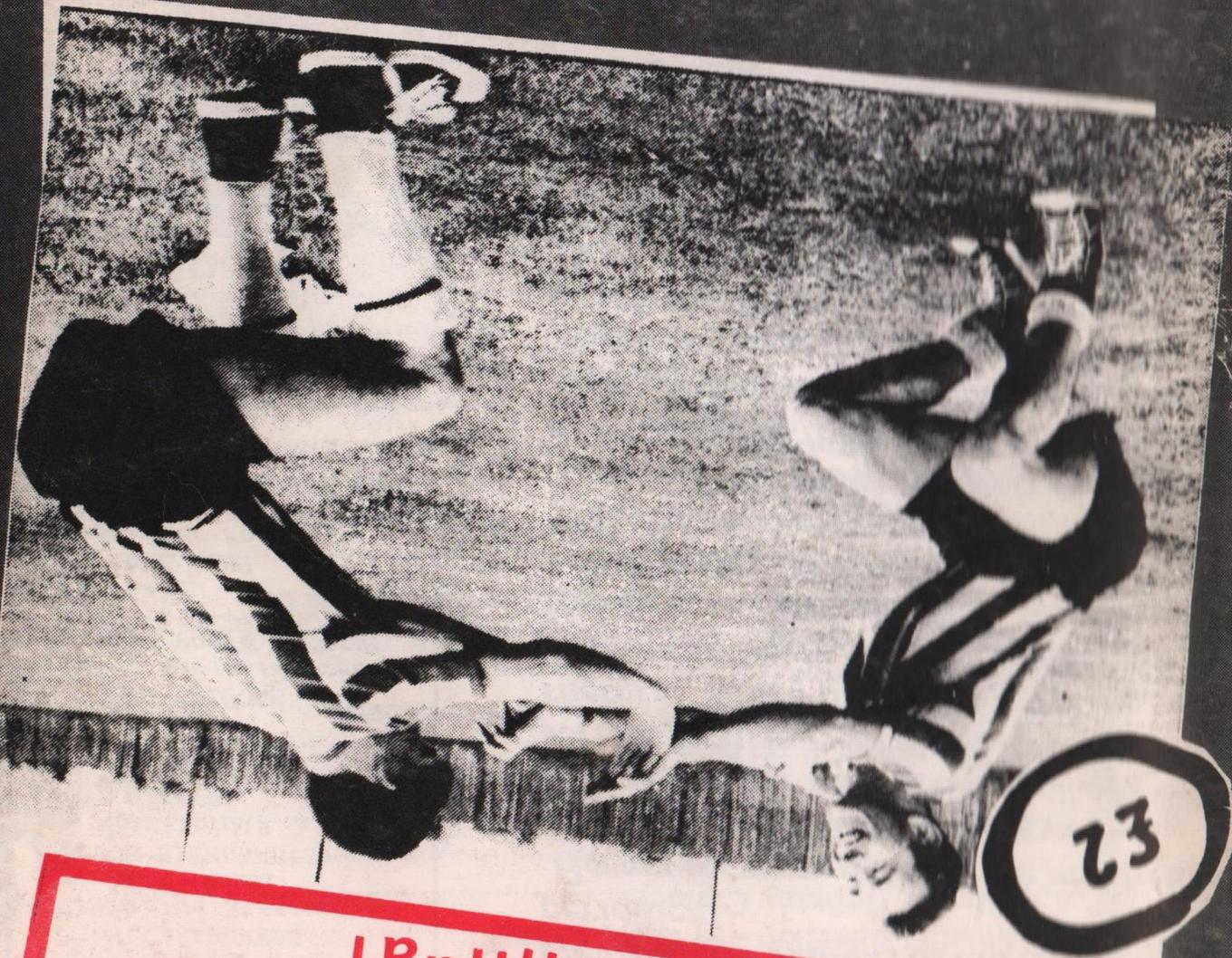


Full of Fantabulous
Forestesque Fun & Frolics



the
BR!GAN
annual
10100
B

the
BR!GAN
annual
1992



Full of Fantabulous
Forestesque Fun & Frolics



CLUB PROFILE

CLUB ADDRESS
Trentside Stadium,
Nottingham

CLUB NICKNAME(S)
Garibaldi
Trees

Trickies
CLUB CAPTAIN
Psycho

CLUB COLOURS
Home: Garibaldi red
shirts, white shorts
Away: All yellow was
best

CLUB SONG
Forest ever Forest
All our hopes are with you
True supporters for ever
Till our days are through

Through the seasons before us
Down through history
We'll be cheering the Forest,
On to victory

GROUND CAPACITY
Normal:- 31,000
All-ticket:- 25,000
MOST PRIZED ASSETS
Brian (The Manager)
BRIAN (the fanzine)

Trent End
MOST PRIZED BLUNDERS
Justin
Present badge
Losing at home to Notts

HONOURS:
STUFFING THE SCOUSE (9)
1969, 1970, 1978,
1979, 1980, 1983,
1988 (x2), 1991
HUMILIATING MAN. UTD (14)
1965, 1966, 1967, 1977,
1980, 1981, 1983,
1984 (x2), 1986,
1989 (x2), 1990 (x2)

by THE SANDIACRE TREE.

WINNING THE EUROPEAN
CHAMPIONS CUP (2)
i.e. more times than
Everton, Arsenal, Man.
Utd, Man. City and
Leeds put together
OUTSINGING THE SHEEP
AT DERBY
Too numerous to mention

LONGEST CONSECUTIVE
RUN OF HIGHER HOME
ATTENDANCES THAN DERBY
From 1977 to date
REMOVING THE PRIDE
OF NORTH LONDON FROM
CUP QUARTER FINALS
Arsenal (FA Cup 1988)
Spurs (League Cup 1990)

Most cordial greetings to all Ladies and Gents of the Town Ground cinder banks, and may I bid you welcome to the debutant Annual of the BRIAN periodical.

Herein for your delectation you will find a veritable feast of essays devised by our hearty band of expert scribes; musings of the soundest rhetoric, satire of most jagged wit. The whole being pieced together with loving care (and plentiful tubes of adhesive) by Yours Truly.

Most humble apologies for tardiness (especially to those sending monies in response to the advertisement in "The Cloughonian"); also for errata, blasphemy and the inclemency of the weather.

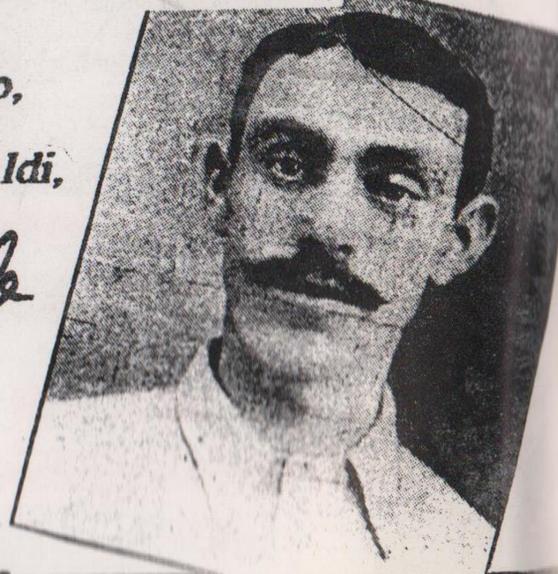
Alas, now I must make haste to the Billiard Room to administer a sound hiding to that cad Bloomer,

Play up,

bold Garibaldi,

*Grenville
Morris*

(HONORARY
EDITOR)



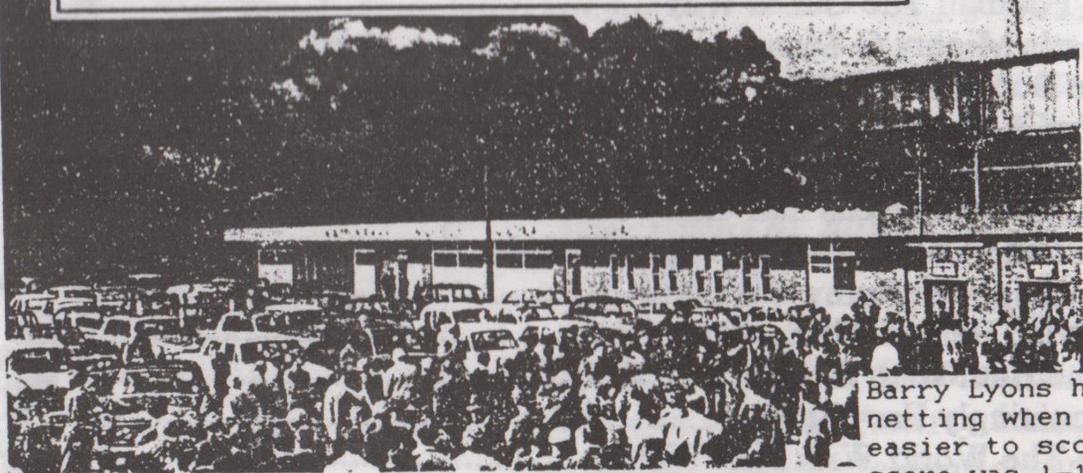
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Leeds United Ready To Set Fire To Forest...



Thus read the headline in GOAL magazine prior to the game at the City Ground on August 24th 1968, between Leeds United, who were to win the First Division Championship, and Nottingham Forest, who were not. A warm sunny day saw over 31,000 spectators file onto the terraces. ATV's "Star Soccer" cameras were even there to record the action. The afternoon was to prove exciting in

more ways than one... FOREST TEAM: Williamson; Hindley; Winfield; Hennessey; McKinlay; Newton; Lyons; Barnwell; Hall; Moore; Hilley. Sub: "Sammy" Chapman. The match itself looked like swinging in Forest's favour - had it gone on long enough. Rod Belfitt had headed Leeds in front from a Billy Bremner cross, only for Dave Hilley to equalise; Ian Moore crashed a shot against the bar and

Barry Lyons hit the side netting when it was easier to score. The score was 1-1 as the half-time whistle blew and the players made their way down the tunnel. At this point fans in the centre of the Main Stand were already becoming uneasy as wisps of smoke appeared from beneath their seats. Within seconds the players were back on the field having discovered their dressing rooms ablaze! The stand quickly emptied onto the pitch as the flames spread: ATV hastily abandoned their cameras with one technician scrambling down the scaffolding gantry in his urgency to escape (Later the BBC News cameras arriving on the scene took great delight in filming the destruction of thousands of pounds worth of their rivals' equipment!). By now everyone was on the pitch: players & officials, and supporters rendering their own version of "Fire" (a recent chart-topper by the Crazy World of Arthur Brown). A few scuffles ensued between rival fans but most attention was

focussed on the stand. After what seemed an eternity to those watching, the Fire Service arrived and began to tackle the blaze, helped by spectators who ran the hose and in some cases actually aided in the fire-fighting. A lot of criticism was heaped on the Fire Service that day, in fairness all unjustified. The first call was received at 3.43pm, the first appliance despatched from West Bridgford arrived at 3.48pm, a mere 5 minutes later. Subsequent appliances were to follow from the City Centre, Carlton and Beeston. Most people are unaware that the Fire Service are bound by attendance times to an incident, times laid down by the Home Office and dependant on which area the fire falls in. Every area in the 'country falls into one of four categories: A, B, C & D: "A" being the most serious, covering City Centres. "D" covers the areas of least population, ie the countryside. The City Ground lies within a "B" risk category, which means that when an incident occurs an appliance must be there within 5 minutes, followed by a second within 8 minutes. As the official times show this rule was adhered to, but when you're hanging out of your bedroom window with your arse on fire five minutes can seem a hell of a long time! The second main criticism concerned the fire-fighter's concentration on the back of the stand when to those on the pitch the front seemed to be the most obvious target. In fact, the fire had

started with a fault in the Main Stand oil-fired central heating boiler, which was situated at the rear of the stand between the two dressing rooms, and was fed by a large oil tank. It was imperative to prevent the oil tank from rupturing for obvious reasons, hence the concentration of activities at the rear. Most of the main structure of the stand was saved - as shown by the speed in which it was rebuilt - but the opportunity to build a better stand was lost. The Nottingham Chamber Of Commerce wanted Forest to move grounds (sound familiar?), but that fell through when no-one could come up with a sensible suggestion as to where they should move TO.

The only real casualties of the day were the loss of two possible points, melted trophies and the destruction of club records. The gate receipts were saved, but not the birthday

presents of one of the office girls. Poor old Jackie Charlton lost his World Cup winners watch along with his clothes - as did all the Leeds players who had to travel home in taxis in their playing strip! Notts County (bless 'em) immediately offered their assistance and a temporary move to Meadow Lane was soon forthcoming. The quote of the day, though, must go to the 'prophet' Tony Woods, the then Forest Chairman, who beamed "Out of the ashes we can rise". By December 2nd manager Johnny Carey had been sacked, superstar Joe Baker wanted a transfer and Forest were bottom of Division One with only one win to their credit (a 5-2 victory at West Brom!). We weren't to suffer relegation that season but we were about to suffer the arrival of one Matt Gillies from Leicester City, and we all know where Forest went from there, don't we!

by FIREMAN SAM.



JOHNNY CAREY SURVEYS THE WRECKAGE.

God Only Knows...

Why is it that for every great move Brian Clough makes he makes two that make you cringe? How is it that he can come out with classic statements like "The trouble with this country is there's too many Tories in government", and then "write" a column for the country's most right-wing newspaper? The man is becoming even more of a caricature of himself. Listed below are some of the more embarrassing acts of God:

1). The aforementioned *Sun* column, how can he align that with his avowed Socialist principles? I only hope that the *Daily Mirror* might now be taken over by a someone half-decent and that BC will be enticed away. But then again, he'd probably still stick with his big mate with John Sadler.

2). And being big mates with a *Sun* reporter is shameful enough on its own.

3). Almost leaving Forest for Derby. How could he even have

considered walking away when we were on the verge of such greatness? 4). Not letting Liam on with the sponge when Psycho was injured at Palace that time. I mean, what goes through his mind at moments like that? 5). All the holidays, gardening sessions and commentary jobs he takes that cause him to miss Forest games. It can't exactly inspire the players to see him taking so little interest.

6). The "Gentlemen. No Swearing" charade when everyone knows he swears like the proverbial fishwife. Not that there's anything wrong in that, it's just the hypocrisy.

7). All those tacky adverts he appears in; Shredded Wheat, the old cellphone one, the one in the shower with Cheri Lunghi - is there anything he wouldn't do for money?

8). His highly offensive racist comments when the African nations were lobbying for a single British national team.

"A load of spear throwers trying to dictate our role in world football. They are still going round eating each other, then next minute saying we can't have England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland in the Finals". Perhaps instead of jetting off to Australia Mr Clough should attend the African Nations Cup Finals in Senegal, he might learn a few things.

9). Signing Justin Fashanu.

10). All the hoo-hah and threats of resignation over the Wales job.

11). His favourites and his scapegoats. It's one thing to be supportive of your players, particularly



when they're going through a bad patch, but on the other side of the coin you end up with Franz Carr feeling totally alienated, unsure as to whether he was supposed to stay and fight for his place or just get the hell out. A career in football is short enough without having 18 months or so wasted like that because the manager doesn't get on with your father.

12). He'll do anything for publicity, no photo opportunity is too ridiculous (those snaps of him wearing the hairnet looked straight out of Mapperley Hospital).

13). Clough was sent off at Mallorca during a pre-season game a few years back. As Danny Wilson recalled, "He refused to go for 3 or 4 minutes, until he spotted a couple of policemen and vanished down the tunnel. Ten minutes later he re-appeared, wearing a cloth cap, a muffler and a coat, went over to the Real Mallorca dug-out and made room for himself between the manager and the trainer. He plonked himself down and the Spanish bench wear waving their arms at the ref, who stopped the game. Eventually, the two cops, hands on their gun holsters, stepped in to escort him back down the tunnel".

The man obviously thinks he's big enough to get away with anything, that normal rules do not apply to him.

14). THAT incident on the pitch after the OPR LC game, when (should you have been on Mars

and not noticed) he punched several of our supporters. 15). Appearing on The Match (Derby v Spurs) somewhat the worse for drink. Makes you wonder how much of the above is fuelled by alcohol. Still, at least it provided us with an excuse to shout abuse

at Jimmy Hill.

Our manager causes us far more embarrassment than the team ever could, but I'd still rather have an egomaniac basket case and dipsomaniac in charge than some boring normal type. Only just though..... DG.



MEET
BRIAN CLOUGH
AT
EUROPE'S BIGGEST SHEEPSKIN WAREHOUSE
ON
TUESDAY SEPT., 10th.,
at **11.30 am.,**
when he will open our huge new extensions

BC SKINS THE LOCALS DURING HIS DAYS AT DERBY.

PSYCHO PEARCE PUT ME IN HOSPITAL!

How a certain tabloid would have loved to have this headline screaming from its back page earlier this year. Naturally, I have stayed loyal to the cause, and it's only now, after receiving an unrefusable bribe of a free advance copy of the BRIAN annual, that I have finally agreed to tell the full story behind this sensational title.

Let us go back to February 13th 1991, the day of the 4th Round FA Cup tie up at Newcastle. An extremely heavy cold and reports of further fresh snowfalls up north had initially prompted suggestions of giving the match a miss, but the timely appearance of our lucky omen blackbird, his chirpy song a note-by-note rendition of the Trent End classic "You'll never



beat Des Walker", caused a hasty rethink, and laden with woolly jumpers, shovels and various types of flask, we set off across the frozen expanses of the snow-covered north.

Of course, after 15 minutes and 2-0 down, we were beginning to wonder why we'd bothered (and my mind was turning to the purchase of an air rifle to greet our little feathered friend's next outburst of song). As usual, the more pessimistic amongst the frustrated travelling Trickies were engaged in their habitual pastime of picking the next Forest manager at half-time, but those who remembered Cov knew that just one goal and we'd be back in with a shout. But at 0-2, halfway down the League and out of the Littlewoods, our season was all but over.

But then it happened... just after half-time a typically overhit cross from the right bounced high in the area, and the mighty swashbuckling one strode forward to smash the ball into the net! Given the situation - the season (possibly) saved after all - the celebrations on the slippery steps at St James's were more ecstatic than ever. However, after a mid-air collision with the large bulk of a fellow supporter, I crashed towards the ground and looked down to see my two feet facing completely different directions on the terrace steps, a split second before a juddering pain shot through my body.

However, this was obviously the beginning of a famous recovery, so I resisted the temptation of receiving medical assistance for my injured ankle (which felt as though it had been on the end of a Gazza Cup Final "challenge"), and instead hobbled up to the back of the terrace to lean against the back wall, and there awaited the inevitable equaliser...

After a slow hobble back to the car, a painful return trip and a sleepless night, I was given a lift to the QMC, where I had to endure the embarrassing experience of recounting the tale of how the injury was sustained ("Is it a sporting injury?... "Erm"...) to a series of flirty nurses and bleary-eyed junior doctors, who were more interested either in a match report or in reminiscing about their days as medical students at Newcastle Uni as they roughly pummelled away at my swollen, multi-coloured and painful ankle, before informing me it was only a sprain and a chipped bone, and therefore any lengthy time off work was extremely unlikely.

So any potential damages claim against our No.3 for loss of earnings had to be shelved, although in all honesty I had planned in fact to sue John Burrridge in goal for contributory negligence. But even weeks later, young children tempted to snigger at my hobbling misfortune were soon reduced to awed silence when informed that it was "Psycho" Pearce who had put me in hospital!
by TEACHERMAN.

Forestry Commission

"We will follow the Forest" we sing, but would an alien from the planet Zark know what we mean? The BRIAN can exclusively reveal that we're not the only Forest in the world, and here's the proof:

1). THE FOREST. Park off Mansfield Road from whence we get our name. Had fate led us to play elsewhere we might be supporting "Nottingham Arboretum" or "Nottingham Playing Fields".

2). BLACK FOREST GATEAU. As loved by Robbo, Larry Lloyd and other fat Forest stars.

3). FRUITS OF THE FOREST YOGHURT. As loved by Gary Crosby, Scot Gemmill and other fresh-faced Forest wimps.

4). REDBRIDGE FOREST. Vauxhall Conference side from East London/Essex borders. Have an alarming history of groundsharing with clubs and then taking them over.

Leytonstone/Ilford and Walthamstow Avenue have suffered this fate, perhaps they'd like to make an offer to Notts?

5). FOREST GATE and FOREST HILL. Areas of London that you'll probably pass through as you travel to see the Reds thrash West Ham and Crystal Palace respectively.

6). FOREST OF DEAN. Area between Wales and England that neither can be bothered to claim. Famous only for spawning pervy playwright Dennis Potter and cheeky young pop combo EMF (Ecstasy Mighty Forest).

7). FORREST - Popular christian name for young American boys often spotted on film credits. Curiously unknown before 1965, when coincidentally NFFC toured the States. Also the name of some Euro disco-pop outfit who had a hit with a re-working of the Hues Corporation's "Rock The Boat" in the early '80s (by coincidence the era of our Euro domination).

8). JEDBURGH FOREST. Rugby team from the Scottish Borders. Obviously inspired by our robust tackling in 19th century games v

Queens Park and Rangers.

9). FANTASY FOREST. Play centre on Huntingdon Street where kiddies fantasise about playing for Forest. Full of club scouts.

10). "FLOWERS OF THE FOREST". Song piped at funerals. Presumably to mourn the fact that the deceased will no longer be able to attend the City Ground.

11). FOREST FRESH AIR FRESHENER. Eliminate the smell of the Derby fan in your workplace with a few squirts of this.

12). SHERWOOD FOREST. Exists only as a film set in Hollywood. Possible sight for 1994 World Cup Final?

Anyone got any more? Write in and we'll destroy them humanely.

by OWEN.

FAVOURITE REASONS TO BRING ON THE TRAINER

No.1 HAROLD



"SOD THE SPONGE, GIVE ME THE JACK DANIELS"

Forest fan had flares

Painter and decorator James Turner, 18, pleaded not guilty to using threatening behaviour outside the City Ground before a match against Leeds United last January. Turner was later searched by police who found the flares and knife on him.

