

The cheapest Zine that money can't buy - Read by the Pope and Anthony Moore

- Guest columnist - Radio Five Live's Alan Green
- Tony Gavin, man on top, according to Pauline
- Robert or Rab, the boy speaks out for a change.

- If I were a top footballer I think I would be Pele.
- Spot the Ball competition - Test your skill
- They've all been on their Summer Holidays

ZINE 14

World Cup Year 1998
Manchester is a trophy
free zone, it wasn't
planned that way, it just
happened.

Get Your Kits Out

An amusing look at football and New Mills Vets.

Offers the best value in the Northern Hemisphere and is also appreciated down under.

Remember this zine supports the disabled so if you see Brian Walton please help him to cross the road.



Any articles contained in this production are not meant to offend the reader, but in the event of this happening, the editor wishes to distance himself from the unfortunate soul before he pisses his sides laughing. Our Father who art in heaven

give us awe. Upon going to press this production was spell checked, grammar checked and Ton Gavin Checked but, in the event of a cock up this is all part of a steep learning curve, so if you find an error roll the zine up and stick it up your arse - Otherwise....Enjoy

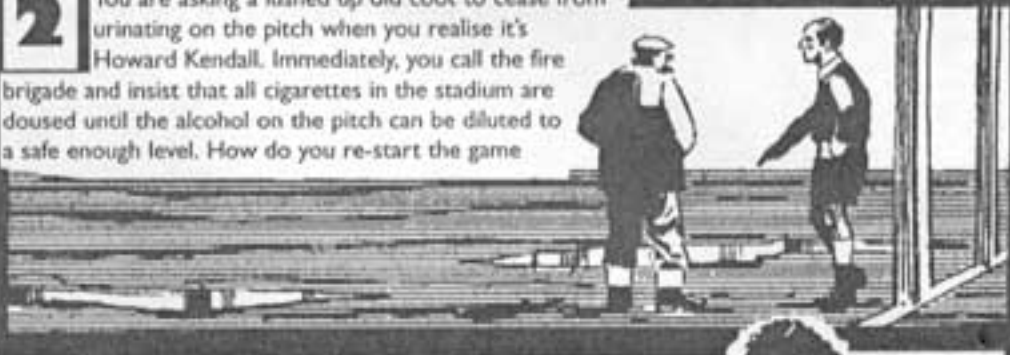


YOU ARE THE REF

1 Peter Osgood, his mutton chop whiskers and his disgusting receding bubble perm, are about to receive a sizeable punt in the lunch box from a respectable looking chappie with a real man's haircut. Taking into consideration that in time Ossie will fade into obscurity, only to pop up as a last resort guest on a Sky Monday night match because Chopper Harris and Dave Webb can't construct a sentence between them, what is your decision?



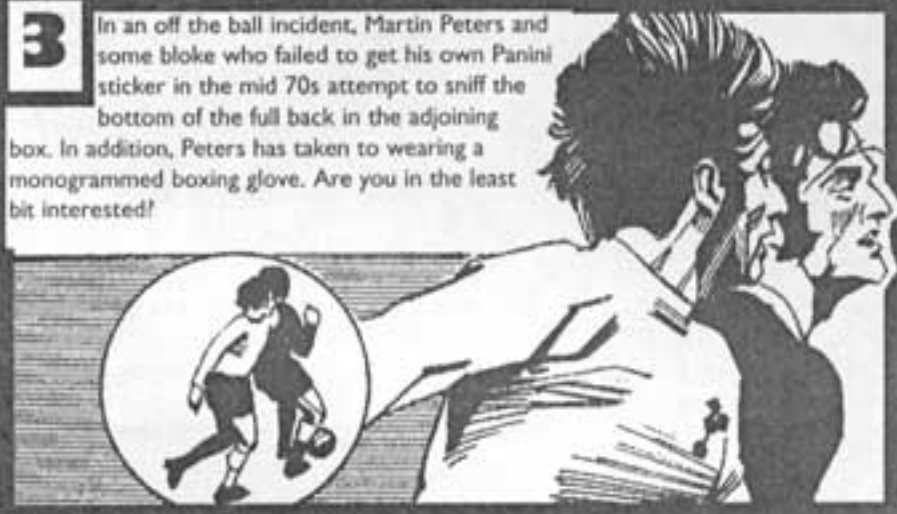
2 You are asking a lushed up old coot to cease from urinating on the pitch when you realise it's Howard Kendall. Immediately, you call the fire brigade and insist that all cigarettes in the stadium are doused until the alcohol on the pitch can be diluted to a safe enough level. How do you re-start the game



Blissfully unaware of a huge downforce of wind emanating from his shorts, the full-back gently caresses Mike Summerbe's upper thigh and lulls him into a deep catatonic trance, whereupon he will be boxed up and shipped to Iceland, fitted with a sharle, bulls and plug and sold on the booming ex 70s footballer Nordic standard lamp market. You've taken something haven't you!



3 In an off the ball incident, Martin Peters and some bloke who failed to get his own Panini sticker in the mid 70s attempt to sniff the bottom of the full back in the adjoining box. In addition, Peters has taken to wearing a monogrammed boxing glove. Are you in the least bit interested?



