

W. W. LONDON



AUGUST / SEPTEMBER / 1972

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WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS LONDON SUPPORTERS CLUB

Founded 1966

Hon. President - Derek Dougan

Vice-President - Stuart Earl	Chairman - Martin Rutherford
Secretary - Brian Restall	Travel Secretary - Steve Roe
Treasurer - Morris Jacobs	Sales Officer - David Slape
Minutes Secretary - Sid Green	Editor - Tony Roche

Letter from our President

It is gratifying for Wolves to have so many loyal supporters in London. I used to assume that they were ex-Wolverhampton people who had moved South and were simply retaining links. Then I discovered that few had lived in this region and their allegiance was due simply to interest in Wolves, in some cases stemming from the great victories over European teams in the 50's.

It's a great disappointment that we are not able this season to repeat our initial success of last season in European competition. But getting to the UEFA Cup Final was a great performance after being out of Europe for ten years. What we want now is a place in the Cup Winner's Cup, one of the competitions senior to the UEFA contest.

After a shaky start, we have proved our eagerness to achieve supremacy in the league, despite crippling injuries to many key players. Once we have our fully fit squad again, and have established a rhythm, I'm sure we can take the division by storm.

It's my 16th season this year and I am anxious to get a championship medal before it's too late! It's an honour that has eluded me all these years at all the clubs I've been with and I feel the team and the time is ripe to achieve this ambition with the Wolves.

Too often, the major honours are shared by North and South. Wolves helped Derby to win the title last season, but for Derby it was a bit of a fluke. Wolves can be the master side of the midlands and bring honours home to Molineux.

Win or lose, we are grateful for the support we get from our London Supporters Club who prove that Wolves are not just a regional club, but a national asset to soccer.

Derek Dougan

President of the Wolverhampton
Wanderers London Supporters Club.

Editorial

Before I go rattling off about God's gift to soccer, let me extend a warm welcome to our new members and the customary welcome back to the established fanatics who go to constitute this club.

You may not get to see many matches this season if you live afar, but I hope to keep you in close contact with 'home' and what the lads are doing throughout the season.

I am in contact with club secretary, Mr. Shaw, so the info will, I assure you, be accurate.

Please don't feel out of the club if you cannot attend regular matches. We do not operate an old pals act in this club. If you wish to see certain matches, but cannot become a regular, just write to Mr. Rowe and he will book your seat.

Everything in this club is properly organised. We have an elected committee who know their various jobs and keep this club going by simply getting on with it.

Our behaviour record is second to none ... hence the ease with which we can negotiate travel via British Rail on party booking. Please don't be foolish enough to think you can usurp this state of affairs. If you give trouble, you will be let off the train at the next stop and removed from the club without comeback.

On a much brighter note, this season could well bring us our first major honour in 13 years. The team, with Wagstaffe, Parkes, Shaw, Munro, McAlle, Parkin, Dougan, Hibbitt, Bailey and McCalliog well accustomed to one another, have been through success and failure. They know each other well enough to form the foundation on which Bill McGarry hopes to build a successful side.

Invaluable European experience was gained in our UEFA outings last season, and the players are now used to the atmosphere of such competitions.

Wolves have not been the most consistent team in the first division, but they are one of the most entertaining, and at times, devastating. All that needs doing is a little welding here and there ... more confidence from the youngsters like new boy Kindon, Richards, Daley, Eastoe, a return to form from Curran and O'Grady, and Wolves could take a major trophy this year.

Let's not kid ourselves. They are not yet experienced enough or equipped enough in defence to win the league, barring a sudden 100 per cent improvement, but they can make it back to Europe and lift a cup into the bargain.

Wolves will lift you to wondrous heights of pride and joy, then send you scuttling for cover with sheer shame .. all inside seven days. They are unpredictable, brilliant, frustrating, hard working, laconic, deadly, tough, ragged, all in the same afternoon!

Man for man, they are characters, probably one of the more subtle problems when it comes to consistency, but they are crowd pullers, entertainers and a team with a pride in their shirts and history.