No doubt he was also in possession of a hooded top, kickers & a Stone Roses LP!

A TRAVELLER'S TALE...

It all seemed to matter so much at the start of the 88/89 season...The BRIAN had seen its birth in April of 88 and was blossoming; the ID card scheme was very ugly and looked very likely to be forced upon us by dear sweet old Margaret. And I bought my first car, which could mean only one thing...regular away travel.

I'd missed the first four matches, due to a mixture of Epperstone Cricket Club's late push for promotion from Division 4 of the South Notts Village League, and my cousin's outrageous decision to get married at 3pm on a Saturday - when we were at home to the Ewes!!

So anyway, my mates Keith and Neil were stuck for a lift to Villa Park, and always being one to spot a good business opportunity, it was down the A38 with red and white scarves out the window on the way through sheep-land. First away trip without my Dad and my first encounter with the West Midlands Police Force. Fortunately, all this meant to me was a 1 and a 1/2 mile walk from the ground for a pre-match orange juice. Ok, so I had a pint. Top Travel Tip though, Brummies have absolutely no idea what a Fritter Cob is. It's a Scallop Roll. Nothing like staying low-key when on foreign ground.

88/89 saw my first visit to most of the First Division grounds. Having had a Saturday job for most of the 80's and not being mobile hadn't helped on this front. Being able to rip Keith and Neil off helped enormously though.

Loftus Road and the first of many M1 trips. Parking at Stanmore's a favourite of mine, and having made a killing on the petrol this was also very affordable. This trip also saw the

advent of Silly Word Games in the car. Naming 1st Division squads, pop/rock groups beginning with an "S" etc. It was on one of those many Old Trafford trips that Neil did his Brian Epstein Bit by discovering the Stone Roses. "B*ll*cks" replied Keith and I, they don't exist. But nay, the next derelict building had Stone Roses posters all over it. We conceded and a star was born. This is a much overlooked anecdote in the History of Rock 'n' Roll.

To The Den and our first flirtation with Death. Rather than staying within the police cordon, we decided to find the ticket office and get Stand tickets. Mistake. Having been sent through most of SE London's industrial estates, we had to cross a park to get to the away end. It's now 2:58 and we're running to catch the kick-off. Soon we were running to stay within the safety of the police horses charging down the 30 or so Millwall fans trying to find stray Nottinghamians who'd been given duff directions by a steward on Cold Blow Lane. "Run away, run away" cried Neil, and indeed we did.

Newcastle was much more refined. Downing Brown Ale with a Geordie who lived in Derby in a pub next to the ground, and the Great Scotch Corner Triv Machine Rip-Off. You know, the one where you win a tenner on the strength of Neil knowing the winner of the 1984 US Open Golf (boring git), and the machine only pays out four quid. The snag is, of course, that you're a football fan and the woman in the Travelshop doesn't trust you.

Dodgy turnstile operators next and the WHAM rap. £4.50 to get in but the lovable cockney's got no 50p's left. Guess which way

he rounded it off, and guess who's pocket the extra went in?

A fortnight later and London again. Surely the coldest, most boring match ever, at Selhurst Park. A Psycho Stunner sinks Charlton, but I was reading my BRIAN for most of the match. A guest appearance by Phil in the Forest Fiesta (1.1 Pop. Plus). And even a guest vomit by him after a few dodgy pints in the Greyhound on the Streatham High Road. Streatham at this time was populated almost exclusively by exiled Trickies, not least my brother, and sometime BRIAN person Andy Saxton. The old "pushing Keith around in a Shopping Trolley whilst totally monged" routine was very much in evidence on this trip too.

The less said about Southampton...the Hampshire Police Force. Soft Southern Beer and a Des-less Tricky performance...the better. Although the Victory pub, by the station, seemed to have most of the Trent End in it.

A crap Boxing Day at Old Trafford was followed by the Turning Point at Hillsborough. 18 games unbeaten, 10 straight wins, the Vicarage Road allotment tour, Erik the Horsevet's TV debut (and some excellent tea and sandwiches from Tottenham's own Aunt May before the match), the debut appearance of my inflatable skeleton for the cameras at White Hart Till, Stalag Kenilworth (You'll never ban a Forest Fan) and three of the World's Finest Days Out - Highbury, Old Trafford in the Cup and Ashton Gate. How we laughed at the Arse's crap offside trap, how we chuckled at the whingeing United fans, how we contracted pneumonia at Bristol City, Ashton Gate is also the World's

Scariest Away Trip. For some reason the home fans are given time to congregate behind the away end and on that big Park, before the away fans are let out. St-range.

It all seemed to go a bit flat from there, with the notable exception of the formality of the League Cup Final against Luton - Easy Peasy.

A 4-1 defeat at Wimbledon, which I missed due to an endless stream of something unpleasant from my bottom - but you didn't want to know that. Keith & Neil were left to grapple with National Express and tube connections to Sarf London. Being Northern Gits, they struggled badly. The only good thing to come out of the day was an interesting new word game, where you have to form a sentence by stretching the truth as far as possible and then justify the words in a Call

My Bluff fashion. Much swearing would take place and I don't think any of us ever actually knew the rules. These were fairly ad hoc and could be made up any time, just to enable us to swear at Keith.

I lost interest after Hillsborough. I didn't even go to Middlesbrough, Anfield or Coventry. The

second trip to Wembley for the Simod was surreal. A really flat day. I couldn't even think of any other bands beginning with X, after X-Ray Spex and Xmal Deutschland had gone.

But they really were marvellous times, as my good friend Tommy Cockles would say to me.

by DAMIEN MACKINNEY.



Clough Academy



Dear Parent,

Switzerland may be regarded as the ultimate location of Finishing Schools for Young Ladies, but if it is a School For Young Gentleman you are searching for, look no further than the Clough Academy, rivalled by few for sheer excellence.

Set in its own grounds by the meandering Trent, the Academy has an impressive record amongst Footballing Schools. Over the past few years the School has an exemplary record on the sports field and it can only be a matter of time before the Clough Academy once again represents the nation on the playing fields of Europe. The Headmaster has a widely admired Silverware Collection in his study as proof of the sporting achievements of the School.

Of the actual campus buildings, the most spectacular is certainly the newest, the East Wing, which is visible from some distance. It is hoped that the North and South Buildings will soon be modernised, to give greater comfort and thus still more credit to the School.

One of the most important lessons to be learned by any pupil is the fact that teamwork and obedience are the only way forward. Should any pupil not grasp these basic concepts they will find themselves expelled at the first instance. Each young

man is encouraged to learn a trade other than sport. Current pupils include a carpenter and an electrician, so as you will see the curriculum is varied.

By way of a Special Prize the star scholar each term is granted the Symbolic Hand of Elizabeth, whereby the Headmaster declares that the recipient is such a lovely young man that he would gladly see him joined in holy matrimony with his own daughter, the fair Elizabeth. The current holder of this prized accolade is a Master Glover, noted for his charming manner.

Academy Boys originate from a wide range of backgrounds, with the sons of taxi drivers rubbing shoulders with the offspring of millionaire socialists. However, we regret to inform that the Academy can offer places only to the most gifted in the land and that entry is by Scholarship only.

The new "league tables" for Schools will be a positive boon to this respected seat of learning, and a "Championship" would be ours if only lovely fresh faces and smiles counted towards the final points tally.

The Clough Academy - Send for a prospectus today!

yours intellectually,
The STUDENT.

HOW TO SPEAK NOTTS

To help all you Forest fans who are unfortunate enough to live outside this fair city of ours here's a few essential phrases with their English equivalents which should enable you to hold your own in conversation with the locals on match day.

● Before the match:

- YER GOOIN DAHN? Are you going to see Forest at home?
- YER GOOIN? Are you going to see Forest play away?
- GOOIN FER ONE FOST? Shall I meet you in the pub?
- SEE YIN T BI I'll meet you in the Trent Bridge Inn
- I MIGHT SEE YIN AVREH THEN I'm definitely not going to the Aviary
- AHR KIDS GOOIN ANORL My brothers coming too
- AHM GOOIN OM FOST, SEE YINABIT I'm going home to get changed first so I'll see you later
- AHM DAHN CRICKET AFTER, YO GOOIN? I'm taking in the last few overs at Trent Bridge, do you want to accompany me?
- BERRA TEK ANAT ELSE YER TABS'L GET COWD You'd better wear a hat to protect your ears
- THIS TITHEAD MEKKED ME GERRON KAWSI A Policeman made me walk on the pavement

● During the match:

- SHEEPHAGGERS Derby County FC
- CAHNTEY Notts County FC
- SCOUSUZ Liverpool FC (not Everton)
- FAT WALLET Neil Webb
- GERRIT OVVA Not another short corner
- MIGGLE IT Now cross the ball
- WI CUD DOO WI-IM DAHN AIR He's the type of player we need
- THAT SHUDDER BIN IN SHUNNIT? That's another chance gone begging
- HE SHUDDER AD THAT BOGGER How did he miss?
- WEKK YERSENS UP Come on Forest
- NAH WHATS E DOOIN? Crossley, you twat
- EVEN TODDID BE BERRER WUNNEE? I think Orlygsson would have been better today
- SIDAHN CLOUGHIE It's too late to start shouting now Mr Clough

● At half time:

- GERRUZ A BOVRIL IF YA GOOIN IN CAFF Will you bring me back a cup of Bovril if you call into the refreshment kiosk?
- GIZARF YOTDOG Can I have half of your Hot Dog
- YOLL MEK YERSEN SICK YO WILL Your risking a pie are you?
- YEEEEEEEEEEEEES Derby are losing

● After the match:

- I'LL TEK MAR MOTOR NEXWEEK IF YA LIKE .. I'll rip you lot off for petrol so it doesn't cost me a penny
- AHM GOOIN FER A PINT NAH, YO CUMMIN? Let's go and drownd our sorrows
- GUDDUN WANNIT Good game which Forest won
- LOADACRAP WANNIT Good game which Forest lost

● Next Day:

- GER G'DAHN? Did you see Forest at home?
- GER GOO? Did you go to see Forest play away?

TRICKY QUIZ:

Q): What do the following have in common:-
Garry Birtles, Ian Bowyer, Steve Hodge, Calvin Plummer
and John Robertson?

ANSWER ON PAGE 38

ANNUAL TREAT

The news of this BRIAN Annual had me, like many other readers no doubt, slavering nostalgically at the mouth as I remembered different annuals of Christmasses past. Amongst the brightly-wrapped gifts under the tree - the depressingly familiar silhouettes of multi-packs of M&S underwear, dreadfully uncool slippers, and the cheapo box of crayons with your name tackily embossed on the side in cheap gold leaf - was the unmistakable textbook-shaped parcel containing the footie annual. This was cannily designed by the publishers to be just long enough to keep you silent during the dreary relatives' visits ("isn't he quiet?"), and the even more dreadful films (*Mary Poppins*, *Sound of Music* etc.), and therby ensure that the rest of the family had a good Christmas too.

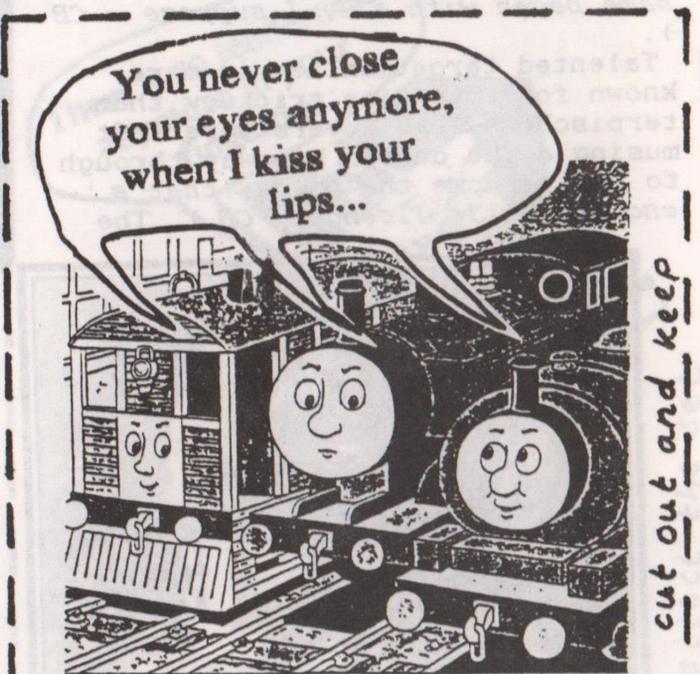
Normally, the book in qusetion would be a slightly enlarged issue of *Shoot!*, containing the usual dismal mixture of monosyllabic verbal diarrhoea from the likes of Bobby Moore (I feel sorry for the persons who had to share his room on those record 108 England trips), dead simple quizzes and colour pin-ups of players from glamour clubs like Burnley & Wolves.

However, in a good year, instead of *Shoot!* inside the holly-speckled wrapping paper would be *The Topical Times Football Book*, which seemed to have some extra mystical quality as, to the best of my knowledge, there was no such publication as *The Topical Times* the rest of the year. That title, however, was a bit of a misnomer, as invariably the first picture on the glossy (superior to *Shoot!*) paper when you opened the annual was of an ex-Trickie (Storey-Moore, McKenzie etc.) hero, still wearing the Garibaldi, as the annual seemed to go to press before the new season began. As well as containing the usual quizzes, ghost-written interviews and the obligatory "Behind The Scenes At Match Of The Day" article, were a host of one-off features: on the amazing footballing Clarke family of Willenhall, with Alan each year predicting pre-teenager Wayne would be the best of the brood; on butcher/World Cup ref Jack Taylor; and on that bloke in the coracle outside Gay Meadow - which were initially quite impressive until you realised that a) they had all been written by the same freelancer with a West Midlands One Day Rail Rover and b) they were not entirely dissimilar to articles on the same subjects in the previous year's annual.

But the piece de resistance was a "Day In The Life Of" annotated photo-story of a top pro. Again this followed a rather familiar pattern: player presents "lovely ex-model wife Helen" with breakfast in bed (these were the days of rampant feminism - a later shot would show a rather sheepish player gingerly fingering the handle of a Hoover he obviously had no idea how to operate); then drinks a bottle of milk with his colleagues after training (no Shilton-style afternoon booze-ups); before ripping off to the local handicapped school to help out for a few hours (like he doubtless did every day); then back home for a cosy tea with his (now "pretty") wife before answering his fan mail - the player who had elbowed you in the face in his haste to trample over the autograph hunters on his sprint to the haven of the Jubille Club, now rather nauseatingly claiming that "I'm never too busy to oblige a young fan" (whatever that meant). After this, there was only time for a rather forced posed shot of the whole family (Dad now in no-doubt-fashionable-at-the-time turtle-neck sweater), with baby Wayne "hoping to follow in rather's footsteps", yet not exactly looking overchuffed to be sporting Dad's solitary England cap on his head.

Is the film over already?

by TEACHERMAN.



amous
orest
ans

No. 1 - THOMAS, HENRY & THE OTHER ONE

FOREST'S MIGHTY G-MEN

The pirates of Bristol Rovers (currently in dry dock in Bath) planned their most daring raid to date - even though Forest had been all at sea in the recent past - but Cloughie's boys were all ship-shape and present and the only Bristolian jolly roger in evidence that night was ever cheerful referee Milford, officiating elsewhere, as Rovers' hopes were sunk without trace (*that's enough maritime metaphors - CB*), and left cursing Forest's mighty G-Men.

For the pair who did the damage were Scot G-emmill and Lee G-lover - and G-ary Crosby almost scored too, his shot coming back off the post (*it probably would have gone in had his surname rather than christian name began with a G, I suppose - CB*).

Talented targetman Lee is more known for touchline trickery than terpsichore, but Rovers were left musing as he danced his way through to bullet home the first (*that's enough poetic licence - CB*). The



GEMMILL
the GREYHOUND!

Dear Freelancer,
We have a rather embarrassing gap on page sixty three. I've got these spare photos of Lee Glover & Scot Gemmill - can you knock something up?

Charlie Buchan.

GEE, it's LEE!



sensational second was nodded home by young Scot, a revelation recently. At the start of the season he looked like a cross between a frightened rabbit transfixed by car headlights and a deluded greyhound frantically scampering around in vain after its prey, but this seemed to be merely a ploy to dupe the opposition into thinking he was useless - that familiar limp-wristed dog-begging "I wanna be in goal" stance in fact conceals a quick thinking athlete with a fine touch and excellent vision.

So now the worried words on the lips of Forest's future opponents are "Beware the mighty G-Men"! (No they're not, it's "who's gonna crock Keane? - don't worry, the ref won't send you off - ask Nayim, Stewart, Whitehouse etc. etc." - CB).

THE FREELANCER.

REALLY ANNOYING PEOPLE YOU MEET AT FOOTBALL...

- No. 2 in a series of GREAT LOST "BRIAN" SERIES'S...

You know the feeling, you make some flippant, show-off remark about some long ago game that's valiantly trying to probe its way into your memory through the lunchtime session haze, when that irritating little voice pops up to correct you...

It's the Superfan, that walking encyclopedia of all things Garibaldi, and he hasn't missed a game since 1953. No reserve or youth game is too obscure, no Middle Eastern midweek money-spinner too costly. He's 36, and still inhabits the bedroom in his parent's home with the FOREST SUPPORTERS ROOM plaque, the Tricky Tree wallpaper and the Shoot! Teddy Sheringham posters on the wall. He's bought so much Forest paraphernalia he's be given an award for services to the Club Shop - he's even joined the Junior Reds under an assumed name. He'll never marry but wiles away the twitching hours by pouring over his scrapbooks (his own lovingly scripted match reports alongside those of the blasphemously anti-Forest *Evening Post*) and watching endless re-runs of 0-0 games v Coventry. If he had a kid he'd call it Mark-Gary-Stuart-Des...Kingsley, but he'll have to settle for a first team squad of goldfish (and secretly referring to his nieces as Nigel and Dessie).

What sort of life is it when EVERYTHING comes second to Forest? He'd rather watch DERBY than miss a Reds' game. Do none of his friends or relations ever get married? Is he never ill, does he not take holidays, day trips to Filey? Has he never woken up with a hangover and thought, "Sod it, it's only Luton away", or pandered to the subconscious urge to stay in bed the extra three minutes that it takes to miss the bus? Does he own the only car in the world that's never broken down (or does he have a helicopter

permanently on stand by)...

Perhaps these people think there's a magic Superfan Scoreboard in the dressing room, where the players tally points and swap names around as eagerly as the S-Fan plays with his League Ladders. And when they die Brian Clough will meet them at the Pearly Gates with a *Blue Peter* badge and a bottle of Bells whisky. It's quite frightening really. Life is far too short to be too pre-occupied with any one thing, even something as fundamental as the trials and tribulations of Nottingham Forest FC...

Recognise yourself? Of course not, Superfans don't read BRIAN - it's not official! by the ANTI-CLUFF.

There's no tenderness anymore in your fingertips...



Famous
Forest
fans

No. 2 - SOOTY

collect the set

Big Norm's Party Games

Life is one big party when Mark "Stormin' Norman" Crossley's around! Here he lets us join in his favourite party games. Take it away, Norman...

PASS THE PARCEL:

This has always been a favourite with the lads. Indeed, Forest have for a long time had a reputation for being amongst the best passers of the parcel in the First Division - we even sold Nigel Jemson because he was crap at it. The aim of the game is to pass the parcel to team mates until the whistle blows, under no circumstances attempting to pass into the net from more than 12 yards.

RING O' RING OF PANSIES:

We tend to play this one against teams whose names begin with "S". It's quite good fun, the defenders have to dance in circles round the attackers, sometimes holding hands, but being extra careful not to make physical contact with the opponents. Often the opponents get bewildered and fall over (especially that Alan Shearer, it works really well on him!), and then the game sometimes changes to "Penalties", which I'm quite good at.

DEAD LIONS:

When the whistle blows, you have to lie on the ground without moving for as long as you can. Nigel and Roy are the best at this game at Forest, probably because they play it the most, but neither of them is as good as Mark Hughes, or John Aldridge, or Nayim, or Dean Saunders, or David Speedie, or Alan Shearer, or (cont. page 95...)



SARDINES:

In this game we see how many players we can squeeze into one corner of my goal when we concede a corner. It's very popular with visiting teams!

POSTMAN'S WHISTLE:

You might expect this one to be called "Referee's Whistle", but then it's a game based on the lack of logic. What happens is the referee blows his whistle on a whim, and then equally randomly pulls out either a red or a yellow card. It's often difficult to tell which refs are playing it too - I didn't know Vic Callow was having a game until the end of it!

KISS CHASE:

We only play this one in the dressing room after a really good match, but it's the Boss's favourite, he always wants to be "It"!

HIDE 'N' SEEK:

Whoever's playing wide on the left goes off and hides for the whole game. Trouble is, they tend to get so bored after a while that they sometimes come out of hiding and score really ace goals - when they've only got about five more minutes to go!

PSYCHO SAYS:

In this game, Psycho says something, and we do it. Simple really.

PORT AND STARBUCK:

Sadly, we can't play this one any more, but it used to give us great amusement on a Friday night in Madisons. Someone would shout "Port" and we'd all rush over to Terry Wilson at the bar and try to down as many Ports as he did whiskies. Then someone'd shout "Starbuck" and he'd talk to us about God and warn us of the perils of alcohol. We'd do this over and over again until we were totally confused, and sometimes we'd still be pretty disorientated into the following afternoon!

LEFT: PSYCHO SAYS DO AEROPLANE IMPRESSIONS, BUT DES Y GARRY HAVEN'T CAUGHT ON

-16-

PIN THE TAIL ON THE DEFENDER:

Strictly speaking, it doesn't have to be a defender, just anyone who comes back at corners, but for some reason it seems apt. What you have to do is leap up in the air while pinning an imaginary tail onto your opponents backside, preferably while propelling the ball goalwards with your head. We've never been much good at this game, which is why we've bought Teddy Sheringham.

