

29 April, 1950

PICTURE POST



LIVERPOOL'S GOALKEEPER SAVES A SHOT
Full Cup-final Teams in Action
(see inside)

56
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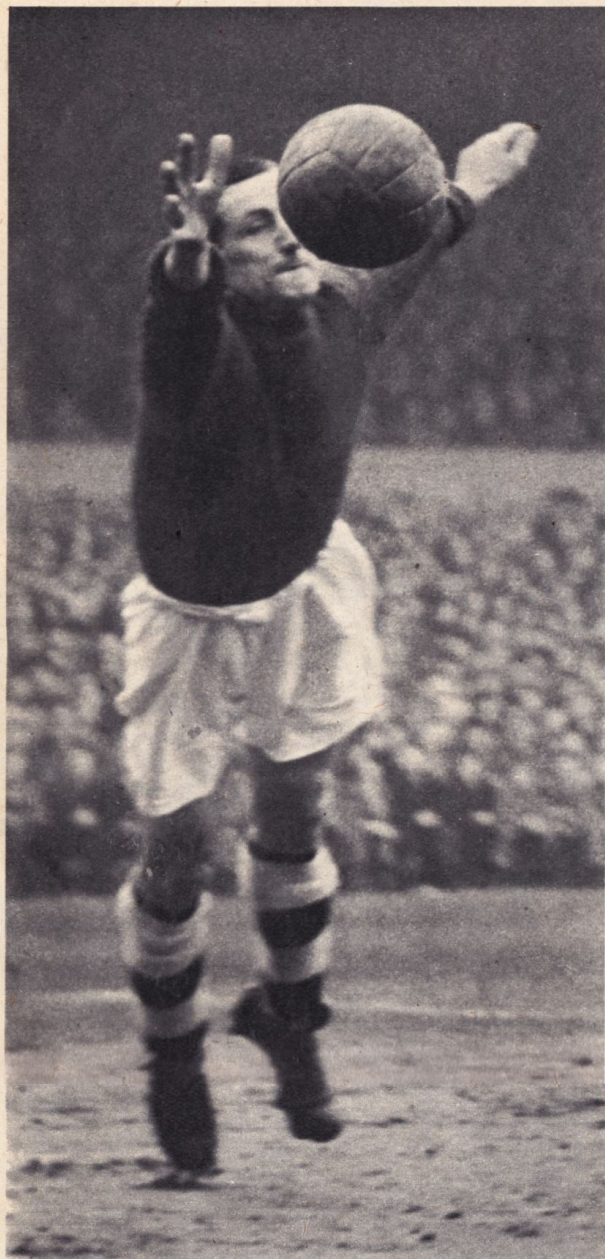
WE GO TO SEE
RUTH AND SERETSE

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29 APRIL, 1950

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THE GOALKEEPERS: On the left, Swindin of Arsenal; on the right, Sidlow of Liverpool. At Highbury they say Swindin is the best goalkeeper who never got a cap; he surely earned one in the 1947-48 season. Sidlow, a Welsh international, is one of three players who cost Liverpool money. He was bought from Wolves for a transfer fee of about £4,000. He's brilliant in the air, less safe with low shots.

NORTH v SOUTH FOR THE CUP

Up North they're unimpressed with Arsenal's team of stars. Of course they're good, but they believe that their own all-round side, eight of whom cost nothing, will prove themselves better in the Cup Final at Wembley on Saturday. But London's faith is pinned on as sturdy a defence as football can show, and forwards who may not look much on paper, but who rather like their chances of setting the Mersey on fire.

ON my left, the world-famous, the immortal, the invincible, the ever-popular Glamour Boys! On my right, the renowned Giant Killers!

The bands have played the music that makes old men into young champions for an hour. The flags flutter in our English version of a spring breeze. The hundred thousand spectators, some of whom can remember when they last went to church, have sung *Abide With Me* in soul-stirring tones. The whistle blows: only it is not a mere whistle, but a trumpet call to the charge, a pipe music rallying the clans to battle for immortal glory. The game is on.