Losing the UEFA Cup was a bitter blow, and an undeserved one. They lapsed in defence a few times, paid the full penalty, then gave Spurs the run-around in both legs.

This season, they can make it to the top of the tree and win something. Not the Texaco Cup either! Maybe they will fall at the post or grace Wembley with their undenied skills ... but they will score lots of goals ... concede lots of goals and give you a season to savour no matter what the outcome.

Whatever lies in store for us this season, be constructive in your criticism and generous with your praise. Get behind the team, especially when they are down. Try to remember, it is with the Richards, Daleys, Eastoes and Munro's that our future lies. They may need more time to mould into a really crack unit, but Derby, Liverpool and Leeds, not to mention Arsenal, all waited patiently, bought at the right time and kept their youngsters together long enough for them to become a real 'team'.

The potential at Molineux is staggering. With time, experience and regular support, they will be a great side again. But they will not be great overnight. Have patience, faith and a very enjoyable season.

Tony Roche
105A, Salisbury Road,
Barnet,
Herts.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER MATCH REPORTSSell out in 60 Seconds!

Newcastle United 2 (2) v Wolves 1 (1) - 12/8/72

Lady luck once again deserted skipper Mike Bailey in this opening match of season 1972-73. He limped off in the 25th minute following what looked like a certain penalty-tackle.

But disaster struck long before. With the game level and even, Wolves handed United two goals in the 12th and 13th minutes, struck back in the 17th, then missed clear-cut chances for a deserved point.

With Dougan injured, Wagstaffe ill and Shaw and Curran suspended, Eastoe lined up from the kick off with Kindon at No.11 and Taylor right back.

Green, usually a creator of goals, chose the 12th minute to show his striking prowess with a rising drive from 20 yards. One minute later, a harmless situation turned sour when McAlle headed a centre across his own goal for a delighted Tudor to head home.

Eastoe sent Kindon on a run that finished with an angled drive past McFaul four minutes later, but what promised to be a goal feast petered out with Bailey's demise. O'Grady came on as sub and gave his usual 100 per cent effort, but McCalliog and Richards both scorned chances as Newcastle faded in the second half.

A point was therefor the taking, but once again, Bailey's critics face the irony of the team's lack of bite when he is not there to drive them on. With better luck, Wolves could have had two more goals ... United struggled at times to stifle the enthusiasm of Richards and Eastoe ... but at the whistle, they just about deserved their win on opportunism alone.

Wolves: Parkes; Taylor, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Bailey, McCalliog, Hibbitt; Richards, Eastoe, Kindon. Sub: O'Grady.

Open-House Defence in a Highbury Thriller!

Arsenal 5 (3) v Wolves 2 (1) - 16/8/72

Another 60 second disaster. The dreaded period between minutes 12 and 13, so decisive at St. James Park on Saturday, was high on the list of horror spots in our string-vest back four. Arsenal, playing better football than one ever imagined they could, made full use of some amazing lapses between Messrs. McAlle and Munro. Without Bailey, our nominal ball winner, the midfield, for all Hegan's hard work in creativity, was sadly lacking in the stopping stakes.

Arsenal worked the ball down the right, it flew across a packed goal-mouth and Kennedy, unmarked at the back post, beat Parkes with a first time drive. Before our defence recovered, McAlle made a hash of cutting out Kennedy ... the ball was squared and Radford knocked it home off Shaw.

Dougan drove at Barnett and McCalliog contrived to hit Storey's knees from six yards before Kindon swept into the box, crossing low for Dougan to dummy and Richards to convert at the back post.

The ball did not run for Wolves on the night, but the defence must take a fair share of the blame for number three. A normal cross from the right eluded Munro and McAlle and following some flying arms and feet, Simpson headed home a rebound.

Barnett saved well from a Kindon drive and Hibbitt was out of luck with a clever headed deflection before Arsenal secured the points.

Ball opened the defence with a clever ball, Radford and Kennedy took the markers and McNab, again unmarked, lobbed over a horror stricken Parkes. Minutes later, Graham swept past Shaw on the left, hit a near post ball for Storey to apply his limitless talents ... this means treading on Parkes, and Radford slid the ball under Parkin's knee on the line.