THAT GAME WITH THE PLATE AND THE GLOVES AND THE FORK AND THE CHOCOLATE:

Not a lot of people know this, but this game was actually invented by the great pre-war custodian Fatty Foulke as a training exercise. I use it a lot in my own work-out, although sometimes I get confused and start flinging my gloves off and spinning the ball in a real game, and then everyone shouts at me and I want my Mummy.

MUSICAL BUMPS:

Everyone can join in with this one! What we do is we kick-off and we keep playing until the fans stop singing, when we sit down with a bump and let the opposition have a go. It's OK at home, but occasionally when we go away we hardly get a break at all and we're all really knackered by the end of it!

DARE, KISS OR PROMISE:

This one's to liven up boring games, and it's exciting as it's different every time we play it. If we pick "Dare" it can be "I dare Gary Charles to attempt a backpass", or "Crosby to kick lumps out of some carthorse", or "Psycho to try to blast it from the centre circle". If it's "Kiss" we all have to try like mad to score a goal so that all the girlies will want to snog us later (you can tell it's "Kiss" when I start REALLY punting my goal-kicks and Dessie crosses the halfway line). The "Promise" only comes in if the "Dares" and "Kisses" don't work and the game ends a boring 0-0, then whoever proposed the game has to keep his promise to spend a night in Derby. I think this is why we play in so few goalless draws.

(Translated from the Yorkshire by THE MONOPOLIES COMMISSION)



TREASURE HUNT:

We play this one on our annual trip to Wembley, and it's not fair because Psycho nearly always wins. He even finds the treasure in the same place every time, at the top of the same set of stairs! It makes you sick to see him standing there waving his prize about, but we manage to smile and look sporting. Dessie thinks he cheats, he told me before our last game that he was going to make sure Stuart didn't win again so that someone else could have a chance. Still, I hope we'll be playing it again this year.

And after all that, if we haven't eaten so much jelly and ice cream and crisps and sausage rolls that we're sick, we like to put our balloons and birthday cake to take home on one side and have a game of footie.

-17-

YOU BET!

One of the most noticeable changes at football grounds in recent years has been the introduction of betting facilities, so that every week the travelling Forest faithful have the chance to waste a quid betting on Des Walker to score the first goal of the match at 66-1. At first sight, considering it is a field of only 20 competitors (excluding keepers), these odds may seem appealing, but considering that Dessie has yet to score at all in over 240 League games, never mind get the first goal of a match, Ladbrokes are being less than generous (I ought to point out that own goals don't count for obvious reasons - Shaun Teale could have made a killing!). So if punters are being targetted at football, how about footballers having a flutter on the gee-gees? (Hardly a novel concept as many former Garibaldis would confirm).

Well, let's have a look at a few recent races and see if we can pick out any appropriately named nags. Of course, last year we highlighted leading yearling "Nigel's Lucky Girl", but naturally this seemed to be a perennial non-runner. Perhaps Mr Clough Jnr will have more luck with our selection for this year...

500032 BARBARA'S CUTIE (12) M Bla
STOCKTINA (6) (D) R Hodges

Norman would be well-advised to back...

033335 SHOT STOPPER (74) M P
24005 BAPER BART (10) (T) D

...which seems to have been named after him. However, if you're tempted by the old-stager "Catch The Cross", I'd give it a wide berth, Norm. Gary Charles looks as if he has plenty of practice at taking "nap's", but there are two horses he could back. If he's in his world-domination mode, perhaps...

651600 WATCH ME GO (19) (D) (121)
06060 FERRIA (19) (N) Summer R 1

...would be a good choice. For those "Sunday League" days though, he ought to steer clear of...

03002 000 RIVAL (19) (N) (10) (10)
00 PLAY RISKY (15) P Kelleway 9 (C)
00000 RIVAL (19) (N) P Harris 9 (C)

Other obvious selections include...

332366 THIN RED LINE (29) (D) (Am)

...for the defence on away days.

00440 00000 (19) (N) (10) (10)
644002 SUPER-SUB (9) (Bob)

...for heroic No.12 Brian Laws...

OUR EDDIE B Gul
PREFINIS WOLF

...for injury-prone striker Lee Glover...

022266 SPRING HIGH (14) (Mrs P A/Bi)
005000 MISS MAGENTA (14) (R Thom)

...for Roy "boing" Keane...

...and of course...

043200 JESS REEDY (19) (D) (10)
600001 NO COMEBACKS (7) (D) J

...is highly recommended for a certain robust Man Utd occasional midfielder.

Many other horses strike me as being particularly apposite for certain Reds players, whom lack of space prevents me from mentioning by name, although readers will doubtless spot the allusion.

2.10 Puff Puff (nb) *

4- RHYTHM AND JUNGLE (17) (N) (10) (10)
P THE LAGER LOU (18) T Jones *

50000/6- MR DORMOUSE (531) I Baldin
202260 BIRCHFIELD (14) (D) (10) (10)

23-44 MISSED AGAIN (33) (Capt J M)
12425 TITIAN DEN (14) (N) (10) (10)

P NEARLY A MAN (11) N Mi

by TEACHERMAN.

STOP PRESS:
...For Cloughie...

U160- MY YOUNG MAN 215 (CD) M

...and for Neil Webb...

(no form!)

* PRESUMABLY "NO BALLS"!

* OR SHOULD IT BE
* "THE CHOIRBOY"?

"SIZE OF A COW" (The Wonderstuff)

I know that we've been thrashed a thousand times
And this should be the best team of our lives
No, it's not what we thought it was
Damn, blast, look at the punters with a team with no class
We're ripping off the punters as Des takes a bow
Oh wow, look at us now
We're pissing on the Arsenal, as Des

"DRINKING DOWN MADISONS"
(Kirsty MacColl)

We're drinking down Madisons
I swear we haven't got a game (tomorrow)
No-one ever shot at goal
We were only having fun

"LOVE ACTION" (Human League)

I believe, I believe, what the old man says
Though I know that there's no confidence in the keeper
I believe in Keane, I believe in Psycho
And you know I believe in Des
I believe in Teddy, though he misses a lot

I feel the pain when he's put clean through
No matter what they put me through
I still believe in the Trickies and I say
I love their passing action
The Cup's just a distraction
No tackling, just passing
watching their attractive football

BY DAMIEN MACKINNEY.

"IS HE REALLY GOING TO PICK HIM?"
(JOE JACKSON)

Crappy wingers being robbed by gorillas in my team
From the Trent End I'm staring as my Bovril goes cold
Look over there (where? there!)
There's a winger that I used to know
He plays for Newcastle now, or Palace or someone, so I'm told

Is he really going to pick him
Is he really going to play No.7 tonight
And if my eyes don't deceive me
There's some team going down around here

Tonight's the night when I go to the City Ground to see my team
I pull my hair out and I kid myself they look real smooth
Look over there (where? there!)
There goes Crosby losing the ball again
They say that skill don't count for nothing
So there goes your proof

FAVOURITE REASONS TO BRING ON THE TRAINER

No.2 NIGEL



"I WANT THE COMB AND MIRROR!
IF I GET SPOTTED WITH MY HAIR OUT OF PLACE I'M IN TROUBLE"

ACHILLES

TERMINATOR

THE LIBRARY END



Mentally tortured by the years of abuse and ridicule he received at the hands of opposition fans during his days as a Liverpool player, Graham Souness had become bitter and twisted. He knew that he was the most universally hated player in the history of the game. In his own mind he also knew where the blame lay:- Liverpool Football Club. They were the ones who forced him to play in the style which brought him this unpopularity, and one look at Steve McMahon convinced him they were doing the same all over again.

Revenge was the only answer. He sought sanctuary in Italy and Glasgow whilst he lay the foundations of his master plan. His mind started to play tricks, and there was a huge battle between Souness and his alter ego. Souness lost the battle as the evil took control. Graham Souness had become "ACHILLES TERMINATOR".

His big chance came this year when he was offered the Liverpool managers job. Without anyone ever suspecting, he skillfully ruined Liverpool's chances of winning the League Title, whilst he prepared himself for his major task in the following season.

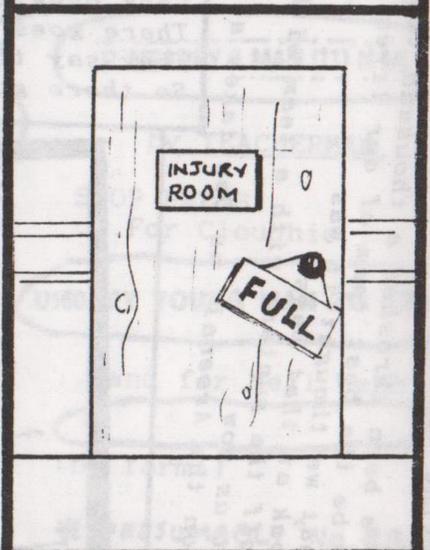
His first task during the close season was to waste a huge amount of money on two sheep. He knew the financial pressure this would place the club under during the season.

His next task was to introduce rigorous training methods under the pretence that players were not fit enough. These were expertly designed to put the maximum amount of pressure on the players achilles tendons. At first everything seemed OK. Gradually however, one by one player after player had to miss matches due to achilles related injuries.

Up to the present day, this pattern is continuing. With each injury Liverpool's performances drop and their previous "invincibility" is fast becoming a thing of the past. Best of all for the Achilles Terminator, nobody suspects a thing.

He believes if he completes his mission, and totally ruins Liverpool Football Club, it could change everybodys' opinion of him and instant popularity will be achieved.

HE COULD BE RIGHT !!!!!



MR CLUMSY REVISITED

Chapman allowed the ball to run out of control when he should have scored in the first minute.

The visitors' best move left Chapman with a clear heading chance only six yards out, but he directed the ball over the bar.

Despite overwhelming possession Leeds created meagre scoring opportunities and when Sterland offered the best to Chapman seven minutes from time, he headed wide of an open goal.

I WAS A TEENAGE RAMFAN!

Because of the very nature of the subject's activities, it was agreed to keep his identity secret. Therefore, from here on in he will be referred to as "Wally"...

B: Wally, tell me a little about yourself. Would you say your present activities had anything to do with a deprived childhood? Is supporting Derby a direct result of a traumatic experience?

W: Well not really, I grew up on a farm in the centre of Derby...

B: ..Don't you mean Derbyshire?

W: No. Derby...haven't you ever been there? My parents made quite a bit of money selling wool, and they used that money to buy my season tickets. that's how it all started.

B: So your association with Rams started early?

W: (leaping to his feet) Look, we agreed not to discuss my personal life!

B: Calm down Wally, I'm talking about you watching the Rams, you know, Derby County, not the, er, other thing.

W: Oh sorry. Well, my Dad first involved me at an early age but as I grew older I found I could indulge in my desires on my own without his encouragement, and besides, when you're in the ground and you're surrounded by others with the same urges as yourself you get a tremendous high, a bit like finding five pence on the pavement.

B: Are you very well known amongst the rest of the group?

W: Yes. when I was 13 back in the early 70's I was the leader of the Popside Boot Boys, always getting into trouble and things. I was once ejected from the ground for drinking battery acid!

B: (laughing) Did the police CHARGE you?

W: No? They let me off with a warning.

B: (sighs deeply) Let's carry on. Things haven't always been easy for people like you have they; relegation, relegation and then more relegation, and you nearly went out

of business altogether. Did the arrival of Robert Maxwell (God rest his soul) herald a new beginning, new hope?

W: Everyone, me included, thought our nightmare existence was coming to an end. Most people believed that our problems would be solved overnight. No more having to pretend you were intelligent and articulate so people wouldn't guess your secret. With a man in charge who would sue the arse off anyone who disapproved of his ways we thought we could finally come out of the closet. Unfortunately, he said a lot but didn't do much.

B: You think he was just full of platitudes?

W: He was full of something, the fat b*****, but whether or not it was those little furry Australian creatures I don't know. Besides, aren't they a protected species? Maybe he just ate their eggs.

B: No Wally, I said PLATITUDES, not...oh forget it! What are your plans for the future? Do you think you could ever be "unfaithful" and travel the few miles to Nottingham and the City Ground?

W: Oh no, never. I couldn't stand all the bright lights, excitement and smiling faces. I've known of people who have though, like Clough, Taylor, Gemmill, O'Hare,

McGovern...I don't fancy travelling the world watching a team play in major competitions, or being surrounded by thousands at Wembley Stadium. No thanks, at least here in Derby the smog and damp conditions keep most people indoors, and you can scurry off home after a match without being seen. And besides, Peter Taylor soon came back, and what have Forest done since he left?

B: Well, they've always finished in the top half of Division One. 2 League Cup wins, one Simod Cup, two FA Cup semis and one Final seem to spring to mind.

W: Yes, but has it made you happy?

B: Oh God, Wally, I think I'm wasting my time... At this point the interview ended when a nurse entered the room with Wally's medication, insisting that he needed rest as too much stress could cause a relapse and the purchase of another season ticket. Many thanks to Derbyshire Royal Infirmary's Psychiatric Wing for enabling this attempt at an interview.

Interview by T.W.

1959 and all that...

A conversation with "Chick" Thomson.

by TIM GOUGH.

TG: A lot of fans of that time will remember with affection and admiration the manager. What are your recollections of Billy Walker?

CT: Billy was one of the 'old school' managers. He never attempted to talk tactics with us - he left that completely to us during the week. His idea was that we were all fairly well established pros and knew how the game was to be played, and he allowed us to do it. The only time he ever came in and said anything was at half-time if we were playing long balls because he wanted it playing to feet most of the time. He was a crafty old devil.

TG: Was he a disciplinarian?

CT: No...not in the sense that he would scream and shout. He knew what he wanted, he told you what he wanted, you either played it his way or you didn't play.

TG: Was he a gentleman?

CT: He was a quiet individual. I never knew him outside of football so I can't comment on his morals or anything of that order.

TG: Through reading his book "SOCCER IN THE BLOOD" he seemed a man of great dignity.

CT: Yes...he was a nice bloke to know. Sometimes some of us - Billy Whare, Stewart Imlach, Jeff Whitefoot - would go out to his house in Ruddington in the evening. There would be Joe Mercer, Eric Houghton and Billy Walker, and I for one just used to sit on the floor with my mouth open listening to these three talk. Joe Mercer... beautiful raconteur of his playing days...

TG: He had a lot of Nottingham connections...

CT: Yes he had...and Eric Houghton also before he moved over to Villa...those three just talking about football was an education.

TG: You may not remember this and probably don't want reminding, but in the

week before the semi-final against Villa you lost at home 7-1 to Birmingham City. Can you remember the manager and team's reaction?

CT: Well, I didn't play in that match. I think we had five changes...MacDonald, McKinlay. Whare possibly didn't play in that match. It was very, very wet...and also we lost 5-1 at Luton in the run-up to the Final. I didn't play in that match either!

TG: Do you have any ONE memory of THAT day?

CT: The whole day was marvellous. Two things really, the first was coming out of the tunnel and the other, because of our circumstances was the final whistle...not me particularly but all the other lads had just run their socks off out there and when the final whistle went it was just a...whoop! But coming out of that tunnel on that day was really terrific.

TG: Do you have a favourite player from that era? And why?

CT: Two players I really admired both at Chelsea: one a veteran and one just a boy wet behind the ears. Ronnie Greenwood at centre-half who, I felt, didn't get a fair enough crack of the whip at Chelsea...he was a very cultured player, a bit like McKinlay in that I never saw him foul a player. Good in the air and on the ground, his calling was good...we had a good understanding. The young one of course was Jimmy Greaves - marvellous to see such talent. Two came together, a chap called David Cliss and Jimmy: funnily enough, David Cliss was the one people thought would go on further than Jimmy.

TG: Why did you leave Chelsea and what were the circumstances that brought you to Forest?

CT: They bought another goalkeeper. Bill Robertson and I were the first team incumbents - they had seven goalkeepers altogether - they bought a chap called Matthews who was then playing for Coventry in the 3rd Division but was the current England goalkeeper. How old would I be - 26, 27-ish - and when you're not regularly in the first team and you get that chance (to move)... It was quite an attraction, especially when I learned Forest had been promoted, and I loved it up here. I loved the training (laughs)... at Chelsea training was very, very hard... very physical. Up here we played with the



Forest keeper Chick Thomson watches helplessly as an effort from Don Pacey (centre) slips past him. (The Luton player on the left is Allan Brown, who later became Forest manager.)

ball most of the time. I think it showed in that first season (57-58).

TG: A couple of questions about the crowd. Firstly, can you remember if a Trent End 'choir' had developed, ie chanting players names/nicknames etc.?

CT: No, no. The nearest you got to that was when you played on the continent. I remember us once playing in Valencia, they had some sort of chant or song and that was the first time we'd ever heard an organised choir or chant, whatever... if you trace it back I think that's where all the trouble comes from.

TG: Well that's exactly what I wanted to come to. Had hooliganism reared its ugly head? Can you recall any crowd incidents that affected you or the Forest team? Any intimidating crowds?

CT: In English football...certainly with Forest I don't think I had any incidents at all...we didn't seem to attract that kind of animosity at Forest: I think we were recognised as a footballing team. TG: Interesting that you say the trouble stemmed from the chanting. I think Ken Smales has gone on record as saying that one was the natural progression from the other...

CT: Well, it's almost like Nationalism: you've got the banners, the arms are up, flags waving, you gather together and anyone else becomes an enemy...it's unfortunate, some of the things that are shouted at football now are just ridiculous, mindless...However, when I was in Scotland we had one or two incidents, mainly because I played in Glasgow. I played for Clyde who were quite a successful team and if we went to Ibrox, 100% protestants, we were a shower of catholic whatever, the Pope was running the line(!), all sorts of things

were said. And if we went to Parkhead we were all protestants - it was all kind of semi-religious. When we came out of Parkhead on the bus we used to duck down behind the seats...it was a bit hectic but it was violence against us, not against the other supporters. At Chelsea we were hated at Everton, I never knew why. It must have been historical as there was no animosity between the players. The crowd would spit and throw all sorts of things at Goodison Park.

TG: That's interesting because I think at one point they cut back the terracing behind the goals because of just that.

CT: That's right, I believe they did, it used to be an unpleasant place to go to... good footballing side though, Everton...I couldn't see any reason for the unpleasantness. And of course in London, at Millwall in the reserves you took your life in your hands (laughs).

TG: Really? In those days?

CT: Oh yes...I remember playing there one new year in a spell of bad weather... the first teams hadn't played and we virtually played both first teams. The ground was packed and I thought the dockers were coming over the barriers... dear oh dear...there were four penalties. I remember saving two. It was in the days when reserves played on Saturdays - it must have been 54-55-ish.

TG: Do you keep in touch with any of the Cup Final team or have any idea what they're doing?

CT: I see Bob McKinlay every so often, Jeff Whitefoot occasionally...Jeff's got a pub at Oakham. I used to see Bill Whare when he was a landlord...I've seen them occasionally but we don't tend to keep in touch - it's lovely to meet them of course.

NAME: Charles "Chick" Thomson.
BORN: 2 March 1930; Perth, Scotland.
FOREST APPEARANCES: 136
(121 Lge, 13 FAC, 1 LC, 1 Other).
PREVIOUS CLUBS: Clyde, Chelsea.
HONOURS: FA Cup (with Forest '59);
League Championship (with Chelsea '55);
Scottish 2nd Division (with Clyde '52).

TG: Can you remember what your Cup Final win bonus was?

CT: I know the band was paid more than the players...I can't remember in all honesty, it would be more than the normal £2.

TG: Nothing excessive.

CT: No - Forest wouldn't give you a ha'penny more than you were entitled to (laughs).

TG: How did your Forest career end? Did Grummitt force you out of the team?

CT: Well...I had back trouble and yes, at that time Peter was playing well. He had a good pair of hands and things were going well for him. Andy Beattie was manager at the time and I'd been relegated to the second team. Forest were my last professional team. I played for Eric Houghton at Rugby Town...he persuaded me (laughs) to play for him for a season to help them win promotion into the Premier League...which we did.

TG: What career did you pursue after football?

CT: When I left Forest I went to Ericsons for 3 years and then joined GKN Engineering where I stayed for 12 years or so, ending up as Divisional Manager. I then decided I'd had enough of that kind of 'rat race' and I decided to do something I WANTED to do. I sat down and discussed things with my family and when my contract was up I joined the Social Services. I spent 12 quite happy years there, bar the last 2 when things were generally pretty bad, and I retired at 60.

TG: Do you still have any affection for Forest? Do you watch out for their results?

CT: Oh certainly. I naturally watch out for 3 results: Clyde, Chelsea and Forest. Forest mainly, because we've decided to stay here, it's where my sons were educated.

TG: From what you've said previously, Forest attempt to play the style you admire...

CT: Yes. I used to go quite regularly and then there was a period. I can't remember the year, when they reached the semi-final and finished high in the League...

TG: 1967...

CT: I didn't like the way the game was played - it appeared too cynical for me. When I go to a football match, I tend to watch it from a technical point of view...the chap who hasn't run who should have, the one that's hiding...

TG: You don't go regularly now?

CT: No...usually only if I take a friend down.

TG: It would be unfair of me to ask your views on the relative merits of the two keepers Crossley and Sutton?

CT: (laughs) Yes.

TG: How do you view the modern game?

Would you have preferred to play now with high wages, massive bonuses etc.?

CT: This question is always asked.

Obviously the money is quite an incentive, if I had my career over again now I'd be fairly well off. I was lucky in that I was never out of a first team squad and the teams I played for, while I played for them, won things. The game today is one heck of a lot faster. It's played at 100 mph but I think there's something missing...there doesn't seem to be the enjoyment there was...

TG: Are footballers under too much pressure with it now being big business?

CT: Well of course it is and they're bound to be...we used to joke a lot and laugh a lot...probably players do now. I don't know, I don't see it...I can remember for instance we went to West Ham and lost 5-4 and it was a tremendous game...

TG: Was this with Chelsea?

