

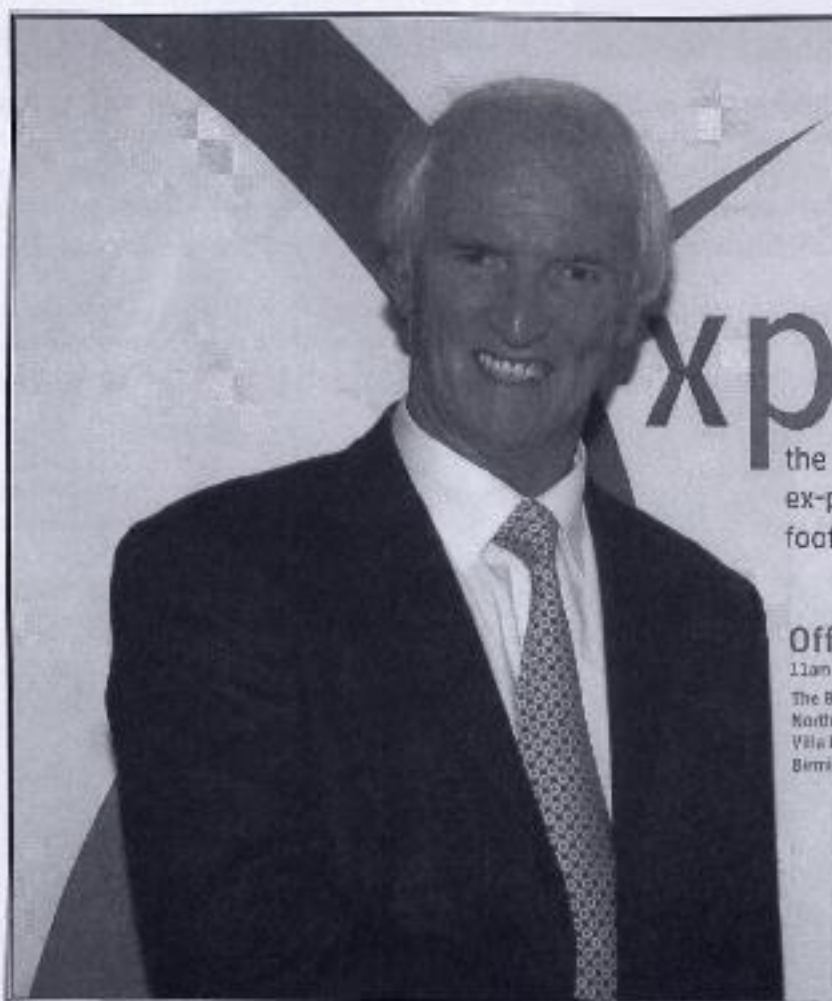
**'DOOG'
TRIBUTES**



ALEXANDER DEREK DOUGAN

'THE DOOG'

Life President London Wolves 1968-2007



January 20th 1938 - June 24th 2007

R.I.P

'DOOG' TRIBUTES



It is with great sadness that London Wolves learnt of the death of our President, Wolves and Northern Ireland's Derek Dougan.

The Doog, 69, had settled in Wolverhampton after ending his playing career.

This year was the 40th anniversary of Derek's signing by Ronnie Allen, for £50,000 of the player who helped us to achieve promotion in 67, and he was promising to write another book and tell of what exactly happened when he was the Wolves Chief Exec at the time of the Bhattis, and how he was paying players' wages from his own pocket to keep the club going.

Derek became our Life President back in 1968 and has always been a staunch supporter of the football fans, and of his fellow professionals. There is a letter from him on the Newsletters page of our website (under "Members - LW Newsletters"). Derek was chairman of the PFA and, more recently, of XPro, an organisation aimed at helping the less fortunate professionals of the earlier years. Late last year he appeared on Question Time, remaining as outspoken as ever. Derek was one of the pallbearers at George Best's funeral eighteen months ago.

WWLSC Chairman, Stuart Earl, said "I was stunned to hear this news from Merlyn. Derek has always been a great friend to London Wolves. The Doog had been full of life when we saw him at Ian Cartwright's dinner earlier in the year and talking about his many plans to help others. Our thoughts are with him and with his family and many friends."

Regards
Peter



'DOOG' TRIBUTES



At 10.00am on Sunday 24th June 2007 Merlyn Humphreys, Doog's partner, had a phone call from him. He just said "Merlyn" and she knew something was wrong so she dashed to his house in Tettenhall. He had had a heart attack and was still sitting in the chair when she arrived but there was nothing she could do for him. Although these have been dark days for her and Doog's family she wanted everyone not to be sad at his passing but to celebrate his having lived and what he had brought to so many people.

