

MAURICE GITT 'OBJECTIONABLE OLD BUGGER'



CORPUS CHRISTIE



MORECAMBE F.C. THE ALTERNATIVE VIEW

ISSUE 6 50P

APPEARING REGULARLY AT THE SHRIMPS CLUB
"EDDIE AND THE DREAMERS"



INCLUDING ALL THE USUAL TRIPE!!

CORPUS CHRISTIE



ISSUE 6 WINTER 93/94

CORPUS: Main part or body of something, a collection of writings.

CHRISTIE: Our home park, known as the "Crusty Pie".

The Editorial team are:
Elegant sweeper: Freez
Midfield general: Coops
Useless keeper: Sumo

This rag is written by Morecambe fans for all football fans, and anyone else with ten bob to spare, the views expressed in it are not those of the club or necessarily of the editors.

Well, that's the legal side sorted, now it's time to try and persuade you lot to put pen to paper and send us an article, you know, joined up writing and that. The standard of the stuff we have received has been excellent, so much so that we have used them all, the only thing that amazes us is that just about all arrive with "Use it if you want, but I'm not bothered if you don't" written at the bottom. Surely if you take the trouble you'd like to see it in print?

So go on, get writing, you never know you could end up as a Patrick Barclay* or a Linda Lovelace@.

*Sportswriter of the year from the Independent on Sunday, and editor of Cabbage and Green Leaf Weekly (Sat. evening Carlisle edition).
@Sports editor of the Sunday Sport.

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C.C. is a "plastic bag full of cattles business" production.

EDITORIAL DRIVEL

So it is farewell to two Shrimps stalwarts. The departure of Paul Lodge to rivals Southport came as no surprise. 'Port boss Brian Kettle has made no secret of his admiration of the scheming mid-fielder, and has persistently tracked him since their promotion to the conference. From a personal point of view for Lodgy, Southport home games and training being only ten minutes from home make a transfer attractive. Rumours abound of a 5K signing on fee as the final inducement, and who could say no to a "Golden Hello" of that magnitude? His relationship with the supporters was always love-hate, wavering from adulation to severe criticism depending on performance. As far as we at C.C. are concerned, he will be sorely missed. An astute tactician, a believer in playing neat football, a constant motivator & an accurate passer, at this level he always looked a different class. Our lasting memory will be his magnificent lob from outside the box in stoppage time against Marine. 2-1 down with ten minutes left, Lodgy orchestrated a miraculous comeback, completed by himself when O'Brien in the scousers goal strayed just 2 or 3 centimetres off his line.

Our other leaver, Paul Byron, is a different matter. Joining us in the wake of Tommy Miller's departure, Byro struggled to gain fitness & went on loan to Bamber Bridge. He then returned at the beginning of season 92/93, and after the stealing of Jamie McGowan by Dundee, and an unfortunate injury to Gary Dullaghan, he established himself. His partner in defence, Ollie, was the perfect foil for Byro's "trench warfare" style, calmly picking up the loose limbs of visting centre forwards. Byro's lack of speed was compensated for with his aerial domination, total commitment and a useful haul of goals from set pieces. But undoubtedly his prime asset was his heart, which was as big as a lion every time he pulled on a red shirt. Coops often said that he should be captain, as his bulldog spirit and determination would inspire our lads and intimidate the opposition. Everyone we have spoken to is sad at Animal's, (his terrace name) departure, but the injuries he has carried have limited his appearances this season, and being guaranteed 1st team football at Accrington, who are fighting relegation, will suit him down to the ground. Good luck to both of them. Part of the Byro deal was the signing of Paul Burns. Some of you may remember him scoring twice against us at the Crown Ground earlier in the season, so let's hope he can do that FOR us eh!

Recent from has been "patchy" to say the least. We vancquished Buxton at Silverlands with "Super" Jim Mcluskie having his best game for us yet. C.C. holds the view that he is a good team player & a clever quick thinking footballer. But some sections of supporters cannot see that, and justifiably say he doesn't score enough, and is maybe a yard short of pace. Probably true, but he isn't the only one guilty of missing. When John "Football Genius" Coleman returns, we can still see a place for the both of them.

A cluster of home defeats have left us in mid-table, with the cups as our only real chance of glory. With Northwich Vics at home in the Trophy, let's hope for once we get cup luck. We don't care if we play crap & win, we have too often footballled sides to death & come away with nothing in the past, no more please.

Up The Shrimps!

WHERE WERE YOU AT WHITLEY BAY?

ASSISTANT secretary and programme shop man, Neil Marsdin, asked me the other week if I would do the PA announcing at the Reserves home game against Man Utd A.

I declined, saying I was going out that night, which I was.

But I would have found it a patience-testing task anyway.

I would have found it very very difficult indeed to calmly announce the teams to the 800 or so once-a-season armchair Manks who troll out year in year out for the chance to see a bunch of kids poncing about in junior-sized Man U shirts against Morecambe's hard grafting Reserves.

I would have found it very tempting indeed to say: "And this is the Morecambe side, you know, Morecambe. The side that plays here, you know, at Christie Park. The ground that's two minutes from your own home but which you resolutely avoid every other Saturday and Tuesday, preferring instead to wash the car or sit in and watch Channel Four racing.

"Yes Morecambe and Christie Park, remember, where you came last year when we played Wycombe. And before that when you came away from a thrilling game against Hull City saying "mmm, they played really good football, did Morecambe," as you left the ground for another year.

Next time we play Man U or Liverpool at home we should charge people £5 for their single visit of the season. Regulars can pick up a token at one of the prior Reserve or first team games allowing them entry for the usual price.

Same with big cup ties at home, let's start making the part-timers pay for their indifference. - GLEN

Nice to see that the friendly rivalry between Man C and Man U is continuing. Before the recent televised derby match a television crew were dispatched to capture some of the flavour and atmosphere outside the ground, and proceeded to interview fans from both camps. One particular "Red Devil" spoke sensibly about how Utd would set about recovering from their shock euro-exit, unfortunately on camera behind him were some half-dozen City-ites, grinning widely while holding up boxes of TURKISH delight. Nice one. On the same theme, our supporters coach to a recent away fixture noted quite a few cars on the M62 sporting Leeds Utd scarves and stickers from the windows but large TURKISH flags on the rear parcel shelves. Come on now, this is hugely unpatriotic, as well as being childish and petty. It is precisely for this reason that we at C.C. find it ENTERTAINING!!

CRAWLEY BUMBLICK

OUR visit to Hyde was notable for more than just the fact that we tonked the plastic posers on their preposterous pitch.

For us Morecambe lads it was also the first chance to meet some boys from our "twin team", Crawley Town.

The relationship - postal until that day - began when some of their supporters started to take an interest in us when both our sides experienced similar ground grading problems.

Exchanges of letters and fanzines followed and on the day in question, Crawley having no game, three Town fans travelled up from Sussex to watch us deliver a Hyde-ing to the Manks.