CT: ...No, with Forest, and we came off and we were all elated, all 22 players, it had been such a great game. All right, so we'd lost, but they could have lost, it was one of those games when half chances were taken, great goals...

TG: The game was perhaps more important than the result?

CT: Pros hate to lose, it's always been within my nature to win. I'd love to have my career again, it was 14 lovely years... the travel and the people I met. There's a lot of skill around now and the guys are very fit but I see too many frowning faces and it must be the money they're earning...when there's players locally earning £4,000 a week that's a big responsibility.

TG: Are goalkeepers over-protected now? Were you ever shoulder-charged into the net? Any centre-forwards you had run-ins with?

CT: Yes, many. Taking the last part first I reckon I must have been pushed.

shoved into the back of the net well into double figures...You were meat, you were chased all over the area. You had to bounce the ball every three steps and there were two or three of them having a go at you. You had to have your defence well-organised while these things were happening. I've had a few dead legs with a few bruises in my time!

TG: Any particular forwards?

CT: Aye, a few. There was a chap called Dixon who played for Everton. He was well-known for doing it by all the goalkeepers. He had a bad reputation but he and I never used to have any bad words because he always came fairly, always front on, and you knew he was coming and had to protect yourself - and if you hurt him he'd smile and say "my turn next". Trevor Ford was another one. Nat Lofthouse, although he would never put himself in a position where he'd get hurt himself. I'm trying to remember another one...McParland of Aston Villa, he was a naughty one, he used to hurt you.

Nowadays (laughs), I jokingly say: if anyone looks at you the wrong way the ref gives a foul, they play with a beach ball and they've got whacking great gloves (laughs). How they let goals in I don't know (more laughs). The ball they play with now, it's so light. That old leather thing we used to play with, when it was wet it was like soap, it was heavy...

TG: That's true is it? You hear many people say it was like a lump of soap...it really was?

CT: Oh yes...and the laces, if they weren't done up properly...I mean, I've seen players head the ball, go off and have three stitches above an eye. If

there was a cinder track around the pitch there would be bits of grit in the leather...and it was so heavy...you tried to take a good kick into the wind and rain (laughs)...Aye, nowadays they're protected all right.

TG: If they had such a bad deal, how come you ended up being a goalkeeper?

CT: Well...I had to play rugby at school, I went to Perth Academy, but we would sometimes play football in the afternoons. I used to play right-half and I thought I was very good, but I always remember once...My team were losing 6-1 at half-time and we had a team meeting and as I was the tallest I was put in goal. We only lost 7-1 so the next week I was asked to play in goal again. I found that I quite liked it. My father had been a professional goalkeeper and my grandfather had been a goalie so maybe it's in my genes!

(After taking in Trent Bridge Cricket Ground, the 1991 FA Cup Final, players abusing their talents and Paul Gascoigne, the conversation switched to Stuart Pearce).

TG: I think it's unfair that he (Pearce) is overlooked for the England captaincy because of his reluctance to speak to the press.

CT: I think that's probably been handed down from Mr Clough himself. Nowadays you can be so misrepresented when talking to the press, there's maybe two lines about the game and the rest is all about what somebody said to somebody else. People see Stuart Pearce's enthusiasm and they follow him. The three players I used to watch at Forest were Stuart Pearce, Neil Webb and Cloughie. Webb and Clough were



Forest's trainer, Tommy Graham, helps goalkeeper Charlie Thomson to have a drink of champagne from the newly-won Cup, a pleasant change from the cold-sponge treatment he usually administers!

**FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION
CUP FINAL**



**EMPIRE STADIUM
WEMBLEY**

**LUTON TOWN
v
NOTTINGHAM FOREST**

SATURDAY MAY 2 1959

**DAILY EXPRESS
COMMUNITY SINGING**

the playmakers as far as I was concerned. Webb would open up a game. Some of Cloughie's passes were so astute you just had to stand and admire them. Then there's Stuart Pearce with his fierceness and robustness that makes you do things...he's a good captain of Forest and I see no reason why he shouldn't captain England. Going back to Webb, when he was at Forest he seemed to have the time and the quality...he was elegant. And Cloughie used to take so much punishment but he just gets on with the game. I remember Tom Finney used to take some awful punishment, but I never heard him say anything, that's good control. (The conversation then switched back to Trent Bridge Cricket Ground - the playing and watching of cricket being one of the greatest loves of Charlie Thomson).

Thanks very much for your time Mr Thomson - I would have loved to have printed the bits you asked me not to!

WEST STANDING ENCLOSURE ENTER AT TURNSTILES (See plan & conditions on back) ENTRANCE H 58

EMPIRE STADIUM, WEMBLEY
The Football Association
Cup Competition
FINAL TIE

SATURDAY, MAY 2nd, 1959
KICK-OFF 3 p.m.

Price 3/6

Procurement Limited
Chairman
Wembley Stadium Limited

THIS PORTION TO BE RETAINED
This Ticket is issued on the condition that it is not re-sold for more than its face value.

ROUND SIX

The End of Bolton's Bid

BOLTON'S bid to keep their second year came to an abrupt end against a polished, full-of-ideas Forest. Never-say-die Tommy Wilson scored both goals—three minutes after the start, two minutes before the interval—and though Bolton replied through Brian Birch in a mid-second half come-back the Reds always looked the side that was going to qualify for a place in the last four.

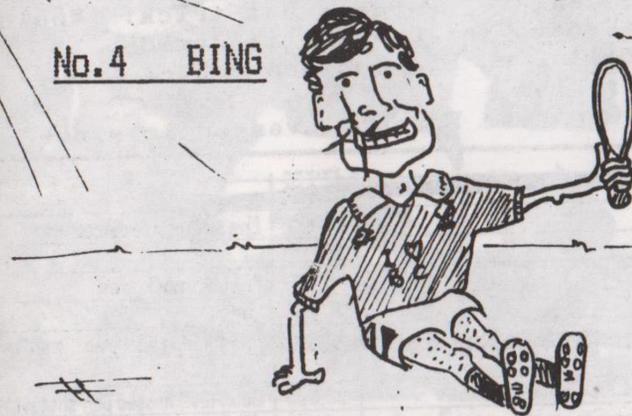
Two-goal Tommy Wilson gets the hero's treatment.

The Birmingham NEC on November 22nd was the venue for a very peculiar sporting event; Martin Gore and Andy Fletcher versus England/Nottingham Forest footballers Stuart Pearce and Steve Hodge at table soccer! Martin and Fletch won 10 goals to 8. The so-called football 'pros' were seen to hang their heads in shame at the result.



FAVOURITE REASONS TO BRING ON THE TRAINER

No. 4 BING



"CAN I HAVE A MIRROR PLEASE, I WANT TO CHECK MY LOVELY SMILE"



Psycho's threat to Kylie SICKO HELL SEE INSIDE

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE'D SIGNED FOR DERBY...

The Story Teller

My love of football, and Forest in particular, was nurtured by my Nana, Hilda Burton (sadly she died in 1978). Her husband, and my Grandpa, was Noah Burton, whom older readers will remember for his stint at the club between 1918 and 1932. Noah was known as "The Goal King" for his



elaborate attempts at landing in the penalty area no matter where he was actually fouled (and you thought it was a continental trick!). I never knew my Grandpa as he passed away many years before I was born, but my Nana fired my imagination with tales of Forest from days gone by.

My favourite story concerns the club mascot. In those days this was a donkey who would be paraded around the pitch and taken to the centre circle when the toss was made before the game could start. Now donkeys have a reputation for stubbornness and this one was no exception. On one occasion the toss was made with the donkey in attendance and the Officials then tried to lead the animal off the pitch so that the game could commence, but the donkey refused to budge and it took several minutes and a lot of coaxing before the beast could be led to safety. Could you imagine Des Lynam announcing a delayed kick-off on *Grandstand* for this reason now?? This is probably why children are now used as mascots - if the child won't move you can just pick up the little darling and carry it away! (The name of the donkey escapes me, but "Tony" rings a bell...)

Another tale concerns the term "hat-trick". Apparently, in the days when my Grandpa donned the Garibaldi if you scored 3 goals in one game the club rewarded you not with a cash bonus but with a brand new hat. On one occasion my Grandpa scored two hat-tricks in three days, over the Easter weekend, and gained new head attire for both himself and my Nana. In these days of excessive wages it would have to be one snazzy chapeau to repay a hat-trick! (Would we have got one to fit Jemmo following his Southampton FA Cup treble?)

One year Forest invested in a new

	LEAGUE		FA CUP		TOTAL	
	App	Gls	App	Gls	App	Gls
1921-22	41	4	4	1	45	5
1922-23	42	2	3	0	45	2
1923-24	7	0	1	0	8	0
1924-25	29	1	1	0	30	1
1925-26	26	6	2	1	28	7
1926-27	33	12	2	1	35	13
1927-28	31	15	5	0	36	15
1928-29	29	10	1	0	30	10
1929-30	35	7	5	2	40	9
1930-31	22	0	0	0	22	0
1931-32	1	0	0	0	1	0
	296	57	24	5	320	62

32	Apr 5	Subsidiary	H	Leicester Fosse	L	0-2		10,000	
33	10	Subsidiary	A	Leicester Fosse	L	0-1		6,000	Five successive defeats
34	18	Subsidiary	H	Notts County	W	3-2	Burton 3	18,000	
35	19	Friendly	A	West Ham United	D	0-0		16,000	Full team not known
36	21	Subsidiary	A	Notts County	W	3-1	Burton 3	20,000	
37	22	War-time	A	Barnsley	L	2-3	Shaw 2	18,000	The winning goal was 'fisted' in
38	26	Friendly	A	South Shields	L	0-2		8,000	
39	May 10	Champ 1	H	Everton	D	0-0		20,000	Gault (Ev.) missed pen-shot wide
40	17	Champ 2	A	Everton	W	1-0	Burton	40,000	Won Championship play-off agg (1-0)

THE WEEKEND NOAH BOWLER-ED NOTTS OVER (sic)

set of goalposts and the old ones consequently found a home in Nana's back garden. A young lad used to call round to practice penalties against my Nana, who fancied herself as a keeper in those days. That young lad grew up to join the Forest playing staff and was none other than the wonderfully named Redfern Froggatt. His name can still be found on the back cover of *When Saturday Comes* advertising a 50's blue & white striped Sheffield Wednesday shirt, but whether he ever took a penalty for Forest I do not know.

In her latter years Nana was no longer able to attend Forest games, but kept up with the Reds by listening to them on the radio whilst "strangling" a toy black cat she'd had for many years. How the cat survived for so long with a wrung neck I don't know, but it played its' own little part in Forest's Championship season. (Have any other "animals" suffered in such a way just to bring luck to a football team?)

For all these memories and more I have my Nana to thank.

by THE STUDENT.

Noah Burton's consecutive hat-tricks were scored against Notts, home and away, in a subsidiary competition of the Wartime League Midland Division in 1918/19. Forest finished top of the Midland Division proper and went on to win the Victory Shield by beating Northern Champions Everton over two legs, Noah Burton scoring the only goal of the tie at Goodison. Redfern Froggatt did not make a first team appearance for Forest, but went on to enjoy a highly successful career at Sheffield Wednesday.

VICTORY SHIELD CHAMPIONS, 1919

Standing (left to right): T. Holford, J. Mills, H. Bulling, H. Lowe, S. Hardy, J. Jones, H. Wightman, P. Barratt, J. Armstrong and W. Tinsley.

Sitting: J. Rawson (Committee), R. G. Marsters (Sec.), J. Birch, D. Shea, E. Gibson, N. Burton and H. Martin.



Noah and the boys before the game at Goodison. Note the Invisible Man, far right, signed from Billy the Fish's Fulchester Rovers.

Local News



● Drac's back: Steve Chettle, left, and Stuart Johnson get in the mood for the big night
Picture by BRIAN ROBINSON

You can Count on eerie night!

THE amazing Count Dracula Brothers have risen from the grave for a spooky Hallowe'en night's entertainment at Stockton's Dovecot Arts Centre.

The blood-sucking vampires, alias music officer Stuart Johnson and visual arts officer Steve Chettle, will be forgoing their nightly hunt for unsuspecting victims tonight to welcome visitors to a special showing of the original Dracula film, the 1922 silent classic Nosferatu.

The movie will be accompanied by a specially commissioned score, to be performed live

by its composer Paul Robinson and the Harmonie Band.

"It will certainly be a different way of celebrating Hallowe'en," said Stuart. "We will also be having games, like apple bobbing, as well as baked potatoes.

Ghoulish

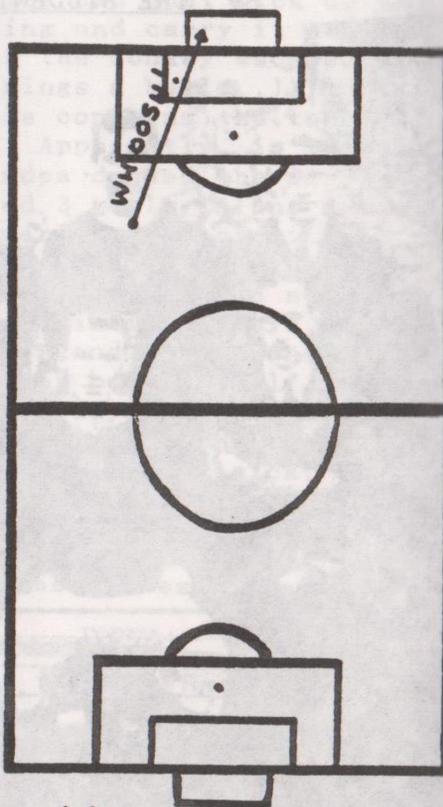
"And we're hoping people will get into the spirit of things by getting dressed up in their ghoulish garb."

The event, which starts at 8pm, marks the close of the 1991 Cleveland Visual Arts Festival and the start of the Dovecot's recital season.

SAPLINGS

Poor old Chet, unsure of his first team place and not wanting a transfer (he couldn't play AGAINST the Reds!), he's trying his luck in the world of theatre. Fright mask borrowed from Peter Beardsley!

Classic "No 3" Moments



YOU REDS!

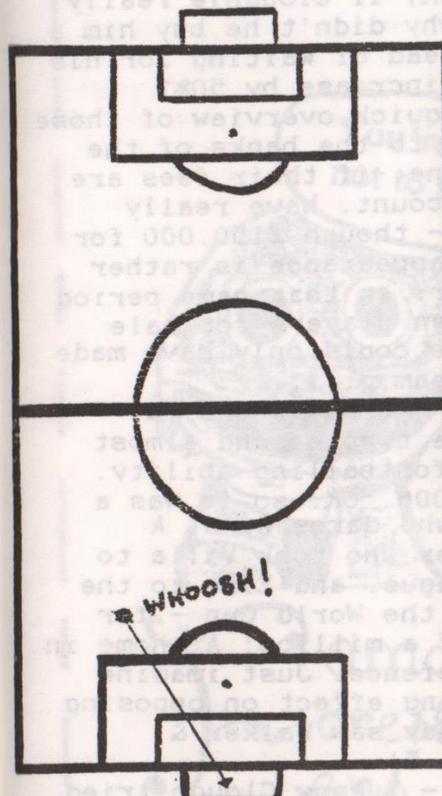
No. 1 v MAN UTD (A)
SEPT. 1990

ROY'S TOP TEN PERFORMANCES...

- 1) WIMBLEDON (h) - Sep 91
- 2) NOTTS CO (a) - Aug 91
- 3) WEST HAM (sf) - Apr 91
- 4) BOLTON (a) - Oct 91
- 5) PALACE (h) - Jan 91
(2nd Replay)
- 6) OLDHAM (h) - Aug 91
- 7) DERBY (h) - Apr 91
- 8) CHELSEA (h) - Apr 91
- 9) MAN UTD (a) - Sep 90
(Neil Webb? Who he?)
- 10) SPURS (h) - Oct 90
FRANCIS REEVES.

Classic "No 3" Moments

YOU REDS!



No. 2 v PALACE (H)
NOV. 1991

BRIAN #209

On a recent trip into the future, I found the following page blowing around the half-empty Wilford Leisuredrome.....

so if you want there to be an Issue 210, please buy one of our BRIAN souvenir holograms to commemorate our appearance in the FA Premier League Cup Final at the Birmingham International Stadium.
RED REG.
PS Sorry about the "Gremlins" with computer type-face. We'll iron out the problem soon, honest!

WEMBLEY REMEMBERED

by Headmasterman

Alex Pension-Book's article in BRIAN 208, pointing out that once again, there have been 32 years between Reds Cup Final appearances, has prompted me to write with a few reminiscences of that wonderful 1991 team.

If you think this team's good, then bye heck, you should have seen them lads last century! Take the captain, Pearce. Hard? He used to come out half an hour before the start of the match and go through a whole series of shows of physical strength. I remember he took a free-kick once and kicked the ball so far they had to wait two hours for the ball-boy to retrieve it from Loughborough.

And our current No. 8 is supposedly a bit of a boozier. Back in '91 we had a Scotch lad called Wilson who'd still be ordering the last round in the TBI at 5 to 3, come on the pitch totally paraletic, and he was still crap.

Some people say our number four's fast, but Des Walker could give him a 99 yard start in a 100 yard dash and still beat him. He was so fast he used to sit on a deckchair on the 18 yard line and only get up when the forward was about to shoot. Blocked it every time.

Aye, and we had an Irish lad, Keane. He could leap so high he once knocked himself out on the Clough Stand roof (in those days the Trent End & Main Stand also had cover - and you may not believe this, but that year we actually believed they'd roof the Bridgford!).

And the manager in them days, Mr Clough, he used to hit our supporters if they dared to celebrate a win - although that year, there wasn't much celebrating, as (and you'll never believe this) Derby beat us (he's outrageous! He's obviously senile. No more of this nonsense... Ed)...

Left Back vs Left Back

by A. Mosner

Just like last century, when he left out the superior Williams for Pearce, Lord Clough has now dropped Jenkins.

Why oh why must we put up with this.. Come on, Mr Clough, we fans deserve an explanation blah blah blah...

Window Shopping

It's an immutable and inexplicable law of Christmas that whatever you buy your children, their mate's present is always "much better than mine" (unless you're horribly rich and can afford to buy your offspring everything that they want and more besides). In football the opposite tends to apply. A loyal supporter will often defend a player he does not particularly like against criticism from other clubs - Gary Charles is not the most popular man at Forest at the moment, but how many Reds fans would not argue with a Gooner that he is better than Lee Dixon? Well, I would like to take the opposite view, and after considering some of our signings over the past few years I will take a look at some of those received by our "mates" - that we should and perhaps should have moved for...

The summer of 1988 saw two major arrivals at the City Ground. STEVE HODGE settled in straight away, enjoying a productive partnership with Webb. The following year Harry had to shoulder the midfield burden pretty much on his own - which he did superbly, finishing as the club's leading scorer. Last season saw more good form, in a year blighted by injury which led ultimately to his Cup Final exclusion and rather acrimonious departure. The debate about his exit rolls on in the BRIAN, but nobody can deny that his return was a success. BRIAN LAWS had to wait a few months to make his mark properly in the first team, but when he did break through his early performances were the best I've seen from a right-back (you're showing your age there duck - Ed). He's never really recaptured that form but he's still a steady player. LEE CHAPMAN's stay was relatively brief, but was distinguished by a good goals/games record (yet however many he scored he still reminded me of Boxer from "Animal Farm").

JOHN SHERIDAN's (who?) time here was even shorter and he never got the chance to distinguish himself. Opinions about his departure were mixed, but those who think his form at Wednesday indicates a bad decision ought to note the amount of Sheridan's work that the excellent

Carlton Palmer does for him. TODDI ORLYGSSON did not cost much and did not do much. A bright start faded more rapidly than our annual pre-season title optimism. Criticism was aimed at IAN WOAN for his ineffectiveness in the Cup Final, but he was no more culpable than many of the others. I like Woan, despite his idleness.

The best buy of recent years has to be ROY KEANE, whose valuation has risen from the original purchase price far faster than shares in your average government sell off. I don't think I need to highlight his importance to the team.

So we come to the latest batch of recruits. TEDDY SHERINGHAM - £2million? Too much, but that's not Ted's fault. I was doubtful at the start of the season, but he's rapidly endearing himself to me as he both takes and makes a lot of goals. CARL TILER started very impressively but struggled later. How he reacts to his spell in the reserves will be crucial. I'll give him the benefit of the doubt. As for KINGSLEY BLACK, if Cloughie really wanted him, why didn't he buy him a year ago instead of waiting for his valuation to increase by 50%?

So that's a quick overview of those we have lured to the banks of the Trent, and none, if their fees are taken into account, have really disappointed - though £150,000 for one Sheridan appearance is rather steep. However, in that same period there have been players for sale whose purchase could only have made us a better team.....

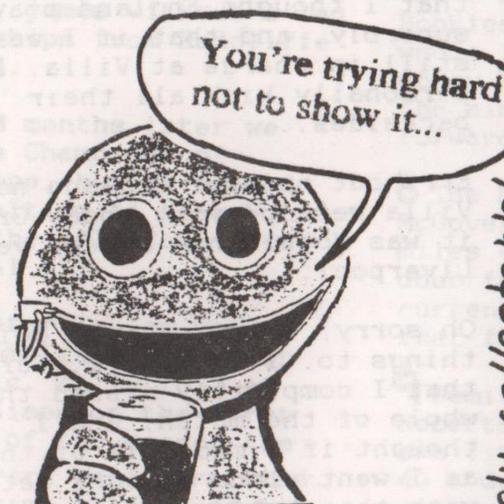
PAUL McGRATH - Dodgy knees, a fondness for a tippie, and almost incomparable footballing ability. All for £400,000. OK, so it was a risk, but he who dares wins. A majestic player who took Villa to 2nd in the League, and Eire to the last eight of the World Cup - for less than half a million! At home in midfield or defence. Just imagine the demoralising effect on opposing strikers if they saw Walker & McGrath at 4 & 5!

