


W. W. LONDON



OCTOBER / NOVEMBER / 1973

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WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS LONDON SUPPORTERS CLUB

Founded 1966

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EDITORIAL

Relegation is an ugly word. People are using it in our direction of late and I find it little short of amazing that we should be declared doomed when the season is far from half-way over.

Wolves will not be relegated. They are simply too good to go down. When a bit of confidence and the opportunity to field an unchanged side two weeks in a row arrives, perhaps Wolves will reach the lower mid-table position they merit.

I am no super optimist. In my job I cannot afford to be wrong too often. I don't for one minute think Wolves possess the strength or talent to finish in the top six. But they do have the resources, experience and ability to pull up to around the middle or slightly below. Then, perhaps, the changes that are so desperately needed will be made.

Time and again I have been slammed for criticising certain players. Well, in the past month, most of those I hammered have been dropped ... a matter of ten games too late. It is futile to make excuses for poor displays because of the gold shirt. It is never personal and never should be. Wolves are more important than any one player - no matter who he is or what he cost!

But please don't start fading away and moaning. Try yelling your head off when they are down and that might help a bit. No member of this Club gets more sour and bitter than I do after Wolves lose. But I am wrong to do so and even more off beam to give a bad example to younger fans.

Tony Roche
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TRAVEL NEWS FOR DECEMBER AND JANUARYHOME GAMES:

Chelsea (December 22nd); Southampton (January 1st); Newcastle (January 12th). Meet Local Booking Office Euston. Depart 11.10 arrive Wolverhampton 13.05. Depart 17.55 arrive Euston 19.52. Fare: £1.85. (Females, under 14s: £1.60).

AWAY GAMES:

Coventry City (December 8th). Meet Local Booking Office Euston. Depart 12.40 arrive 13.50. Depart 17.35 arrive Euston 18.52. Fare: £1.25.

Stoke City (December 15th). Meet Local Booking Office Euston. Depart 12.00 arrive Stoke 13.55. Depart 18.20 arrive Euston 20.31. Fare: £2.00.

Leicester City (December 26th). Meet Platform 5 St. Pancras. Depart 12.05 arrive Leicester 13.29. Depart 17.30 arrive St. Pancras 19.06. Fare: £1.50.

Burnley (December 29th). Meet Local Booking Office Euston. Depart 9.00 arrive Preston 12.18, then local train to Burnley. Depart Preston 17.48 arrive Euston 21.11. Fare: £2.90.

Norwich (January 19th). Coach from Elizabeth Bridge, Victoria. Depart 10.00 arrive Norwich approx. 2.15. Depart Norwich 5 o'clock arrive Victoria approx. 8.30. Fare: £1.50.

All these times may be subject to alteration, if kick-off times are brought forward, due to the power crisis.

At the time of writing, our opponents in the League Cup quarter-final were not known. If we are away, contact me for information. (If at home, the normal coach arrangements will apply if it is an evening kick-off. However, if an afternoon kick-off, then an excursion will be arranged on the lines of the Saturday trips (as applied in the last round against Exeter.)

Bookings for matches must be received not later than 3 days prior to the game. Please enclose an SAE where necessary.

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OH DANNY BOY

by Steve Roe

When Bill McGarry decided: "Danny Hegan has kicked me in the teeth for the last time" and sacked the wayward Irishman, it ended Molineux's stormiest career of recent times.

Hegan was in trouble with the manager time and time again. Sadly, it is for his wrong doings that he will be remembered more than for his good moments of football. But what moments they were. McGarry once said: "On his day no one can touch Hegan for skill". He was proved right many times over!

Hegan joined the Club in the summer of 1970 after a short unhappy spell at West Brom. But overweight and his appetite for the game gone, we only saw brief flashes of him during his first season.

It was early in season 71-72 that Hegan came into his own. Recalled to the team at Stoke, he gave Wolves two points with a glorious winning goal. He stayed in the team, scored a couple of goals and things looked bright. Then an injury side-lined him, and during his absence he got into trouble with McGarry and was transfer-listed.