More would have come - a coach had been considered - but there was, right up to the last minute, a chance that Crawley might arrange a friendly against a Premier League side.

Nevertheless, the travelling trio were welcomed into the fold, treated like the heroes they were and had a good day out, getting back home at 9pm, apparently.

Our next meeting is likely to be on January 29 when The Shrimps are destined to play Leek away and Crawley are just a few miles up the road at Burton.

Pre-match drinks in somewhere like Ashbourne - between the two - are being arranged as we speak.

A.L. PARKINSON
HIGH CLASS FRUITERER
LANCASTER MARKET, UNIT M8A
TEL. 37123

Why not come along and squeeze Tony's plums, or get a handful of his nuts, or check out the size of his cucumber. Have a look at Debbie's pear or a fondle of her melons, or just pop in for a leek.!! Try Tony's, he's no cabbage, he knows his onions and his prices drive his competitors bananas!!!

This advert was compiled by Finbarr Saunders.

ALL PUBLICITY IS GOOD PUBLICITY (?)

IN a couple of editions of The Mad Axeman (Lancaster City fanzine) the editor and his contributors have bemoaned the lack of decent coverage given to their mighty team by the Lancaster Guardian.

We are happy to see that this season the situation has improved considerably and the Dolly Blues are now getting the recognition they deserve.

We have selected a few of our favourite clippings from this season so far.

With Barry Stimpson suspended and three players, Steve Trainor, Stuart Diggle and W. Gerrard, out of the City

FOOTBALL/Tinsley sent off in touchline row

Cards fly in bruising clash!

Lancaster 1, Netherfield 1

A FEW more touchline cards were shown in the match between Lancaster City and Netherfield on Saturday. The referee, Mr. J. Tinsley, was quick to show a yellow card to Netherfield's Steve Trainor for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle. Later, after a touchline row, Tinsley sent off Netherfield's Barry Stimpson for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle.

By Paul Wilkinson

The card-happy referee must have been in a bad mood on Saturday. He sent off Netherfield's Barry Stimpson for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle. He also sent off Netherfield's Steve Trainor for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle. The referee, Mr. J. Tinsley, was quick to show a yellow card to Netherfield's Steve Trainor for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle. Later, after a touchline row, Tinsley sent off Netherfield's Barry Stimpson for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle.

The referee, Mr. J. Tinsley, was quick to show a yellow card to Netherfield's Steve Trainor for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle. Later, after a touchline row, Tinsley sent off Netherfield's Barry Stimpson for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle.

Newell off in bizarre City draw

Great Harwood Town 1, Lancaster City 1

LANCASTER collected a surprise point in their match with Great Harwood Town on Saturday. The referee, Mr. J. Tinsley, was quick to show a yellow card to Great Harwood Town's Steve Trainor for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle. Later, after a touchline row, Tinsley sent off Great Harwood Town's Barry Stimpson for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle.

Woodburn off as City grab draw

Warrington Town 1, Lancaster City 1

LANCASTER collected a surprise point in their match with Warrington Town on Saturday. The referee, Mr. J. Tinsley, was quick to show a yellow card to Warrington Town's Steve Trainor for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle. Later, after a touchline row, Tinsley sent off Warrington Town's Barry Stimpson for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle.

Gerrard off in defeat

Curzon Ashton 4, Lancaster City 2

LANCASTER collected a surprise point in their match with Curzon Ashton on Saturday. The referee, Mr. J. Tinsley, was quick to show a yellow card to Curzon Ashton's Steve Trainor for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle. Later, after a touchline row, Tinsley sent off Curzon Ashton's Barry Stimpson for a foul on Lancaster's Stuart Diggle.

....STILL WAITING, MR RIOCH

CORPUS Christie is still awaiting a reply to the letter we sent a certain Mr Bruce Rioch, manager of high and mighty Bolton Wanderers.

We had taken the time and trouble to give a bit of friendly advice to the gent in question and, as yet, have not even had the courtesy of a "....is considering your idea and will be in touch with you shortly" type response.

Here is what we wrote:

"Dear Mr Rioch (Bruce), We are all big Bolton fans us, oh yes, supported them all our lives, we have, and our dads, granddads etc. So, just thought we'd drop you a line and tip you off to prevent you dropping a big clanger.

This young keeper of yours, Chris Clarke*. No good! Will never make it, mark our words.

Take our advice and cut your losses now, offload him now while the going's good.

We would suggest you release him immediately before he gets an agent and starts costing you "big bucks".

It would seem an appropriate time as he is on loan at Morecambe at the moment. We are sure you could "hoodwink" these non-league types into taking him on full time!

Also, don't bother with any silly clauses like "25 per cent of any subsequent transfer fees" etc - wouldn't be worth the ink!

Yours with the best interests of Bolton at heart, not Morecambe, honest, Glen, Dave and Simon."

Now, we ask you, you would think, wouldn't you that when you try to do someone a favour like that, you would at least get a thank-you letter?

But none of it! We wonder if Mr Rioch gets to read his mail or whether it is intercepted by someone. Perhaps someone who works for football agents and has seen how to rip Bolton off! Well, we don't care. If that's how slipshod Mr so-called Rioch is then he deserves what he gets. Don't say we didn't warn him.

*Chris Clarke is the Bolton & England youth team goalkeeper, who spent a short time on loan at Crusty Pie.

AWAYDAZE

COLWYN BAY 1ST JAN 94

Well its a little nearer Wales, although the bad thing about not going to Northwich is that we will miss the landlords sideshow at the pub outside the ground. The only info I have is that there is a seated main stand and cover opposite, dont expect too much. £3+£1.50 in, this may be a place to challenge certain sections of our support at gaining 1/2 price entrance, squeaky voices all round, not that we encourage that sort of behaviour

WINSFORD 8th JAN 1994

Barton Stadium, what a tip I fully expect this to be our last trip here for a while as following the mass exodus, them and Fleetwood will surely drop. Glens been and says "Greyhound track with a field in the middle, viewing from side only and worse than that the pies taste like plop". Dave and Si said "dump".

