandy stage with no Footballer of the Year.

Ian Callaghan, the winner, was more than 20 miles away in St. Albans when we sat down in London's West End.

The F.A. Cup Final against Newcastle United was two days off but Bill Shankly, although tickled pink that a Liverpool footballer had earned the writers' trophy at last, still growled to me:

"He's not coming to the dinner, not the eating part of it. I don't want him spending a whole evening where there's drink and smoke. He can come just for the presentation."

We sent a taxi to collect Ian and Bill from their Cup hotel and prayed, knowing London traffic problems, that it would return unscathed through crashes and hold-ups. A tune teased around in my head: "Get me to the church on time".

There may be prestige in presiding over football's best-attended social function but, believe me, there

is no personal enjoyment at the time. I was on edge. Every glance from the floor towards Ian's empty place seemed like a reproach.

Then, over in the far left hand corner, double doors swung open... Ian Callaghan, with Shanks alongside, hurried through. The toastmaster never had time to intone the traditional: "Gentlemen, prepare to receive your Footballer of the Year."

Seven hundred guests, in dinner jackets for the first and only time in Football Writers' history, sprang to their feet and applauded Callaghan every step of his long way to his seat on the top-table stage.

I have attended Footballer of the Year dinners for almost two decades, and no winner in that time has been accorded a more enthusiastic reception.

No doubt relief at his eventual appearance played some part in it but even more, I think, is that the distinguished audience recognised in Ian Callaghan a wholly admirable footballer.

That natural aplomb carried him through the presentation and acceptance speech, although arriving so late at a dinner is not unlike springing off the subs bench in the second spell of extra time.

He was modest and genuine and nice and brief... and a photograph of Ian receiving the trophy is a proud memento on permanent display at my home.

Liverpool supporters are scarce where I live in the deep South with the result that visitors seeing the picture for the first time nearly always exclaim:

"Oh, do you know Tony Jacklin?"





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THE



IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE—Testimonial Year 1977-78

A world of a thousand opinions

But they all agree about Ian—he's tops

By **MICHAEL CHARTERS**

(*Liverpool Echo*)

In the world of professional football, there are a thousand opinions among every thousand people. Good player? Well, he's not so bad . . . or varying shades of thought along that sort of line. Unanimous is not a word which football folk either know much about or care about.

But in my years of association with the game, talking to officials and players in the broadest context of those two words, I have found them unanimous in one respect—about Ian Callaghan.

Superlatives are so over-used in football that they tend to lose their meaning. Journalists are particularly guilty, TV and radio commentators even more so in their frenzy to make the most ordinary football occasion or person sound as though the Messiah has arrived for an encore performance.

But a few superlatives are in order about this marvellous and magnificent Liverpool player. Throughout football in this country, he is rated, without dissension, as a model professional, the example for all youngsters to copy, with outstanding ability, stamina, sportsmanship, consistency . . . and so pleasant and charming with it all.

The statistics of his amazing career appear elsewhere in this brochure. They tell a magical tale but they cannot tell the personality behind them.

I've never heard him complain about anything . . . not even the weather! He's had his ups and downs like everyone else and I have been delighted for him that the ups have been much more frequent than the downs in his life span.

I think he got a raw deal from Alf Ramsey in the 1966 World Cup. To play in just one game in that tournament when he was one of the finest forwards in England was absurd . . . but I've never heard him moan about that. Equally he greeted the news that he had been recalled to the England squad by Ron Greenwood in a typically modest manner.

I look on him as an athlete as much as a footballer. He enjoys keeping fit—I doubt if his weight has varied more than a pound or so in 15 years.

No one has given more to football and Anfield in particular than Ian Callaghan. The old place won't seem the same when that trim, neatly dressed, impeccably turned out super star—and I mean super star in my view—gives up the game. No one deserves a bumper benefit more than he because he has given everything he's got for Liverpool and football. That's Callaghan—100 per cent all along the line.