Later that season, with no clubs having shown any interest in him and Wolves with injury problems, Hegan was recalled. He now produced the best football of his Molineux career. Having helped Wolves draw with Juventus in the UEFA Cup in Turin, Hegan bemused the Italians in the return at Molineux, just gaining the edge in a fascinating midfield duel with Helmut Haller and scoring a goal that will long be remembered by all those fortunate enough to have seen it. A superb chip from thirty-five yards that gave Wolves the lead and control of the match.

Into the final marched Wolves and Hegan to face Spurs. No happy ending here of course - but one moment of Hegan magic at Molineux; a sixty yard shot that Pat Jennings just saved.

A few weeks later, Hegan received rave notices for his displays in the home internationals for Northern Ireland, including a fine performance at Wembley helping his country to a one-nil win, their first victory over England for fifteen years.

After all this, 1972-73 was a sad anti-climax. Hegan was in trouble four or five times during the season. Significantly, Wolves hit their best form with Hegan at No.4 and their worst when Mike Bailey donned that shirt!

Bill McGarry, for a reason that only he knows, preferred Bailey. This surprised me. Hegan no doubt was also unhappy about this situation, and the misnomer "Mike Bailey's deputy" must have been galling. The same situation persisted this season and perhaps it was no surprise when it all came to an end and Hegan failed to appear for training prior to the Manchester City game on November 3rd.

Ironically, the last game for Wolves had been at Ipswich where he and McGarry had first come into contact. Now it seems the lower divisions will be his lot. £5,000 is the asking price, a give-away really for a player with such ability.

Wherever he goes, we wish him luck, but from now on, he must act like a man. Wise up, Danny, don't throw it all away.

MATCH REPORTS

Rubbish Referee!

Wolves 1 (0) v Everton 1 (0) - 22/9/73

If Wolverhampton's league position were not so serious, the amazing display of how not to officiate during a football match by referee Jim Bent would be amusing. As it turned out, there were few laughs as he repeatedly ignored signals from his linesmen and incurred the wrath of both managers, the crowd and the players.

Wolves had most of the play and Derek Dougan most of the limelight. He watched a succession of accurate headers saved, blocked and cleared by Everton's busy defence before grabbing his sixth goal of the season to save Wolves from their sixth successive defeat.

Mr. Bent had already caused howls of protest with his inability to spot an advantage at any time when his linesman signalled that Dougan had been tripped. But Bent took no notice, the ball was swept upfield and the other linesman lifted his flag to proclaim an Everton forward offside. Again, he ignored the signal, Pierce punched out the cross and Rowle, combining accident with design, put Everton ahead.

Richards, still unable to find his form or the net, blazed high from a few yards and Wagstaffe brought the Football League to its feet with his annual shot before Dougan, sprinting past Kenyon, slammed Bailey's astute through ball past Lawson for the equaliser.

Wolves: Pierce; Taylor, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Bailey, Hibbitt, McCalliog; Richards, Dougan, Wagstaffe. Sub: Daley.

Richards On and Off!

O.S. Belenenses 0 (0) v Wolves 2 (1) - 26/9/73

With Bill McGarry's axe hovering over his head, John Richards recaptured his scoring flair in Lisbon, almost snatched three and rounded a dramatic performance by getting sent off with defender Pietra 11 minutes from time for allegedly fighting.

Unless Wolves appeal, he will miss the next three games in Europe, but it will take a super-human effort for the Portuguese to save this tie. They attacked with fervour and no lack of guts and spirit, but superbly led by Munro, the defence regained its confidence, held them out during an early onslaught and shattered their confidence with an 18th minute goal. Richards showed all his skill, speed and accuracy when beating off a defender to a through ball from McCalliog, drawing the 'keeper before slamming it into the corner.

He twice more went close on the turn as Wolves stretched their hosts with some stirring counter-attacks. The 15,000 crowd became restive as Wolves went on dominating things after the break and when Dougan rammed a fine header into the net to make it two, the Belenenses Boys in Blue were finished. A competent and decisive European display by Wolves, despite Richards dismissal.