LEEK 29 JAN 94

Excellent ground, usually an interesting trip ie chain weilding thugs, idiot Stoke fans, crap police, on the other hand love songs in the bar, leek waving Shrimps fans, loads of noise, Adder hat tricks and double glazed bogs, oh and sorbital acids and acetate esthers (wierd ads. on stand roof, just what is a sorbital acid.). I think all the brats from Marine have been teleported here. 2 good covered ends



GAINSBOROUGH 19TH FEBRUARY 1994

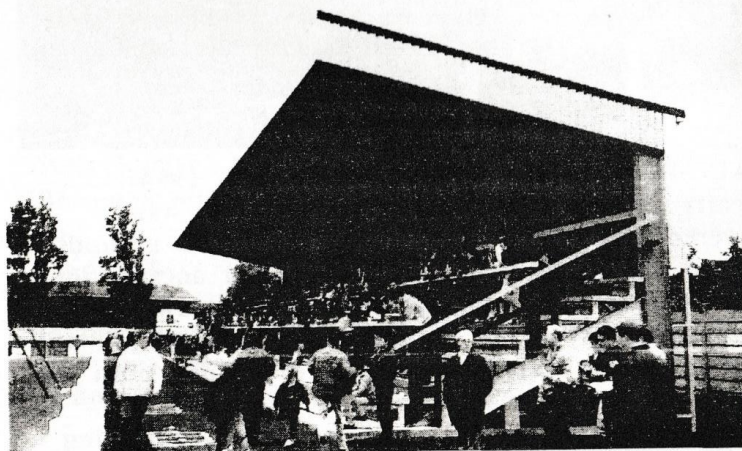
Scruffy ground with a barrel roofed main stand, covered end and as standard at most NPL grounds an end nobody gives a stuff about ie an uncared for grass bank. Decent atmosphere last year saw wild celebrations as we did an amazing get out of jail act courtesy of an outrageous Cainy dive. Good nosh from food bar on main stand side. Last year we managed to get free food afterwards by convincing the young girls serving that we were players (including 14stone Kips), a good place!

BISHOP AUCKLAND 5 MARCH 1994

Lovely main stand albiet in a slightly bizzarely built fashion with ridiculously steep terracing either side uncovered terrace behind goal, strange little stand used for officials down other side, should be a good atmos. as long as the NUFC boxing troupe dont turn up and hassle us (particularly as they all looked a little handy) Excellent club and usually a warm reception as long as you arent gunning for one of their players and happen to be stood next to his dad who is also a little quick with the right hand. Reasonable pubs in town.

'PORT WITH BOTTLE

So Southport are going well in the Conference, and quite a few Shrimps fans are clearly unhappy about it, but credit where it's due they have completed the improvements to the ground, and acquired three or four useful players as well. The crowds they are attracting are about twice what we would be getting in the same position, maybe them being a league club just a few years ago has something to do with that, but I for one am not sulking.



The attitude and application of the board of directors and supporters has succeeded in transforming what was to all visiting fans a wasteland of ground with a nice stand into a sparkling, tidy arena. The pictures show what can be done with a few grand, some steel, concrete and quite a lot of hard work. Considering we played at Haig Ave in late March the transformation between then and when we visited in August was astonishing. No longer a field with a fence round it, it has terracing on all sides with crush barriers, and the home end has a cantilever roof. In the editorial of issue five of this very "comic" we commented that Southport had nothing like the start we have got at Crusty Pie, but they have achieved their target, and yet we are still at the starting gate.

Some within our club will tell you that most of the work done hasn't been paid for and that they are having difficulties, but chatting to regular "Sandgrounders" it became obvious that this isn't true. Either that or the chairman has hypnotised his regular supporters into believing him. Besides

the fact that gates of 1500 every week at £3 each will ease the situation if it did exist.

Regular Post headlines of "KETTLE BUBBLING" and "KETTLE'S BOYS BOILING" are obviously hard to stomach, particularly as the game we visited saw Halifax crucify them but only get a draw, but still I feel it would be unfair not to congratulate them on their achievement. Should they actually win the Conference the ground would, with a few alterations, be easily fit for the league, in fact it would put to shame a dozen or so that I could mention. I don't believe they will win it, it only takes an injury to Haw or Withers to cock up the scoring, but the fact remains they have made huge strides both on and off the field in recent seasons.



Where does this leave us? We might yet be in a position to push for promotion, we must learn from the example set by Southport, and continue to make positive strides to improve the ground. Everyone agrees the disabled stand is an asset, that structure is the first thing new to built at the ground since 1967, all money spent since then has been to replace damaged property and to close or knock down existing facilities. The provision of disabled toilets is to be the next project we understand, but after that thought must be given to a roof at the school end, nothing grand a cover will do, or perhaps terracing the open side, or the painting of the the Christie end before the authorities close it. All these jobs are simple enough, not massive building projects, and if our "scouse" (oops) cousins down the coast can do it why not us?

DAILY BLOAT

BLOATERS IN FA CUP DRAMA

STOP CARPING ON SAYS BOSS!!!
25P CHEAP SHIT

At long last the most important day of the season so far has arrived .It's Saturday 11th September and its the FA cup 1st qualifying round.The twin towers of Wembley beckon once again and so here I am on the halllowed grass bank at Wellesley Recreation Ground ,Sandown Rd. home of Great Yarmouth Town F.C. and their opponents today being Hendon.

As soon as the draw was made I knew this was the tie of the round and therefore one I had to see even if Morecambe to Yarmouth is 284 miles.Whats a few miles when a jewel of this proportion is laid before us (actually I was on holiday).

The first thing on my eye on going through the turnstile (well it would be if it had a ,a, a, turnstile!!!)was the tight security operation that had obviously been meticulously planned and executed for the day.

"Ay-up mate is it free admision and what's this money on this table ?"I asked the gate person (concession to the 90's and womens equallity),to which the reply came "God you made me jump!".Obviously expecting a large crowd.

A few drinking vouchers less and honest admission is gained to what is a suprisingly tidy set up thanks to the local councils

A tidy new social club was also open complete with an outdoor barbecue plus an older building which doubled as both the supporters club and canteen which seemed to have more variety than a supermarket.

As far as the game itself Yarmouth were definately underdogs offering nothing but honest endeavour against a side from a higher, league with internationals in their squad (English,Northern Ireland,New Zealand and Zimbabwe).The tie was ideally set when against the run of play Yarmouth battled into a 2-1 lead with about 20mins to go .All Hendons flowing football went through their no11 who obviously had league experience by the he controlled everything and so it was no suprise when the move of the game was a solo effort by the said same player.On receiving the ball 35yds. out he ran into the box ,drew the centre-half into a Lancaster City closed eyes and hope for the best lunge ,pulled the ball back and rounded said donkey ,then ran to the centre spot and sold such an outrageous dummy to the goalkeeper that I swear,half the fans behind the goal went the wrong way ,and placed the ball into the opposite corner of the net.

The game ended 2-2 and after in the bar I mentioned to a Hendon fan that their no11 was class and had obviously been a league player ,to be told he had spent some time at some minor league outfit called Tottenham Hotspurs and Crystal Palace and had played for England.

The name Peter Taylor ,no wonder he looked familiar ,next time I'll read the programme at the match not at home afterwards.

TROJAN BOY

THE PHONE CALL

84 B9Z



14

F.A.CUP BITS

Doesn't it piss you off ,every time the Cup comes around that somehow Accrington grab all the media attention instead of clubs such as Leek,Marine (although bloody Roly Howerd usually pops up),even conference club Runcorn(ground problems excepted).I get sick of hearing of idiots from Norway,pop star sponsors and crappy milk adverts jumping on the Accy bandwagon ,do they realise that all they are is a bunch of bloody name-jackers ,that being the only connection with the old "true" Stanley.There are other clubs in the area that deserve a mention more than those people so how about coverage of less gimicky sides Oh and what a heartbreaker Scunthorpe getting a last minute winner SHAME!