GARY LINEKER - I know Clough tried to get him and failed, but he's such a good player that I had to include him. If Keane is the best of the bargain basement buys of recent

IT'S THAT NICE MAN AGAIN!



years, then Lineker, at just over £1million, has to be the best of the big money ones. Des often contains him well and thus we don't see him at his best, but I think the match in August - when he was free of the Walker shackles - gave some indication as to his range of skills. And consider the joint best forward in the country at running onto through-balls playing alongside



immensely collectable!

Famous Forest and

NO.3 - ZIPPY FROM RAINBOW

one of the best suppliers of such passes. A combination made in heaven.

ANDY TOWNSEND - Went to Chelsea (a club of comparable stature to our own?) for £1.5million - the Webb money. And he's at least as good a player as Webb. Currently the best midfielder in England, along with Roy. Graham Taylor must be cursing the fact that those two plus McGrath and Sheridan are Irish, while Geoff Thomas and Andy Gray are English.

ROD WALLACE - Always impressive when we played the Saints. And at £1.5million - as much as Kingsley. Skilful, but not a shirker. The best description would be a "Franz who can cross the ball". Add his speed onto the aforementioned through-balls and you're talking lots of goals for Forest.

TONY COTON - Has developed into a truly excellent keeper at Manchester City. Yet another million pound man, but he would be worth it. I like Norman, but you can't deny that he is making mistakes and you can't tolerate them forever. We all know Clough rates the goalkeeping position highly so why not buy the best? Or even CHRIS WOODS?

ALAN SHEARER - I know he has not been sold (yet) and also that he is far from popular on Trentside. But I think he's future England material, and I think a sizeable bid would have moved him in the summer. And if we'd bought him Tiler wouldn't have been suspended....

I hope the above article is not construed as being critical of the lads currently occupying the Garibaldi, because it is not that at all. What it is is a look at those I feel could contribute even more to our quest to make Nottingham Forest rule supreme. And at little extra outlay than we have spent anyway. How about this for a team....?

- COTON
- | | | | |
|---------|----------|-------|------|
| CHARLES | PEARCE | | |
| WALKER | McGRATH | | |
| WALLACE | TOWNSEND | KEANE | WOAN |
| CLOUGH | LINEKER | | |

by FRANCIS REEVES.

The MATCH

by JANETTE.

The scene is set at the end of The Match. during which Forest have just beaten Super Pool 4-0 (well. we can dream. can't we?!)

Back in the Studio. Elton Welsby is discussing the match with Gary Lineker.

EW: Well Gary. if we can just go over the goals once more. As you're about to see. I think there is a possibility that one or even all of the goals were offside.

The replay is shown. showing all the goals. The first is a Psycho free-kick from 40 goals. so powerful that the linesmen have to fit new netting into the goalmouth before play can be continued. The second and third goals are scored by Nigel Clough. one being a header and the other a shot from 25 yards. The fourth comes from Teddy Sheringham. who beats the entire Liverpool defence before slicing the ball past Grobbelaar into an open net.

GL: Well I have to say that I disagree with you on that one Elton. I thought they were four great goals. As a striker myself. I especially enjoyed those scored by Clough and Sheringham. Mind you. had I been Sherry. I would have picked up that ball from our own half. and then dribbled it through midfield beating every single member of the Liverpool squad before scoring. because it always looks better that way when it's live on TV. and if I could just add one more point. Elt...

EW: Sorry Gary. if I can just interrupt you there. let's go over to Gary Newbon. who is at this moment talking to the Liverpool manager. Graeme Souness.

GN: Graeme. this poor display today leaves you eight points behind Arsenal. With only one match of the season left. do you still think you're in with a chance of winning the League title?

GS: Och aye. we wuz robbed...blah blah blah...the FA will give us the trophy anyway. cos we're the best...blah blah blah...all the goals were offside...when I was at Rangers...

GN: (At this point looking flustered)...Err. thanks for your comments. Graeme. and if I can just bring someone else in to air their views in the form of the England manager. Graham Taylor...

GT: Thank you Gary. and I'd like to take this opportunity to say that I thought England played superbly. and that if I was still in charge at Villa. I'd personally kick all their backsides...

GN: Err. but neither England nor Villa were playing today Graham. it was Nottingham Forest versus Liverpool.

GT: Oh sorry. I was so busy doing things to. I mean with. Gary that I completely missed the whole of the match. and I thought if I made all of this up as I went along I might get away with this bull. as I am the England manager. you know. and am allowed to do what I want...

At this point the plug is pulled out of Network TV everywhere.
THE SCENE ENDS.

14 Things you might have forgotten about That Championship Season and the men who made it.

1 Peter Withe was top scorer with a mere twelve goals (well actually he was joint top with Robbo. but the latter's tally included one or two penalties).

2 Dave McKay told BC that he'd "never achieve anything at Forest". which just shows how much he knows about football. and indeed his former manager.

3 To commemorate his famous crack about bursting bubbles. Bob Wilson receives a free box of "Matey" bubble bath (it cleans the bath as well) from NFFC each Christmas.

4 John Robertson would never board the coach to away games without a bag of chips from Radcliffe Road.

5 18 months later we were Champions of Europe. but we needed penalties to beat Notts in the 1977 County Cup Final.

6 Peter Taylor was an accomplished stand-up comic. At 10 to 3 at Goodison on the first day of the season the players were terrified. In came Pete to do his turn. we won 3-1 and the rest. as they say. is history. Perhaps this idea could be re-worked with a Comedy Store type club being set up in the dressing room for an hour prior to each home game - it'd certainly be more fun than Cambridge United's cold showers!

7 Kenny Burns is actually a teetotaler who's never been in a Bookies in his life. His whole image was thought up by Peter Taylor with the aim of frightening forwards. It worked.

8 The much maligned John McGovern used to run 3 miles every day. It's doubtful that half our current lot could run that far at all.

9 Demi-God John Robertson also had his own fitness plan; smoke 40 a day. go boozing most nights and never break into anything faster than a trot unless you absolutely have to.

10 Manchester United 0 Nottingham Forest 4. No way will anyone have forgotten that one. but it does roll off the typewriter nicely.

11 The Shilton-Tina business was allegedly a set-up by the lady in question and her husband to try to tap our Peter for a few grand.

12 Despite his name. Ian Bowyer is the natural heir to the Bernard Matthews' turkey fortune.

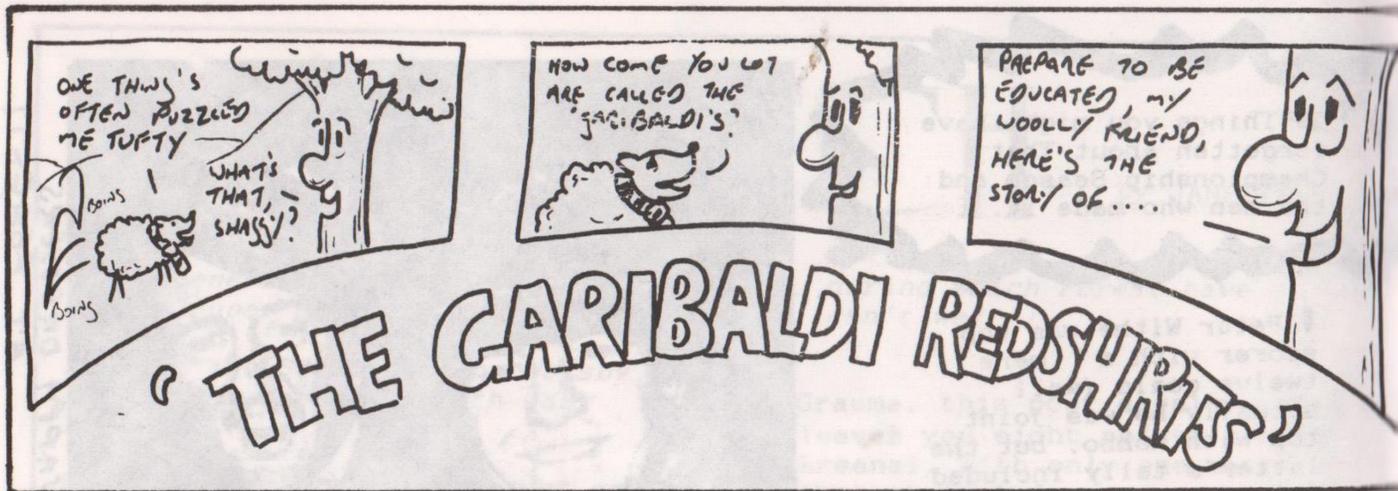
13 Kenny Burns missed the last game of the season. away to Liverpool. as he'd been sipping orange juices in London the previous night at his Player of the Year bash. Doubtless the 0-0 would have turned into a Tricky win had he played.

14 Next time around. please can we win it somewhere a little more interesting than Coventry?



WE'VE ALWAYS HAD SNAPPY DRESSERS AT FOREST!

"BRIAN" SUBSCRIPTIONS: are available at £5.70 for six issues, £9.50 for 10 issues. Please make cheques payable to J.S.Pritchard. BRIAN, 3 Crossman Street, Sherwood, Nottingham NG5 2HR.



Giuseppe Garibaldi was born in Nice in 1807. Nice at that time was part of Napoleon's France but, post 1815, it became encompassed within the kingdom of Sardinia.

The young Garibaldi, like his peer Mazzini, took an early interest in politics. He joined Mazzini's Young Italian Movement but was captured during an attempt to seize Genoa in 1834. He escaped to South America and became involved in revolutionary movements there, gaining a heroes welcome as a guerilla leader.

He returned to Italy at the time of the 1848 revolutions and, with Mazzini, founded the Roman republic in 1849 after the Pope had fled. But after the failure of these moves he returned to his island home of Caprera off the coast of Sardinia.

During the war in 1859, between Piedmont-Sardinia and Austria, he made a name for himself once again as an unorthodox soldier. Such was his reputation that, when Mazzini urged him to lead an expedition to help rebels on the island of Sicily, he had no difficulty in getting volunteers.

*** THE GARIBALDI REDSHIRTS ***

So began the legendary voyage of Garibaldi and his volunteer army of a Thousand Red Shirts. They sailed from Sardinia in two steamers and landed at Marsala in Sicily, where they began to organise and train the Sicilian patriots who flocked to their colours.

Although there was a large Neopolitan garrison on the island, Garibaldi was able to overcome resistance, using daring guerilla tactics and striking wherever the enemy was weakest. Soon his soldiers had liberated Palermo,

the Sicilian capital, and went on to invade the Italian mainland. Garibaldi entered Naples on 7 September 1860. By this time there were thousands of recruits from all over Europe in his army, including a British legion of 650 men.

Garibaldi had thus liberated the whole of Southern Italy but his life was dominated by one thought: the Unification of Italy. The burgeoning reputation of this seemingly indefatigable patriot and increasingly charismatic figure was not lost on King Emmanuel II or Prime Minister Cavour.



The very first TRENT END HERO??

There were now fears that Garibaldi would turn his sights on Rome and be persuaded by Mazzini to form a republic. Accordingly Cavour persuaded Victor Emmanuel II to lead an army of 35,000 soldiers into the Papal States to forestall any attempt by Garibaldi to attack Rome.

In October the people of the Two Sicilies voted overwhelmingly to join the union of Italian states in the north. On 26 October 1860 came the historic meeting between Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel II, which was reported as follows in the *Illustrated London News*:

Seeing the red shirts, the King took a telescope, and, recognizing Garibaldi, put spurs to his horse and galloped towards him. Garibaldi did the same. When they were within ten paces of each other, the officers of the King and of Garibaldi shouted 'Long live Victor Emmanuel!' Garibaldi advanced, took off his hat, and, in a voice somewhat hoarse from emotion, said, 'King of Italy!'

Victor Emmanuel put his hand to his kepi (army cap), then held it out to Garibaldi, and equally moved, replied, 'Thank you!' They stood thus, hand in hand nearly a minute, without uttering another word.

With this momentous and symbolic gesture Garibaldi's mission, and indeed his vision, had finally been realised.

*** THE FOREST GARIBALDIS ***

In the 1860's he was widely viewed throughout Europe as an inspirational figure, a brilliant soldier who led his troops with daring courage and speed. It was little wonder that his spectacular exploits captured the admiration and respect of the then embryonic

Nottingham Forest footballers, who duly adopted Garibaldi's trademark "Redshirts" as their own colours. The nickname "Garibaldis" was born.



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI by Saverio Altamura

The earliest reported use of said nickname occurred in the first local derby between Forest and Notts, played on 22 March 1866, and which assumed the billing "THE GARIBALDIS v THE LAMBS" - Notts County being initially nicknamed after the gangs of Victorian youths who roamed the streets looking for trouble.

Giuseppe Garibaldi died in 1882, his place in history assured and, in a way, is now celebrated each and every time the modern day Trentside Garibaldis take the field.

by TIM



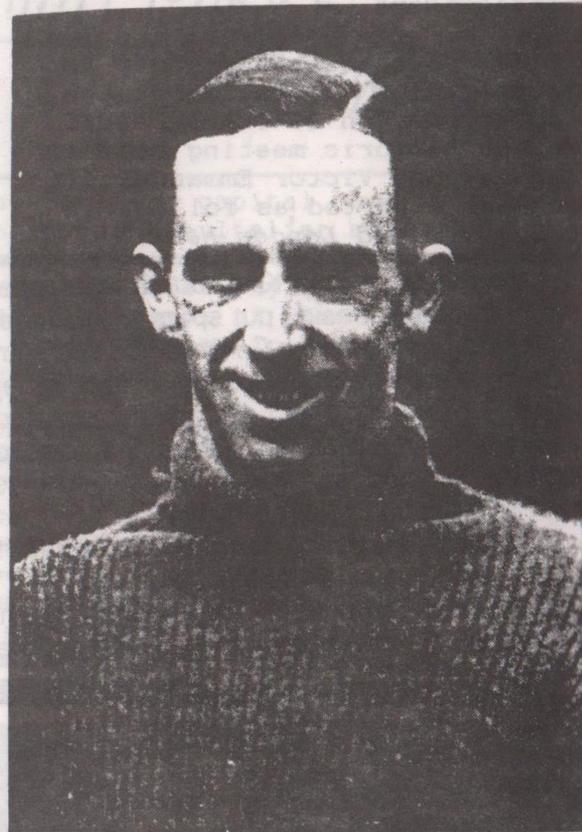
MISTER UNIVERSE

FOREST HAVE ALWAYS HAD A TRADITION OF ATTRACTIVE PLAYERS, NONE MORE HANDSOME THAN THESE FOUR...



IAN BOWYER
circa 1974, in
sergeant - major
stylee

But it's King Kenny who won the Mister Universe trophy...



ARTHUR DEXTER
.. Phwoorr!!...



MR BRYLCREEM
HIMSELF, TOMMY
GEMMELL



GETTING SHIRTY...

Billy Bragg finally sees sense and forsakes the 'Ammers to join the ever-growing ranks of Celebrity Tricky fans (Darryl & Philip of The Pogues, Depeche Mode (sort of), er, Gerard Langley of the Blue Aeroplanes... Black Lace, Leslie Crowther...) Old Big Nose appears to be wearing a 60s away shirt, but when will someone resurrect these old 2nd Division Classics, as modelled by Garry & Martin?



BBC 1 Yuletide TV

09:15 FILM: WHEN HARRY MET HOWIE.
Can a midfielder and a manager be friends, or must playing always get in the way? Harry fears the latter until he meets Howie when...oh, he's injured again.

11:15 MILFORD'S ABOUT!
More bewildering japery from the lightly-permed master of practical jokes. Who is he going to bewilder next? Watch out - it could be you!

11:45 FILM: THE FISHER BING.
Robin Williams stars as a hopelessly misunderstood carpenter in the guise of a flying winger. His search for the holy grail, believed to be hidden in Trentside, features many fierce battles with two-headed full-backs and the wrath of the "Redandwhite Army".

14:00 CHALLENGE ANNEKA.
"This time I want a really difficult challenge!". appeals Anneka. "Give us a winning team then!". cry the residents of Derby.

15:00 FILM: DEAD AGAIN.
A supernatural thriller with a bizarre twist. Emma Thompson stars as "Deano", a woolly turncoat who thinks he's escaped from Div. 2. But his season turns sour and the fleecy flop feels himself being dragged back to face old nightmares again...

17:00 ONLY FOOLS AND DONKEYS.
Comedy series featuring "Tone Boy" and his plonkers, who, strangely enough, finish up with more silverware than you'd imagine.

17:30 CLOSEDOWN
(all grounds with less than 20,000 seats).

09:30 THE MATCH.
Liverpool v Man Utd live from Anfield. All the action from this top-of-the-table clash, introduced by Elton Welsby. Expert analysis from Trevor Francis and Trevor Brooking.

11:30 THE MATCH.
Man Utd v Everton live from Old Trafford. All the action from this top-of-the-table clash, introduced by Elton Welsby. Expert analysis from Connie Francis and Monica Seles.

13:30 THE MATCH.
Arsenal v Liverpool live from Wembley Stadium. All the action from this top-of-the-table clash, introduced by Elton John. Expert analysis from Amanda de Cadenet and Zippy from "Rainbow".

15:30 THE MATCH.
Man Utd v Spurs live from the Hacienda. All the action from this top-of-the-table clash.

introduced by Jim Rosenthal. Expert analysis from a 1967 Hillman Minx and Lionel Blair.

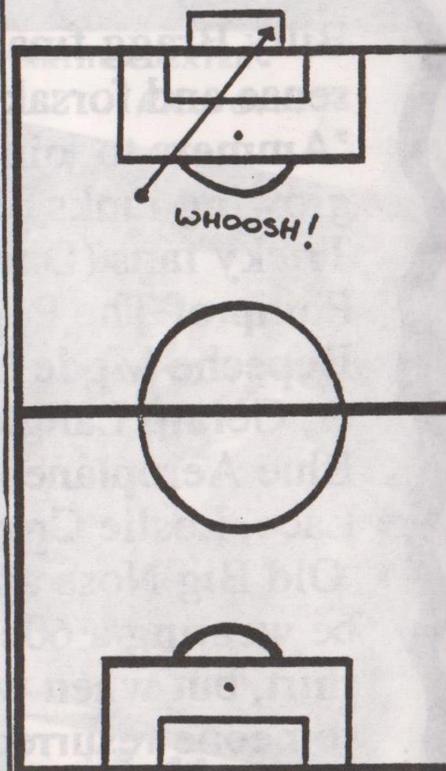
17:30 THE MATCH.
Liverpool v Spurs v Everton live from Old Trafford. All the action from this World Wrestling Foundation Triple Header, with expert analysis from David Coleman and Anita Harris.

19:30 THE MATCH.
Highlights from today's top-of-the-table encounters.

23:30 CLOSEDOWN
(of everywhere).

ITV

Classic
"No 3"
Moments
YOU REDS!



No. 3 v VILLA (H)
JAN. 1989

FOOTIE FILM FESTIVAL

Meanwhile, subscribers to The Movie Channel can exclusively enjoy the following films (run in rotation until next November...)

THE GREEN CARD (15)

After a chat with Liverpool manager Graeme Souness at half-time in the Liverpool v Forest encounter, top* referee George Courtney decides to invent a new card - the Green Card. It is to be shown if any player dares to attempt to tackle a Liverpool player, and results in the offending player being sent off - and thenceforth to Derby on loan - and Liverpool being awarded a penalty (to be re-taken if saved). However, the Trickies have one last hope...Mark Wright!

HOME ALONE (PG)

Whingeing Warnock, manager of Notts County, is confident of a victory over Wimbledon in the League on the same night that arch-rivals Forest take on Manchester United in the FA Cup. Imagine his surprise when he steps out at Meadow Lane to find he is the only spectator...

THE NAKED GUN (X-RATED)

Fresh from a stretch in prison, Arsenal hero and heart-throb Tony Adams steps out to make his comeback in the live TV game v Liverpool. However, things turn sour when our four-legged-friend realises he has forgotten to put his strip on...

by JON RESTALL.



But baby, baby
I know it...

store in a dry,
clean place

Famous
Forest
fans

No. 4 -
TIGGER

CLASSIC 0-0'S OF OUR TIME. No. 4. MANCHESTER UNITED (h) 19th March 1988

Not really a classic, this one. It wasn't a particular bore and it didn't exactly thrill anyone. However, it does enable me to raise a few (not very) interesting points.

The first is that this game recalls the time when Forest had a good team, not just good individuals. And even allowing for the less than godlike talent of Wilkinson up front and the inconsistencies of the fledglings Wilson & Chettle (musn't neglect the incomparable Rice either), we were up in 2nd or 3rd place. The Scouse were long since out of sight at the top and United were vying with us for the runners-up spot. So a large crowd had assembled, most of the Forest contingent no doubt still high from the previous week's Cup win at Highbury. For me (and soon for the BRIAN), it was the first appearance at a Forest match, so there was obviously extra anticipation on my part. I arrived in the centre section of the Trent End ridiculously early and awaited the action. Then it struck. The singing was loud beyond belief. Obviously I've since experienced better, but at my first match, at the heart of the singing, the volume seemed unsurpassable. The match itself was pretty undistinguished, although each side hit the post, and I did get an early sighting of the speed of Des as he chased and retrieved an apparently lost cause. There was also a glimpse (and that's all it was) of a Psycho-Blaster, but that's about all. The prices deserve a mention - since this match they've risen from £4.50 to £7, in just three years. I blame the government.

FRANCIS REEVES.

CHIPPY

Once upon a time there was a wise and talented businessman called Mr Chuff. Now Mr Chuff always chose to run small businesses. These on the whole proved to be great successes. So successful in fact that many thought that he should run the largest of the nationalised businesses. However their owners, Mr Nelly and Mr Joker were always afraid of his new ideas and outspokenness, and chose instead to appoint a series of uninspired yes men.

Through enormous talent and hard work, Mr Chuff achieved millionaire status, however he always maintained an eye for a bargain.

One day on a scouting mission, Mr Chuff met a young lad called Chippy who happened to work as a carpenter. "You're just what I am looking for young man," said Chuff "I've got hundreds of jobs for you to do round my house. For starters, I want a drinks cabinet in every room!"