Since before Cally was a lad...



The 'Echo' was in action with reports and pictures. From his debut with the Reds through to his third England cap—every move has been presented through the columns of the 'Echo'. Even now that he's old and grey, Cally is still news!

LIVERPOOL ECHO



A headline writer's nightmare...

But he's a football manager's dream

By ALEX GOODMAN

• (Liverpool Echo)

The trouble with Ian Callaghan, as far as sports writers are concerned, is that he doesn't go around kicking people and getting into trouble with referees.

Nor does he constantly storm into the manager's office for those "angry showdowns" much beloved by headline writers all over the country.

Nor does he get himself sent home from pre-season tours for sipping a gin and tonic when he should be doing something else.

Not to put too fine a point on it—he's boring! In the nicest possible sense of course.

You will never see Cally in the headlines, not because he hasn't anything interesting to say but simply because he is not the controversial type of person.

But in an age when all too many footballers think they are the most important people on earth it is so refreshing to find Cally alive, well and playing in Liverpool's midfield.

Modern day football is not all bad—and Cally is

testimony to that. Managers throughout the country have described him as the "model professional" and they are right.

In over 800 first team games for Liverpool at home and abroad he has never been cautioned by a referee which shows that he keeps a very tight hold on his temper despite some very severe provocation.

And for a man in his middle 30's Cally shows no signs of slowing down. In fact he is in far better physical condition than men 10 years younger than him.

Tommy Smith, Cally's room mate on so many overnight trips, reckons he is really 10 years older but it's just a friendly joke between two old friends. At least I think it is!

One day of course Cally will retire. When that day will come is anybody's guess. "I'll stop playing when I stop enjoying the game," he says. But soccer, a game so lacking in honest men, will be all the poorer without Cally.

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George Downey and Staff

So late in the day

The reward from his country for the model professional

BY **BOB AZURDIA**
(BBC Radio Merseyside)

Some talk of Kevin Keegan and some of Roger Hunt. But of all the game's great heroes there's NONE to compare with the man who's name is synonymous with the Liverpool club and whose career has ranged across the greatest days of Liverpool's history.

Ian Callaghan. The model professional. The man who's never had a caution against his name despite the attentions, at one time or another, of every defender in the European game. The first Liverpool player to be named Footballer of the Year and later the first to receive an award from the Queen in a New Year Honours list.

Ian Callaghan has been for so long the first name written down on team-sheets as the Liverpool Number 11, the restless midfield artist who sparks his side's brilliance, it's hard to remember he's been playing this role for only half his career.

Ian, of course, began in the Liverpool team as a conventional outside right and Number 7 was his long before Kevin Keegan emerged to wear it instead.

As a teenager in the distant days of Division Two, when promotion was the seemingly unattainable goal, Ian bridges the gap to that other legendary Liver-

pool figure; Billy Liddell. For the young Callaghan to succeed that idol was no mean task—but by application, skill and sheer persistence he DID take over and is, today, Liverpool's last playing link with the Second Division.

It's unthinkable, today, with the European Cup finally at Anfield and two more First Division titles successively behind them that Liverpool struggled for so long to regain First Division status. When they did, there were obvious adjustments under Bill Shankly—but one of the features to emerge was the wing-play of Ian Callaghan on the right, with Peter Thompson on the left.

Playing at outside-right Ian started his European career 14 seasons ago and went on help create what Bill Shankly called his "Big Team" of the 'Sixties.

For the first time in the club's history Liverpool won the F.A. Cup and a significant part in both Liverpool's goals was played by Ian Callaghan. His was the cross which gave Ian St. John the chance to head the winning goal against Leeds and, if he'd made no other contribution to Liverpool's success, that alone would have been enough to guarantee Callaghan immortality!

But Ian Callaghan had a cartilage operation in 1970-71 season and many feared then that his career was nearing its end.