Thumbs up to SKY and M.O.T.D.for their coverage of the first round what a pleasant change from seeing Premier sides.Sky must have been well chuffed with their choice of ties Halifax beating WBA with our old freind Darren Hayes playing well for Halifax and Yeovils' last minute winner over Fulham ,they have then since even shown some of the replays.Also it was a joy to see Andy Grey having to slum it at The Shay entering the commetary position via a gangplank,welcome to the real world Andy.

Finally thought Telford was bad (it was)remember Maine Rd. last year ,suddenly things arent that bad after all.

INTERESTING, VERY INTERESTING

ISN'T it interesting, nay forsooth, very interesting prithee, to note that one particular little foible affects every single local league side you have ever watched or played for.

No matter how many hundreds of pounds sponsors have stumped up for flashy kits marked "HASBRO CAR SPARES" or "THE JOLLY FARMER INN".

No matter how much each individual player has spent on "Nike Super Mould Van Basten Classica" boots and "Puma Protect-u-Like" shin pads.

No matter how many thousands of pounds the club treasurer has to beg, cajole and prise out of players in subs to pay league fees and pitch rental.

No matter how many XR3s, BMW 27 Series and Kawasaki Z 15millions there are around the pitch.

You always see five lads, immediately before a game, not joining in with their team-mates' little kickabout warm-up.

No, they are traipsing round the perimeter of the field, heads down, feet kicking up bits of dead grass, turning over old crisp packets and rooting in piles of leaves, searching for any bits of old metal, any discarded car aerials or large rusty nails - anything that might double as.....a net peg!

Net pegs are the one item which every single local league team in the land never has enough of, always runs out of.

Even the really well-organised clubs will, we guarantee it, have a "peg bag" which contains seven proper pegs and a dozen other assorted bits of flotsam - coat hangers, conduit, wooden slats, door stops, fishing traces, half-bricks, large surgical staples, bike spokes and ball point pens with "Gift from Scarborough" up the side.

For God's sake, pegs are 50p for eighteen dozen at the army and navy stores, what the hell is going on!

SOMETHING FOR THE WEEKEND, SIR?

ANY fans of any other clubs reading this fanzine should take note of this particular piece of advice if they ignore everything else in this mag.

If ever, in the next year or two, your side gets to play Curzon Ashton, home or away, don't miss it.

If you do you will miss seeing the most incredible hair style the world has ever witnessed.

If you remember the former Man City defender, Kenny Clements, you will probably remember that, in his heyday, he had a sad curly perm.

In those days, though, with Terry McDermott, Tony Towers, Alberto Tarantini, and Keegan himself about, Kenny's barnet went almost unnoticed.

But Sir Ken has not only retained his mountain of curls, he has allowed it to overtake his lower neck and much of his upper back in a sort of Lenny the Lion-esque cascade.

It resembles a fluffy Trojan's helmet of such ridiculous bouffancy that it must surely take a foot off the height he needs to jump to reach a header.

When we visited their place to give them the expected and, frankly rather routine tonking, it was Kenneth's coiff which kept us entertained throughout.

Don't miss it, appearing at a ground near you soon!

HONEST it's true. We visited Giant Axe to watch City recently, and after parting with our hard earned we were accosted by a young man flogging "Goalden Goal" tickets. Being the generous types we coughed for a couple, and I fancy my chances.....I got January!!!!
(bu-bum. Ed.)

HONEST it's true. We visited Giant Axe again, and they have replaced the other raffles with a novel new one. It's called the "Goalden Early Bath", trouble is it never makes any money because they have had to pay out six times already!!!! (Unbelievably Si drew Dave Woodburn*, and lost!!).

* City midfielder with more bookings than Princess Anne

HAS anyone noticed the lack of product from the City fanzine the Mad Axeman.....no I thought not. It appears that the brain behind it has got too much on his plate wriffing the programme, it is sadly missed as we now have no-one to take the mickey out of.

££GOTTA HAVE SOMETHING IN THE BANK, FRANK.££

"Cash is King," a famous economist.
"the decadent instinct has seductively ruled,"
Nietzsche, Ecce Homo.

by our city correspondents F.T Wunundred & Bernie Fingers.

Lets's face it, if you want
your club to move up in the
world you've got to have
dosh, and lots of it. Get
yourself a Jack Walker. Steel
daddies pay best.

Fron Colne Dynamos to
Wycombe Wanderers, get one
or two bulging breast pockets
in and you virtually
guarantee success (the
exception is always Chorley,
especially if you have Glen
Buckley as manager, what a
pillock! Ed.) First you pull
the heartstrings.

"This is the place you were
born/lived/made your
money, and this is our poor
hard-up football team." Then
get them to pull out their
wallet/cheque book on a
regular basis.

But what's happened at
Morecambe? Sure we've got
the theory right. Find a
phenomenally rich man, the
Duke of Westminster. Suck
up to him, call him "His
Grace" in the programme,
give him a title (patron)
short for patronise (sic).

Then relieve him of a
minimum of £50,000. After
all this is a man who stamps
his cheque book rather than
signs it. But, hey, where's
the cash Gerry? Come on,
cough up. You may be an
aristocrat (Walt Disney, that
one wasn't it? Ed.) but we
are the aristocrats of non-
league football.

So if you can't get money
from those who could buy
the whole town of
Morecambe and get Barrow
for the change, who next?

The well-passed-his-prime
entertainer. However Freddie
Starr is buying Exeter, and
Elton John poured millions
into Watford, Jim Bowen
gives us his BFH.

So are Patron Westminster
and President Bowen are as
tight as a fishes arse at a
thousand fathoms? Who
cares? What we need is local
lolly. After all we lost Eric
Morecambe to Luton Town,
lets not do it again.

What about Lord Cecil
Parkinson of Carnforth? Tory

politicians know lots about
throwing money around.
Anyway it's far better for him
to pull out his wallet than
pull out his knob, as £20,000
into Morecambe is cheaper
than several hundred
thousands it cost him the
last time he "put something
in."

The other rationale was his
love child is called Flora. I
thought maybe because he
liked to spread it a round a
bit!

There is also the woman who
like to de-frost cattle, Thora
Hird.

Does she like football as
much as God or a new hip?
How much do they pay her
for Last of the Summer
Wine?

Further on finance, what sort
of match sponsorship deal
are we really offering?
Chauffeur to a Lune valley
hotel for a meal, pre and
post-match drinkies, tannoy
announcements, oh and a
football match. Surely
sponsorship is a benevolent
gesture done out of sheer
support for the club and the
town. Why not a cheaper
package and we make more
money? For £2,500 per
match, courtesy bus (at bus
stop outside ground, 50p
paid), arrive chippy, bag of
chips and scraps for sponsor
and guest (ketchup not

included), half a shandy each
in supporters bar, free soup
at half-time, shake hands
with Eddie Weldrake, oh and
a football match, bloody
luxury.