It's fair to say Wolves could have had four goals in this clean, sporting affair, but had to be content with two ... the second an own goal by Simpson who dived to cover a Dougan header only to steer it into the far corner.

Clearly, McCalliog is not capable of replacing Bailey as skipper ... nor is he the ball winner we badly need. Wagstaffe might have swayed the forward play somewhat, but it was in defence where we gave Arsenal two points.

Wolves: Parkes; Shaw, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; McCalliog, Hegan, Hibbitt; Richards, Dougan, Kindon. Sub: Sunderland.

Revenge so Sweet!

Wolves 3 (3) v Tottenham 2 (1) - 19/8/72

Oh to be able to turn the clock back. Wolves took the chances and scored the goals they were denied last May in the UEFA Cup Final, leaving Spurs shaken to the core and Nicholson grabbing desperately for his bottomless cheque book.

The injury bug hit harder with Kindon out and Hegan limping off after an hour. But even so, Wolves were so much in command during this hour, it left one wondering how Arsenal lived with them a matter of nights before!

Spurs started with customary arrogance born of London clubs, but were a dithering, shattered shadow inside half an hour.

Richards, looking twice the player Chivers claims to be, popped up behind a jittery Knowles to nod Dougan's flick wide of Jennings. With Dougan giving a robust England quite an afternoon, Spurs looked suddenly very ordinary. They must have felt it when Richards literally measured his lob before beating Jennings from an accurate Hegan pass. With the fans behind them, Wolves nailed the points with a third goal following more gusty work by Dougan. His tussle with England grounded them both but left the way for Hibbitt, for once, to properly use the explosive shot he is blessed with. Jennings was helpless from 20 yards.

Had Wolves made half-time with this lead, one is left agog at what they might have done in the second half.

Peters, however, doing Chivers' job for him, beat a packed defence with a surprise shot just before the interval to pull Spurs from the brink of humiliation, and in so doing, brought Wolves old inferiority complex to the fore once again.

Hibbitt went close in the second half as Wolves maintained their attractive, promising form. But the demise of Hegan led to a sudden change in pattern. Sunderland came on, Hibbitt fell back from his much-used right wing, and Coates took over the run of the game. Pratt slammed a volley high and wide of Parkes just as Hegan had left and we were left sweating and clock watching to the end.

Jennings did well to stop Dougan's fierce shot on the turn, but 3-2 about reflected the mood of another clean, hard fought credit to the football world. Wolves must merit high praise for such fine performance in the face of such team-disrupting injuries.

Wolves: Parkes; Shaw, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Hegan, Hibbitt, McCalliog; Richards, Dougan, Daley. Sub: Sunderland.

Patchwork Wonder Boys!

Wolves 3 (0) v West Ham United 0 (0) - 22/8/72

Without doubt, the most brilliant display of improvisation, guts and tenacity shown by a Wolves team for many, many years. Cruelly robbed of no less than six key players, Bill McGarry pitched youth team coach, Brian Owen, three years ago a winner at Watford, into the back four. McAlle seemed at home at left-back and this could be the discovery of the year. He was easily safer in defense than Parkin. Sunderland, Daley, Richards and Hibbitt completed the schools look in the side, pitched against a West Ham with five points from three games.

McCalliog, handing the skipper's baton to a more capable Munro, proceeded to have his best game for months. The defence, solid and resolute, allowed Colker and Best no room to move. In midfield, where one might have expected the experience of Robson, Brooking and Bonds to dominate, the brain of McCalliog, the energy of Hibbitt and the guts of young Alan Sunderland won the evening. Without taking credit, West Ham were no world beaters, but they were never allowed to be either.

A goal-less first half that saw Wolves dominate, was followed by an even more one-sided second half with the ball going over, beside and behind the goal ... but not in. Richards lobbed inches wide, Dougan headed a fraction over ... Daley was greedy when a pass would have opened the score via Hibbitt. Switching the ball around like a team six goals ahead, Wolves took a deserved lead in the 75th minute. Richards took Dougan's headed flick in his stride to open the visiting defence with a cheeky lob. Taylor and Moore were stranded as Jim McCalliog sprinted through, steadied and lobbed arrogantly over Ferguson.