Remembering Derek

You can shed tears that Doog has gone or you can smile because he lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back or you can open them and see all that he has left

Your heart can be empty because you cannot see him, or you can be full of the love you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday, or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember Doog and only that he has gone, or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind and feel utter emptiness, or you can do what Doog would want - smile, love him and go on.

Unforgettable Doog,

A man of considerable charisma, presence and enthusiasm. What the heart has once known it shall never forget.
We will never forget.

Merlyn Humphreys at Doog's funeral service 5th July 2007



'DOOG' TRIBUTES



DEREK DOUGAN - OBITUARY - THE TIMES

From The Times, June 25, 2007

Derek Dougan

Unyielding Northern Ireland captain who won glory as centre-forward for Wolves

Derek Dougan was a brilliant, outspoken footballer who never bowed down to the establishment. He was an international team-mate of George Best, whose coffin he helped to carry in December 2005. Like Best's, Dougan's father worked in the Belfast shipyards.

He moved from Lisburn Distillery to Portsmouth in 1959. His playing days were characterised by wanderlust: he submitted a transfer request on the eve of turning out for Blackburn Rovers in the 1960 FA Cup final. Rovers promptly lost 3-0 to Wolves, his future employer.

He scored at a prolific rate in club football, moving on to Aston Villa, Peterborough United and Leicester City before finally signing for Wolves for £50,000 in March 1967. He promptly scored a hat-trick on his home debut against Hull City and a nine-goal burst helped to lift the venerable old club back into the First Division (now the Premiership). "When I came to Wolves, it was to a club with a great reputation, a great history, a great standing," he said in *Running with Wolves: Tales from the Gale and Black Country*. "It was only after I'd been here a few years that the gold of that strip got into my blood. I was as proud to wear that shirt as Billy Wright [Wolves' England captain throughout the 1950s] was."

Dougan became an iconic figure during his eight years as a player at Molineux, scoring 123 goals in 323 games. With his theatrical presence, long, loping run and increasingly wild hair, he stopped his wandering once he settled in Wolverhampton, with Jutta Maria, his German wife, and Alexander and Nicholas, their two sons. He had an uncanny knack of being able to jump early and seemingly hang in the air, where he fed off the crosses of Dave Wagstaffe and Ken Hibbert, the Wolves wingers, to head the ball down for John Richards, for a spell the most prolific young striker in English football.

Wolves returned to the upper echelons of the First Division and competed once more in Europe, reaching the Uefa Cup final in 1972, where they lost to Tottenham Hotspur, and winning the 1974 League Cup final, beating Manchester City at Wembley. Dougan barely played in his final year at Molineux, before being given an emotional farewell, at the age of 37, on the last day of the 1974-75 season. But fans had not heard the last of the man they called "the Doog".

The self-confidence of the best-dressed man of 1972, according to the Tailor and Cutter, knew no bounds. Dougan seldom missed an opportunity in football's political arena, where his ideals were tempered by the Troubles and a rejection of the loyalist values he had been surrounded by as a teenager. He won 43 caps for Northern Ireland and captained the side for four years. But he believed passionately in an all-Ireland side and in 1973 met the Irish Football Association to propose this idea. He never played again for his country, something he always blamed on the stunned reaction of officials at that meeting. Certainly the idea won him scorn in East Belfast, where his face on a mural was defaced by Loyalists.

Dougan became a pundit for ITV during the 1974 World Cup finals. He was also chairman of the Professional Footballers' Association, the players' union, to which he made some visionary contributions.

Players in the modern game can leave at the end of their contracts for no transfer fee, thus negotiating their own, often massive signing-on fees. In the higher levels of the game they can become millionaires overnight. Dougan was fighting the case for freedom of contract a generation earlier. "I regard this as a greater step forward for soccer than the abolition of the maximum wage," he told *The Times* in November 1975.

Such outspokenness did not always endear him to his managers. "I was a different personality to David Beckham but it was a similar situation," he said. "I was never off TV, I was writing for a national newspaper, I was captain of my country, I was running the players' union and I never had to ask permission about anything. He [Wolves' manager Bill McGarry] hated it."