And now a round up of the
world financial markets.
Shares in New York fell
heavily. The Graham Jones
Index closed 23 points down
in heavy trading. Shares in
Fleetwood Town F.C
continue to fall as investors
move to the improving
performances of Blackpool
Rovers.

Vickers shares fell 10p due
to low productivity levels
b l a m e d o n p o o r
performances by the Barrow
the local football team. A
recent report to shareholders
revealed that if workrate falls
any lower nuclear
disarmament is a distinct
possiblty as they will be
taking subs apart instead of
building them.

Elsewhere, gold prices soared
across the world as reports
reached the market of Ian
Cain being spotted in H.
Samuels.

In currencies, rising inflation
hit the Mark, Stevie Holden
missed it, George Best hit
the bottle and Ian Wright hit
anything in sight!

MICHAEL GIBSON.

ROOM 101

Ben Lavelle is this issues victim, the "Beau Brummel" of Crusty Pie, the smoothie of the changing rooms. Ben is 29-ish, he is a schoolteacher by day and a rent boy by night (Just kidding, Ed) and he resides in the velly posh Lytham St Annes.

Worst team played for & why?

Cod City - A.K.A. Fleetwood Town - poor ground, crooked chairman, backhanders to certain players & smell of dead halibut on training nights.

Worst player played with & why?

Glen Hadgraft - Fleetwood - he never passed the ball except to spectators and his dad was on the committee and would tell you how great Glen was.

Worst manager played under & why?

Mr Miller - St Bernadettes under 9's primary school team, acute halitosis.

Worst ground & why?

Atherton Collieries N.W.C.L. - non flushable portaloo, showers full of bumtags, chuff nuts, willnots and dingle berries.

Worst night out & why?

Blackpool during Scottish fortnight - urine, vomit, kickings, stabbings, glaring doormen, Jim Davidson central pier, Roy Walker north pier & the Krankies south pier. Nuff said.

The film you took the trouble to see and thought it crap & why?

"Nieksi Rlychten Davierchi Longsocks!" Can't understand Russian. (He's made that up. Ed)

Worst restaurant & why?

"Won Hung Lo" - only ever get one meat ball. (Oh I get it he's a comedian as well. Ed)

Worst holiday & why?

A week outside Venice because of organised coach trips, A-Ga-Do nights and deck chairs on a pebbly beach.

Worst refereeing decision & why?

Sending Byro off for aggressive conduct. Byro immediately went to the referee's changing room and cut his clothes and kit up with a pair of scissors!

Player who always gives you a roasting?

Paul Lodge, for not anticipating his mistakes.

Worst album & why?

"You got me" by the Dooleys, because it was just like "(Gripped)" - by the Dooleys.

Who should be the next manager of England? And why?

Norman Collier - wouldn't have to listen to the nonsense that Graham Taylor came out with.

If you could sleep with any hollywood star who would it be? (Besides Lassie)

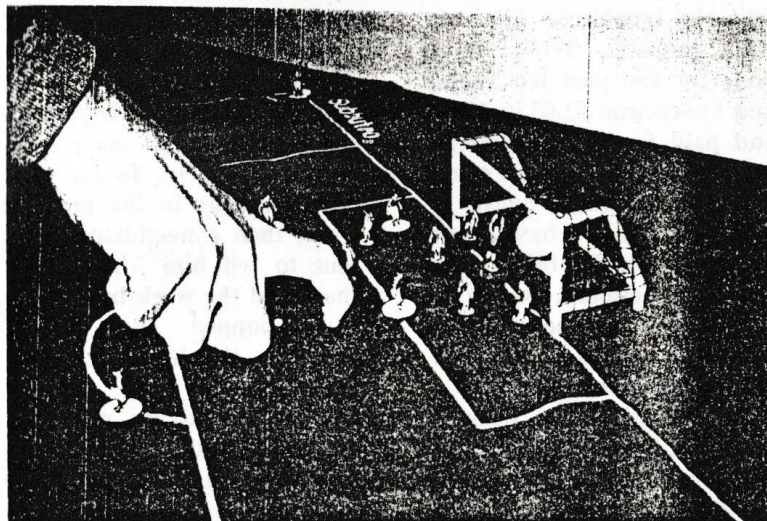
Anne Archer, from Fatal Attraction.

Worst fashion decision & why?

Big warm coat from Boston man, cost £115 and I looked even poncier than normal, so I gave it away.

GREAT MOMENTS IN BARROW'S HISTORY NO.36

A scoop for C.C., as we borrow the excellent Barrow fanzine "Give 'em Beans" idea and credit it as our own. (No you have not, you've just told them. Ed).



Ollie Parillon rises majestically at the back post to nod home a vicious inswinging Grimshaw corner in the final minute at Holker St, to send the travelling band of supporters into rapture and provide the Shrimps with another three points. Ta very much!

How is this a great moment in Barrow's history?

Let us explain, this defeat and a few others like it caused an extraordinary board meeting, questioning the clubs expanding wage bill which progressed into the proffering of the manager Richard Dinnis' resignation.

This comes as no surprise to us at C.C. as we predicted his lack of non-league experience would manifest itself in poor performances on the field. Thus Barrow were then free to appoint a man who was both capable and worthy Mick Cloudsdale (who?), to lead them to the success their faithful home support richly deserves, and since then the bastards have won almost every game and gone above us in the league.

So when Barrow beat us in the A.T.S final (We still call it the Lancs junior cup), you can all blame Ollie!!!!

That bloke.....he's a nutter!

How many of you each week take the trouble to fill in a pools coupon? Well I have done for the past ten years, and I even won £1.63 in 1989, and paid for my next weeks stake with it, jealous are you? Through moving house a couple of times I have come across four or five blokes who collect the coupons, usually on a Thursday, and they all seem to have certain similar & disturbing characteristics.

My current collector, whom I shall call Jack (because that is his name) is a case in point. He cheerfully nearly smashes the door off it's hinges every week when he comes on his round. Not for him the subtle tap just to let me know he is there, oh no, come rain or shine he attempts to wake the dead with his "I used to be a bailiff" hammering.

So I dash towards the front door, and catching his familiar silhouette against the street light, I hesitate before switching the light on, "Shit it's Jack, have I got any money? Where is that bloody

coupon? What do you mean you dont know? You had it last checking them on Sunday".

His persistence is legendary on our street, he once kept knocking at No. 14 for over half an hour in the pouring rain, then a neighbour came out to tell him Mrs Taylor had died the week before. He just popped the coupon through the letter box and marched off.

So he knocks on my door again, and the vase on the table vibrates, there is no choice I'll have to answer it. I open the door slightly and before I have time to say a word he's off "Evening!, just look at that it's a disgrace, some folk would be glad of a garden and they have one and leave it in that state, tscch, my wife would kill to get her hands on that, and look at that", pointing to a bicycle in the same garden, "my grandson saved up for eighteen months to by one of them, slaved e' did, and he gets it home and within a

month e's had it pinched..."