Now rather than pay Chippy out of his own pocket, Mr Chuff decided to put him on the Company payroll as one of the eleven paid directors.

At first, Chippy proved to be a vital member of the business, his carpentry was excellent, and Mr Chuff had become enchanted by his lovely smile.

Sadly though, as time passed by, even though he tries very hard, his smile is as lovely as ever, and his carpentry remains spot on; his work in the business appears to be suffering. In fact some shareholders have been heard to suggest that he is holding the rest of the business back.

Mr Chuff has ambitions for this financial year. Firstly he would like to prove that his business is the best in England. He would then like many other businesses, love to expand into Europe in 1992.

Many of Mr Chuff's friends are concerned though. They believe that his blind loyalty to Chippy and his lovely smile, may mean he never will achieve his ambitions before he retires.

WE ALL HOPE THEY ARE WRONG !!!

THE LIBRARY END

gILLOTT'S



Sport For All

I recently came across what could very loosely be described as an early Forest fanzine, "The Forester", Official Magazine of the Nottingham Forest2 Sportsmen's Club (Vol.1 No.3, Dec.67/Jan.68). Now many of you no doubt think that the Sportsmen's Club is merely a social club for Forest fans with a dead cheap bar, but the clubhouse is a relatively new development, the club itself has been around for years. It's the Sportsmen we have to thank for Official coach trips and the opening of the clubshop (typical Forest, blissfully unaware of their commercial potential).

Anyway, "The Forester" weighs in at 40 pages for one shilling and features the Forester of the Reds' original badge grinning away on the front cover (I looked for the "Bring back the old badge, I'm sick of these boring bloody Rampant Stags" campaign, but to no avail).

Features include a tough quiz (did a player really once score ALL his sides goals during a season?); Branch News (telling of the season's dance "Dancing will again be non-stop, to the music of the resident Orchestra, and also the usual beat; group which has again been requested by our younger members" - I only wish I could've been there); and a very colloquially written piece called "Our Wonderful Crowd" by Terry Hennessey. "Our crowd have urged us on tremendously, especially the Trentenders... The songs they sing, their

vocal support, are great". Now why doesn't our Psycho write a column like that? There's also an article on Jim Baxter, our then record signing (£100,000 from Sunderland). Now Baxter was a tremendous player for Rangers and Scotland, but by the time he headed south of the Border all his wining and womanising was beginning to take its toll (his autobiography, the title of which I forget, is one of the racier of the footballing genre). I've heard a couple of people describe him as the most skilful player they've ever seen at Forest, but these glimpses of his brilliance were all too rare and after 18 months he was packed off back to Rangers on a free transfer. Johnny Carey had been sacked 5 months earlier.

The Letters Page is in true Forest Review style, totally unedited letters ("please find enclosed Postal Orders, value 10s") from New Zealand, Norway and Bahrain. The Norwegian letter is a classic though, "I bought the Forest Centenary book and after that I became more and more in love with the club. Climax came with last year's great season..." Terry Hennessey had that effect on me too.

The whole thing looks pretty professional, with 16 pages of adverts, and it's obvious that the magazine isn't a totally independent venture. Turns out it's published by the National Federation of Supporters Clubs, who offer a similar service to any S.C. who care to ask.

Basically, it's just an advertising vehicle to raise funds for the club, and although the articles are nicely written, it's all very innocent and Charles Buchan, God Save the King etc. and probably seemed a little old fashioned even then. I liked the competition though, "Solve Hooliganism And Win A Fiver". Wonder if it was ever claimed?

By far the most interesting pages, however, are the adverts. Frank Wignall Car Sales (can you imagine one of today's players doing anything as spivvy as owning a garage?), Shippos four pint cans, houses from £3,145 (in Newstead Abbey), the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection (can you imagine all the Freemasons at Forest letting that one in the programme?), and an article that I'm sure you'll wish you owned, the rather fetching "Notts Forest" rug reproduced below. Perhaps if they'd got our name right they wouldn't still have been trying to shift them in the club shop during the relegation season.

CHRIS ABBOTT.

AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT
THE NOTTS FOREST RUG



Woven in official Club colours in top quality Axminster, size 51in. x 27in. It can be sent anywhere in the U.K. for

£5-19-6

Place your order now. There's a money refund guarantee. Provident Checks accepted.

Pictorial Rug Co. Ltd, 5 Dixon St, Glasgow C.1.

OH, DEAR! THE TRANSFER MARKETS GONE THROUGH THE ROOF AGAIN!

Sign this lot for £10

MINI
SAPLINGS
(Rich McKenzie)

- | | | | | |
|------------|----------------|-------------|------------|----------|
| | 1. Schmeichel | | | |
| | 3. Dorigo | 5. Barratt | 6. Bruce | 2. Dixon |
| 11. Barnes | 8. McCallister | | 4. Stewart | 7. Daley |
| | 9. Saunders | 10. Lineker | | |

And If You Know Your History...

...it's enough to make your heart go whoooerp. Are you a Super Reds Specialist? Try our Tricky Quiz and find out...

- 1). Who is Forest's most capped England international at U-21 level?
- 2). Name the only ever-present player of That Championship Season.
- 3). Which of the following have **NOT** tried to secure the managerial services of Brian Clough?
 - a) Birmingham City: b) Barcelona:
 - c) Greece: d) Sunderland: e) Iran.
- 4). Who was twice the Reds' caretaker manager following the departures of Johnny Carey and Matt Gillies?
- 5). Which Forest players scored in the traumatic FA Cup game in Newcastle in 1974?
- 6). True or false?
 - a) Forest first played under floodlights in 1889.
 - b) Lawrie McMenemy was a managerial target of the Forest board in 1973.
 - c) Jimmy Gordon was working for British Rail when Clough offered him the job of Forest first team coach.
- 7). Which musical instrument does Steve Sutton play?
- 8). Which four clubs have won the European Champions Cup at the first attempt?
- 9). What career move was Alan Hill considering until Forest bought him from Rotherham?
- 10). What is significant about Cottesmore School in Lenton?
- 11). Who scored Forest's first ever goal in European competition?



- 12). Name all five of the Scottish clubs the Reds have played in competitive matches.
- 13). Against whom did a) *Stuart Pearce* and b) *Des Walker* make their full international debuts?
- 14). Which Tricky stars were signed, in chronological order, from the following non-league clubs?
 - a) Consett Celtic: b) Darlaston:
 - c) Bourne Town: d) Cammell-Laird:
 - e) Runcorn.
- 15). Which ex-Trickies' autobiography was called "One Step Ahead"?
- 16). Which of these curiously named persons have never graced the Garibaldi?
 - a) Emos Bromage: b) Maynell Burgin:
 - c) Ernest Drabble: d) Fleming Falconer:
 - e) Leonard Hardstaffe:
 - f) Arthur Lemon: g) David Smellie:
 - h) Olly Tolley: i) Levi Yates.
- 17). Who scored the goal that eventually clinched Forest's promotion in 1976/77?
- 18). Born Bedlington in 1930. Discovered playing for Cinderhill Colliery. Ended League career at Walsall. A vital clue is missing here, but can you name him anyway?
- 19). What is the sporting claim to fame of long time Forest Secretary Ken Smales?
- 20). How many times in the Clough Era have Forest been knocked out of the FA Cup by the eventual winners?
- 21). Who would be first and last if all post-war Trickies were listed in alphabetical order of surname?
- 22). What is the only full-time occupation that Brian Clough has had outside of football?
- 23). Which four sometime Forest players have scored in a European Cup/ CWC or UEFA Cup Final?
- 24). Who scored Forest's meagre consolation goals in the nightmare 9-2 defeat at White Hart Lane in 1962?



- 25). A German played for Forest between the wars. True or false?
- 26). Where are they now?
 - a) Johnny Metaod: b) Trevor Christie:
 - c) Ian Bowyer: d) Kenny Burns.
- 27). Who presented Nottingham Forest with the FA Cup in 1898?
- 28). What was Peter Taylor's occupation before signing professional?
- 29). Who was the first ever Forest manager?
- 30). Which four Forest players were capped during the 1960's?
- 31). What sets Billy Walker and Brian Clough apart from Forest's other post war managers?
- 32). Which of these statements is/are false?
 - a) Forest once played home games at Beeston.
 - b) Peter Taylor played in Forest's first team.
 - c) John Robertson once missed two penalties in one match.
- 33). The Reds lost to Wolves in the League Cup Final of 1980. Who were the last team to beat them in that competition prior to that?
- 34). Who was Brian Clough's first signing for Forest? From where?
- 35). What stands on the site of Forest's old Town Ground?
- 36). Which post-war Tricky Stars were signed from the following Scottish and Irish clubs?
 - a) Bowhill Juniors: b) Cork Hibs:
 - c) Distillery: d) Drumchapel.
- 37). Which Test cricketer almost signed for the Reds in the mid-70's?

- 38). Name all the Nottinghamshire teams to have played the Reds in the FA Cup.
- 39). Why didn't Forest join the Football League in 1888?
- 40). Which 15 current Football League clubs have never played the Trees in that competition?
- 41). What was missing from Ian Storey-Moore's contract with Derby?
- 42). Which Trent End Hero of the 60's had tasted Italian football, and for which club?
- 43). Who is the landlord of the Cuckoo public house at Gotham?
- 44). Hat-trick heroes. Name:
 - a) The opposition for Ian Storey-Moore's only League triple.
 - b) The five players who've scored 3 or more for us in a League Cup game.
 - c) The only Forest player ever to score five in a game.
- 45). Which current First Division managers are ex-Tricky players?
- 46). Who was the last amateur player to appear in Forest's first team?
- 47). Which side were relegated alongside the Reds in 1972?
- 48). What prevented BC from attending several games towards the end of the 74/75 season?
- 49). Who has scored the most European goals in the Garibaldi?
- 50). Name the Tricky players pictured.



set by JOHNNY GARIBALDI.

International Bright Young Things

Ignoring the contrived musical connections of the title, it is true to say Forest have more than their share of internationals, both established and prospective, in the current first team squad. This is, however, a bit of a double-edged sword as far as the club is concerned. On the one hand the fans are naturally proud of supporting players of such pedigree. On the other the numerous inauspicious results of the past few years are bewildering when the team has been packed with such obviously talented players. Surely selection for international duty is indicative of admiration from outside the club and its fans, and is therefore an objective assessment. The reasons for the players not regularly reaching the heights of performance that, on paper, you would expect them to are many and varied. They are also impossible to substantiate either way, so I'm not going to try. What I will do is look at how those internationals perform when they are away from the club on international duty.

The man currently possessing the highest number of caps at the club is, of course, the Captain. At the time of writing he had secured 42 (finally surpassing Martin O'Neill's club record of 36 v Argentina last May), and barring injury it is certain that he will reach 50 and probably progress far beyond that.

At one stage, unbelievably, it seemed that the whole of Fleet Street wanted him out of that white shirt in favour of the more aesthetically pleasing Dorigo or Winterburn (both of whom just happened to play for London clubs). Psycho simply ignored the scribes, worked on the faults in his game and went on to perform very creditably in Italy. Of course there were exceptions amongst the press corps who recognised the vital role Stuart was to play in England's future, but they were pretty thin on the ground.

These days some writers are still loathe to praise him, but the clamour to replace him has all but died out. Indeed, after England's struggle to overcome Turkey in October many sports hacks singled out Pearce as the only one to put in

a commendable performance. Graham Taylor must also be thankful to have Pearce around since a great number of the goals scored during his tenure have stemmed from the Great Man's overlapping play. He is now seen as one of the old hands in the team instead of being on trial. And one final thing in his favour is that England have lost just one match that he has started, whereas Dorigo has started only one winning game. See England v Germany.

Our other senior international is the one and only Des. He has had things slightly easier than Pearce, mainly because his performances have been near faultless. I can only remember one mistake, in Sweden at almost full-time when a slack backpass almost gave away a goal. However, this is massively countered by the number of times that he has saved England.

Unfortunately, Des also illustrates the other problem in employing top internationals. Great displays for England, such as those in Italy, attract interest from bigger, richer clubs, and I think many of us are resigned to losing him eventually. Still, better to have loved than lost...

Like Psycho, Des is now thought of as one of the old hands, and the likes of Terry Butcher owe a few caps to his covering for their deficiencies.

Gary Charles made a couple of appearances on the Southern Hemisphere tour and, true to form, got away with an awful backpass (thanks to Des), and looked pretty sh*t hot at times. He was not included last time out, but Dixon is having such a wretched time that he could well get another chance soon. And all his team-mates at Forest seem to rate him very highly, do they see things we don't?

Nigel Clough has not had such a good time at this level as the others, and I don't think he'll ever become an established international. He has missed some easy chances in the national colours and you only get so many chances (unless you're John Barnes). However, Lineker "stole" one or two opportunities that Nigel would surely have scored from, so maybe we haven't seen the

last of him for England.

Away from full level we have been represented by Crossley, Tiler and Chettle at U-21 level, all to some degree of success. Hard to see any of them breaking into the first team just yet though. In the 'B' team Laws and Parker have both had run outs, but again this says little about their chances for full caps. Teddy Sheringham also gained an U-21 cap while at Millwall.

North of the Border we have Wilson, Glover and Gemmill all making appearances for the U-21's. Similarly to their English counterparts I don't think any of them will make the first team in the foreseeable future. Glover is the best bet for further honours, in my opinion.

No Welsh players have appeared in the first team since Ronnie Rees in the early 70's, though if BC had got

the manager's job you can be sure that a few Trickies would have discovered distant Welsh relatives.

Over the Irish Sea we have Roy in the South and Kingsley in the North. Roy is one of few Irish born players in the squad, and looks to have surmounted yet another hurdle in his path to superstardom by adapting to international football as well as he did to the First Division. What a shame he's not English, as he'd surely get the nod ahead of certain un-named Palace players.

Kingsley is also garnering good reviews while playing for Northern Ireland. Mind you, it must be fairly easy to shine in such a crap team...

So there you have it. Most of the regular first teamers have had international experience of some sort, all except Crosby. So whose is the first name on the team sheet...?

by FRANCIS REEVES.



CAPTION COMPETITION, ANYONE?

Property gift sparks Walker row

NEWSFLASH: Des Walker agrees to remain with Forest for the rest of his career following the award of a free house in Notts. Liverpool and Italian scouts are not amused... (David Prior).

The Mystery of Wally Ardron's Boots and other Stories...

During the early sixties when Forest were playing away we, as 9 and 10 year olds with no funds to enable us to travel, still had several options to while away a Saturday afternoon. There was the inevitable visit to grandmas during which I would take a trip to King George V playing fields to watch "my team" Pakmount, a walk to Farnborough Road to see one of the local Clifton teams, a visit to Notts County with the only County fan I knew (apart from my Dad who never went anyway) or a trip to the City Ground and Forest reserves who in those days were in the Football Combination. As money was always tight visits to Notts were very rare and so the City Ground eventually became a great favourite, especially when we discovered we could save the sixpence entry money by climbing over the green gate at the end of Colwick Road. In those days you could wander around the ground at will and so, being young and inquisitive, in a very short time we got to know every nook and cranny of the ground intimately. We used to scour the East Stand seats for tickets stubs, programmes and coins dropped during the previous weeks match and missed by the sweepers, finding them with pleasing regularity. The tunnel underneath the Trent End, which is now used by the groundsman, was another favourite place for exploring. A routine was soon established which we followed every match, (a) climb in (b) buy a Mars bar with the tanner saved (c) sit on a Police bench by the Trent End and eat it (d) go into the Trent End to retrieve stray balls during the warm-up (e) explore the ground (f) watch some of the match (g) try and get autographs afterwards. Three things stand out in my memory most about these matches. On one occasion my mate brought his cousin along who was from Plymouth. Whilst we were standing in the Trent End during the warm up a Swindon Town player crashed an almighty volley just past the post and straight into the cousins face, the result being tears and a bloody nose for him while all his so-called friends and the Swindon players doubled up with laughter. Attention from the Swindon trainer helped ease his pain and he spent the rest of the match as far away from the pitch as possible. The second occasion was one snowy day against Fulham. The Police used to have wooden benches placed around the ground and we sat on one that was on the running track alongside the East Stand to watch the game. The snow had been cleared from the pitch and was laying very invitingly all around us. After noticing the Fulham winger, Tosh Chamberlain, pass very close to us on a few occasions we decided to "snowball" him the next time he did it. Sure enough he came back to collect a throw from his goalie and a barrage of snowballs greeted him as he ran past to set up an attack. The next time he came by we flexed ourselves to make a quick getaway but surprisingly he said nothing so we stayed put and vowed to get him again. He duly passed us by and another barrage greeted him, but this time instead of carrying on he whacked the ball forward and turned around and gave chase, snorting and bellowing like a bull. We scarpered over the wall, up the terraces and down the steps behind the East Stand before collapsing into fits of laughter. To make sure of our safety we spent the rest of the match on the back row of the East Stand but unfortunately events for Mr Chamberlain turned to tragedy



when, towards the end of the game, he went into a crunching tackle with one of the Forest players and he emerged with a broken leg. After the final whistle we took our places outside the players entrance to get autographs and witnessed Tosh being loaded into an ambulance for the trip to the General Hospital. I can remember us all being stunned at the sad sight of this fairly old player with tears in his eyes and seemingly in great pain and we were all ashamed of the "fun" we had had at his expense earlier on. The third memory I have is the day we stumbled upon Wally Ardron's bootprints on the Bridgford End terracing whilst exploring the ground. We were all puzzled as we looked at the marks, two sets of studs inscribed "Wally Ardrons Bootprints" and the date 1951 or 1952. Who was Wally Ardron? What were his bootprints doing on the terracing? Did he play for Forest? Being young we never thought of simply asking someone older who he was, these questions puzzled us for some months and every time we went to the reserves or to watch the players training during the school holidays we paid a quick visit to check they were still there. It wasn't until sometime later that I stumbled upon his name in the Forest Handbook "Most League Goals in a Season - Wally Ardron (36) 1950-51". Solved at last! The next time we visited was like a pilgrimage. We knew the identity of this man and he was famous! He scored 36 goals in one season on his own, something the team of 63-64 were struggling to do together. From that moment on I "devoured" the Forest handbook every spare moment I had. I discovered Forest had a history to rival anyone in the game. "Sam Weller Widdowson invented the shinpad you know" I would tell anyone who listened. "Forest got their name because they used to play on the Forest", "the referees whistle was first used during a Forest match" I would volunteer. I was hooked. During the centenary season a book was published setting out the history of NFFC. I was able to borrow a copy from my mates dad and it became the first book, apart from school books, that I ever read. As for Wally Ardron's bootprints I don't know if they are still there but I intend to find out and photograph them before the Bridgford End is rebuilt. To this day I haven't found anyone else apart from us small circle of friends who knew of their existence. They are situated in what is now the away pen just a few yards from the floodlight pylon.

BY SEAN PEARCE.

Catalogue of This!

Wondering what to buy for Christmas for all those Tricky relatives? Perhaps the new Forest souvenir shop has the ideal gift. Let's have a look at the full colour illustrated catalogue and survey the wares. First stop page 5. What a lovely black and white vertically-striped shirt - a dreadful misunderstanding with the manufacturers? Oh no, according to the brochure this shirt is in fact navy and white - could have fooled me! No wonder the hapless model, Brian Laws, looks faintly embarrassed - or does he know something we don't?

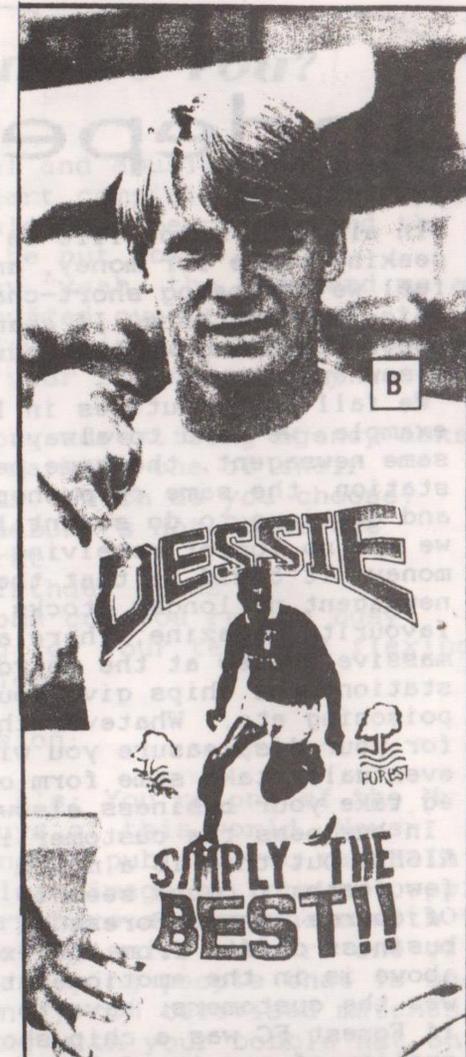
Next a rather flattering short-sleeved t-shirt, available in a variety of colours including red, with a large NFFC logo. Beware, however, of wearing this t-shirt while either sitting behind a table or standing at a bar as the letters are arranged two over two in a square, and only the first two would then be visible. Could lead to the wearer's allegiance being misinterpreted - with potentially unpleasant consequences!

Most of the other wares look rather nice, but then they are being modelled by rather nice looking bodies, such as Nigel, Chet, Lawsy, Psycho and various teenage Trickies. Do try to imagine whether these items would suit a bulging gut before you buy one for Uncle Bob. Also left to the imagination by the all-male modelling team (including children) is how well the range of gear would suit female supporters (including children).

Items surprisingly missing from the catalogue include the following: Nigel gloves, Terry Wilson cycling shorts, Brian green jersey, Psycho knuckle-duster, ladies red silk Teddy.

In the absence of these, I'll just have to settle for two little boys in shell suits, and a Nigel Clough to help me look after them. Roll on December 25th!

by RED STAR.



So where's the one of Des wearing Nigel?