5 Cornelius from Planet of the Apes finds playing in the frozen wastelands of the Endsleigh League a little too chilly for his liking and has taken to wearing a nice woolly scarf that wife Zeta has knitted him. Do you take any action?



The end of season mid table clash has disintegrated into a free for all 'keepy-up' competition. How many people do you think will notice?



Oh look, this has gone too far. First it was monkeys in scarves. Now the bloke taking the corner kick has put on a pair of fuck-ing callipers. That's it, I quit.

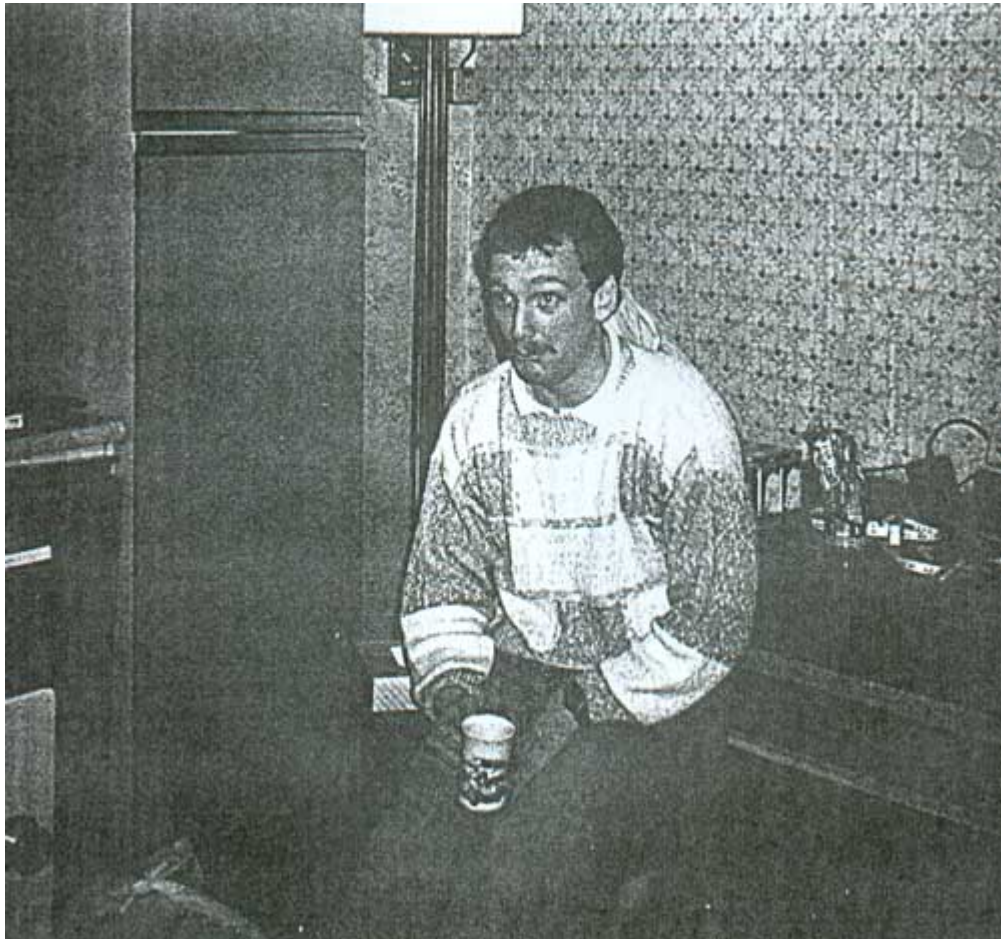
Man United and BskyB (c) Against Racism

We at Manchester United PLC (BskyB) wish to stamp out racism and to this end we have decided to sell our range of red merchandise to Pakis. The results can be seen right, happy smiling faces. Our shirts are also available in white, black, blue, yellow, grey and green and soon our new European Moneybags Cup shirt will be on sale. Buy early to avoid disappointment.