Cally fought back. He recovered and regained his team place with a new jersey—Number 11—and a new role in the midfield. Liverpool's continuous process of re-building was on and Ian was in the heart of it!

With Ian in midfield Liverpool moved to their greatest years . . . the U.E.F.A. Cup twice came to Anfield, championships, shields and finally the European Cup itself—the very pinnacle of football achievement for the team, the club and, 'Mr. Liverpool', Ian Callaghan.

Two mysteries, only, exist for me in Ian Callaghan's magnificent career. The first is why he's scored so few goals. Indeed he has *scored* goals—I recall him hitting a hat-trick, once, against Hull City in a mid-week League Cup replay . . . a cracker-jack of a goal against Petrolul Ploesti of Rumania in a European game—though Ian himself doesn't remember this—and perhaps most satisfying of all, two splendid efforts at Elland Road against Leeds United.

The second and bigger mystery is how he's been ignored by England for almost all his career. True, he gained a World Cup medal in 1966 and helped England beat France before the Final. But WHY, WHY, WHY when England's game has cried out for unselfish, creative, consistent, experienced footballers was Ian Callaghan left out for so long. Only now, so late in his career, has he been recalled to the international squad by England's astute new manager, Ron Greenwood.

May he go on forever and his influence reach those parts other giants of the game simply cannot reach!



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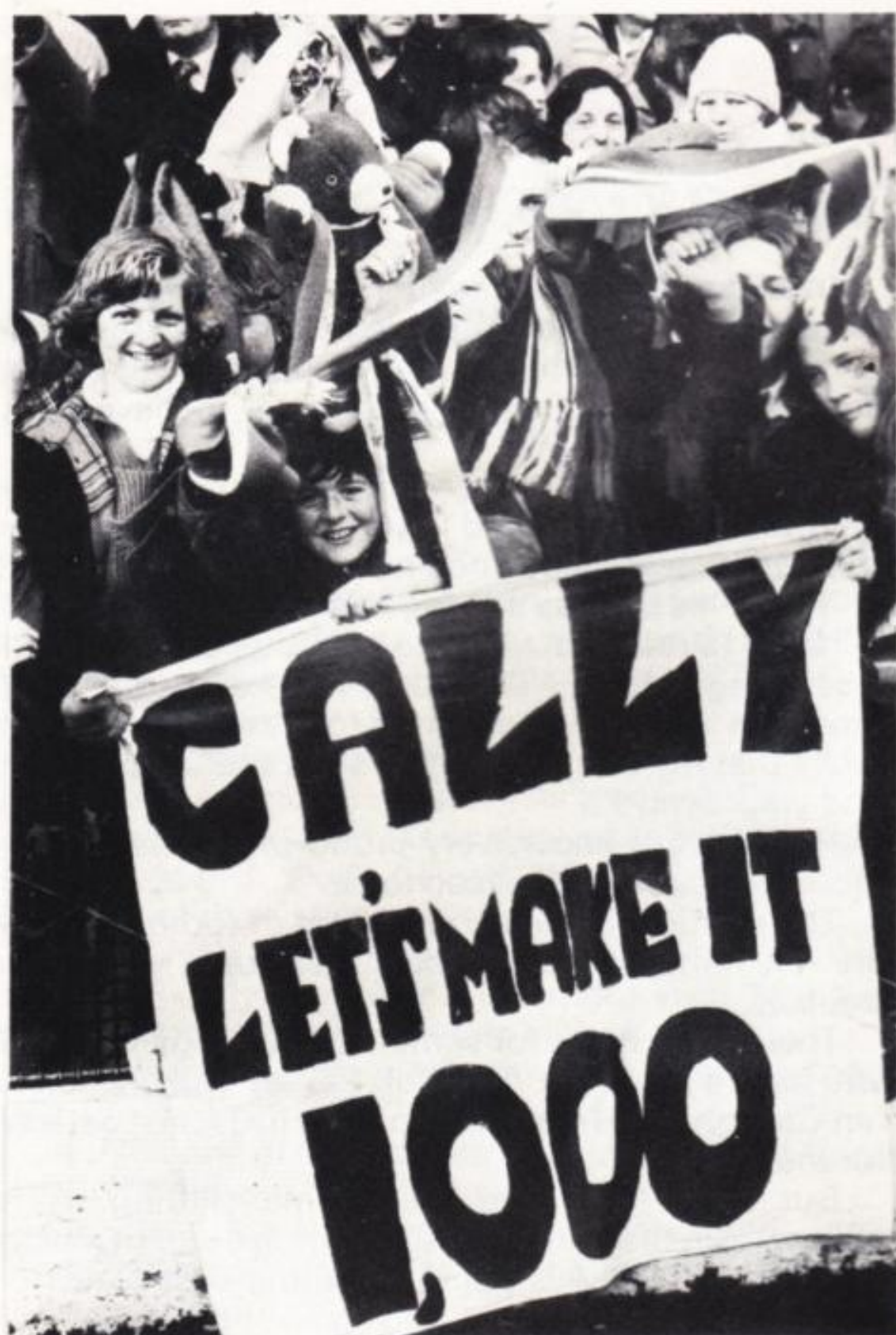
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THE



IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE—Testimonial Year 1977-78

They've got to be joking

This Peter Pan goes marching on . . .

By **RICHARD BOTT**

(*Sunday Express*)

Professional sport is a wonderful way to earn a living, a passport to fame and fortune. But how cruel it can be. How would you like to be dubbed a veteran at 30, a has been at 35, forgotten at 40?

Ian Callaghan is 35 and they joke about his pension book, take pictures of him in wheelchairs, label him Old Man of Anfield.

But this fellow is no has been. He is the Peter Pan of football. After 800 games for Liverpool he is still running with the unflagging energy and enthusiasm of a teenager. And he is still good enough to play for the first team . . . and win a recall to the England squad.

Players nearly ten years his junior have gone out of the game, burned out, destroyed by high living and low morals. But 'Cally' goes marching on.

How does he do it? What is his secret? Simple. He enjoys playing above all else. His life is not ruled by trophies, stardom or the greatest evil of them all . . . money.

Bill Shankly once said of a player of whom he had very scant regard "the boy has a heart the size of a caraway seed". Well, I'll wager that is about the size of Cally's ego.

But let him explain in his own words the secret of his longevity, as quoted in a *Sunday Express* article I wrote about him last year.

Cally told me: "When I don't enjoy playing any more . . . that will be the time to pack in. It would kill me to finish playing. I talk to some of my mates from the old Liverpool team of the sixties . . . Roger Hunt, Geoff Strong, etc. . . . and they tell me it is terrible, when you pack in.

"So I don't give retirement a thought. The secret is to look no further than the next game . . . and not to look back.

"Pressure? When I go home at night I am just like a bloke from the gas board. I forget all about my job.

"I enjoy playing. I enjoy training. How can you lose enthusiasm for the game when you are playing in a successful side".

I asked him if pre-season training had become a painful chore, if he was tired of making sacrifices.

"The training is hard however old you are. And I don't consider I have to make all that many sacrifices. I live my life by certain rules but the routine doesn't take the every-day enjoyment out of life. I can still have a pint with the lads and take the wife out on a Saturday night."

The modern game is dominated by money. And 'Cally', who started his Football League career before the abolition of the maximum wage, has had his share.

But he has been a credit to the game. No scandals, no screaming headlines, no outspoken comments, no trouble with referees. He must be a manager's dream.

In a game so often marred by the cynical foul or the blatant butchery handed out by players unable to survive on skill alone . . . a game spoiled by ill-temper and frustration, 'Cally' has always behaved impeccably.

He was booked once—for a late tackle. It was unintentional or it would have been out of character. In fact, the referee decided not to report the caution.