Independent Chips

In all spheres of life we are seeking value for money, and if we feel we are being short-changed we voice our protests. If changes are not forthcoming we take our custom elsewhere.

We fall into routines in life, for example, we tend to always use the same newsagent, the same petrol station, the same chip shop etc., and continue to do so until we feel we are no longer receiving value for money. It could be that the newsagent no longer stocks your favourite magazine, there are always massive queues at the petrol station, the chips give you food poisoning etc.. Whatever the reason for your displeasure you will eventually take some form of action eg take your business elsewhere.

In business the customer is ALWAYS RIGHT, but this is a maxim that very few football clubs seem to realise. Of course, where Forest as a business differ from the examples above is in the emotional ties that we, the customers, have to OUR club. If Forest FC was a chip shop and the quality of service fell to an unacceptable level we, the Forest support, not only would endure it but would never ever complain - this must change. If you take the case of the chip shop owner who continues to give you a poor service and makes no attempt to change - why should he when faithful customers are continuing to pay him good money. The quality of the chips are the ultimate responsibility of the proprietor, no-one else.

What can we do? Well, if you are completely happy with the service you are receiving from Forest (such as the distribution of tickets), or you're not bothered that the club hasn't asked for your opinions on how you would like to see the City Ground developed, even though you're

funding it through increased admission prices and then expected to fill the new stands, or it doesn't really worry you that the club is continually taking your hard earned support for granted by not asking us what exactly we want from them - then don't join the Independent Nottingham Forest Supporters Association.

However, if you feel that there is a need for an INFSA that aims to ensure that the supporters needs are no longer ignored by OUR club, then please send us an SAE together with any views or ideas you may have on the formation of an INFSA. We are also looking for devoted Trickies who might want to get involved in the actual running of an INFSA - it is YOUR Association after all!

INFSA,
CORNER HOUSE,
CHADWELL,
MELTON MOWBRAY,
LEICESTERSHIRE LE14 4QL.

The next stage in our continuing campaign is to try to forge a direct line of communication with the Board. Ideally, we would like to have a meeting with them in the near future to put forward our views - we hope we can work with the club rather than fighting them. Other plans include the distribution of a questionnaire to get a true picture of exactly what you want from the club together with any gripes you may have. We would also like to maybe arrange some kind of social evening where members can get together to have a drink and a chat. It really is up to you - in order to achieve our aims we require as high a membership as possible to accurately assess the views of the supporters.

"THE TEAM YOU CAN TRUST"

**ANSWER TO TRICKY QUIZ ON PAGE TWELVE:
They are the only players to have played for, left and re-joined Forest - all incidentally within Cloughie's management.
(The SANDIACRE TREE).**

What Sort Of Football Fan Are You?

How would you react if placed in the same situation as your favourite player?

1). Your wife/girlfriend sends you shopping in the January sales. Immediately you spot a bargain. Do you:

- Snatch at it before anybody else has the chance to see it
- Become so excited at the prospect that you kick the person nearest you in the stomach to stop them getting towards your goal
- Make a slow, awkward move towards it, lashing out at anyone who's younger and quicker than you
- Set your eye on your target, then surge forward, watching people kindly stepping out of your way - too frightened to do anything else

2). After numerous years together your wife gives birth to a bouncing baby boy. Do you:

- Pick a nice old-fashioned English name for him
- Take the poor little mite onto the terraces with you to watch Newcastle, then onto a nightclub with the lads
- Become jealous because he can dribble better and quicker than you
- Start teaching him the infamous battle salute

3). In the middle of a match a player lunges at you. The ref turns a blind eye. Do you:

- Get up immediately and shake the player's hand, remembering to smile nicely for the cameras
- Stay down for at least 5 mins shouting "my knee, my knee". Then when the player is booked, jump up and take the free-kick
- Jump up and down on the ref until he sends the player off
- Give the player an ice-cold stare and say "don't try that again matey, or else"

4). After an important Cup game which your team wins 2-0, you get caught by Gary Newbon on your way to the dressing room. Do you:

- Stand there and chat happily for at least 10 minutes
- Complain that although you told the ref he didn't have a father, you still shouldn't have been sent off

for foul and abusive language

c) Start complaining bitterly that it should have been 6-0, and the ref should be put down

d) Say "yeah, the lads and me are just chuffed over the moon", the interview being a little incoherent due to your strong cockney accent

5). A big advertising agency asks you to market one of their products. Which do you choose:

- Cadbury's Hot Chocolate
- Brut
- Birthday cards
- None cos you're too busy playing for your team and flexing your biceps

Conclusion:

Mostly A's: You're one of the Mr Nice Guys of this world. Never swearing in public, you maintain your clean image by forever popping up everywhere and anywhere with that devastating smile. You're one of those annoying people that is seen frequently on televised matches, standing with your bobble hat on in the crowd. Fave player: Gary Lineker.

Mostly B's: You're one of those big fat people that constantly blocks the view of anyone standing behind you on the terraces. A celebratory pint or two soon turns into seven or eight, then a punch-up outside a seedy back street nightclub. It's all in a day's fun for you. Fave player: Paul Gascoigne.

Mostly C's: You are the annoying critic that sits behind ardent supporters, bitterly complaining about anyone and anything throughout the match. No matter what decision someone close to you makes you still find cause to moan about it. You're one of those people that is rarely satisfied and hates losing. Fave player: Bryan Robson.

Mostly D's: When you go onto the terraces people instinctively move out of your way. Loyal to your team, you tend to lead the rest of your supporters by example. Fiercely determined, you are one of those fans that will do anything for their team to succeed. Fave player: Stuart Pearce.

by JANETTE.

Garibaldi Gifts

Christmas is a time for giving, or so the saying goes. Yet Forest have acquired a reputation for generosity that is not seasonally limited. "You need three points, Sir? Take them! Go on, don't be shy. You need them more than us", or so it seems. However, such kindness is not simply limited to helping teams avoid relegation. Forest are also notable for presenting the opposition with gift goals. Now although we have been the beneficiaries of several unspectacular goals (as shown in previous BRIANS), when it comes to conceding them we are in a class of our own. The following selection from recent years proves my point:

VILLA (a) SEP 88 - A hit and hope from Kevin Gage is well saved by Suttly, who promptly decides to let it roll between his legs and into an empty net.

LUTON (a) FEB 89 - Ex-Ram Harford connects with a reasonable header, but Suttly has it well covered. That is, until it hits Laws, changes course by 90 degrees and enters the goal. None of the commentators mentions the deflection.

PALACE (h) FEB 89 - A classic as Chettle, Laws and Suttly battle for possession. With each other! Wright takes advantage of the confusion to poke the ball home.

SPURS (h) MAR 89 - The end of a lengthy unbeaten run coming courtesy of Suttly. Two crosses dropped at the feet of Tottenham players, two goals conceded.

WIMBLEDON (a) APR 89 - Not that the above really mattered much since a hiding was around the corner at Plough Lane. I'm not choosing a single goal since all of them were crap. On reflection, every

goal we concede to Wimbledon is crap so why pick on one match?

COVENTRY (a) MAY 89 - Another through the legs special for Suttly. A pretty average shot found the only route to goal, but it was the end of the season so who cares?

VILLA (h) AUG 89 AND FEB 91 - Almost identical goals for Mountfield. The high corner, the statutory headed flicks and it's bundled in from two yards.

SHEFF WEDS (h) NOV 89 - They arrived with no away wins and probably a similar away goals tally. "You forgot your farewell present, Mr Sheridan. There you are, 3 points!". We did have the consolation of seeing a Wilson netburster. Unfortunately, it was at the wrong end.

VILLA (a) DEC 89 - One of the earliest sightings of the now common phenomenon known as the "Norm Fumble". This particular example allowed Olney to register one of his easier goals.

ARSENAL (a) MAR 90 - Suttly was back for this one. Now where Norm would have gone for the cross and dropped it, the one-eyed one stood back to admire it. The ball hit Groves and ricocheted past those on the goal-line.

SPURS (h) APR 90 - A low cross eludes everyone except Chettle, lurking craftily at the back post. Despite considerable pressure from Paul Allen he manages to force it over the line. Only then does he realise it is his own line.

LIVERPOOL (a) APR 90 - A hopeful shot from McThug goes in via Wilson's shin. Had that not gone in we'd have won 2-1. At Anfield! That's what I like to think anyway.

QPR (h) AUG 90 - A new season. A new regular keeper. An early taste of what's to come. Norm drops a corner at the feet of a

grateful Roy Wegerle.

PALACE (a) SEP 90 - Unlucky really for Norm. He reached a cross to fist it away but he couldn't get sufficient distance. It hit Thomas's head and looped back over our now stranded No.1. Fluke or a clever header? Well, Palace and flukes aren't an unknown combination.

VILLA (a) NOV 90 - Bloody hell! Villa again! They must relish playing Forest knowing that a high ball in the box gives them a good chance of scoring a goal. This one featured plenty of pinball following a corner, leading to Nielsen scoring.

COVENTRY (a) NOV 90 - A whole five (count 'em) soft goals conceded in this game. Worst of the bunch, however, must be the one where Pearce and Walker, two of the country's best defenders, tackled each other allowing Gallacher to score. Then again, the one where Norm anticipated a non-existent cross letting Gallacher score at the near-post was crap too...

SHEFF UTD (a) DEC 90 - A result that still gets us laughed at, and the first goal was classic Norm as he dropped a high cross at the feet of Bryson. Even he couldn't miss that.

MAN CITY (h) DEC 90 - A bit of an all-round thrashing due mainly to Niall Quinn. The third goal was a bit of a shocker as a floating cross was nodded softly past Norm by Wayne Clarke with Psycho nowhere to be seen. Surely not a culpable captain?

SOUTHAMPTON (a) JAN 91 - Very strange, this one. Des seemingly not under a great deal of pressure lobs it back over Norm. Our keeper, stumbling backwards, clutched the ball and carried it over the line. An own goal. Norm's fault or a foul by Shearer? Take your pick.

NEWCASTLE (a) FEB 91 - Yet another from the Norm catalogue of clangers. Two in fact. Both mishandled crosses to give Newcastle what they thought was an unassailable advantage. Fortunately they were wrong.

OLDHAM (h) AUG 91 - It just wouldn't be right to finish without a Norm special. A hoof into the box, that had the outfield players running to the halfway line in readiness for the keeper's clearance, was left alone for Marshall to pick his spot.

It's not a completely new situation, as anyone who recalls Andy Gray's goal at Wembley in 1980 will recall, but that's the pick of the last few years. If it shows one thing it is that we concede far more crap efforts than we score ourselves. Whether that's a good thing is another matter...

by FRANCIS REEVES.

FAVOURITE REASONS TO BRING ON THE TRAINER

No.3 PSYCHO



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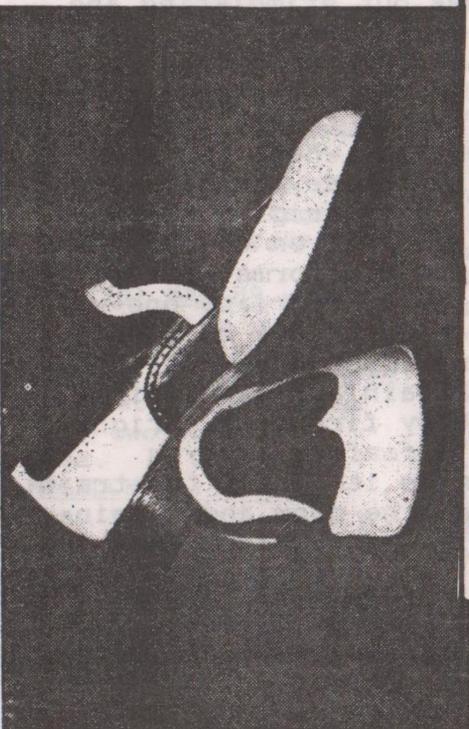
GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD PART ONE: "DERBY - A CONNOISSEURS GUIDE"

When one ventures to the heart of this ancient Midland city, one is gripped by the overwhelming primeval urge to seek out stimulating and memorable experiences. To satisfy this fundamental human urge one must first seek out, then propel oneself with great haste to the local railway station, where the modern 20th Century facade conceals its humble Victorian origins. Once firmly established on one of the many outbound platforms, after first acquiring the appropriate one-way ticket, of course, one must wait with growing impatience until the Nottingham train arrives. This will be preceded by fireworks, bright lights and a fanfare, so you shouldn't miss it! Enter the train, firmly close the door and remain seated until safely back home.

by T. WOOLLEY.
 NEXT ISSUE: Liverpool and its magnificent Lime Street Station.

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(The shoes in the picture opposite are in red and white colours).



The shoes... why? Surely no-one bought 'em? And why advertise in our programme (1979)? Thankfully tho' in Red/White and go well with white trousers, swell!

SAPPLINGS

WOMEN'S GOLF

Fairclough puts out De Lorenzi

By Lewine Mair in Milan

I know Chris is not the man he was before his injury, but WOMEN'S golf?

World Cup invite for cricket-loving Clough

BRIAN CLOUGH is to be invited to commentate for BSkyB on the forthcoming cricket World Cup.

The Forest manager, a friend of Geoff Boycott and aficionado of the summer game, would be required to vacate his chair at the City Ground next February and March for a couple of months Down Under.

Sky insist it is not a gimmick to ask the most controversial voice in football to give his

opinions on the small ball game, would Forest's hierarchy take kindly to his disappearing at a crucial stage of the season.

He answered in blunt, if tongue-in-cheek, fashion: "If we continue playing as we have done I could easily accept the offer because I'll probably be out of a job by then."

Forest try to put a halt to their inconsistency with a win against Crystal Palace

RAY MATTS

It's Official - He really HAS lost his marbles! (SH)

Saunders loses his direction

By Christopher Davies

Wimbledon..... 0 Liverpool..... 0

IT IS difficult to imagine that a few months ago the top clubs in Britain were falling over themselves to sign Dean Saunders from Derby.

Liverpool's £2.8 million offer clinched the deal and the partnership between Saunders and Welsh colleague Ian Rush looked potentially the best in the League.

Today, Saunders is a pale shadow of the striker he was with Derby. He has been dropped this season after scoring just two League

goals, both in August, was sent off while playing for Wales against Germany last month and on Saturday missed two chances he should have gobbled up.

"He's given me more trouble playing for Derby," said Wimbledon defender John Scales after a goalless draw that was as boring as the scoreline suggests. Saunders put a free header over the bar from five yards and, in the final minute, shot wide.

Ha, Ha, Ha - Once a Sheep...

Good to see the rest of Spurs going the same way as Gaffa (sold for scrap), but Notts WHO? sent in by someone whose name I've lost - sorry!

2.45 THE MATCH. Nottingham Forest v Arsenal, live from Nottingham's City Ground. Alan Parry commentates and should be tested to the full as most of the Forest players look the same (medium build, medium height, medium shoe-size). One wee complaint: it's not that Arsenal are boring or anything, but didn't we have them on last week? (S).

Looks like I'm not the only one who can't tell Psycho from Des or Crosby.

Limpar, who had switched positions with Limpar,

Never trusted him anyway! (DP)



amous forest ans
No.5 - FIREMAN SAM

THREE of Grimsby's best known trawlers are being sold — possibly for scrap. The three now up for sale — the Huddersfield Town, the Crystal Palace and the Notts Forest — are currently in dry dock at Lowestoft.

Along with a fourth trawler, the Spurs, they were bought by Lowestoft company

Colne Shipping 14 years ago. The Spurs was sold for scrap a few months ago. They are the last of a fleet of 12 vessels built in the early 1960's by Grimsby-based Consolidated Fisheries and were affectionately known as the 'Beagle Boats' by their skippers and owners.

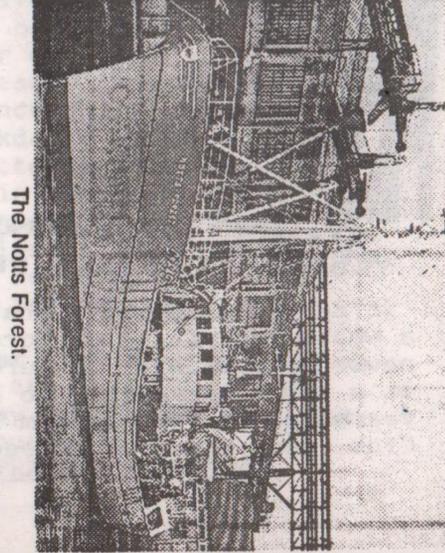
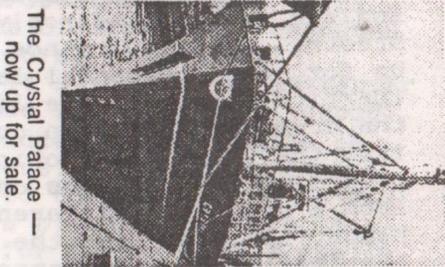
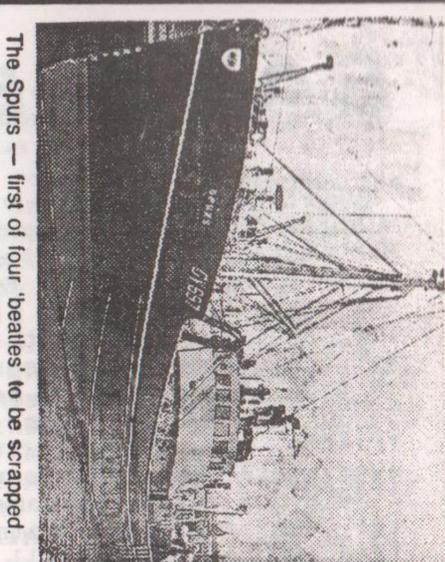
After a period fishing in mid-sea they took to deep waters — and at 139 feet in length they were some of the smallest vessels to do so.

Former manager and a director of Consolidated Fisheries Don Lister said the 'Beagles' were so named because they were small. "They were built for mid-water fishing and would only go to deep

waters twice a year. After that they were allowed to go into deep waters all the time — for around 22 days at a time," he said. But slowly the boats, which had crews of 19, disap-

peared and Mr Lister believes the three in Lowestoft are the only ones left. "It will be very sad if they are sold for scrap. I'm sure the mention of them will bring back memories for many," he said.

Beginning of the end for football boats



The Crystal Palace — now up for sale.

The Huddersfield Town — now in dry dock ready for sale.

The Notts Forest.

After the four boats were sold to Colne Shipping, they remained fishing vessels before being converted as stand-by boats for rigs.

A spokesman for the company confirmed the Spurs had been scrapped and the other three were up for sale. "They are getting old and have come to the end," he said.

SAFE EUROPEAN HOME

EUROPEAN CUP: Benfica v Arsenal; CUP WINNERS CUP: Porto v Spurs; Atletico v Man United; UEFA CUP: Auxerre v Liverpool... Tranmere v Forest in the ZDS Cup doesn't quite hold the same appeal. The anticipation and the Big Night Match atmosphere: the squabbles with petty minded officials for away tickets; the drinking, the flags, the new friends, the paranoids, the colours everywhere. Watching your national side's not quite the same, there's not the same level of commitment amongst fans (who can afford all the away trips to South America and Scandanavia??). England fans are scarcely allowed to breathe, let alone dance in fountains. Oh for the continental laxity (particularly with the licensing laws), the drummers, the crap continental songs from the 70's: the exotic names in the programme (to set eyes on the TV stars from a game on a different planet); the blags, the wind-ups; the food fights, the fear; the water cannons; the camaraderie, the poncing tickets & drinks off players; the arduous journeys home reaching new depths of discomfort. Jealous? Me??

us really realise quite what an achievement that was? Skip back to 1977, 1978 even, and we're just another Sunderland, Sheffield Wednesday, West Bromwich Albion, Derby County, if that big. All have fairly illustrious traditions in this country but are fodder only for trainspotters and quiz buffs outside the UK. What keeps us apart, what makes the transformation complete over the last 20 years - from the doldrums of Matt' Gillies to the "Well, you would be Big Five if you were more greedy, if you had bigger debts, got on telly more and if your manager licked more big business bottoms" immense respectability and expectation of today - is the fact that we've won the European Cup (twice!). Here I quote from World Soccer...

T HERE is a theory which holds that whereas any unremarkable club can fluke their way to a European Cup-winners' Cup, only the great clubs win the European Cup.

The theory is borne out by the names on the respective trophies: whereas Slovan Bratislava, Dynamo Tbilisi, West Ham United and FC Magdeburg (now an amateur side) have won the Cup-winners' Cup, the European Cup has been dominated by the likes of Real Madrid, Liverpool, Ajax and AC Milan. Even Aston Villa and Nottingham Forest have admirable pedigrees.

Only one side have won the European Cup and then dropped into mediocrity: Feyenoord Rotterdam, the winners in 1970.

(Mind you, I could live with Feyenoord's mediocrity, since 1980: The Double in 1984, a couple more Cups, Europe every year but one...).

Those few years were truly magical, and NFFC can never be the same again. We're known all over the world (all the pen-pal requests in the programme vouch for that). Go on holiday and it's Liverpool, Man Utd, Nottingham Forest, rather than the Arse or Spurs, and those of us lucky enough to Be There, that first time in particular, will cherish the memory forever.

But we won the European Cup in 1979 and 1980, times have changed. Coventry won the FA cup in 87, Wimbledon in 88, are any of the three clubs likely to repeat these triumphs in the foreseeable future? Forest have progressed nicely in domestic terms, but has Europe grown beyond us, like it appears to have done for Celtic and Rangers? Forget Man Utd in the CWC, traditionally regarded as the 'easiest' one to win, it's the Big Pot that matters. Arsenal v Benfica gives us more clues. There was a disgusting assumption that the Arse virtually had the whole competition won, and I can't see why. The Arsenal side of the last few years embody all that's wrong with British football - niggling, moaning, brutality, brawn at the expense of brain. They were out-thought, out-classed - YTS boys to the master craftsmen of Isias and co. To even mention them in the same breath as Forest 79/80; Liverpool 78/84; Villa 82, is laughable - and God did I laugh to see them go out.