"Here it is, the moneys right."

"...Ta, thats just asking for it that, what with that estate over there, you want to tell 'im that e'd better lock it up or some bugger'll 'ave it, still, they won't be told, you can tell 'em till you're blue in the face and they look straight through you, I blame the schoolin', no discipline, all these namby pamby bloody ideas, when I were a lad if yer did 'owt wrong yer got a clout of yer teacher, and when yer went home to tell yer father he clouted you even arder fer gerrin' into trouble in't first place, national service, that's what we are missing, get the little buggers in't forces, proper 'aircuts and marching and that, soon sort 'em out, anyway, must be off, thanks for the chat, Ta Ta."

And that is that. The world according to Jack. Almost every poolsman I've ever had has had the same "dictatorial doorstep" manner, they just ramble on about how Hitler was right, and that the Japs are taking over the world, and they should have sacked Taylor before he started, and that nobody these days is fit to

VERNONS POOL COLLECT
-KPOTS KEEP ON COMING.
of the British football season has
for Vernons Pools customer
RK FROM C I E

lace Finneys' boots, and I just stand there, mouth agape, nodding.

I have a theory, that they only do the job because they get to nosy into peoples hallways (they never come in do they?) and because they have a captive audience for their performance. All frustrated political speakers I reckon.

Still, anyone who is willing to go out in the pitch black-minus five-middle of winter type of weather to collect your clairvoyancy sheet must be either a nutter or a Jehovah's witness (same thing? Ed). And I know that he is C of E. So here goes....."Ere, that blokes a nutter,... 'ere nutter, here's me coupon".

ARRY ILLINGWORTH
YORK WON £765,718
EDELTRAUT WATTS FROM DARTFORD
Here's your chance to join them - return your
to your collector NOW
Good Luck

CLAUSES FOR CONCERN

WE think they call them "roll-ons". Not the deodorants, you understand. No, the clauses they put in young lads' contracts when they sign on for a bigger club.

"Ten per cent of any future fee, twenty five grand after twenty appearances, another ten if he plays for his country etc"

Now, these are all a good idea, but we think there should be more variety. So, when we sell John McNally to Crewe, as we surely will because he's young and very fast, this is what we should insist on:

1 Ten per cent of any future fee.

2 Twenty five grand after twenty appearances.

3 Ten if he plays for his country.

4 Another ten when he gets his first red card.

5 Another ten on his first TV interview with wet hair and a beige waistcoat.

6 Five grand for his first "Soccer Star in Night Club Brawl" headline.

7 Two grand for his first semi-nude pose with Suzanne Dando.

8 Four grand if he gets an "away" question right on Question of Sport.

9 A grand for his first drink-driving offence.

10 Two grand at eleven to four for the first reports of his gambling problem.

11 A small brown package behind the cistern at Regent Road bogs for his first venture into counterfeit dosh passing.

12 Twelve quid for his first false hairpiece.

13 We pay Crewe a tenner every time he says "situation" or "obviously" while accompanying Martin Tyler on the gantry.

14 A roof on the school end when he scores his first goal from a bicycle kick against Rochdale on a Tuesday night.

15 £1 million when he gets signed by an Italian club.

16 Another million when he moves to another Italian club a fortnight later.

17 Another £2 million when he comes back to Crewe the month after that.

18 Forty-two pence when he signs for Chorley (the way they're going, everyone will have signed for them some time or other)

19 Eight pounds when he re-signs for Morecambe at 38 and ponces about in the middle of the park getting caught in possession and blaming it all on his team-mates.

20 Six pound of King Edwards when he doesn't turn up for training for three weeks on the trot and is off-loaded to Blackpool Mechanics.

Interesting, very interesting.

We picked out this goalscoring chart from a recent Northern Premier League newsletter, nothing wrong with that, it dates from mid October.

Only trouble is that Andy Green hasn't played for Morecambe since last April!! He has been plying his trade for Knowsley quite successfully, but not according to this statistician.

LEADING GOALSCORERS.

Tot	
15	Steve Holden (Morecambe)
14	Darren Twigg (Leek Town)
13	Steve Bunter (Droylsden)
13	Steve Jones (Colwyn Bay)
12	Andy Hayward (Frickley)
12	Stacey Reed (Matlock Town)
12	Alan Nicholas (Colwyn Bay)
11	Chris Camden (Marine)
11	John Brady (Barrow)
10	Simon Grayson (Grimsby)
10	Andy Green (Morecambe)
9	David Riley (Boston United)

FLEETWOOD, FLEETWOOD WHAT'S THE SCORE

HILARIOUS scenes at the Pie the other week.

The boys' outrageous scoring feat against our friends from fishtown caused no end of problems for the smellies, but even more for our little scoreboard lad.

He had only been given numbers one to five so, when the sixth went in, had to improvise.

His imaginative system was to keep the five in place and add other digits next to it when goals six, seven and, finally, eight went in.

Thus he explained that "53 - 0" was really eight-nil. "You just add the five and the three" our hero explained.

Strange but true Graham Kelly supplements his income from the F.A. by touring around northern Working Mens Clubs as "Arthur Hodgson and his talking kneecap" with Bert Millichip as the kneecap!

FASHION VICTIMS

WE can now reveal, exclusively, why Morecambe lost in the FA Cup at Telford. We know it wasn't because Telford were any good, because they weren't, obviously. And we know it wasn't because we are crap, because we're not, obviously.

No. It was Morecambe's age old problem of being rather slow to adjust to a new look.

We're not talking about fitting new players into the scheme of things.

Nor do we mean adopting a new style of play, a new system.

No, we're on about the gear, the threads.

Remember the start of the season? There they were all caressing their chests and rubbing their hands up and down the silky contours of the new AC Milan kit, saying: "Ooh Grimmy, have you felt the quality of these?" and "Hey, Lodgy, don't they feel just gorgeous next to your skin?" and "Right, lads we're out on the trap in these tonight!"

Meanwhile the scruffy little urchins from Droylsden were jinking round them and helping themselves to an unlikely 2-1 win.

It was several games before we came off the catwalk to start playing something like.

Now most of you who were at Telford wouldn't have realised that it was the same affliction which affected our performance there.

A dozen of us, however, had gone into a pub on the Watling Street Road (The Bradford Arms would you believe) for a few before the match (quite a long time before the match, actually).

And were greeted by the barman saying: "Are you the Morecambe lads?"

"Erm, yes" we replied, slightly bewildered. How did he know we were coming?

WE didn't even know we were going there, we had only gone into the Bradford because the one up the road where we had arranged to meet didn't open until 12.30!

"Right then," continued mine host "when do you want your poached eggs?"

"Erm, poached eggs?" we chorused.

"Oh, you're not the team then" he retorted, presumably given a clue by our stunned reaction and the fact that Kipps was with us, ten bellies in tow.