Yet, in his days as a flying wingman, was he never tempted to retaliate when he was chopped down by a scything tackle? "I've been whacked a thousand times but it has never occurred to me to retaliate. I am lucky that my temperament is such that I can get up and walk away."

He is also, I know, very proud of his disciplinary record. He has good reason to be.

The midfield is the engine room of football. If you are not firing on all cylinders there then you are in trouble.

There is no room for sentiment in the game, not if you have a job to do. And Bob Paisley will only name Ian Callaghan in his side as long as he is the best man for the job.

But he is going to take some shifting. As a colleague in the Press Box said during a recent match: "Looks like 'Cally' is going to be the best player on the park again." Again . . . and again . . . and again.

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My one big regret

Peter Thompson—and the England wish that never came true

By **DERICK ALLSOP**

(Daily Mail)

Modern football has come to know and admire Ian Callaghan as an all-action, inventive midfield player. His zeal and selfless commitment are the very essence of Liverpool in the seventies.

But ask Peter Thompson how he will remember Ian Callaghan and he replies: "As a winger."

Cally first produced his sorcery as an outside-right and his impish skills helped mould the Liverpool colossus of the sixties.

Tormenting the full-back on the other side was Thompson. They provided Liverpool with arguably the most lethal pair of wingers in the country.

"Cally was a great winger and it was as a winger that I really knew him," said Thompson.

"I think one of the reasons for our success in those days was that we complemented each other.

"Ian was more direct. He was very quick, very sharp. He would go for the by-line and then put over those wonderful centres.

"I tended to do more on the ball, more twisting and turning. It proved to be an ideal combination for the side.

"It didn't work all the time, of course. Sometimes we would get bogged down, so then we would swap wings.

"Ian might find his style better suited to tackle the right-back and I'd find more success against the left-back. We were often able to turn a game our way by doing that.

"Mind you, we didn't let many games get away from us. We had three particularly marvellous years in the mid-sixties."

Marvellous indeed. Liverpool won the League championship in 1964, the F.A. Cup in 1965 and the championship again in 1966.

One of Thompson's disappointments was that he and Cally were never given the chance to establish their partnership with England.

"I had a run of 11 games for England and Ian got one during the '66 World Cup.

"But though Alf won the World Cup without wingers I wish we'd at least been given a run together. A lot of people thought the same way.

*Best Wishes
to Ian*

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THE



IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE—Testimonial Year 1977-78

A message from across the Park

When you mention the name Ian Callaghan in Gordon Lee's presence the eyes of the Everton manager widen, rather like a jeweller surveying a glittering chunk of rock.

The analogy does not end there. "Ian Callaghan is priceless," he announces. "He's like a diamond that is so valuable you can't put a figure on its worth.

"He is the one player you just couldn't sell because you could never replace him. He is the supreme professional, fit to rank alongside Bobby Charlton as the player who has everything you look for in a footballer.

"I remember playing against him at Villa Park. I was at left half for Villa and Liverpool had Ian on one wing, Peter Thompson on the other and Roger Hunt and Ian St. John in the middle. I tell you . . . they ran us off our feet.

"Today, Ian Callaghan is playing probably better than ever. He is a good player who has made himself into a great player of world class.

"He does everything right. You don't see him

shouting the odds or read his name plastered all over the headlines. He's not in the game for what he can get out of it—he does his talking on the field and that way there is no argument.

"When I was a coach I'd say to the kids—watch the way Ian Callaghan does this or that. I'd stress to them that if they copied Ian they wouldn't go far wrong. Everyone trying to improve their game should watch Ian because one picture is worth a thousand words.

"He is so consistent it is untrue—when does he ever have a bad game?"

Everton skipper Mick Lyons agrees wholeheartedly with his manager's glowing praise for Ian.

Says Mick: "In my opinion Cally and Ray Clemence have been the key figures in the Liverpool team and responsible for much of their success over the last 10 years.