It is, indeed, North v. South. Consider, for example, the answer of George Kay, Liverpool's manager, when it was suggested to him that his team, having a match with Portsmouth a week

before the Cup Final, might become acclimatised by staying put until the great game. A week in the South, opined George (who in his time captained West Ham in that first and most famous of all Wembley Finals) *was too enervating for footballers*. The decision gives you a picture of a side severely dedicated to its task. Down south you wouldn't get the tonic northern air. Moreover, perhaps the notorious flippancy of the southern attitude to life might infect the iron men from the north. A hideous vision of swift deterioration presents itself: footballers attending mannequin parades, going to the second house of music-halls, perhaps even watching a Rugby match.

But if you knew the Liverpool team, you'd have no such fears. This young, virile team is cheerfully in earnest. It is content, even at this late stage in the season, to turn out for a full morning's practice four times a week, giving several hours to ball games, sprinting, lapping the ground, and work in the gymnasium. No southern softness is going to divert it from the stern path of duty.

By and large, it may seem to you that, if you had turned the football season upside down, Liverpool would have been expected to win the Cup in a canter; but at this stage in the long-drawn-out campaign Arsenal seem to be wearing the better of the two teams. You will remember the months when the northern side were on top not only of the world, but of the League as well. There were those nineteen games in a row, unmarred by failure.

You will remember, also, how unsteadily Arsenal began the season; but you will remember, too, if you are wise, how Cox, bought from Tottenham for a fee which barely ran into five figures, seemed to bring new luck to the side. As soon as he arrived on the scene, Arsenal won a whole string of matches—a whole string as glittering as a necklace of brilliants. Since then, they have never looked less than a very difficult side to beat, though it is a question of your taste, or possibly your postal address, as to whether you find their style of football more or less exhilarating than chess by correspondence.

Whatever your views, even Manchester United
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LIVERPOOL'S FULL BACKS: Eddie Spicer (left) and Ray Lambert. Lambert is a Welsh international. He and Spicer are one of the best defensive pairs in the country. They cost their club nothing in transfer fees, but, if sold as a pair, would be worth as much as a Derby winner.



ARSENAL'S FULL BACKS: On the left, Scott, right back, goes down after a duel with Billington during the drawn semi-final against Chelsea. On the right, Barnes keeps his feet after Leslie Compton and Rowley cancel out in a match with Manchester United. Like Liverpool, Arsenal prides itself on its full backs. Wally Barnes, one of few Arsenal players without pre-war first class experience, has captained Wales this year.



ARSENAL'S HALVES: It's the semi-final replay against Chelsea. Macaulay, crouching like a sprinter leaving his block-hole, and Joe Mercer, left-half, are stacked up against Bentley. Len Goulden has a ringside seat. Mercer, Player of the Year, came to Arsenal from Everton in 1946 and is in his twentieth season as a footballer. Red-headed Macaulay began as a forward with Glasgow Rangers in 1933.



Arsenal's Youngest Star
Injury kept half-back Forbes out of the Chelsea replay. Now fit once more.

(whom Liverpool's Albert Stubbins rates as the best team his side has met) haven't a better defence. Swindin may be suggested as the best goalkeeper never to have won an international cap. Scott and Barnes are the crucial bastion of the Whittaker Line; in the invincible tradition of Male and Hapgood themselves.

The halves are top-sawyers, though two-thirds slightly grizzled top-sawyers. Any devil's advocate would point out that Leslie Compton has been with Arsenal for 18 years; the great Joe Mercer started with Everton in 1931; and Macaulay first went to Glasgow Rangers in the year Hitler came into power. They "cannot help but be old," as Falstaff said of Jane Nightwork; but those who believe Arsenal will lose, find persuading themselves that this line can be outflanked the hardest part of their creed. And Forbes is the youngest man in the side.

Mercer, that £7,000 bargain from Everton four years ago, has, against his own inclination, reshaped his game from the venturesome to the dourly defensive to conform to the Arsenal plan; and never was self-sacrifice more amply rewarded. There probably isn't an older player in the side than Leslie Compton; and there possibly won't be one who will have contributed more valuable work if the Cup stays in North London. And you could not wish to find yourself faced with a more inflexible opponent than the robust Forbes, or the polished Macaulay who replaced him when injured—one of few variants to the regular side Arsenal have relied upon throughout the Cup campaign.