That established, we continued to quaff merrily in anticipation of our heroes' arrival.

About an hour later we were treated to one of the most glorious sights ever to shuffle into a drinking establishment.

They had presumably seen our flags in the cars parked outside and twigged that we were in there.

Led by a sheepish looking Peter King, closely followed by an even more embarrassed Robbie Armstrong at the head of a procession of depression, one

by one they trooped in, all resplendent in their new tracksuits.

A vision of horrendous crimson with white and black slashes, still shiny and fresh, complete with "straight out of the bag" creases.

"I don't know what you're laughing at!" growled Andy Grimshaw, in response to our completely sincere "Ooh very nice!", "Don't they look smashing!" and "You'll not get knocked down in them!"

"We've bloody well had to change into these in the service station!"

We noticed they were soon discarded when they got to the ground, didn't make an appearance during the kick-in and have, to our knowledge, never been seen in public since.

The reactions varied. Ollie was quite blazen about it all, being the only one to have his tucked into his pants and with dude shades on, he looked quite the Bronx rap-king in his.

Adder offered to let us use some of the players' unclaimed freebies into the ground if we promised not to mention we'd ever seen the fashion abortions.

Griff smiled politely but could almost be heard to think: "How did this lot know we were coming here?" (he's very particular about his players' pre-match preparations you know!)

So there you have it. Forget about previous form. Don't even think about the opposition.

If Morecambe turn out in a different shade of shirt, different coloured sock-ties or with a new training top for any future match, you might as well turn round and go home.

We have an eye for haute-couture, but like to take our time appreciating it.

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TWICE, IS THIS A RECORD?

GEOFF BATES-ONLY MAN TO BE SUSPENDED FROM LOCAL LEAGUE FOOTBALL &

CRICKET AT THE SAME TIME FOR SWEARING!!

WOULD YOU BUY SPORTS GEAR FROM THESE PEOPLE!!!!

YES YOU WOULD.

LETTERS

Dear C.C.

Many thanks for issue 5, excellent as ever. The purpose of this letter is to give you an answer to your question "Why do West Ham hate Rovers anyway?" as asked by yourselves in the just driven page.

Well I'll bloody well tell you why Bastard Rovers are hated so.

Lets go back to April 1991, just to remind you Witton were champs of the HFS, we were trying to be runners up oh yes and Lancaster were still crap. April 14th, Villa Park FA Cup semi Forest 4 Hammers 0, some abysmal refereeing decisions from Mr. Hackett (ie the sending of incident) At the end of the game Messrs Bishop, Morley, Miklosko et al vowed to win the championship for the 20000 Hammers fans who chanted "Billy Bonds Claret and Blue Army" for 25 mins even after Forests fourth. Two weeks later at Ewood, West Ham needed just one win to virtually assure the title for the fans. I was there along with 4,999 other Hammers to see Rovers win 3-1 that ended our title challenge and it also meant that Rovers wouldn't be relegated to Div 3 at the end of the season.

So there it is your answer

Cheers Martin Shaw

Dear CC

I'm a Frickley fan (fucking sad or what!) but I also follow the NL scene in general, Morecambe should have been favourites this year due to the overall weakness of the quality of the league (ie no Colne

Witton, Stalybridge, Southport class) but the Morecambe board failed to invest in the team yet again over the summer. There doesn't seem to be any real desire or any ambition to have conference football among the directors. They prefer to be a big fish in a small pond rather than the other way round although it is thought you would do reasonably well in my opinion.

All The Best

Jon Harrison

ps Any relation to Linford

CC says this is from a Frickley fan, saying what 99% of us think. Although McCluskie is an excellent purchase we wait and see what the new year brings, apart from the board it would also be nice to have support from the Lancaster biased council, remember we could have had an already conference fit ground if it hadn't been for them.

DEAR CC

Whats all this talk about staging big fights at sports grounds, Lancaster have been doing this fortnightly at the Giant Axe ever since signing Woodburn and Stimpson with Brindle and Tinsley acting as seconds. Also with the FA instructing referees to add time on for injuries and time wasting perhaps the second time piece that referees have to carry on to the pitch should be a calendar after Chorley were allowed to equalise in the time added on in the 2nd half at Victory Park.

TROJAN BOY

CC SAYS Our Baz is getting a little predictable these days, having for the second year in succession offered us "out for a fight" WHAT A PRAT, kick these dickheads out of the game.

LES IRRELEVANT - HE'S COMPLETELY BROCCOLI

LADIES and gentlemen, introducing our own nobleman of the non-sequitur, grand-master of going off at tangents, mandarin of the mis-quote and crown prince of the crooked cliché -- Les Dewhurst.

Les is enthusiastic, jovial and a loyal supporter of the Shrimps.

His one failing is that he tends to open his mouth to shout something before the "something" in question has been mentally prepared.

The result is a kind of terrace twaddle, a new form of jolly gibberish, not always entirely convincing (Les often gives up in mid-sentence, realising after the first few words that he is shouting himself up a linguistic dead-end) but always entertaining.

Being a local league keeper himself, the brunt of his banalities is usually borne by the opposing number one (referring to them as "Oy, Keeps".) But referees and linesmen have also been victims of his vacant vocalisations.

Some of his recent blatherings have included: "Oy Keeps are you sure you've got enough legs in them shorts?" "You've been watching telly too much, Keeps" and "Oy ref, what about doing that when we've got up their end and blowing your whistle for their, erm...oh sod it!"

If you don't know Les, keep your eyes and ears peeled at the next game for a chap with glasses who's shouting: "Oy, linesman, has your mother never heard of Valerie Singleton?" That's our Les.

STEVE MIDDLESBROUGH DISCO'S STEVE MIDDLESBROUGH DISCO'S

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Middsy is also the matchday announcer at
Crusty Pie. (When you can hear him. Ed)

("You cheeky sods, I've had the speakers fixed"
Steve)

STEVE MIDDLESBROUGH DISCO'S
STEVE MIDDLESBROUGH DISCO'S

Strange but true ace blonde German Striker Jurgen Klinsmann is nicknamed "The Admiral", by his opponents because he spends all of his time on the deck!

Strange but true Barnet manager Gary Phillips has a one year contract despite only winning one league game, relax Mr Tinsley of Lancaster that gives YOU at least 12 months. as well!

Who Pays The Price - Not Me!

At times of hardship we should all lend a hand, spare a few pence for the needy. With the financial climate still in the grips of a recession, football is feeling the push, especially non-league football where every penny counts. But I often ask myself, "Why should I fund another club?", "Would I really be bothered if the likes of Southport and Lancaster went out of business?". Not a chance! So with this, I have taken it upon myself to surrender the least amount of official currency I possibly can to the opposition. This is done by paying as little as possible on the gate. Here are some of the better Non-league admission dodges. Please bear in mind that I am 20, and approximately 6 foot tall.