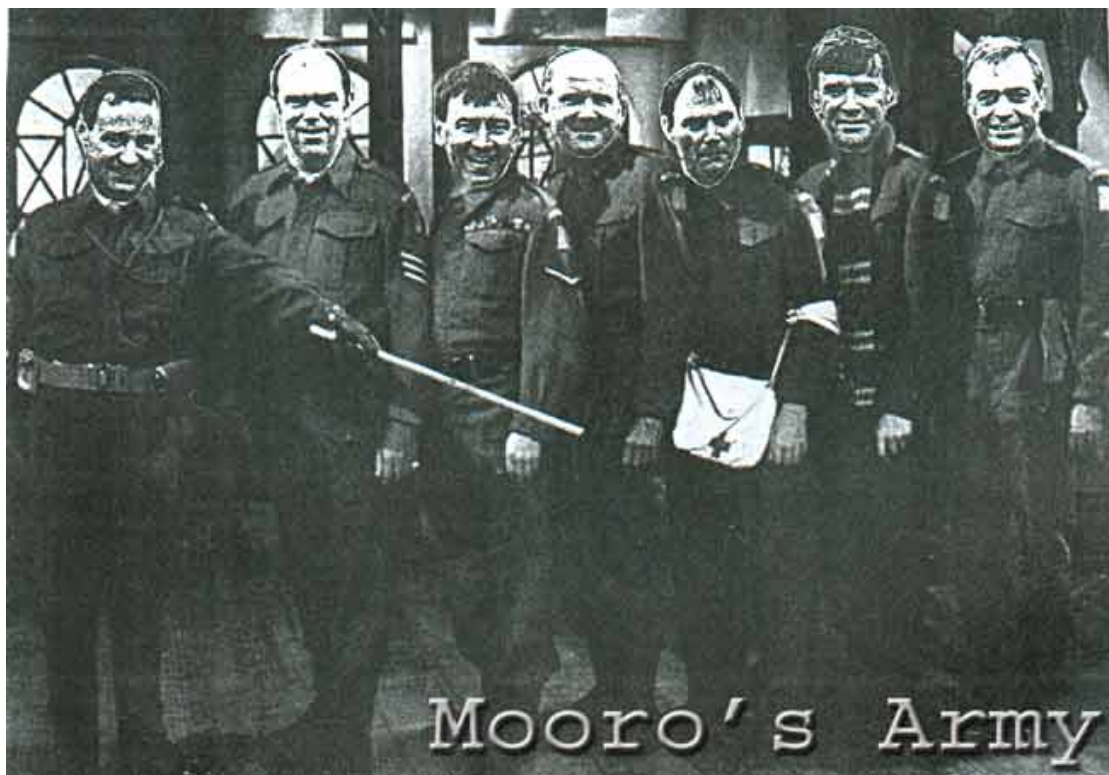
VETS PISSED UP IN THE KITCHEN NUMBER ONE - BRYN MEREDITH

Yes on a Sunday evening after the football has drained their all strength the Vets retire to their watering hole, the White Hart. Sometimes after a load of lager, or in Tony Gavins case a couple of lagers, they return home to their loved ones worse for wear. In this series we intend to share the intimate moments which accompany the ensuing bollocking from our loved one when she realises the reason our words are coming out in the wrong order. Below is one such moment tenderly captured just as Bryn's lady says "and why are you holding yourself there you drunken git?"





Bryn feels what the long arm of the law is actually like but, after a funny hand shake and a rolled up trouser leg he'll soon be on his way. No such luck for Frankie Burton who has already been issued with his night attire.



Mooro's Army line up for close inspection – John Brookes handbag isn't colour coordinated and Malc's scarf looks like the enemies favours..

THEY'RE ALL GOING ON A SUMMER HOLIDAY

At the end of a season where do all the players spend their summer break

Alan Shearer: "I'm not interested in where Judith Chalmers says she's going on wish you were here. I'm only concerned where Alan Shearer's going. Although Alan's wife had tried to book a two week holiday in Tenerife, Shearer said, "I don't want to comment on what Alan Shearer's wife mayor may not have done. All I know is that its far too early for Alan Shearer to be making any predictions about where he's going."

Kenny Dogleish: "Of coarse Europe is important," said the tight lipped jock, "but if anybody had said to me at the start of the season that I'd be standing here in this travel agents come the end of May. I think I would have settled for that."

Tony Moore: "Footballers live in such a small, parochial world. One really needs the summer break to explore new vistas, to grasp new challenges, to move ones location. So I take every opportunity I get to travel to new places, experience new cultures, drink 15 pints of lager, get my knob out and wave it at any passing girlies. You can't beat a good session of bury the porky followed by a few more lagers and a bloody good curry. Yes, travel broadens the mind, no doubt about it."

Anthony Gavin: "I like Ireland. You know where you are with the Paddies. When you work with Rab all year you need to seek out the more intellectual conversation to stimulate the mind. Also the scenery's very nice and besides, who wants to waste their time lying in the sun in some far distant paradise drinking Sangria and all that foreign muck, dancing and singing the night away when I can have a ball in Ireland with Pauline's family. And its cheap."