Dougan became chief executive and centre forward at Kettering Town in the Southern Premier League upon leaving Wolves. He introduced shirt sponsorship, nowadays considered de rigueur as part of a club's income. The Football Association was up in arms. Unrepentant, Dougan said: "I could finish up in Sing Sing or Strangeways, wherever: the food is better." He said. "I find it inconceivable that petty-minded bureaucrats have only this to bother about."

Already a legend at Wolves, Dougan returned in 1982 to help to save the club when they were reportedly within 24 hours of going out of business. As chief executive, he promised a rejuvenation of the club but his backers, the Bhatti brothers, proved to have little substance and in January 1985 Dougan resigned. By 1986 Wolves had matched Bristol City's record of dropping from the top division to the fourth in three calendar years. The affection held in Wolverhampton for Dougan suffered a decline too.

A man of considerable charisma, presence and enthusiasm, Dougan attacked mainstream Unionism in his second autobiographical tome, *The Sash He Never Wore*. He wrote several books and was planning another last year. He is survived by his wife and two sons.

Derek Dougan, footballer, was born on January 20, 1938. He died of a suspected heart attack on June 24, 2007, aged 69

'DOOG' TRIBUTES



You asked for memories of the great man and I am only too happy to oblige:



"I was very privileged, in that, having idolised "the Doog" from the terraces as a Wolves fan, in later life I got to know him well, and became great friends with him. Prior to this, my nearest off the pitch contact with the Doog, was when the local paper published my O Level results by mistake in the name of Derek Dougan, I was as chuffed as my Mother was angry. In recognition of this incident, we communicated after I got to know the Doog off the field, as DD1 and DD2, needless to say he was, and always will be DD Number 1. I loved every minute of my one to one dealings with him and I am pleased we spoke very recently. He held our great hopes for Wolves in the new season and liked the look of the new owner and thought Mick McCarthy was doing a great job.

As everyone who knew him, has already said, the Doog had got a strong opinion on any subject anyone cared to choose. Derek had a very powerful intellect and was very well informed about just about everything.

From personal experience, I would like to put the record straight about the affection Wolves fans held for the Doog even after the Bhatti years. The Doog longed to see his beloved Wolves play at the rebuilt Molineux, but was concerned about the fans reaction if he went to a game. He had not attended a Wolves match at Molineux for many, many years at this point, although he had been to away games, particularly at Stoke with his great friend Terry Conroy. After a lot of persuasion, I talked him to coming with me, telling him he was still idolised, I knew that. I was absolutely right and that first night back, and the others we attended together afterwards, he always had to autograph his way to his seat. It is rubbish for anyone to suggest the Bhatti situation lessened his standing with Wolves fans, whose memories of him were fashioned on the pitch, not off it. I felt privileged to have played a part in settling that issue for Derek's peace of mind at least.

As well as his immense pride in Wolves exploits in the Old Gold and Black, he was also proud of what he had achieved not just for players still reaping the benefit, but what he strove to achieve for the old players who had not been as fortunate to receive the riches now on offer. It was typical of the Doog that despite his own health issues, right up to the end, he remained more concerned for the well being of other ex Wolves players not in the best of health like Frank Munro and Ian Cartwright.

I have a lot of business dealings in Ireland and I know the Doog was also particularly proud of the part he played in putting together the one and only "all Ireland" football team, albeit it leading to him never being selected to play for the North again. He regarded himself as an Irishman, not just a Northern Irishman. He joked to me "find me an Irishman that wasn't at that game that night; there must have been a mistake in the attendance figure, there must have been 5 Million at that game"

The Doog also cherished his association with the London Wolves, recognising their exceptional efforts to get, not just to games, but also to any other function connected with fund raising for ex Wolves players etc. The Doog may be gone but he will never be forgotten."

Best Regards

David Dungar

'DOOG' TRIBUTES



By *TONY ROCHE*

DEREK DOUGAN would have enjoyed the way he left a world he most definitely helped to enrich.

The Doog, as the Rolling Stones put it, was never going to fade away. As in life, his death from a suspected heart attack on June 24 was sudden, unexpected, a shock and caused much discussion and debate. Sound familiar?

Dougan was a complex, courteous, controversial and occasionally downright contrary bag of contradictions.

He campaigned for players of all standards if asked to champion their cause, sent managers up the wall by arguing the toss about just about everything, voiced opinions on a variety of topics, from the Flat Earth Society to making omelettes without eggs - and would insist he was an expert.

On the field he was angular, aggressive, a showman and, of course, a bloody good goal-scoring and goal-making centre-forward in every sense of the role as we've grown up to view it.

In short, Derek Dougan was a talent, a character and a man who usually made your life that bit brighter and better for the knowing of him, as they would say in his native Ulster.