"Cally is a marvellous example for youngsters and a great player to have on your side. I am thrilled for him that he has got another England cap because he thoroughly deserves it."





***Congratulations
and
Best Wishes
to
Ian Callaghan***

from the

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THE



IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE—Testimonial Year 1977-78

Settle up, Cally!

*It's gone beyond a
joke now you know*

When Ian Callaghan's testimonial comes around like this it's time for the rest of us to finally admit we are getting on a bit. But I can just imagine what the rest of the contents of this brochure will say—"What a great guy". "There will never be another one like him"—etc., etc., you know what I mean—they will all be at it.

So let's nail the myth with a few home truths. Ian Callaghan is and probably always will be a lousy golfer, he's so shy and quiet he's no right to be rated one of the outstanding professional footballers of the last 15 years—and come to that he's bloody slow at settling bets.

Before there is a mass attack on the Press Box let me hasten to add that the first two complaints come from Roger Hunt and only the last moan comes from me.

Now you may not like what I write but I ask you would anyone who claims to be a true Liverpoolian ever dispute the word of Sir Roger? Of course they wouldn't so it must be true.

So let Roger put it in his own words. "Cally has been mithering Geoff Strong and me for so long about going on a golfing trip we are getting sick of it. He's been trying to play the game almost as long as he has been playing football but before we can get down to giving him some serious tuition he'll have to quit Liverpool and make himself available. Geoff and I are getting quite worried about him. For the last five years we have confidently been expecting to have him free and ready but he just goes on and on."

Now you can understand Roger and Geoff's predicament. Since they retired from football they have got on with the serious work of golf and have handicaps of five and six respectively. It's a bit of a nerve really for Cally to even expect to grace the same fairway with these two masters but he keeps ringing them up which is a great embarrassment to both—how do you tell someone without offending them that they will never make the grade?

The Callaghan character also leaves much to be desired in these days when soccer stars are supposed to be on a par with pop personalities.

Back to Roger. "I played in the same side when Ian made his debut against Bristol Rovers. I hardly knew him at the time because he was a part-timer and did most of his training in the evenings.

"But he came in as replacement for Billy Liddell during the Easter programme. He looked so small and frail I almost felt sorry for him. But he never put a foot wrong and the Bristol full-back who had to try and mark him had a terrible time although I remember he treated Cally very fairly. At the end he got a standing ovation and was genuinely taken aback by all the fuss. But then that's him really. He never has gone in

for the adulation bit and he's always kept his feet on the ground. I'd better not say any more otherwise he'll think he's still got a chance of playing golf with us."

The final complaint—and I'm sure hundreds of people will have their own about this man—is the most serious of all. It concerns money Ian Callaghan has owed me for many years.

It happened so long ago I'm not sure of the date but Callaghan couldn't have been more than 38 at the time. He bet me I would become engaged to be married before him and he lost. It was for five bob—a lot of money in those days—and it's still outstanding. Yes he welched on a Welshman.

I've no doubt that after his testimonial he might be able to put a down payment on it. Whoever said it's only the nice guys who get remembered in this game? If that was true why do so many keep mentioning Cally's name? Don't tell me he has a few more debts to settle . . .

By
MIKE ELLIS
(The Sun)

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CALLAGHAN



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Ian Callaghan
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testimonial and in the future

Well played, Ian

THE IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE—Testimonial Year 1977-78



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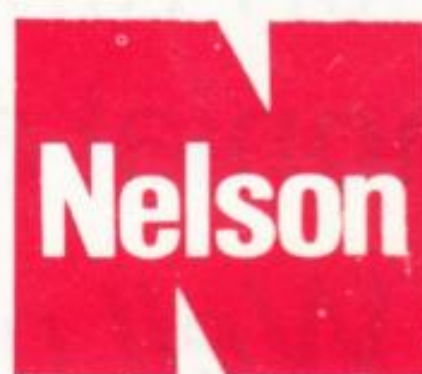
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The Quiet Man...