Wolves: Pierce; Taylor, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Bailey, Hibbitt, McCalliog; Richards, Dougan, Wagstaffe. Sub: Hegan for Bailey(52 mins.).

A Tale of Two Subs.

Chelsea 2 (0) v Wolves 2 (0) - 29/9/73

Mike Bailey limped off, Ian Hutchinson ambled on and a game Wolves had dominated all but ended in disaster. The first half was dull and uneventful. Few chances were created and those were missed.

But Wolves, driven forward by the impressive Bailey and Hibbitt, took control in the second half. Chelsea funnelled back and conceded midfield. With 50 minutes gone, Jim McCalliog lost his shadow, spun and cracked a low drive inside the upright following a free kick into the box.

Osgood chopped Bailey, was booked, and as Chelsea argued, John Richards chested the ball sideways and McCalliog blasted another daisy-cutter into the bottom corner from the edge of the box. Chelsea were shattered and Wolves looked very good. But they lost their direction when Bailey went and Hutchinson's long throw was nodded down by Osgood for Garner to slam home.

Wolves developed their infamous jitters and Taylor was all at sea when Hudson's flighted ball sailed over him for Osgood to slam a fine equaliser into the far corner from an amazing angle. But Bonetti did well to stop a Richards' volley and Dougan missed two incredibly simple chances while Chelsea were two down and bleating for a breather.

Wolves: Pierce; Taylor, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Bailey (Hegan), McCalliog, Hibbitt; Richards, Dougan, Wagstaffe.

Dream Debut!

Wolves 2 (1) v O.S. Belenenses 1 (1) - 3/10/73

Peter Eastoe, replacing suspended John Richards blasted home a badly needed first-half equaliser with his first competitive goal for Wolves.

Forced to reshuffle yet again with Richards, Bailey and Hegan missing, Wolves were taken completely by surprise when the talented Portuguese snatched a seventh-minute lead through right-back Murca, who volleyed the ball past Pierce from Gonzalez' corner.

Belenenses clearly came to retrieve the two goals they lost at home and looked skilful on the ball and good in the air at the back. But Wolves kept building well with Wagstaffe showing the skills and devastating turn of speed and talent that brings the circulation to boiling point, an equaliser had to come. Hibbitt flighted the ball brilliantly, Dougan beat two men in the box and turned the ball into Eastoe's path and the youngster slammed the ball into the bottom far corner.

Good goalkeeping and erratic finishing saw Wolves remain level until McAlle's left-wing cross was nodded down by Dougan for McCalliog to score with a marvellous scissors shot. Wagstaffe beat four men and shot over from 25 yards as Wolves turned the screws and Dougan saw a great header cleared off the line in the last minute.

Wolves: Pierce; Taylor, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Sunderland, McCalliog, Hibbitt; Eastoe, Dougan, Wagstaffe. Subs: Parkes, Jefferson, Daley.

Super Doog!

Wolves 2 (0) v Manchester United 1 (0) - 6/10/73

Wolves finally recorded a league victory ... their first since August and once again, that amazing man Derek Dougan sealed United's fate with a goal most newspapers amazingly played down as a prod or a touch. The truth of the matter is United played well enough in a scoreless first half to be ahead. Pierce made good saves and McAlle had a solid game in defence.

Victims Again!

Birmingham 2 (1) v Wolves 1 (1) - 13/10/73

I would love to know why struggling clubs love to meet Wolves. Birmingham, without a win and without their custodian for 50 minutes, handed Wolves a first minute lead ... then beat them.

Last season, if I remember well, Man United waited weeks for Wolves to be their first league victims and no doubt Ron Greenwood would love to play then right now. Jefferson, played in midfield while Sunderland sat on the subs bench, was adjudged to have handled in the box. Hatton clearly pushed him but Francis converted the spot kick and you just knew what was coming. It's so bloody predictable you want to get out there yourself and steal the ball.