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ALTERNATIVE CAREERS FOR MANCHESTER UNITED MANAGERS

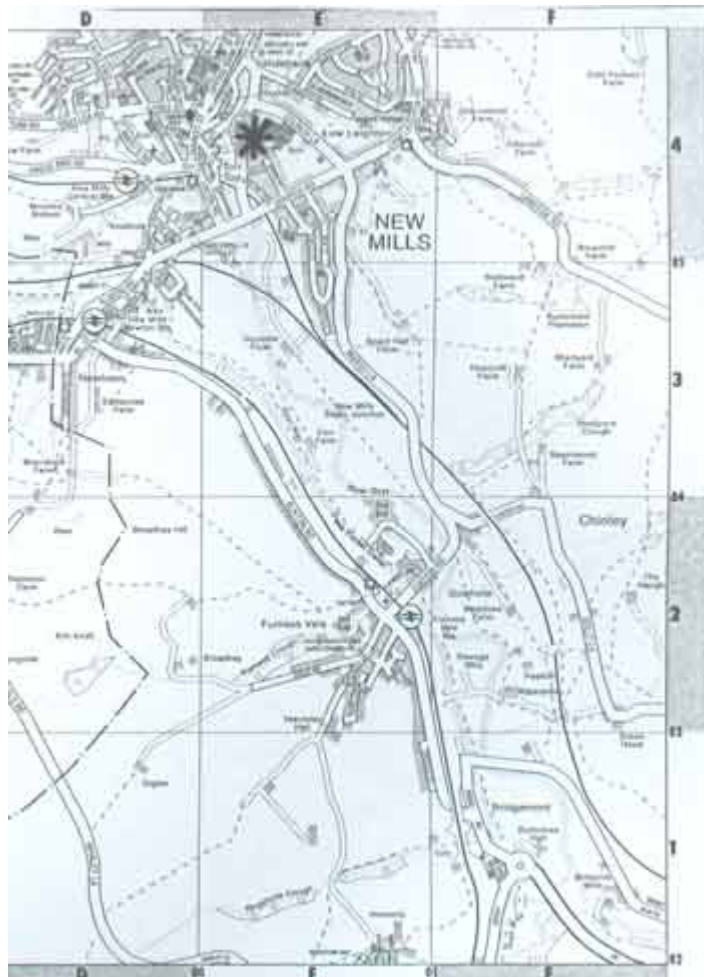
NUMBER ONE

Entertaining Children with Shadow Shapes



SPOT WHERE THE BALL LANDED

There is a five a side game taking place on a Sunday evening at New Mills Leisure Centre on Hyde Bank Road (maked *). **Scouse Ron** is about to take a penalty kick. Using your skill and judgment mark an **X** on the map to the right on the spot where you think the ball landed. The judges will award the first prize to the person who gets the nearest street or field to the actual spot where the ball finally comes to rest. In the unlikely event that the ball ends up in the net, the competition will be declared null and void.



Great Goal Celebrations of our time - Number 9 Mary's Moaners



Guest Columnist – Radio Five Live's Alan Green Jealous of our success

Fancy a life as a commentator? Believe me, its sometimes not easy . Consider the week I had at the end of last November when I commented on six games in seven days, presenting my regular Friday evening programme on 5 live on the one "day off". Mark Lawrenson and I did both Champions league games involving both Manchester United and Newcastle. We stayed overnight in Barcelona and flew, via Paris, to Manchester on the Thursday. Our connection was tight, only 40 minutes between flights, one landing at terminal 2D at Charles De Gaulle Airport, the other taking off from 2B. When we arrived in Paris the connection was tighter still. We rushed off the plane to a coach. It crept towards the terminal building. Rushing through passport control I was delighted to see an Air France rep holding up a notice reading, " A Londres et Manchester" . She set us off on a long route march, more like a run, from D to B, again through passport control to the departure gate, now abandoned by the other passengers who'd long since gone. Another coach. . . . This time the driver wasting no time. Seconds rather than minutes later finally. . there was the plane, waiting for us, the SAME plane that had flown us from Barcelona, smart eh?

My sequence of games took in two matches at the Theatre of Dreams, the Stretford Shed, the second being Manchester United's trouncing of Blackburn Rovers. Added to the easy win against Kosice, you'd think the fans would have been in a great mood. Not a bit of it. I was leaving my radio position when I noticed some United fans with Paddy Crerrand. I sensed they were waiting for something, not realising that 'something' was me. "Why did you call Roy Keane a lout?" shouted one who'd approached me before in a similar vein. I was tired. I should have smiled and walked away. I politely told him that I felt no need to explain. "I pay my license fee," he said, "and I pay your bloody salary as well!" So I offered him the example of the F A Cup Semi Final when, in the most delicate of atmospheres following the death of a fan at the first game, and appeals by both managers to behave, Roy Keane stamped on Gareth Southgate, who

was playing for Crystal Palace, and was sent off. "You're just a bloody Man U hater," went up the cry, "and you'll be in pain for a long time you jealous git!" I am sorry to say that Paddy Crerrand joined in the abuse. I tell this story because of what it illustrates. Supporters of Manchester United are amongst the most paranoid of fans. If you don't love them they assume you hate them. They wouldn't have understood a letter to the Evening Post the previous week complaining that I was biased *in favour of Feguson's team*. Actually neither did I. Secondly of the ex players now working in broadcasting, whilst the best make it onto the network, some on the local radio are no more than fans of their former clubs. I'd worry about their judgement. Make up your own mind on this subject if you care to tune into Paddy's output on Manchester's local radio. I don't bother with it....