His actions speak louder than words

By NORMAN WYNNE

(Sunday People)

In football terms 1960 was a notable year for several reasons. Wolves missed becoming the first team this century to do the F.A. Cup and League double by just one point.

Burnley won the championship, Denis Law was transferred from Huddersfield to Manchester City for a record £55,000 . . . and Ian Callaghan made his debut for Liverpool.

Now, 17 years on, Burnley languish in the Second Division, Wolves have only just returned to the First Division, Law has quit . . . but Cally goes on and on, seemingly for ever.

And apart from, perhaps, growing a few inches taller, there is little to distinguish, physically, the 1977 Callaghan version from the teenager who replaced the great Billy Liddell in those far off days.

Off the field he is still shy and retiring: on it he is still able to confound opponents with that extra burst of pace, and the subtle crosses that have lost nothing of their accuracy.

Unlike the modern braggadocio who thinks he is a star after a handful of games, one-club man Cally,

even after a record 800-plus appearances, is still the most unassuming footballer I have known.

Having won everything the game can offer, Cally still has the same zest and enthusiasm with which he first entered professional football.

His love for the game is the only motivation he needs!

Instead of boasting of his own conquests in football—England 'caps', championship medals, Cup medals and European medals—he would prefer to talk of the people who helped him begin.

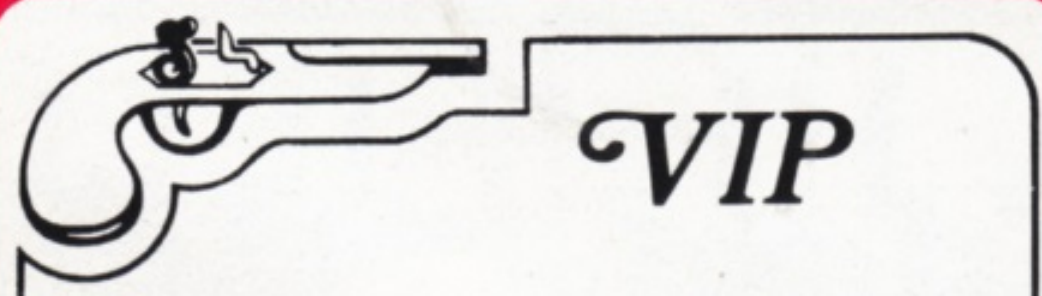
People like former Liverpool defender and now first-team trainer, Ronnie Moran, for teaching him the tactics full-backs hate wingers to use, a lesson he has never forgotten.

Like Bill Shankly for giving him his first chance; like Bob Paisley for all his help and he would rather thank his fellow players than praise himself.

Football has thanked him, though. We of the Football Writers' Association made him our Footballer of the Year in 1974 and the following year he was awarded the M.B.E. in the Queen's Honours List.

Never in the fields of football conflict have so many been given so much enjoyment by one man.

Thanks, Ian, for the memories . . . and for what is still to come!



Best Wishes Ian

from all at

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THE



IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE—Testimonial Year 1977-78

Mr. Liverpool

He personifies the Anfield spirit

By

VINCE WILSON

(Sunday Mirror)

To write about Ian Callaghan after the highly eventful, ravaged close season of 1977 is like taking a bath. When the spotlight turns on "Cally" one thinks only of the good, the clean and the healthy.

Indeed, when he does decide to hang up those well-worn boots, Soccer could enlist him as a health visitor! For Ian could be presented to any Soccer company, from the unfashionable to the elite, as the perfect example of the professional player.

His conduct, both on and off the field, has been exemplary. I doubt if he's ever refused an autograph, I question whether he's ever had a wrong word with a team mate. He's shocked people with his modesty.

And he's won total respect from the biggest names in the game. There's no need to go beyond Bobby Charlton and Billy Bremner if you need confirmation of his assets on a Soccer pitch.