West Ham tried to get into the game at this stage and worked some promising moves. Parkes, however, was safe as houses, and with an oddly secure looking defence, Wolves broke away to secure the points. Dougan took Richards' pass inside his own half, outpaced a tubby Moore the length of the pitch before scorching Ferguson's fingers with a left-foot drive. Richards tapped home the rebound.

West Ham were finished, a factor that must explain an amazing lapse 60 seconds later that brought Derek Dougan his 200 league goal and a record as the first Irishman to do so. Loping hopefully into the area, he soared above a dozy Taylor to flick Sunderland's left-wing cross into the top corner. The crowd were still roaring as McGarry turned on the shower taps .. and they had every reason to.

Wolves: Parkes; Shaw, Munro, Owen, McAlle; Sunderland, Hibbitt, McCalliog; Richards, Dougan, Daley. Sub: Kindon.

Mac's Cracker!

Southampton 1 (1) v Wolves 1 (1) - 26/8/72

A sensational 30 yard bullet-shot from Jim McCalliog rocked Southampton in a Wolverhampton dominated first half at the Dell. Ron Davies and Mike Channon troubled the aerial shortcomings of both Munro and McAlle, but the defenders gave their all and kept the deadly twosome at bay.

The return of Bailey gave McCalliog the freedom he loves and he once again looked twice the player when not saddled with the skipper's chores. Bailey had a reasonable return, but Wolves were never quite as smooth as they can be in an average game before an average crowd.

They dominated the first half and missed chances via Richards, Daley and Dougan. The goal came after 18 minutes. McCalliog gained possession, and when unchallenged some 30 yards out, veered to the right and unleashed a low drive that beat Martin's left hand.

Southampton deservedly levelled in the 32nd minute, but with a very fortunate goal. Channon pressured Munro into attempting to lob a bouncing ball back towards Parkes. The worst happened ... the ball sailed over our Phil and it was 1-1.

Something went flat in midfield during a tepid second half. Southampton were in command at this stage and made as little headway towards scoring a decider as Wolves had during their spell of domination in the first half. Channon went close, but Kindon blazed over, having just come on for Dougan and it was level on chances taken and chances missed. Not a classic game by any means, but Wolves are still finding their feet in a real injury crisis.

Wolves: Parkes; Shaw, Munro, McAlle, Taylor; Bailey, McCalliog, Hibbitt; Richards, Dougan, Daley. Sub: Kindon.

Pie in the Sky-Blue Tripel

Coventry City 0 (0) v Wolves 1 (0) - 29/8/72

A last-minute goal by John Richards restored some sort of cheer-worthy feeling to what was otherwise the biggest load of skill-less, clueless rubbish I have ever had the agony of paying to watch. A display of erratic refereeing did little to help matters, but the blame must lie on the players. It was woeful. Passes went astray with frightening regularity. We waited 40 minutes for Wolves first shot and 92 for Coventry's first display of skill. The way they negotiated the tunnel at the end was really professional!

Shaw came out with credit for a fine defensive performance, as did Munro. But McAlle was prone to hitting long passes ... a skill he does not possess, and Bailey must shoulder the blame as skipper for not stopping it. Parkes had a secure game while Taylor, when defending, was fine. But again, Bailey should not have allowed him to hoof free-kicks at blue shirts as if he were hypnotised.

A terrible, but increasingly characteristic blunder by McAlle saw him put Carr clear for goal. But his on-target effort was ruled out to a storm of booing. At least it brought a slumbering crowd alive.

Daley whipped a fine effort past Glazier minutes later, but this was also scrubbed for a vague off-side margin ... the mainstay of Coventry's system. Wolves missed two chances in the second half via Daley and Richards before City attempted to put the defence under some real pressure.

Barry charged up like a bull to ram aimless headers from 20 yards up the terraces. Great stuff.

