

Mirror
SPORT
4 PAGES

★ DIARY ★
Boxing.—Joe Eakins v. Dick Richardson, Cardiff.
Speedway.—Challenge Match, Wimbledon v. Poland (7.45).
Football.—F.A. Youth Challenge Cup (2nd Leg) Final: Chesterfield v. Manchester U. (7.30).

Advertiser's Announcement

Cup Final secrets that

DRAMA AND PANIC IN DRESSING ROOM

★ By FRANK MCGHEE

YOU may have been there on the Wembley terraces, surging and swaying and shouting.

You may have been sitting tensed on the edge of the front room sofa watching TV.

Wherever you were, you didn't see it all.

You didn't capture the full drama of Manchester City's confident stroll to a Cup Final victory.

YOU SAW Don Revie's dramatic last-minute comeback.

You saw him scheme the first goal for little Joe Hayes and go on to redeem the unhappy memory of a dull, lifeless display in last year's losing game against Newcastle.

He Turned

You saw him carve up Birmingham's defence into tiny fatters with slow surgical precision.

BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE Revie afterwards, alone, aloof and austere, came clattering into the shadow of the cool tunnel, his maroon shirt moulded to his slender back, white streaks of sweat like war-paint on his face.

He went through the doorway of his team's dressing-room, then suddenly stopped, thought for a moment, turned round and walked through the losers' door.

"I know what it feels like for them," he told me quietly.

"Last year I went through what they are going through now. I just wanted to tell them all that I hope they win next year."

In His Shirt!

YOU SAW Roy Little, Manchester City's left back, stay cool and competent on the few occasions when Birmingham were attacking.

BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE the flaring moment of panic that struck him in the dressing room.

Someone asked to have a look at his Cup medal. He grinned, opened the little brown box... and it wasn't there. He had lost it.

He looked sick as together we searched the bench, looked in his boots and turned back the carpet. He was close to tears... and you could read his thoughts.

"Surely nobody would

steal a man's Cup medal after all I've been through. And surely no one would play a practical joke so stupid and cruel."

For fifteen minutes the only coherent thing he said was: "I know I put it back in the box. I know I did."

But he hadn't. In the excitement he had dropped it into his shirt and thrown it aside.

His face when he found it was something I wish you had seen.

YOU SAW goalkeeper Bert Trautmann, that great tawny cat of a man, collapse to the flailing approach of Birmingham inside left Peter Murphy.

You saw trainer Laurie Barnett rush out to tend him.

BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE OR HEAR Laurie whisper these four magic words into the ear of the Footballer of the Year: "Only fourteen minutes left..."

Trautmann said later: "That was the last thing I remember."

For those last minutes—

there were actually sixteen because of extra time for injuries — he remembers only pain.

YOU SAW Dave Ewing, that craggy colossal centre half, reckoned one of the weakest men in Manchester's team, play the game of his life—the City players voted him man of the match afterwards.

But you didn't see and couldn't know that he sang and shouted throughout the whole ninety minutes.

YOU SAW right half Ken Barnes, another Manchester hero, play a dramatic part in the two vital second half goals.

It was Barnes, together with Bobby Johnstone, who carved a path up the right wing for Jack Dyson's goal.

It was Barnes who schemed Bobby Johnstone's goal to make it 3-1.

BUT YOU DIDN'T SEE manager Les McDowall prod Barnes at half-time into playing the sort of game that led to those goals.

"In the first half I was concentrating on marking

inside left Peter Murphy," Ken confessed.

"I thought that he would be the danger man."

"But the boss was right." **YOU SAW** Bobby Johnstone with his left knee heavily bandaged, wince away from tackles.

BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW that Johnstone, who had huld on that knee, considered he should never have played — and wouldn't have if Billy Spurdle had been fit.

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THE MASTERPIECE
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Brown study..

Oh, the agony of it all for Eddie Brown (right). It's Bert Trautmann again, flinging himself down to deflect a shot. And to make Eddie's job harder, Roy Little was on the spot, too.



the cameras didn't tell

And here's one that Mirror Sport kept...