Barrow, Hyde, Accrington, Chorley, Emley - separate entrance for Juniors, a must;

Matlock - wander in through the cricket field and don't pay a penny;

Fleetwood - Climeable wall behind covered end, free admission;

Marine - even 30 year olds can enter through the 'Youths' gate, reduced admission;

Shepshed - claim that you're only 13 and pay 65p;

and last but not least, my favourite dodge.....

Lancaster - go to the gate occupied by Gerald or Jim, walk through whilst laughing at them. If they stop you and ask for money, then just carry on laughing at them and keep walking.

At other grounds there might be one entrance for everyone, here you must have the correct change for Junior. Give the money to the turnstile operator and proceed. If (s)he questions you then say "I'm only 15, I still go to school", and argue 'til your blue in the face if necessary. For further information see Kips - the fat one that normally wears a Brighton hat at matches.

The "Baby Faced Executioner" lives!!

For those of you who have joined us late, where were you at the start of the lesson? One of the Shrimps all time great players and favourite sons is Arnold Timmins. Arnold featured in arguably the finest ever Shrimps line up of the mid sixties, all conquering, cup & championship winners and scorers of a netfull of goals. Most of these goals were scored by Arnold and his partner in crime Keith Borrowdale. Now, reports of Arnolds demise were rife around six months ago, apparently he'd popped his mortal coil and gone to the great six yard box in the sky according to....well, we never did find out who started the rumour. Anyway, that has brought the latecomers up to date, so we'll continue.....

Imagine the scene, behind the goal at Chorley, we are busy flogging fanzines and one wag says "Why don't you sell one to Arnold?". We all looked at him and replied "We can't he's dead!". We were then informed that he could've been as he was standing behind us. Sure enough there was Arnold, as large as life, not looking that different to his playing days. So we bravely approached the apparition, established that it was he, and introduced ourselves.

Arnold was very friendly, and obviously still held Morecambe, both the town and the team, in high esteem. He then went on to say that he still looked for our results, and seeing that he had dragged himself out of his armchair on a miserable Tuesday, we think it is safe to say that he has a soft spot for us.

Arnold now resides near Chorley, and his best mate is someone our older readers will know from the same team as Arnie, and that's Stevie Porter. Stevie is still playing in the local league would you believe? Speaking about his supposed "passing", he said that a fan had rung his home asking if



he was still alive, to which his wife replied "I hope not he's just having his tea!" He then said that this idea that he had gone to meet his maker was absurd, but that it had shaken him a little.

The last time he visited Christie Park was about 15 years ago to play in a veterans game between Morecambe and Lancaster, and we quote "It was just like old times, everyone kicking each other to death!" Ah, but did you score? we enquired. "Did I, course I did" came the matter of fact reply. After talking to him for almost 40 minutes it was obvious that he has a deep knowledge and understanding of the non-league game, and we also learnt that he helps run a team in the West Lancs league, and his enthusiasm for Saturdays is still evident.

He actually mentioned Lancaster in his conversation as well. He said that City manager Alan Tinsley had contacted a friend of his who asked Arnie to recommend a couple of strikers who were worth taking a look at. So he told them to watch a lad called Hutchinson who played for Tempest in the Bolton league. Arnie told us he thought the lad was worth a trial, he reminded him of a young Borrowdale. Anyway, a few weeks later word got back to him that City had passed on the lad as "He was only interested in scoring goals"!!!!

We parted company at the half way line, promising to send him a copy of the next fanzine, and this is it, so he is probably reading this. Cheers Arnie.

STARS ON FRIDAY NIGHTS



(or The Visitor desperately doing their bit to bump up attendances for Reserves games)

MORECAMBE'S Reserves could be facing some star names on Friday night when they take on Everton A at Christie Park. Everton have a number of first teamers on the verge of returning from injury and The Visitor understands that Peter Beagrie, Mark Ward and Paul Rideout could be in the starting line-up.

Also The Visitor's correspondent in Buenos Aires confirms that Diego Maradona was on the phone to someone in Birkenhead last week and he mentioned something about "crack" and "white liners" and "good in the nose". This could mean that he wants a crack at running up and down the white lines at Goodison so don't be surprised if he has a run out.

We also believe that the lead singer out of Take That once had a teacher called Gladys and there is an end at Everton called the Gwladys Street End so they'll all probably be there.

And, while we're at it, Princess Diana is a royal and Everton play in royal blue so don't be surprised if she turns up as well.

We don't know if any of this will come about but if it does and you're not there, you're going to feel pretty bloody stupid aren't you!?

It's Les Irrelevant



Eh Ref, my bike pump likes trifle!

Goal Cycle

FULL DIRECTIONS ENCLOSED



Have you seen the new Tampax advert on the box recently? It features attractive ladies enjoying various sports and pastimes, all grinning like the cheshire cat, completely oblivious to their unfortunate "womens problem", because of the Tampax tampon.

One particular scene features an all girl football game, and shows a marvellous headed goal and the celebrations that follow, all members of the team smiling as the goalscorer triumphantly salutes the gallery, all because of the humble tampon.

Now certain things worried me about this:-

a) How many teams of drop dead gorgeous women do you see playing football on British beaches?

If this does happen how come some smart alec hasn't started selling tickets?....."er, well we could go to Crewe v Chesterfield...or there is the Page 3 Pirates taking on the Sunday Sport Stunnas down the beach!!!". No contest, Gresty Rd here we come NOT!

b) Does the scorer of the goal (brunette, I think, bit of a Ruud Gullit haircut as well) net regularly? If so hadn't someone better alert the England manager? It was certainly a cracking far post header, and if she is as good on the ground we may have a new Lineker. Her speciality could be the (menstrual) cycle kick! Can you imagine Franco Baresi doing a man-to-woman marking job on her, a drop of the shoulder and a wobble of the chest, create half a yard of space and bang! One nil 'ta very much.

c) Does she only score when she "has the painters in", and then when she hasn't she drops back into midfield thus letting another 'bleeder' have a go up front? This presents problems in a big tournament like the World Cup, as being together for 3 months would eventually mean that all female hormones and bio-rhythms would correspond gradually leaving the entire squad to menstruate at the same time, causing you to play 11 centre forwards!

d) Is there league we don't know about? Tampons v Press on towels perhaps. If so I'll have a quid on Clare Raynor's lot to win it as they play an old fashioned 4-2-4.... you know.....with wings!!!

As a close friend of ours always says "It's tricky to ram one home when it's the time of the month!"

COMPETITION TIME

YES, once again it's our very popular "Are You the Face in the Giant Axe Crowd" competition.

Yes, if you are the lucky City fan ringed here, in this picture of the entire crowd at a recent game, you win the star prize, a season ticket for the luxurious directors' box.

Last week's winner, for the nineteenth time in succession, was Mr Tom Parkinson, of Marsh Estate, Lancaster (see picture).



Thanks to : Baz for cartoons, Ratty for printing, Michael Gibson, Trojan Boy, Mlddsy, Tony Parkinspace & Geoff "Master" Bates.