With disgusted fans trooping home, threatening to take up Rugby League, Parkes lofted a clearance up field. Richards chased, Blockley mistimed his header and John nodded the ball past Glazier. Great scenes of jubilation. No wonder the Wolves fans cheered so loudly. The only City fans there were Mercer's family ... and his doctor!

Wolves: Parkes; Shaw, Munro, McAlle, Taylor; Bailey, McCalliog, Hibbitt; Richards, Dougan, Daley. Sub: Kindon.

Blues for Brun ... but oh so close!

Wolves 3 (3) v Birmingham City 2 (0) - 2/9/72

This match showed Wolves for exactly what they are ... one of the most talented, exciting, unpredictable and unreliable sides in the league.

In the opening 25 minutes, Wolves with Kindon making his home debut, tore Brun apart. It was thrilling to watch. Munro opened the scoring with a fifth minute header, and when Jim McCalliog blasted home a wonderful goal six minutes later, Birmingham's hopes faded. Harland handled for a penalty, converted without fuss by Slim Jim in the 24th minute, and it looked as if Wolves would hit six. But they went the other way. Rhythm faded, passing became erratic and Bailey tried to be too clever in the second half, allowing Burns to pull back a goal.

When Bobby Hope headed a second 13 minutes from time, it seemed the impossible might happen. It was Spurs all over again. Fans bit their nails down as the minutes ticked by, but Wolves held out for another two invaluable points, despite the heart conditions they are giving their loyal if tormented fans.

Wolves: Parkes; Shaw, Munro, McAlle, Taylor; Bailey, Hibbitt, McCalliog; Richards, Dougan, Kindon. Sub: Daley.

Chances Galore as Orient exit

Wolves 2 (1) v Orient 1 (0) - 5/9/72

For the first time in three years, Wolves managed to get past the League Cup second round, but they missed a bag of chances as Orient, clearly a second division club for as long as they can hang on, relied on goal-keeper Goddard to stop a slaughter.

Having frustrated the near 16,000 crowd for most of the first half, Hibbitt blasted a low drive that Goddard failed to hold and Dougan thumped it home.

In a lively if frustrating second half, superior Wolves increased their lead through the ever dangerous Richards and despite a late goal from Orient, the result was never in any doubt.

Those goals give Wolves another home tie in round three ... this time making it a welcome back for the worst centre half we ever watched ... that's right - clothes - Ranyer - bang it in my own net if you can't - Holsgrove ... welcome back John. Sheff Wed should make attractive opposition, but that I hope is all.

Wolves: Parkes; Shaw, Munro, McAlle, Taylor; Bailey, Hibbitt, McCalliog; Richards, Dougan, Kindon. Sub: Daley.

Smith (pen) Strikes Again!

Liverpool 4 (1) v Wolves 2 (0) - 9/9/72

Tommy Smith maintained his amazing record of penalties against Wolves when he cracked home Liverpool's third and decisive goal in a bruising encounter at Anfield.

Although Wolves dominated the opening 20 minutes, they were foiled time and again by brilliant goalkeeping.

But one had to sigh at the farce of it all when Hughes hit Liverpool into the lead ... his 25 yard shot rebounding off the post then Parkes' head before bouncing into the net.

Wolves resumed their pressure in the second half, and it was no surprise when they levelled. Kindon blasted home an angled shot following a fine save from Richards by Clemence.

Cormack, making an impressive home debut, headed Liverpool back into the lead, but when McCalliog challenged him on the edge of the box minutes later, it was adjudged a penalty! Smith scored while Jim went off for casting aspersions on the linesman's birthright.

Keegan opened his account for the season with a near post header to put the destination of both points beyond any doubt ... but it was no reflection of the overall play.

Richards hammered a fine goal in the dying minutes, but it was merely a token from a bitterly disappointed side.

Wolves: Parkes; Shaw, Munro, McAlle, Taylor; Bailey, Hibbitt, McCalliog; Richards, Dougan, Kindon. Sub: Daley.