Skipper Boyd wins medal for courage

By BILL HOLDEN

NOW it can be told... the inspiring story of the courage and determination of Len Boyd, Birmingham's left half and captain, who went through two weeks of torture to win a Cup-finalist's medal.

The exclusive picture (right) reveals the big secret which Mirror Sport agreed to keep.

FOR TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE FINAL LEN WAS ENCASED IN A PLASTER CAST.

It was his one chance of getting fit enough to play... and the cast was taken off only one hour before the match began.

On April 19, with the final sixteen days away, a specialist discovered that Boyd was developing a slipped disc.

This caused a pressure on his spinal nerves and produced intense pain.

Rigid

The only way to correct the trouble and remove the pain, was for Boyd's body to be held rigid in a cast.

From then on Len slept, trained, and actually played in practice matches while wearing the cast.

"It was uncomfortable, and Dave Fairhurst, our physiotherapist, regularly added strong adhesive bandaging to it to make sure it kept in place," Len said.

"When it was finally taken off we discovered it was ten pounds in weight. Often it felt heavier when I began to sweat while training, but it was more than worth it."

"I was able to play and never once felt a twinge of pain during the match.

Tense

"Some people thought I might still be suffering from fibrositis."

"I wasn't, I never have. But we thought it best to let everyone go on thinking it was that."

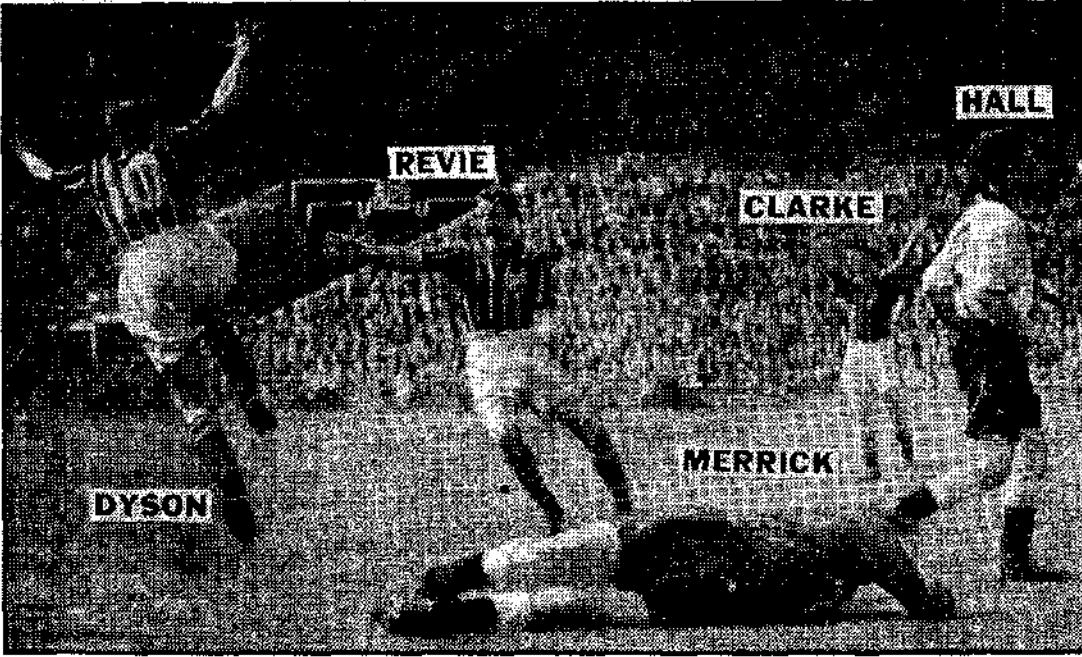
Only Boyd's wife, Doreen, Birmingham City officials and Mirror Sport knew just how close Len came to having to take a seat on the sidelines.

That fight for fitness was as tense as any encounter on the field, and we pledged to keep it secret until Len had collected his finalist's medal.