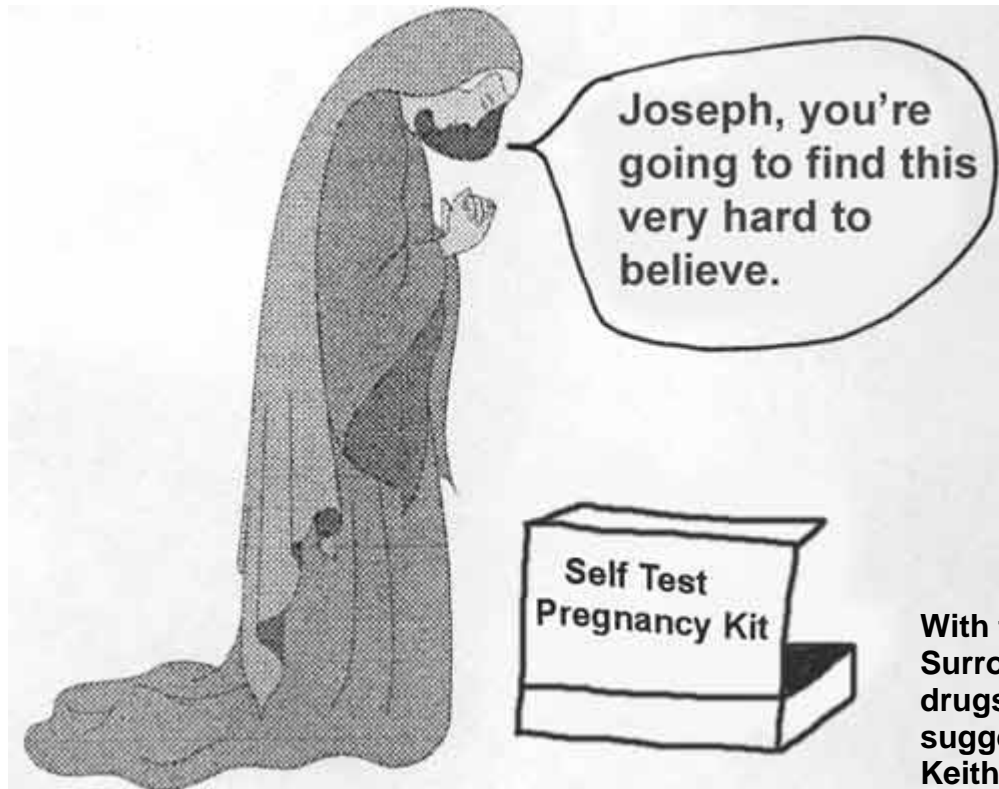
New Mills Vets

It was a great surprise to be asked to participate in a 5 a side football session with the New Mills Vets. First of all I asked myself, where is New Mills. I knew I had heard of it and after much brain wracking I recalled my old mate Fred Eyre wrote about it in his book 'Kicked into touch'. As he recalled the ground was locked up when Man City (who he was playing for at the time) arrived for a friendly. He told me how he went down injured during the game with a severe knock on the ankle. The reserves trainer came on and pulled off Fred's boot. "Bloody hell Fred," he said. "oh bloody hell!" "Go on." replied Fred "give us the worst, is it serious?" The trainer looked at Fred and said "serious. is it bollocks, it's your socks, they stink something rotten!"

As for playing five a side I have to admit that the prospect did tempt me. I am at present just a little overweight but. if you ever need a substitute for the last five or so minutes up there at New Mills, give me a call, that is providing Paddy Crerrand is not on the other team.

Alan Green.

Mary's Moaners – Parish Rumpy Pumpy



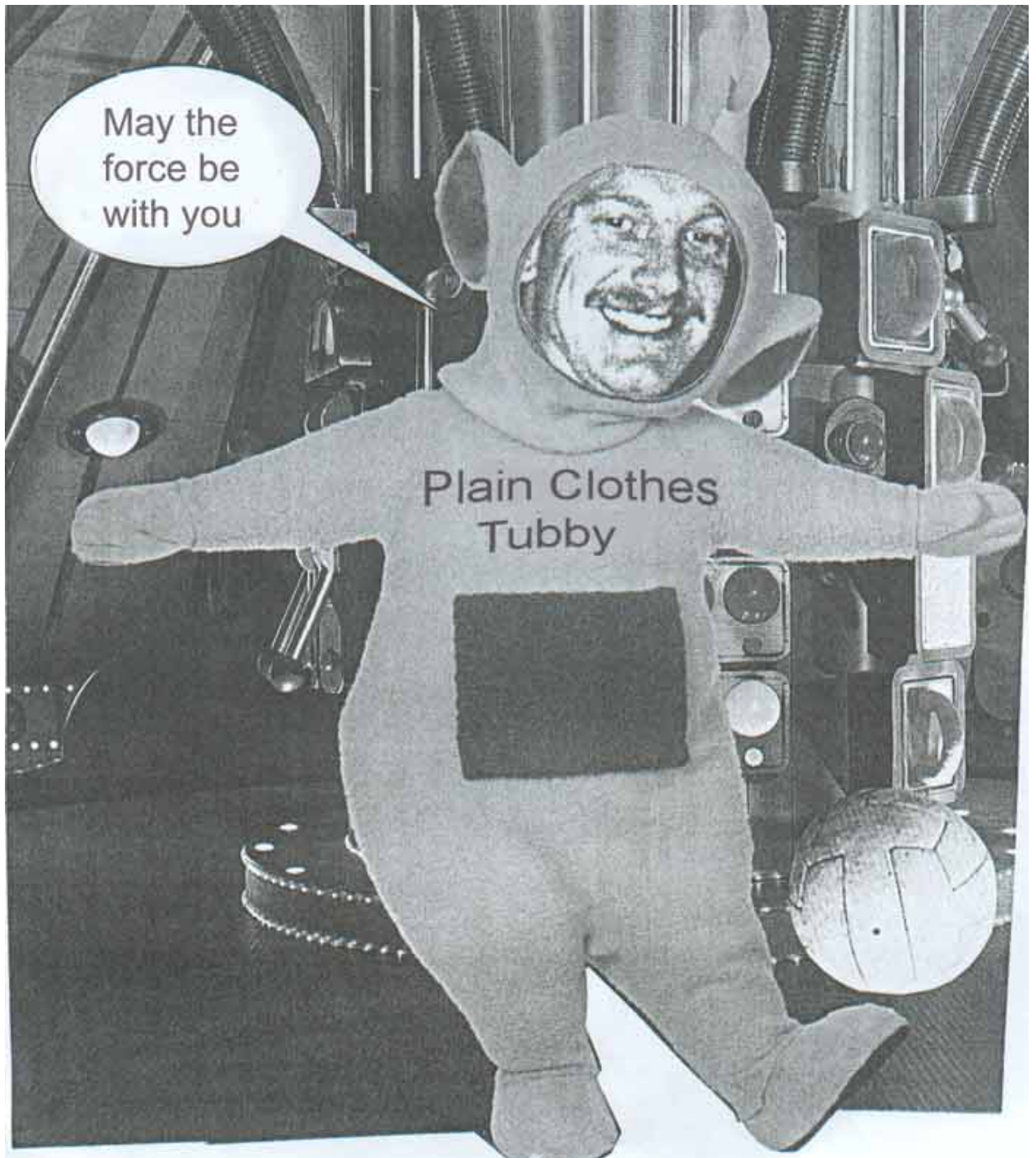
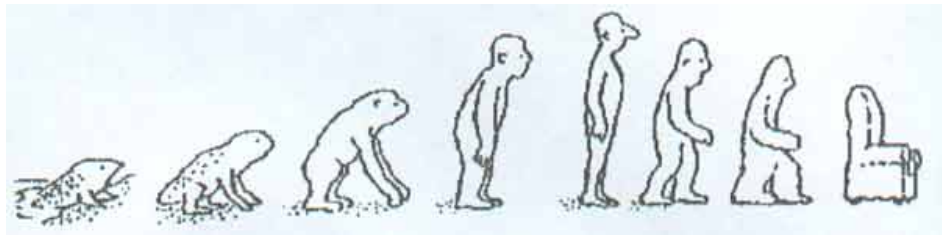
With the raging controversy Surrounding the taking of drugs, why has no one suggested that old hippy Keith Zou Zou Mastin be tested? Any one who has witnessed him playing recently will have spotted him regularly caught in possession!!!!