Daley switched the ball inside for Richards to open his league account for the season and Birmingham looked poor in the opening 20 minutes. But once level, they were a new team and even Sprake's collision with Munro and removal from the field could not dampen their spirits. Burns headed home at the near post in the 62nd minute and although Wolves battled away for the equaliser, one felt Brum were heading for their first win.

Wolves: Pierce; Palmer, Munro, McAlle, Taylor; Jefferson, McCalliog, Hibbitt; Richards, Dougan, Daley. Sub: Sunderland.

Humiliation!

Wolves 2 (1) v Queen's Park Rangers 4 (0) - 20/10/73

With one of their most inept spineless and disgraceful displays for ten years, Wolves collapsed like a pack of tattered cards before the refreshing enthusiasm, aggression and skill of QPR.

Despite taking an undeserved lead in the 44th minute, Wolves never looked convincing and too many players gave up. Pierce was woeful, dithering on his line and fumbling almost everything. Taylor, Hibbitt, McCalliog and Hegan were disgusting in their attitude while McAlle, after a determined if somewhat illegal start, was shown up for pace and gave away two goals.

Only Parkin, always trying and skilful; Munro, adequate and Dougan for his effort escape the hammer. Poor Daley was too bad to be true, yet his cross, headed across goal by Dougan gave Richards the chance to chest down and fire home low to the far corner.

But with an hour gone, Bowles slammed a 25 yard free kick in off the post. Dougan went off with stomach trouble for Sunderland and within seconds, Mancini took advantage of the freedom to head on and Leach scored with a spectacular overhead kick.

Wolves equalised in a minute when Daley's low cross appeared to strike McIntock and fly past Parkes. Daley, while clueless, never hid and braved the loud criticism by always trying. Rangers survived some anxious moments before Thomas left McAlle standing, raced 50 yards and crossed low for an unmarked Bowles to score from six yards! McAlle pulled down Leach minutes later and Francis converted the penalty.

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

Crushed Again!

Lokomotive Leipzig 3 (1) v Wolves 0 (0) - 24/10/73

Barring a soccer miracle, Wolves slumped out of the UEFA Cup in East Germany thanks to yet another goalkeeping error and some woeful luck.

Dougan was sandwiched in the third minute, but a clear penalty was denied and a free kick awarded. Then he headed against the bar and McCalliog just failed to score. Daley smashed a drive against the post as Wolves attacked impressively but without much luck. Then Parkes, replacing jittery Pierce, raced off his line to fly-kick a through ball, missed it completely and Leipzig were in front!

Leipzig improved and began to test the defence. As usual, they found it lacking. Munro was adjudged to have fouled and from the penalty, the fortunate huns made it 2-0.

Number three, minutes from time highlighted yet again the inadequate resources Wolves offer under the guise of aerial strength. A simple cross and a simple header made it three as five defenders stood and watched. It's time to grant Dougan his life-long wish and make him centre-half.

If nothing else, the second leg will be one hell of a battle.

Wolves: Parkes; Palmer, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Hegan, Hibbitt, McCalliog; Sunderland, Dougan, Daley. Subs: Eastoe, Kelly.

Outclassed!

Ipswich Town 2 (1) v Wolves 0 (0) - 27/10/73

To keep on moaning and knocking is not only unpleasant but also disheartening. Nevertheless, Ipswich won this match because they were a far superior side in every department. Wolves created very few chances and both Hunter and Beattie dominated Dougan and Richards. In midfield, Hamilton and Lambert, two wingers, tormented and teased Wolves as if they were playing Hartlepool.

Hegan was pulled off, and my only objection was that Hibbitt was playing even worse! Only McCalliog looked on form and one felt sorry for his wasted effort. Munro had another fine match and few can fault Parkes on this display. But apart from some promise by Palmer and neat touches to nowhere in particular by Parkin, the rest was rubbish.

Hegan tripped Woods in the first half, Morris blasted the penalty high over the bar (odd the number of penalties Wolves have conceded in recent weeks) and made amends by crashing home Whymark's head-down from 20 yards minutes later.

