



1978 - Vince on the ball during Palace's 1-0 win against Oldham Athletic at Selhurst Park

for me was that twenty-four hours before they were arrested they had asked me to look after a medium sized package which I'd agreed to and had been carrying around in the boot of my car!

Another man I have a huge amount of admiration for was the head coach, John Cartwright. If it wasn't for him, despite the managers, I wouldn't have made it in the game. What he taught us was first class. Terry and John insisted we studied the continentals and how they played, urging us to model ourselves on them rather than anyone from the domestic game.

The technical side of the coaching was sometimes very complicated, but the two used a lot of creativity and common sense to help us when we came up against some very physical teams. If I was being played out on the wing or as centre-forward, and I was being marked by a big lump like Sam Allardyce, it was drilled into me that I had to drop back, get the ball, then quickly turn and run at defenders. That way I'd either work an opening or would make the opposition commit themselves and maybe pick up a free kick. Then we'd be able to unleash whatever cunning routine we'd been rehearsing!

Some of the elaborate step-overs and flicks were like Red Arrows manoeuvres, but we were only able to get away with some of them because, unlike today, not every game was televised and we weren't scrutinised by action replays from every conceivable angle. Not all of them led to us scoring a goal, but the obvious one that stands out was against Stoke City which the press raved about for months. We created another great goal up at Sheffield United from a corner routine that Rachid Harkouk scored with a header.

Because of the way we'd been educated at Palace, and how the young players had progressed together, it made us supremely confident and we were rarely nervous. Even ahead of the famous Burnley match at Selhurst Park in 1979 five of the lads were preparing to go out by having a laugh and playing head tennis. I remember John Burrige snapping at us, "For God's sake lads, can't you stop larking about? Don't you know the magnitude of tonight?" Of course we told Budgie to shut up, but it wasn't like we weren't bothered about the game, we simply knew that we were going to win and there was no point in getting wound up. Not that I remember much about that game though. I do know that I had a hand in setting up both of the goals, but I got clouted on the head early on and a lot of the game is sadly a blur. After the game I couldn't wait to get home and just watch television!

The season Terry took the club up to the top flight again, 1978-79, I played every match. That was the year after Nottingham Forest, in their first season back at that level, had won the championship. That