Keith Mastin and his mates down the Valley



Evolution of the Manchester United Fan



Doppelgangers

If your doppelganger happened to be a footballer it is very likely that this is who they would have been.

1 :**Tony Gavin** would be ... The Pope.

One looks like he hasn't handled a cross in his life and the other lives on Hayfield Road.

2:**Chris Wilson** would be... Jim Baxter one ends up fat and slow with a drink problem that defies belief and the other one played for Rangers.

3:**John Goodwin** would be...Bugsy Malone

one was a vicious hit man the other was a mate of Al Capone.

4: **Tony Moore** would be. John Burridge neither one of them seems to know when to pack it in.

5:**Bryn Merideth** would certainly be..Beckenbauer .

one strolls round as if he has all the time in the world unaware of all that goes on around him, the other one is a German.

6:**Robin** would be...Rob Jones

did you know that one Rob has not scored for his team in the eight seasons he's been there. The other Rob hasn't done much better.

7:**Ron Buttery** would be Andres Escobar one got shot the other should be shot.

8:**Keith Mastin** would be Steve Lomas one was voted as Britain's ugliest player whereas the other signed for West Ham..

9:**Graham** would be Frank Sinatra

one was a fantastic singer and actor who was the master of his trade, loved by all, the other is still alive, just.

10 :**Martin Wilde** would be Paul McGrath

one is a drunk old has been with dodgy knees the other one used to play for Aston Villa.

NIKE – (just do one)

Honestly , you can't shake the bugger off, can you! No ~r have you said 'au revoir' to the Fastest Studs in the West, than he keeps appearing in this paper or that over some trifling, petty nothing of a story.

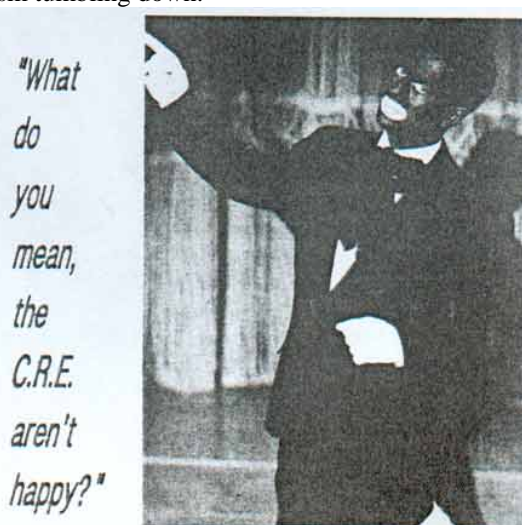
I bet the Manc's were shaken to the core when they found out that their great hero was nothing but a money grabber after all. The pathetic squabble did neither side much credit - great, eh! The clues were always there, of course. Remember his ludicrous 'patent' attempt for 'Ooh Aah Cilntona'. That must have come as a big shock to The Gap Band.

Steve Millar's grotesque, sycophantic drivel knows no bounds. United .prefer to take a dignified stance if you please, and, *it's my view that United will ,settle 'out of court' and offer Cantona a farewell cheque, of around £200,000, The man in the know,eh!* The very next day, United told Eric to sling his hook and take every scrap of his merchandise off their shelves! How very 'dignified',



The above picture should have been a clue really, shouldn't it! To use Red Boy's superb nickname, la Vache de Cash always mutters on and on about his 'speirit werntz to be furee' and his delicate artistic sensibilities, but what did he choose to paint? A Dollar sign, that's what!