Wolves spluttered around in the second half without direction or leadership.

Who in God's name decided to give the captain's role to McAlle? Ipswich were worth their second goal two minutes from time. Parkes made some good saves and Munro some timely interceptions, but Hamilton took full advantage of a rebound to fire low into the net and that was that.

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

Fighting Display

Tranmere Rovers 1 (1) v Wolves 1 (1) - 31/10/73

In complete contrast to recent weeks, Wolves battled out 90 exciting League Cup third round minutes with giant killers Tranmere and despite failing to make full use of their chances, the team gave a cheering display.

Parkin at right back was a revelation while McCalliog, Dougan and Sunderland gave great displays. In fact everyone deserves a pat on the sweaty shirt for surviving at a time when morale is low and results are not going their way.

Tranmere's Prenton Park exploded on the half-hour when Loyden put them ahead. But Wolves hit back and after hitting the woodwork and going painfully close, they levelled when Dougan's excellent pass was thumped home by Alan Sunderland.

The second half was just as exciting and although the press chose to quote Tranmere's shot that hit the post and rebounded to Parkes as an indication of form, the truth is Wolves were the better side and a two goal margin would not have flattered them.

Wolves: Parkes; Parkin, Munro, McAlle, Palmer; Powell, Sunderland, McCalliog; Richards, Dougan, Wagstaffe. Sub: Kindon.

Improvement!

Wolves 0 (0) v Manchester City 0 (0) - 3/11/73

At last things are looking up. Although they failed to score, Wolves managed only their second clean defensive sheet in this season's league programme and were unlucky not to edge both points.

In a hard-fought tussle, City's main threat came from the dangerous runs of Francis Lee, but Wolves, with McCalliog again shining and Bailey strong in midfield, looked more likely to break the deadlock.

End to end action kept the crowd happy and Wolves have regained their appetite for the game if nothing else. Chances were missed again, but if they keep up this attitude, the rest will come.

Dougan went close, but it was not until Powell came on for injured John Richards at half-time that Wolves began to really tick. Using four forwards, they powered at City and were unlucky not to score on at least three occasions. A definite improvement.

Wolves: Parkes; Palmer, Parkin; Bailey, McCalliog, Sunderland; Richards, Dougan, Wagstaffe. Sub: Powell.

Heartbreak Cup!

Wolves 4 (0) v Lokomotive Leipzig 1 (0) - 7/11/73

It's enough to drive you to tears. Wolves, cruelly robbed of Richards and McCalliog not to mention Bailey, yet again ... thrashed Leipzig in fantastic style only to go out of the UEFA Cup on the away goals rule that appears to have changed the entire structure of a game that is based on winning by scoring more than your opponents.

In a tense first half, Wolves pounded a solid defence without luck and changed ends with no score. But when Steve Kindon forced home a drive from 12 yards, the hunt was on. Leipzig tried to hold out but Frank Munro swept home at the far post and the crowd were roaring ... all 14,000 of them!

But with one of their very rare attacks, Leipzig scrambled home the vital goal through Lowe despite a stop by Parkes and it proved the winner. Wolves had two obvious penalty claims turned down and saw shots and headers blocked and clawed away before Derek Dougan lifted hopes with number three. When Ken Hibbitt slammed the fourth, Leipzig were praying for the whistle and somehow they just kept efforts from Dougan and Kindon from giving Wolves the greatest ever night in their much told European history book.

Wolves: Parkes; Palmer, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Powell, Hibbitt, Sunderland; Kindon, Dougan, Wagstaffe. Subs: Jefferson, Daley.

Powell Wins It!

Wolves 2 (0) v Tranmere Rovers 1 (0) - 13/11/73

A dramatic goal by Barry Powell four minutes from time shot Wolves in the League Cup fourth round and saved his team mates the drudge of extra time. It was an entertaining game and Rovers contributed their share, but Wolves were always in command despite failing to convert superiority into goals.

Neither side scored before the interval although Wolves went close through Powell and Kindon. But the 15,000 crowd livened up when Kindon headed on Parkes' clearance for Dougan to slam home the opener after the break.