SALES NEWS

SCARVES University £1.25, 90p plus 5p postage
Barred 75p plus 5p postage
Silk 50p plus 3p postage

PENNANTS All First Division 28p plus 3p postage

METAL BADGES All First Division 25p plus 3p postage

EMBROIDERED BLAZER BADGES All First Division 25p plus 3p postage

METAL BADGE KEY RINGS All First Division 25p plus 3p postage

SHIRT BADGES 12p plus 3p postage

ROSETTES All First Division 15p plus 3p postage

PROGRAMME BINDERS 50p plus 10p postage

PVC CAR STICKERS Round 5p plus 3p postage
Long 10p plus 3p postage

ASHTRAYS 10p plus 5p postage

PLASTIC WALL PLAQUES 33p plus 3p postage

ENGRAVED ZIPPO LIGHTERS £2.50 plus 5p postage

NEW "HOT-LINE"	Necklet 45p	Cuff links 80p
	Bracelet 45p	Ties £1.10
	Tie Clips 37½p	Navy Blue, Maroon, Brown, Grey,
	(All plus 3p postage)	plus 5p postage

BLACK AND YELLOW PIGSKIN GLOVES	Ladies (S,M.)	£1.50 plus 5p postage
	Mens (M,L.)	£1.50 plus 5p postage

DAVE SLAFE

26 Brockenhurst Way, Norbury, S.W.16.

TRAVEL NEWS

Times and fares for matches from October 7 to November 25:-

Oct. 7: Man City (a) Meet at booking office, Euston. Train departs at 10.00 a.m. ... arrives Manchester 12.44. Departs 17.40 ... arrives Euston 20.32. Price: £2.60.

Oct. 21: W.B.A. (a) Meet at booking office, Euston. Train departs 11.10 a.m. ... arrives Birmingham 12.45. Departs Birmingham 17.45 ... arrives Euston 19.23. Price: £1.60.

Nov. 25: Sheff Utd. (a) Meet platform 5, St. Pancras Station. Train departs 11.05 a.m. ... arrives Sheffield 13.58. Departs 18.00 ... arrives St. Pancras 21.14.

Home matches during this period are Crystal Palace, Arsenal, Ipswich and Leeds United. Times and fares for these matches will be as per usual, although there may be an alteration in the departure time from Wolverhampton when we meet Arsenal.

Attendances so far have been good, but I am forced to ask why only about a third of our members regularly attend matches. About 50 members never make a trip, so to those concerned I must point out that everything is properly organised. Our seats are reserved and we do not entertain hooligans of any form.

As most of you already know, we lost a lot of money last year because people booked seats then let us down without as much as a warning phone call or letter. As a direct and unfortunate result of this bad manners, we are forced to request deposits for all bookings. This is very sad that we are forced to such lengths, but £16 was lost on one trip last season simply through trusting people to behave like good club members.

That concludes the travel news for now. Correspondence regarding travel should be sent to me. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. The next edition will contain news from December 2 to January 27.

STEVE ROE

10 Selbourne House, Great Dover Street, S.E.1.

COMPETITION

Which of last season's games impressed you the most? A game from the European run perhaps ... a hard fought away draw? Write to me and tell me which of the games excited you the most. The letter I adjudge the best will be printed in our next issue and the writer will receive a cash prize not exceeding £5.

Travel secretary, Steve Roe, considers the 4-0 win at Stoke as his "game of the year". Briefly, he recaps: Wolves had taken 7 points from their first six games. Stoke with 8 points were even better off and had a 100 per cent home record. Disaster struck in the second minute when Dougan received a kick in the head. Taylor came on as sub and Wolves came under some testing pressure. Parkes made some fine saves and the defence worked extra hard to keep eager home forwards at bay. But all seemed in vain when City were awarded a 28th minute penalty following a handling by Shaw. John Ritchie blazed his shot over the bar! In the second half Wolves switched to a 4-4-2 formation and Stoke were under severe pressure. Bailey took a quick throw, Richards switched the ball and laid it into the path of Hegan who cracked a 18 yard drive past Banks. Taylor went close to making it 2-0 and Banks had to produce some fine saves. At the finish, Wolves were masters without any doubt.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO ENTER THIS COMPETITION, PLEASE SEND YOUR MATCH TO ME NOT LATER THAN NOVEMBER 4TH.