No, if you are a Southerner it won't be the defence nor the old-timers who will cause you to cross your fingers while you seek solace from the hopeful assurance that the side is the perfect blend of youth and experience. The experience is there; and can be relied upon. How confident do you

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Pivot of the Defence
Leslie Compton at centre-half, the oldest man in the side. He has no superior in stamina.



LIVERPOOL'S HALVES: Laurie Hughes one of Liverpool's centre-halves, was injured early in the season. Now he has recovered and has proved to be in fine form again.



The International Half Who Cost Nothing

At centre-half or as wing-half Jones (left) is one of the most determined tacklers in the side. Has represented his country in a Continental international. He tackles Lumley of Charlton.



The Captain from the North
Phil Taylor at right-half captains Liverpool. He came to the side from Bristol Rovers.



The Left-Half Who Scored in the Semi-Final
Bob Paisley clears near the goalmouth against Burnley. A Durham man, he came to Liverpool without transfer fee from Bishop Auckland. He scored the first goal against Everton.



The Dribbler in Action

Arsenal's inside forward, J. Logie, is a conjuror with either instep.

find that you can really feel about the youth?

But just when you despair of it, Arsenal's youth and Arsenal's attack suddenly sparkle afresh. The forward line no longer limps or sputters. Cox loops his pinpointed corner under the cross-bar. Logie nods his head as wisely as a mandarin—and a goal accrues. Twenty-two-year-old Peter Goring, in his first season, beats some eminent centre-half like a past master, and you see why the old centre-forward Jimmy Brain insisted on his leaving the farm near Cheltenham for the greatest games of the season. Lewis shows invincible thrust. And Denis Compton dazzles on the left wing to such an extent that you cease to call him Leslie Compton's brother, or to talk about his 184 against the Australians when we had our backs to the wall at Nottingham.

That's the way it goes with Arsenal: or rather, that's the way it *may* go. For in your pipe-dreaming you must never forget that there'll always be a Liverpool. The side's greatest asset, like Arsenal's, is found in its defence. North of the Trent, they look supercilious if you suggest that Swindin is safer than Wales's Sidlow, or that Scott and Barnes are doughtier backs than Ray Lambert and Eddie Spicer. They look supercilious—and they sniff.

The halves are pretty good, too—you should have seen Bob Paisley's lob that beat Everton's Burnett and two more defenders, and was all that was really needed to put the Reds into the Cup Final. Who said that the Arsenal veterans had anything in hand



ARSENAL'S FORWARDS: Twenty-two-year-old Peter Goring, son of a Cheltenham butcher, is in his first season of big football. He races Winter for the ball in the first semi-final against Chelsea. Discovered by Jimmy Brain, himself an Arsenal Cup Final centre-forward in 1927.



The Winger Who Wasn't a Misfit—

There were those who doubted Cox's right to a place in the side. But he scored twice in the two games against Chelsea: once direct from a corner, and once from a one-man charge.



—And One of Two Reasons Why Cox has a shot in his right foot, like all right wingers. He also has one in his left foot.

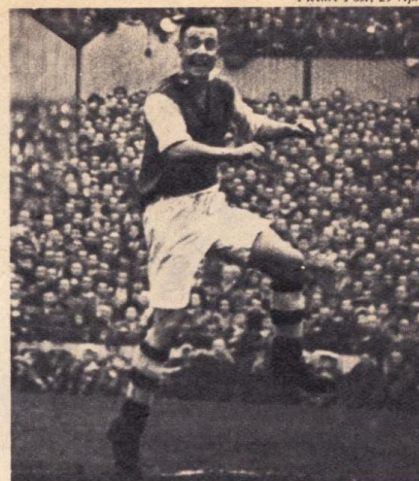


The Inside-Left Who Nearly Stopped the Replay

Lewis scored more goals than any other Arsenal player last season. He races Medhurst, Chelsea goalkeeper, for the ball in the first semi-final; and only misses heading it home by a split second.



What Arsenal Fans Hope to See—
Everybody crowds round. It's a goal.
What's more it's the vital goal.



The Smile the Victor Wears

If only Medhurst didn't jump so high! But a time comes when Lewis has a right to grin.

on Taylor and Jones, or Laurie Hughes, when needed? Certainly nobody would venture any such comment where it could be overheard by the group of kids wearing topees in the red and white of Liverpool as they settle down to an afternoon's marbles in Back Rockfield Road.