Spirits slumped when the defence allowed a cross to beat them and Allen equalised. The gold shirts powered forward but Tranmere seemed destined to go the distance despite a lot of pressure.

Eyes were scanning watches when an awkward ball bounced high on the edge of the Rovers area. But before anyone could clear, Barry Powell, one of the games successes, pounced to lift it over the box and into the net for a cracking winner.

Wolves: Parkes; Palmer, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Bailey, Powell, Hibbitt; Kindon, Dougan, Wagstaffe. Sub: McCalliog.

Anfield Misery

Liverpool 1 (1) v Wolves 0 (0) - 10/11/73

Twice Steve Kindon burst through Liverpool's unimpressive defence and twice he had only Clemence to beat. But both efforts went wide and Wolves left Anfield empty-handed yet again. In pouring rain, neither side actually set the crowd afire with skills, but Liverpool managed to look more likely to score. Parkes and Jefferson had sound games but Taylor and McAlle were poor. In midfield, Hibbitt replaced McCalliog in the second half while Bailey tried to establish midfield control without success.

The goal, after 22 minutes followed a cross, missed by Taylor and Bailey which Heighway rapped home from ten yards. That, some close calls apart, was that. Liverpool steamed forward in traditional style, but without conviction. Wolves, drained of confidence these days, allowed it to happen when a draw was quite within their grasp. In fact, they dominated the last 15 minutes and had the Liverpool defence in retreat. But the finishing was unconvincing and inaccurate. Powell fought hard on the left in place of injured Wagstaffe and Kindon did look better than his original performances indicated. But all in all, another disappointing display.

Wolves: Parkes; Taylor, Jefferson, McAlle, Parkin; Bailey, Sunderland, McCalliog (Hibbitt); Kindon, Dougan, Powell.

Oh! Those Chances

Wolves 0 (0) v West Ham United 0 (0) - 17/11/73

Wolves failed to find the net for the fourth successive league match and what is more worrying, they failed to find their confidence. West Ham created chances to win this drab affair outright, but after amazing misses by Robson and Best, they handed Wolves some equally guilt-edged openings which Kindon and Hibbitt contrived to waste.

It is irony indeed that at a time when Wolves' defence appears to have come to grips with their job, the forwards have dried up. Only Liverpool have beaten Parkes outright in the last three games, although too many people have beaten him and wasted the openings.

The fans are frustrated, the players frightened and the football is poor. Relegation is a word potent enough to give a large dose of heart-attacks in Wolverhampton. But I will stick my neck out and say Wolves will not go down. There are many clubs with less talent and ideas than Wolves, but at the moment confidence and the ability to pull their game together is missing. Bailey is doing his best and they are very slowly snatching the occasional point. All we want now is an away win to get some of the spirit back in the side.

Wolves: Parkes; Palmer, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Bailey, Hibbitt, Powell; Dougan, Kindon, Wagstaffe. Sub: McCalliog.

Goals Galore!

Wolves 5 (1) v Exeter City 1 (0) - 20/11/73

In complete contrast to recent weeks, Wolves slammed Exeter for five and marched in the League Cup quarter-finals after a few nervous moments early on.

Richards and Hibbitt for Wolves and Wallace for City missed early chances as both sides attacked. City were forced back more but they put up a fine show. However, class told and when Powell squared low, Ken Hibbitt opened his account for the season from six yards. Coming on the stroke of half-time it unsettled Exeter and Derek Dougan appeared to make life safe with a second goal in the 65th minute. But City stormed back, Plumb headed a 67th minute goal and the fans began to sweat. But John Richards made it 3-1 and as the Devonians tired, Hibbitt added the fourth before fit again Richards nicked the fifth.

Perhaps this sudden goal rush will bring a little confidence back to an impotent forward line.

Wolves: Parkes; Palmer, Munro, McAlle, Parkin; Bailey, Hibbitt, Powell; Richards, Dougan, Wagstaffe. Sub: Kindon.