But the worst thing of all was his pathetic 'black face' anti-racism ad for Nike - something even Benetton would have thought twice about. He ended up looking like a British bit-part actor 'playing' a rib-busting Indian waiter in ~ particularly naff '70's sitcom. The sound you can hear is the walls of fascism tumbling down.





WORLD CUP training camps can be a bind for players: away from home for long periods, isolated and bored, the places can seem like prisons, especially if the coach also imposes the dreaded Sex Ban.

Before the 1974 World Cup in West Germany the Brazilians were locked away in a month-long ultra-strict, nookie-free camp by their coach Mario Zagalo. This enforced celibacy prompted defender Luis Pereira to complain: "This is supposed to make us world champions. World champions of what? Masturbation!"



Everyone hates EVERTON except eveRtON

HISTORY: Everton were foormed through an amalgamation of the Harry Catterick Big Band Sound and the Holy Proddy Boys Death to Papist Scum and those of a white hue.

Everton were one of the "big five" (one of the five top teams in the Liverpool and Birkenhead area with a 'v' in their name) but they suffered a lean spell until the recent arrival of their Jocko savior with an English name. Everton recently survived relegation on the last day of the season when Mike Walker employed the brilliant tactic of playing a keeper at both ends.

GROUND : Goodison Park was, for some years, the only ground in Britain to have elevators in the stands but they were destroyed last year when the lift's computerised voice said "going down" once too often.

STANLEY PARK: It has long been said that Everton FC and Liverpool PC are separated only by Stanley Park. In truth, Everton PC and Liverpool FC are separated by Stanley Park, an entire squad of superior players, a trophy cabinet with trophies in it, and supporters who gave us footballs most loved song.

BIG DUNC : Already started to repay his four million pound fee albeit mostly in fines.

BIG NEV : Sadly after 17 years the scruffiest bastard that ever tramped the streets of Liverpool, has moved on to better things. Now plying his trade at Colwyn Bay.

**Right : Bryn the Original piss artist,
Leaves his mark on the first
And last café in England.**



Heard at the World Cup (1)

(Scottish fans to Brazil fans)

You've got nae rain forests,
You've got nae rain forests,
You've got nae rain forests,
(repeat ad nauseum).

Welsh Cup - Third Round Result

Llanfairpwllgwynglglogerychwynnorowilliantysiliogo O Wrexham 2

Give us an L.....

Brian Moore during the world cup finals..... and the ball goes through to Sand, that's pronounced San because the D in Danish is not pronounced. What a 'ickhead.....

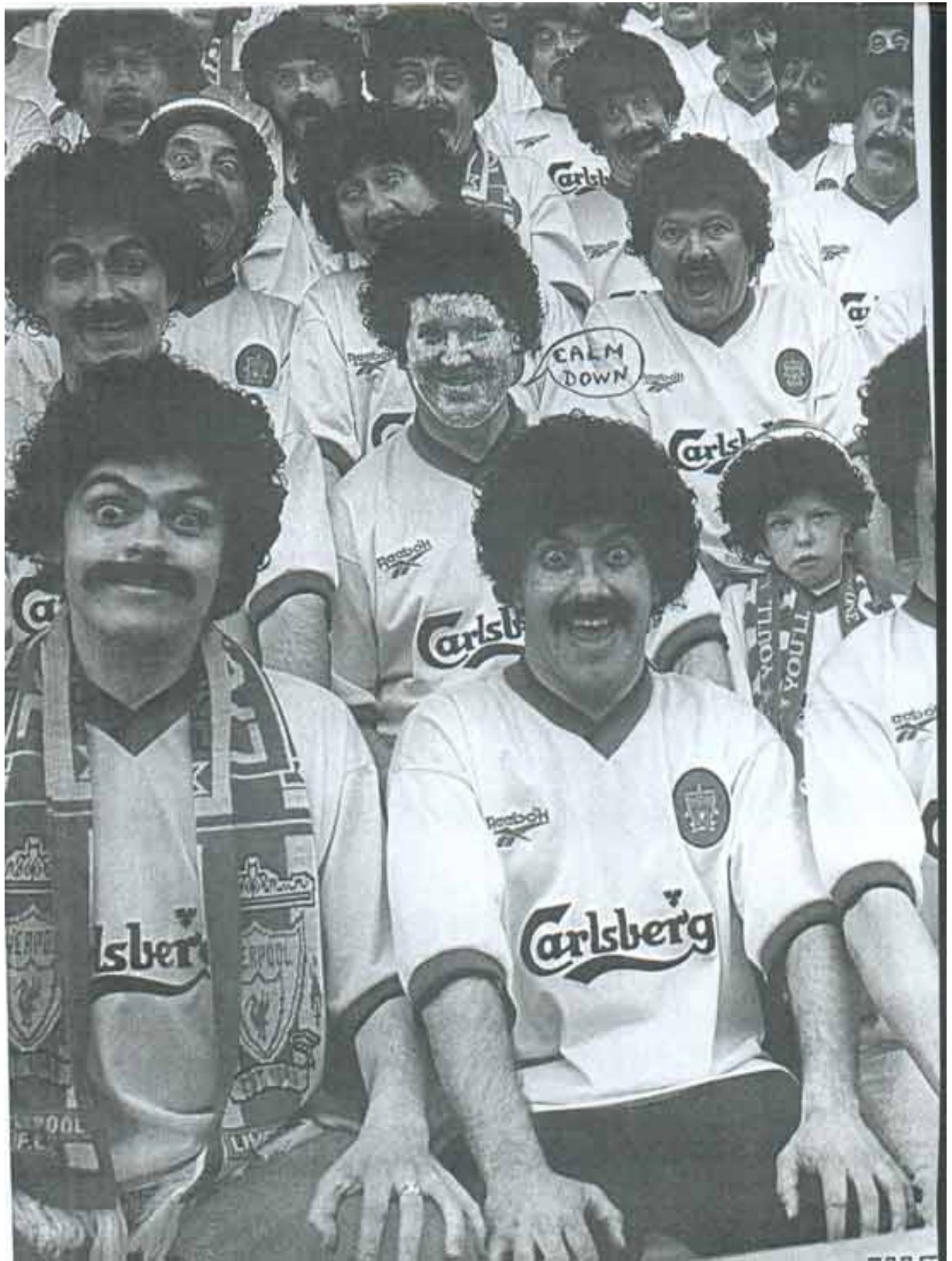
Tony Moore the world's greatest lover recently found himself in bed with an old dear who had footballers tattooed on her thighs. On her right thigh she had Steve McManamen and on her left one Robbie Fowler. She said to Tony if you can tell me who they are you can have me. Tony had a good look and said I don't recognise either of them two but the one in the middle is definitely Paul Ince.