I had the pleasure of meeting him in his playing pomp, of interviewing him as a journalist and also presenting him, on behalf of our club, with a special award to mark his retirement from playing in 1975.

About 100 years later, I met Derek again, at a London Wolves bash in a very lively pub in South London. He was charming and friendly, enjoying for real the opportunity to talk over old times and past games.

Football doth make twains of us all at some stage. I experienced such a stage when resenting to the point of daftness the departure of Hugh McIlmoye from Molineux because, for me, the most exciting 'front-five' were Terry Wharton, Ernie Hant, McIlmoye, Peter Knowles and David Wagstaff.

Even when The Doog rolled up and captured the crowd with a blaze of goals to cement promotion in 1967, it took an age for me to truly warm to the player.

But what joys he brought to our football club, what magic moments. Not least kneeling, hands clasped in prayer on Wembley's turf, having helped Wolves beat Manchester City 2-1 in the 1974 League Cup final.

At last, after so many close-calls, he was a trophy-winner. And the esteem in which the man was held by fellow pros' was there to see for all as Denis Law, in City's astonishingly gifted but beaten line-up, hugged him in genuine delight.

Dougan was also a brave man, on and off the field.

Perhaps only he in the whole of Ireland would have had the bottle to suggest a united Ireland team to play Brazil in Dublin in 1973.

Captain of Northern Ireland, Dougan admitted years later how he sweated buckets with nerves before submitting the idea to the IFA's two biggest wigs, Harry Cavan and Billy Drennan at a meeting in London.

Far from embracing the idea, Cavan and Co. made sure Dougan never played for Northern Ireland again.

The game went ahead anyway with Dougan and Jonny Giles the main driving forces. As The Doog so often said, imagine an 'Ireland' team containing both Best and Brady, Jennings and Hunter, Rice and Dunne, Giles and McIlroy. It was not to be, but so much else concerning Dougan was.

For those who have been taking an extended break on Mars, The Doog's career began with Lisharr Distillery and moved, via Portsmouth, Blackburn Rovers, Aston Villa, Peterborough and Leicester to Molineux where he scored 123 goals in 323 games over eight years.

His home debut exploded with a hat-trick against Hull City and things were never quite the same ever again.

TV pundit, PFA chairman, CEO and striker for Kettering Town and, in 1982, the man who rushed back to Wolves when our whole world was imploding under a burden of debts in a bid to keep the club alive.

Derek Dougan once said: "Of all the clubs I represented, the gold of Wolves got into and stayed in my blood. I was as proud to wear that shirt as Billy Wright was, and equally proud to belong to such a famous football institution."

In the end I was as proud to have known The Doog as I've been to know any sportsman in the world, and my job has led to meeting quite a few.



'DOOG' TRIBUTES



Many football supporters have heroes. Some get to meet them. Some are lucky enough to get to know them. I am one of those who falls into all three categories.

I first met The Doog before his home debut for Wolves, although he always maintained it was a week earlier at Plymouth, as if you ever forget the moment you met The Doog because he was just unforgettable.

He held your attention whenever you were in his company, he had a sense of humour second to none, and was certainly never lost for words. But, you've heard all this before, so I have penned these few thoughts, on the day the great man died, whilst they were spinning around in my head, minutes after Derek's partner, Merlyn, had telephoned me with the sad news. I was dressing to go for a Sunday lunchtime pick, when my mobile lit up. "DOOG" it buzzed at me. "Derek, what's occurring?" I happily chirped, but it was not him, but Merlyn, who, thoughtfully, had not wanted me to hear the news from elsewhere. To say I was stunned was an understatement.

I had introduced my then fiancée to him prior to the away League Cup tie at Oxford in 1970. He came to one of our dinners at The Oval and, over the meal, dispelled any thoughts I had had of his innocence at Sheffield Wednesday when he was sent off, and I was evicted from the ground for protesting his innocence, when he told me only one person in the ground saw it: you know, the linesman.



At Carlisle, having only managed to buy a one-way ticket, before there were motorways stretching the length of the country, I was waiting outside the players' entrance after the match, prior to hitching back to London, when Doog spotted me. He came over and, on being told that Jeff Ball and I were hitching, and promptly disappeared back inside, only to reappear moments later, "Get on the bus, you've got a life in Wolverhampton. And so, I was in the company of not only my No. 1 hero, but also the rest of the Wolves squad. Our two very star struck teenagers, I arrived home at six on Sunday evening, to be told by my father, that I was completely mad, but you can't take the memory of that weekend away from me.