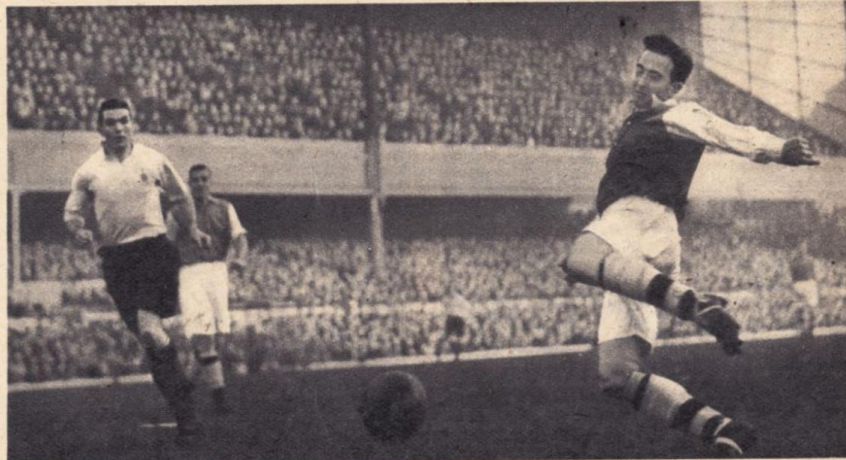
Among the forwards you have two of the likeliest wings in the game: Jimmy Payne, locally believed to be Stanley Matthews's successor as a master of *leger-de-pied*, and Billy Liddell, runner-up to Reg Harris as Sportsman of the Year, built like a magnificent cruiser-weight champion, and endowed with thrust and speed that have helped Scotland on many great days. He has repeatedly come to Liverpool's rescue this season, and in such end-of-season games as the Everton match and the recent victory over Charlton, he was at the top of his form.

Jack Balmer sometimes seems too venerable for a rough occasion, but no game is too rugged for Willie Fagan. Stubbins is a centre-forward fit to play for his country, and Baron can be an impressive sharp-shooter.

Such is the team; and if Liverpool wins the Cup it will not be because of any individual touches of genius, but as a result of solid team-work. Four or five members of the side are Liverpool born and bred. Eight of the first eleven cost the club nothing; they were discovered on the premises, trained with the 'A' team, and have developed as expected.

The side, like Arsenal, has had a hard struggle to

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—And the Man They'd Like to See Hit Home the Winner

There are those who say Denis Compton isn't quite as fast as he used to be. And there are also those who say he's quite as fast as he needs to be—and quite as penetrative.



LIVERPOOL'S FORWARDS: Albert Stubbins, centre forward, threatens Everton's goal-keeper, Burnett, in the semi-final. Stubbins was bought from Newcastle for £13,000: has proved himself worth the transfer fee. Taken off with concussion against Newcastle a few weeks ago, he has since recovered and returned to take Done's place as leader of the attack.

reach the Final. The Blackpool tie was the toughest match, with the winning goal forced eight minutes from time. Compared with this game, the semi-final local Derby with Everton was easy pickings.

Arsenal have given rather more cause for high blood-pressure among their supporters, on the way up. Their closest battle was—not against Chelsea—but against Leeds. They were certainly more anxious about the outcome of that match than about any other, though they had some uneasy moments

late in the game against Swansea. The best half-hour's football they have played this year was against Burnley in the fifth round.

And so the whistle blows. Each side springs into action, confident of victory: Liverpool because they have twice played Arsenal this season and both times have beaten them—and Arsenal because, as some cynical admirer remarked, having played so badly to get into the Final, they are now certain to win the Cup.

DENZIL BATCHELOR



Match-Winner on the Wing
Billy Liddell, Scottish international. Works in an accountant's office; the only man in the side who is not a full-time player.



The Wizard on the Wing
Jimmy Payne can shoot, and as a dribbler he's approaching the Matthews class.



The Inside Forward Made of Granite
Fagan, Scottish wartime cap. Liverpool bought him from Preston for about £6,000.



The Man With Goals in Both Feet
Kevin Baron comes from Preston. He cost Liverpool nothing in transfer fees.