Football is a game, that's all, whether you're from Brazil, Italy, France or anywhere the language is the same, it doesn't matter as long as you run your f***g bollocks off. Good old Danny Bergara**

TITANIC SCENES FROM BRITISH FOOTBALL NUMBER 1

To pass the time in steerage we British have challenged some Italian emigrants to a football match. Having won the toss we elect to play with the slope... which appears to be getting a, lot worse.





The Parable of the GEORDIES

(The rude awakening)

And it was written that a man would come up from the South to deliver the Tynesiders from an age of darkness. And the people cried "How shall we know him Lord?". And the Lord said ye shall know him by his well dodgy threads, his truly ridiculous hair style and his dusky complexion. And the people layed down at his feet and plead. Almighty rasta one, deliver us from the reign of Fergie the Moaner. And the man called Ruud - for it was he - did promise to do just that, yes indeedy.

And everybody did love the Geordies and talk of the Toon Army, though they knew not what the shit it meant, and did laugh at the Geordie humour, though they did not understand a bleedin' word the Geordies did speaketh, and did marvel at the special atmosphere at the St James Cathedral, though they had never been within 200 miles of the place. And many were the voices that wailed that it would be good for football if Newcastle won the league and lo, the first Spender series was soon repeated on BBC 1 before Match of the Day in their honour. But soon everybody would get sick to bloody death of 'Newcassel' in their distinctive black and white stripes and their 'Notherner than thou attitude.

And so it came to pass that the man called Ruud did fall out of favour and returned to the Road of Kings in our Capital where he didn't look so stupid amongst all the Southern softies. Verily a flock of surley premiership managers descended on The Cathedral of St James and didst buy up all their best players and the Toon Army did once again desert their beloved team as they fell into the depths of the Nationwide league from which they came.



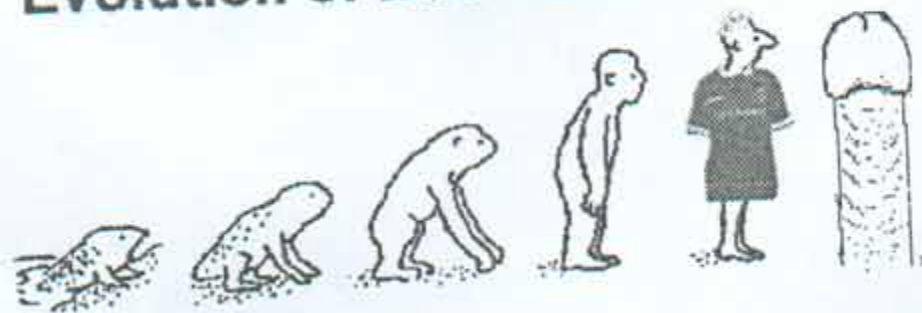
EAT LINE, BALLY

But better leave a yard or two for Merse...

Here we see Norman Hunter in attack mode, about to cripple the boy Ball of the Arse - make him eat some line. With his white boots and his Bonnie Tyler voice,

Bally's legs are already lambs to the slaughter - but his once-proud red jersey is like a red rag to a bull. Even as he's booted into Row Z, the Arse lad expects little sympathy. Note how the linesman doesn't even flag for a foul. Even the cop sitting in the background (see fig 1) strolls off, turning a blind eye. And Bally, mate! Don't rub 'em - count 'em! BARRY CERTAIN.

Evolution of Beckham



Steve Hart and Chris Wilson out on a Scottish Bender

Magic Eye Number 2

Look carefully into the 3D image and see if you
Can see a pacey veteran with an eye for goal



ANSWER – No neither could we!

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