Cheering crowds yelling "You can do it next year" slowed to a crawl the coach in which homecoming Birmingham rode to their ground yesterday.



Birmingham City physiotherapist Dave Fairhurst checks up on Boyd in plaster.



A goal, yippee!

Jack Dyson does a Wembley war-dance—and no wonder. He's just scored the second goal for Manchester City.



Bobby dazzler

You nearly didn't see this picture of Bobby Johnstone (left) ramming home Manchester City's third goal. Bobby, worried by a knee injury, said: "I should never have played."

Manchester U. out for Youth Cup

Will Manchester win a third football honour? With United the Champions and City the Cup winners, United's junior team hope to make it a hat-trick of trophies when they visit Chesterfield in the F.A. Youth Cup final tonight.

I SHAN'T FORGET THE MERRICK TOUCH

—says Peter Wilson

IT wasn't a Cup Final that tattooed itself into your memory—not as a contest, anyway.

For the winners were so superior for five-sixths of the game.

Indeed, even at half-time, when the goals were shared, you would, had you been marking this like a boxing match, have made Manchester well ahead on points!

There was an almost foreign elegance about Manchester.

Yard Faster

They were not quite so deadly as the Hungarians because their shooting was not so lethal.

But the impression you got was that they were able to perform at three-quarter speed—and still be a vital yard faster than these strangely clad "illy-whites" who toiled and spun to such little purpose.

There can be no doubt as to the personality of the game—the enigmatic Pimpernel-like Don Revie.

In the past suggestions have been made that the Don of Football is a trouble-maker.

He certainly made trouble enough for Birmingham.

Birmingham centre half Trevor Smith was like a man trying to pick up quicksilver with his "bare hands."

And then Bobby Johnstone. There were times in the first half and even during the first ten minutes of the second when it looked as though he would never finish the match, so carefully was he "favouring" his heavily bandaged left leg.

He finished the match all right—for Birmingham—with that electric

dash from a Trautmann clearance.

Trautmann, too—what memories he recalled of the youth who was to grow into the goalkeeping giant called Swift.

Twenty-two years ago "Swiftie" collapsed at the final whistle the last time Manchester City won the Cup.

Groggy

Trautmann, reeling and weaving between the posts for the last quarter of an hour like a groggy fighter in his own corner, clapping his head as though to make sure that it was still there, looked similarly on the point of no return.

And that was one little scene I shall not forget.

Beaten keeper Gil Merrick, walking half the length of the field to support victorious but dazed

Bert on his way to get his winner's medal.

But the incident I liked the best was when Roy Little, having been laid low by a kick in the face from Gordon Astall, affectionately patted Astall on the head, as soon as he had regained his feet, to indicate that the fault was at least partly his own.

That's sportsmanship, my masters.

And indeed the match, on the whole, was cleaner than a new pin—with no element of "needle" creeping in.

So final congratulations to the one-armed whistler, referee Alf Bond, who, despite one moment of indecision on a "hands" verdict, had a good match.

PREMIUM BOND, YOU MIGHT SAY. And here's to Birmingham. Even if in their black hour there were no recriminations. Like everyone else, they admitted that the better team won.

CROSSWORD

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Saturday's Solution

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OPER RACING
O BERG ONCE
LAST ENDEAR

ACROSS

1, Milk shop; 5, Number; 9, Sticky stuff; 10, Name; 11, Fat; 13, Conscious; 15, More sensible; 18, Crazy; 17, "Let it stand"; 18, Take ill; 20, Nothing; 21, Inclined; 24, Sound; 27, Proper; 28, Not verse; 29, Fern part; 31, Ceremonies; 32, Seaman; 33, Choose; 34, Rate; 36, Flower

DOWN

1, Scum; 2, Gilt; 3, Adj; 4, River; 6, Paint; 6, Clearing; 7, Pronoun; 8, Cry; 12, Wash; 14, Existed; 16, Free; 19, Loop; 20, Required; 21, Raises; 22, Worship; 23, Woman; 24, Cost; 25, Game; 26, Annoying; 28, School work; 30, Knock.