I telephoned Wolves on the day it was announced that the club had been saved from liquidation, and asked to speak to The Chairman, and when I was connected, he said "Stuart, this is the proudest day of my life". Many people blamed The Doog when The Bhattis started selling off assets of WWFC, but personally, I do not believe that there was any ulterior motive to his actions, other than saving The Club.

The Doog always had the interests of others at heart, and only last February was involved in raising funds for Ian Carrwright, and he phoned me to ask if WWLSC would be interested in supporting the event. We took two tables, and The Doog was the star of the show, and raised the money needed for Ian's drugs.

In my position with London Wolves, I have been privileged to meet many Wolves players, including the greats, but with no disrespect to them, none were a patch on The Doog.

I have many great memories of Derek, the man I still addressed as My Hero whenever we spoke, and some treasured mementoes, including the limited edition print, in pride of place in my living room, and one in my Barbados apartment.

Merlyn has asked to be sent the copy of our newsletter, and she told me that The Doog always enjoyed reading it.



NB I'd walk a million miles for one of your smiles, my Dougan. Never were truer words chanted.

Stuart

Well I watched the video of the service wasn't it a great tribute to a great guy.

He obviously made the most of his time on this earth and we were lucky to see a bit of his talent in a Gold and Black shirt.

Great tributes from his football friends and an amazing heart-felt speech from Merlyn.

I didn't anticipate starting today with tears but they have come.

I am sure the Doog would have been delighted to have the voices of the fans floating into the church from outside just as if they were on the terraces.

I am so pleased that I was at Molineux for the applause we all gave him at the start of the season.

Great Guy

UP THE DOOG and UP THE WOLVES

Tony Hughes

'DOOG' TRIBUTES



In the light of the sad news of the news of Derek Dougan's passing, I thought it worthy of a note to yourself to empathise the depth of feeling there is to 'The Doog' from people of my generation.

Many of us never saw the great teams of the fifties, but particularly for those based away from the Wolverhampton area, Star Soccer, courtesy of Billy Wright ensuring we were on at least once a month, introduced Wolverhampton Wanderers and, in particular, the Doog to millions of people.

An email just in from a Derby fan illustrates that:

Morning Chris,

Sorry to hear the news of Derek Dougan – that must hurt mate. To me he was always a massive icon of the Wolves & I can see him now on Star Soccer on a Sunday afternoon with Hugh Johns doing the commentary.

*Regards,
Hodge.*



As a player he was incomparable. Bully's cult status as a player still fell well short of that enjoyed by Dougan. To many, myself included, he was a God. Not because he was the most gifted footballer, but because he had far more charisma than any other player ever to wear the gold shirt since.

The relationship with the fans was unique, and when they sang "I'll walk a million miles for one of your stripes" they meant it. The day he was sent off against Everton the fans rioted and the name of Keith Walker, the referee who had the audacity to do it, is still vilified to this day.

For my generation there will never be a player as great or worthy of comparison.

I heard your tribute on Sky Sports News yesterday – thank you – and your comments were well placed, but no one felt betrayed by the infamous Bhattis more than Derek did. But it must be remembered though that if he, albeit with the Bhattis, hadn't stepped in at the 11th hour, Wolves wouldn't have survived at all. A fact forgotten by most people.

They survived but unfortunately the approach was one of asset stripping rather than building the club back up. He tried to reverse that trend but was simply a figurehead, and was forced to walk away with his name tarnished.

He also did a lot of good for football generally, his work with the PFA, being the first playing pundit on TV who was lucid, outspoken and intelligent. At Kettering Town he introduced shirt advertising – think how much money that has generated for the game since. He also for many years had his own radio show on Radio Birmingham (now WM), again an unknown event in his time. I am not naive enough to think that he did not upset people or make enemies along the way. His penchant for being outspoken was also well known. He was his own man and maybe often that did not suit everyone.

But at this time he should be remembered for his vast contribution to Wolverhampton Wanderers F.C. for being the Pied Piper to the fans and helping achieve a fan base which has sustained to this day. I have seen many tributes to him which have said "I wouldn't have been a Wolves fan but for The Doog" and sadly there are very few modern day players that you could say that about.

So Jez, in your role as our Chief Executive I implore you to consider very carefully an appropriate tribute to The Doog, some permanent memorial is very appropriate, and official recognition of his career long overdue. We will never see his like again and Wolverhampton Wanderers need to recognise and acknowledge this.

Chris Cox