I remember Charlton enthusing about his skills in a recent conversation. "Defenders think they have him cornered, they have left him no way out—then suddenly he's whisked the ball away to a team-mate. Looking back, he should have been capped more times for England," said Charlton.

Bobby had organised a world-tour with an international team in the summer and approached a number of players before last season eventually ended. Some young ones had asked: "How many games are involved?" Not Cally. He said simply: "I'll play if the club gives permission." And few had the pressurised season which Cally had encountered.

On another occasion, when Liverpool didn't have a fixture, he asked to play in the reserves rather than be idle. He's been a priceless asset to manager Bob Paisley and former boss Bill Shankly. I wonder how many times his name has been the first entry on their team sheets?

The fact that he's starred in great, early Liverpool teams, the present one and those in between is testimony enough to the talents and attitude of the remarkable little man. I suppose I'm wrong but I cannot recall a low level performance from him.

He has personified the whole Liverpool movement. I doubt if you will see two like Cally in one lifetime.

Testimonials were designed as a reward for a player's loyalty to his club. Nobody, in that case, could begrudge him a new penny of what his testimonial season brings him.



THE IAN CALLAGHAN SOUVENIR BROCHURE—Testimonial Year



1977-78

"Best wishes and good luck", from Tom Finney.

"Good Luck, Cally," from Willie and Sonia Stevenson, King's Head Hotel, Chestergate, Macclesfield.

"All the best, Cally" from Jim and Barbara Griffin, Bottle Glass, Rainford, Lancs

Dan Druff, 14 Hardman Street, (opposite Kirklands), 051-709 2712. Continental Hair Fashions for Both. "We'll keep ahead with you, Cally," from John and staff.

"Best wishes, Ian," Wm. Lloyd Coaches, The Alamo, Melling.

"Congratulations, Cally",—from George and Elsie Wright, Longton Arms, Longton Nr. Preston.

"WARM congratulations, Ian," A Morris—Coal Merchant, 546 9611 and 526 7618.

"Congratulations and best wishes, Ian," Maureen and Alan Brown (Aughton).

"As reliable as Cally"—Knowsley Electrical Services, Rainford 3402, Industrial and Domestic Electrical Contractors: "CongratulationstoMR. Reliable."

"You know where to come next Cally," Longton Arms Football Club, Longton, Nr. Preston.

"Best wishes, Ian," from Allan and Judith Orritt, Whitestable Farm, Whitestable, Nr. Preston.

"Congratulations to Cally," from the Anfield Boot Room (Joe Fagan, Ronnie Moran, Roy Evans, John Bennison, Tom Saunders, Geoff Twentyman and Reuben Bennett).

"Best wishes, Ian (wish you played for Everton)," Jack and Lil Phillips, Punch Bowl Hotel, Sefton.





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Congratulations to Ian from the Staff at Seel House Press

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THE IAN CALLAGHAN TESTIMONIAL

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Monday, 19 September 1977 at Anfield, Kick-off 7.30 p.m.

THE TEAMS

LIVERPOOL

To be led out by Bob Paisley
from

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NEAL, Phil
KETTLE, Brian
SMITH, Tommy
KENNEDY, Ray
HUGHES, Emlyn
FAIRCLOUGH, David
CASE, Jimmy
HEIGHWAY, Steve
CALLAGHAN, Ian
WADDLE, Alan
JOHNSON, David
HANSEN, Alan
LEE, Sammy



LANCASHIRE XI

To be led out by Bill Shankly
from

STEPNEY, Alex
WOOD, George
DARRACOTT, Terry
PEJIC, Mike
DOYLE, Mike
WATSON, David
LYONS, Mick
GREENHOFF, Brian
COPPELL, Steve
KEEGAN, Kevin
LATCHFORD, Bob
McKENZIE, Duncan
TUEART, Dennis
HILL, Gordon

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