It never seems to irritate me that TV commentators always assume that everyone watching is backing the British team. Do they know nothing about partisanship, local rivalry, the *When Saturday Comes* cult of the anti-supporter (and do they not realise how much of it originates from their blanket coverage of the same old teams?). The likes of Man City, Sheff Weds, Villa I could maybe lend some sort of support to, but the worst 4 of the big 5? Do me a favour, only if they reach the Final could I muster any feeling, and that'd be only for the UEFA places.

But I despise the xenophobia of British coverage... Ian St John not having the balls to give the MOTM to a Hadjuk Split player ("I don't think they like champagne"... you patronising bastard. Almost as bad as constantly referring to them as Yugoslavs and talking of Trouble Back Home. I think being called Yugoslavs might have something to do with it actually, Ian)... The cheap jibes at Auxerre manager Guy Roux for "looking funny" (so do half of ours, but would they be so rude as to say so on *The Match*?)... The fact that Ceefax only show the scores involving UK & Eire teams (it's not as if there's a shortage of pages!)... That Radio 5's otherwise excellent European Championships coverage only extends to the Big 5 - England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, Eire - surely people out there at least want to know who England & Scotland might be playing?... The way our sycophantic commentators are endlessly contradicted by the more astute ex-players who want only to eulogise the skills of these tricky

foreigners. And of course, English players never foul nastily, never play act, never argue with the ref.

I wonder what continental commentaries of these games are like? Do they make cracks about bowler hats and pinstripe suits, and Winston Churchill, stiff upper lips, cups of tea and Rule Britannia? Or is it the cold, snooty bastards, the slags and beermonsters who beat their children. All those funny names like Souness, Redknapp, McManaman, Houghton. All those ugly, spotty people either deathly thin and white, or grossly overweight and pink, offensively underdressed and interested only in drinking, drinking, drinking. And as for the football... well, we have to be the Wimbledon of Europe these days. Think all that's a bit offside? Our respected BBC men say as worse about Them.

To an extent, it's the Little Englander attitude that has bugged up Liverpool. Souness still exudes the arrogance he brought to Rangers, the feeling that they only have to turn up to put Johnny Foreigner in his place - and this is a man who played for Sampdoria and really ought to know better, but then subtlety was never one of his stronger points. The Liverpool motto of the early 80's could have been "Look after the Euro Big Bucks and the Title pennies will look after themselves". With only the domestic game to go for they've been concentrating too hard on the league, on creaming off anything vaguely expensive and talented in shorts, with little regard of how they might fit in to the team. All this, "Poor Liverpool, with this four foreigners rule", my heart bleeds, they've had plenty of time to get themselves sorted out. It's not like they're Norwich or some team who're only likely to get one chance, they always knew they'd be back. But even the Liverpool fans have become too insular, too hyper-critical. 24,000 v Auxerre... Don't they care?? Is beating Man United and Arsenal all that matters to them these days?

What I'd do to be pouring over the old school atlas for awaydays, give me the Bernebeu over Meadow Lane any day. Just give me the chance and I'll mamba in Marseille, breakdance in Bremen, get rat-arsed in Rotterdam, kick-arse in Kiev, go ga-ga in Genoa, mingle in Milan, watch sunsets in San Sebastian, be vulgar in Valencia, overdose in Oslo, pogo in Prague, retch in Reykjavik, see Red Boys in Differdange... (cont. page 133)...

Psycho may never lift that gargantuan trophy but what the hell, it's the taking part. They are, we're not, and I'm just a jealous guy...

by FRANCIS ROBERTSON.



KERMIT MCGOVERN PARADES THE TROPHY IN FRONT OF ECSTATIC FANS

It's hard to believe that there are now a whole generation of Forest fans who've never seen us play in Europe, but then it's still incredible to believe that 12 years ago we, Nottingham Forest Football Club, were Kings of Europe. How many of

A View From The Terraces

(Whilst They Still Remain...)

I made my City Ground debut in 1964 BC (Before Clough), when football grounds were how they are today - safe and enjoyable places for families to go. Terraces were packed, culminating in the fine gates of the 1966/67 season and the record 49,946 attendance v Man United (Best. Charlton, Law etc) the following season. We stood in the Trent End, but since then our journey, like the fortunes of the team on the pitch, has been eventful.

With the 70's came rampant hooliganism, and we moved to the Bridgford End. Then, as the "Class of '74" was formed, we stood in the Main Stand. After seats were installed down to the touchline, we moved to the other side of the tunnel - where seats were put in the following season! In the meantime, Mr Clough had arrived...

Under the cover of the East Stand we now stood, but following our success in Europe the Executive Stand was constructed, and so our tour is completed with the return to the Bridgford End. It still has no roof, but the City Ground's our home - and we like it!

The banter remains mostly the same, only the players' names change. We all have our own magic moments so, at the risk of provoking further argument, here are some of my own, plus a few names to conjure with, as Viewed From The Terraces.

GREATEST CITY GROUND GOAL

- Obviously too many to mention, but one of the greatest individual goals remains clearly in my mind: IAN STOREY-MOORE (1966? v Arsenal) Received the ball in a deep left-back position and beat virtually every member of the Arsenal team in a mazy dribble

before scoring from inside the box.

MOMENTS OF SKILL

...Duncan McKenzie had many tricks, apart from jumping over minis...Garry Birtles wrong-footing opponents with his famous drag-back...or his run from the halfway line, in one of his very early games, confronted by a single defender he knocked the ball past one side of him and ran round the other, before unleashing a 30-yarder that went just wide. "If it had been on target, it would have been a goal. Brian"...John Robertson's thousands of pinpoint, floated crosses with either foot, but who will forget that diving header in the 3-3 draw with Cologne?... The air of expectation whenever Joe Baker got the ball. Barry Lyons crossed, Joe Baker scored - a move so good they formed the Lyons Bakery Company!

GOALKEEPING SAVES

- We've been fortunate in having many of the best Number Ones in recent years: Peter Grummitt, Alan Hill, Peter Shilton, Chris Woods and Hans van Rental! There have been many great saves, but Chris Woods's display in keeping Liverpool out in our first Clough Wembley Final; and Shilton's point-blank save from Ferguson of Coventry giving us the 0-0 draw to clinch the 1st Division Championship, rank highly.

MOST ATMOSPHERIC MATCH

- There have been many great occasions, but the UEFA Cup match with Celtic was something else. The eerie atmosphere on the streets around the ground (which were completely deserted well before kick-off, apart from a few Scots looking for spare tickets) was replaced by mounting tensions and expectations

inside the ground as the teams took the field.

MEMORY JOGGERS

QUESTION 1: Can you name, in sequence, the seven post-war Forest managers? QUESTION 2: Can you name the ten overseas (Eire excluded) first team players Brian Clough has brought to the City Ground?

Answers at foot of page.

Lastly, a few names to assist you with your own memories...Bob "Mr Consistency" McKinlay; Peter "Tank" Hindley; John "Whinny" Winfield; Jeff Whitefoot; Chris Crowe; Alan "Gladys" Hinton; Sammy Chapman; Paul "I'll fetch it lads" Richardson; Frank "Wiggy" Wignall; Tommy Jackson (wore out more shorts than boots); Alex "More bandages, nurse" Ingram; John Galley; Neil Martin; Ronnie Rees; Withe/Woodcock; Larry "Corner flagging/ tin-hats on" Lloyd; Kenny "Mr Tackle" Burns; Trevor "Hands out your pockets, young man" Francis; Frank "Mr Experience" Clark...and Martin O'Neill!

by The NAILSEA TREE.

ANSWERS: 1) Billy Walker; Andy Beattie; Johnny Carey; Matt Gillies; Dave Mackay; Allan Brown (and his goal rush!); Brian. Hans Segers; Einar Aas; Raimondo Ponte; Alan Davidson; Jurgen Roeder; Franz Thijssen; Kjell Osvold; Thorvaldur Orlygsson, and Johnny "Pick that one out" Metgod.



NOTTS COUNTY PROMOTIONS

- ★ Trouble with the wife over that night spent away from home?
- ★ Hassle from your mate over that tenner you've owed for six months?
- ★ Running out of excuses to avoid visiting Meadow Lane?
- ★ Late for work again? ★ Banned from your local again?

If your answer to one or more of the above is YES then you need our New and Exclusive Neil Warnock Excuse-O-Gram

That's right, Neil will appear personally anywhere in Nottingham on your behalf to iron out all those prickly problems that can arise when you cannot adequately explain yourself

Just look at some of the real stonkers Neil has come out with lately:

"I had five players who were an absolute disgrace - and I told them so. You can't perform in the Sunday League when you've only six players.

Warnock said of the game: "Luton Town v Notts County was never going to be a classic. We can't afford £2m and £3m players.

"The referee was so far away when the player started diving and took ages to give the penalty."

He said: "It was so far from being a penalty it was embarrassing. "It was 10 times worse than Rosen-thal's here in the last home game.

● People keep saying we've had a very good start. But every one of our regular supporters knows we should really be on 20 or 22 points.

"Our failure to score meant we were punished by our opponents' class. It was scandalous to lose the first goal from a corner, though, and I thought Craig Short should have been given a free kick for a foul by David White before the second goal.

"I was again disappointed at the manner of our opponent's goals, though Craig Short was fouled by Keith Houchen before Vale's second."

So what's gone wrong? Well, we've lost a bit of our ruthless streak. We've lost concentration too often, too easily and so consequently we've lost points which were there for the taking.

Warnock felt that Notts "should have won 7-2" and leap-frogged well into the top half of the table. He said: "If we'd had Clive Allen in our side, we would have won by that margin, but we won't be signing him - we couldn't afford his wages.

"Paul held us together at the front because neither Tommy Johnson nor Kevin Bartlett contributed much in the second half. "We didn't play very well as a side, though the swirling wind was awkward," he

The "Biter Bit" Quiz

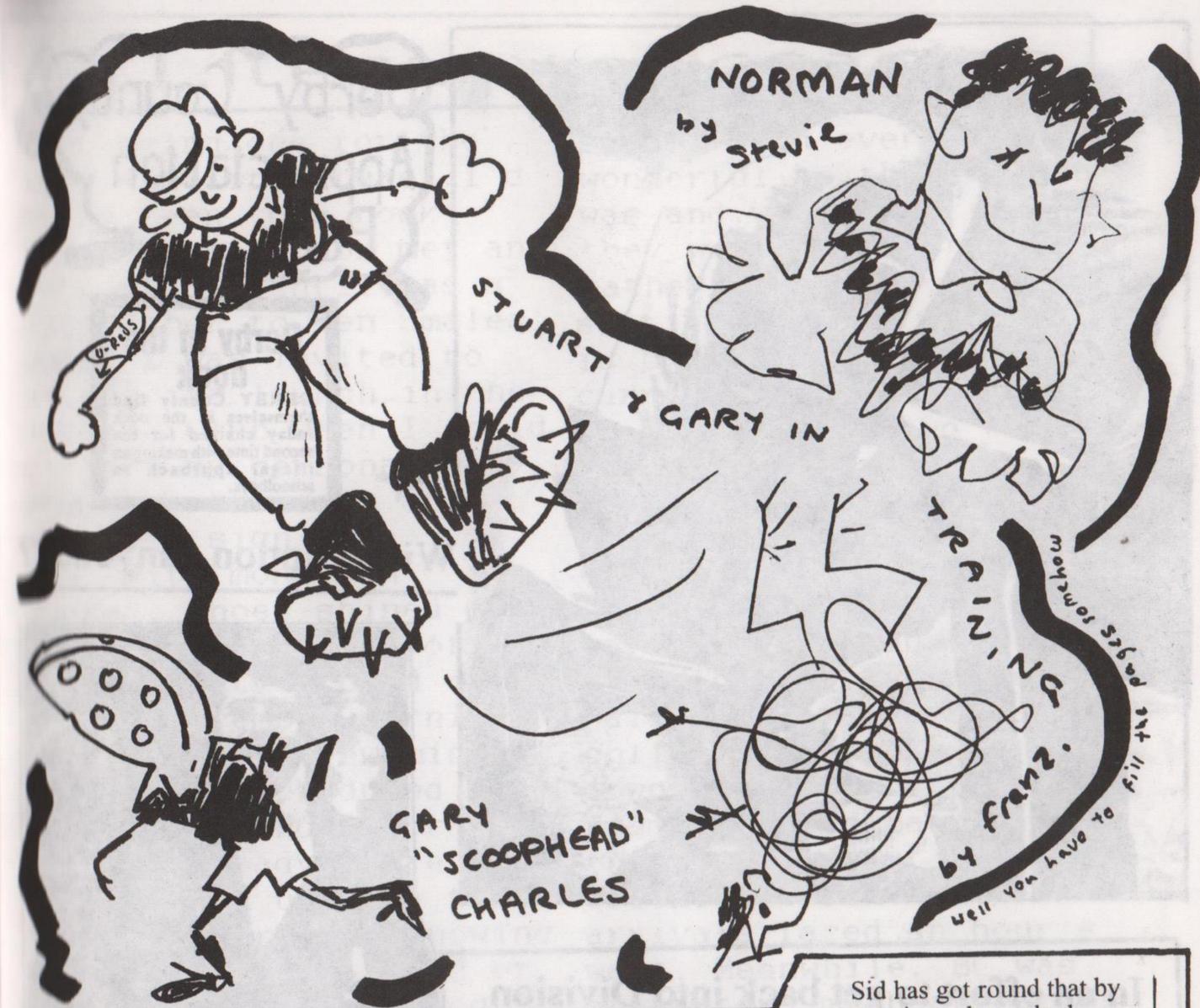
Simply match these top ten excuses for BRIAN being late with the issues they appeared in!

- a) "...just managed to get it out before jetting off to Roma" (World Cup)
- b) "...due to the horrible yuppie couple upstairs who take great delight in hammering on the floor if they hear typing after 9pm"
- c) "...P.O. shut, Piques tour, no stamps..."
- d) "...wedding in Cork"
- e) "...post boxes still sealed up" (GPO strike)

- f) "...time consuming postponements, Diamond White and the plight of the homeless..."
- g) "...mixture of outside commitments and traditional mid-season lack of inspiration..."
- h) "...who wants to sit down and type at a time like this?" (Wembley X2)
- i) "...only a week late!"
- j) "...after all, we're not the Daily Mirror"

Answers on page 71.

Research by "TURNCOAT" HANLEY.



Sad, But True

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH.

MEET two of the biggest liars in Derby!
 Unemployed Anthony Owen (18) and Chris McVarrie (24) have been given jobs ... because they're good at fibbing.
 Both men answered an advert in the Evening Telegraph which offered an opening for a "compulsive liar."
 The advert went on to say that someone was needed "to fob people off on the telephone."
 It finished off: "GCSEs, O-levels in fibbing and taking abuse an advantage. Long hours, low pay, suit idiot."

The ad was placed by Sid Freeman, owner of Silly Sid's furniture store on Balaclava Road, Normanston.

Despite the draw-backs, Sid said he had more than 200 inquiries about the sales assistant job.

"You wouldn't think there were that many compulsive liars who think

they're idiots in Derby, would you?" he said.

"I was really surprised by how many replies I got, loads of them just rang the number to find out who had placed the ad."

Sid has got round that by answering the telephone "Allo, 'allo, 'allo", so people have to ask who is speaking.

He was so impressed by the calibre of candidates that he took on two people as shop assistants instead of the one he had intended to employ.

It was the answer to a prayer for Chris McVarrie, of Monmouth Street, Chaddesden. He had been unemployed for six months since he was made redundant as a bakery van driver.

Anthony Owen, of Osmaaston Park Road, who had been out of work for three weeks, said: "I haven't told any lies yet — we've been too busy — but I'm practising. I'm learning from masters here!"



Derby County Appreciation Page...

Derby in the dock

DERBY County find themselves in the dock today charged for the second time with making an illegal approach to schoolboys.

← Witty caption, anyone??



In an effort to get back into Division One, Derby County enlist the help of Kevin Keegan. Here he takes the first team squad out training...



A Literary Occasion

Not being one for the arts and literature, I'd never been to a book launch before nor met an author. Not until, as a subscriber to Ken Smales' book, I was invited to attend its launch in the Jubilee Club when I could collect my personal copy. I stumped up the cash and have Ken sign it.

So, with money in pocket, shoes shined and hair combed, I set off for the City Ground on a frosty December morning. On arrival, a few minutes before the scheduled start, I found 20 or 30 people already there, the books piled up on a table and nobody really knowing whether to sit, stand or form a queue and nobody telling us what to do.

After a few minutes Ken announced that he wasn't quite ready. Chairman Mo appeared with 2 or 3 other Directors in tow. A further 10 minutes passed, by which time 50 or so people were in the room, when in strode BC in all his glory. He kissed Mo and the Directors and the proceedings were underway.

KS gave a short speech and presented Mo with the first copy of the book. BC then took centre

stage, told everyone how wonderful he thought Ken was and what good friends they were. He then made a rather telling comment stating that it would be in the interests of the current club secretary to be his friend. (Do we detect some conflict there?)

With the formalities over, chaos ensued as the Jubilee Club resembled Pavilion Road on the day Cup Final tickets went on sale. An untidy queue to collect the books formed down one side of the room, doubled back along the wall and out into the freezing porch. Late arrivals faced an hour's wait. Meanwhile, BC was attracting much attention as those who managed to collect their book quickly sought him to sign it. A trend was set and a second ever-lengthening queue formed for an audience with the great man. The faithful were not disappointed as he stood patiently and signed autographs, wrote messages and treated each pilgrim to a big hug. One lady was even moved to tears by this wonderful experience. Those still waiting for their books looked anxiously at their watches fearing Brian

would go back to his office before they had a chance to get to him. A few cunning individuals declined the opportunity of Ken Smales signing their copy, thus gaining a few places in the Cloughie queue (poor old Ken).

In the end, what was Ken Smales' moment of glory turned into an occasion

of paying homage to Brian Clough. Add a splash of good old NFFC disorganisation and you had the ingredients of an interesting and entertaining morning.

by MAJOR OAK.

(The book itself will be reviewed in BRIAN #28, which is due out for the home game v Notts on January 11th).

Time To Go?

After hearing just the second half of a telephone call someone (I didn't catch his name) made to Danny Baker's Saturday evening show "606" on Radio 5, I felt I just had to echo the sentiments expressed - my own and, I suspect, those of many other Trickies.

The caller was basically saying "Is it time for Cloughie to retire?". It seems that many other Forest fans are posing the same question, ie those who booed at the end of the 3-1 home defeat by Southampton.

These feelings are further backed up by an article in the last issue of "Football Monthly", in which reasons were outlined for calling for Clough's departure. It also gave reasons why we cannot maintain a serious Championship Challenge, and linked it to Clough's lack of tactical awareness...

1). Leaves much of the work to his No.2. Ron Fenton, and the rest of the backroom staff, who sometimes sign players without him seeing them.

2). Struggles to bridge the generation gap which saw him fail to recognise that the team was in need of a confidence boost at the end of 90 minutes in the Cup Final.

3). Still refuses to analyse the opposition in an era in which tactics are so vital.

4). Uses dated methods that produce well-disciplined young men, but players unlikely to win any more Championships because the "fear factor" doesn't have the same effect

on the current youngsters as it had when it brought out the best in old campaigners like Larry Lloyd and Archie Gemmill."

I have to agree in some respects with "FM", the signs are there. Brian has been offered a position with BSkyB to commentate on the cricket World Cup in February and March, and if he accepts this doesn't sound like a manager getting 100% behind his team. Those of you who have Sky TV will know that it was BC who approached them! Should he go, he be absent for a number of weeks, and this period will possibly determine whether this season is successful or not: - he'll miss the FA Cup Quarter Finals and both of the Rumbelows Cup Semis, should we get so far in either competition. You have to ask yourself, is his heart really in the job?

The years of worry look to be taking their toll, perhaps it would be better for Brian to retire before he does some serious damage to his health.

However, we would get an indication of life without Brian should he leave our shores, and this is not necessarily a bad thing, as if we performed dismally without him we would have time to put it right before he finally does hang up his green sweatshirt for good.

I can't imagine Nottingham Forest not having the name of Brian Clough on the manager's door, but it has to happen some time - perhaps sooner than we thin.

by SIMON MYERS.



To many, Jimmy Greaves is just the affable old pundit forming one half of the football revue "Saint & Greavsie" the other half being the nauseating little bird who once played for Liverpool). But to another generation - those who witnessed his exploits back in the sixties - he was something else, to put it mildly. Jimmy Greaves could score goals faster than Jemmo can score in a Sheffield nightclub.

and most of those goals seemed to be against us.

Greavsie's affair with the Trickies goes back a long way, right back to his Chelsea days in 1958/9 when he stuffed four past us in our first season back in Division One since 1925. Three of those were in his 'debut' game against us in September.

The next season he only managed one against us.

that having nothing to do with Forest approaching Chelsea to throw one of their games with us to ease our relegation fears. They refused, but Forest won anyway.

He was back with style the next season, when in his final game for Chelsea - before departing for a brief unhappy sojourn with AC Milan - he put four past us in a 4-3 defeat at Stamford Bridge. Unfortunately for us Italian wine wasn't to his liking, and the lure of the lager brought him back to England where he signed for Spurs before re-kindling his love affair with Forest.

Hat-tricks in the 9-2 debacle of September '62 and the 4-1 drubbing of August '63 soon amounted to eight goals in his first two seasons back, and by now we were nearly pregnant. He wasn't to fire blanks against us till '65/66. After that the condom came off with a vengeance, once more scoring in almost every game against us till he retired with West Ham in 1971.

Jimmy Greaves's personal tally of goals against Forest was an incredible 24, more than he scored against any other League side. But one game just about sums up our affair with JG...the double was on as we met Spurs in the FA Cup semi-final on 29 April 1967. Hennessey got our only goal. Frank Saul got one for Spurs and guess who got the other, to record a 2-1 win and shatter our dreams...YEAH, JIMMY BLOODY GREAVES!

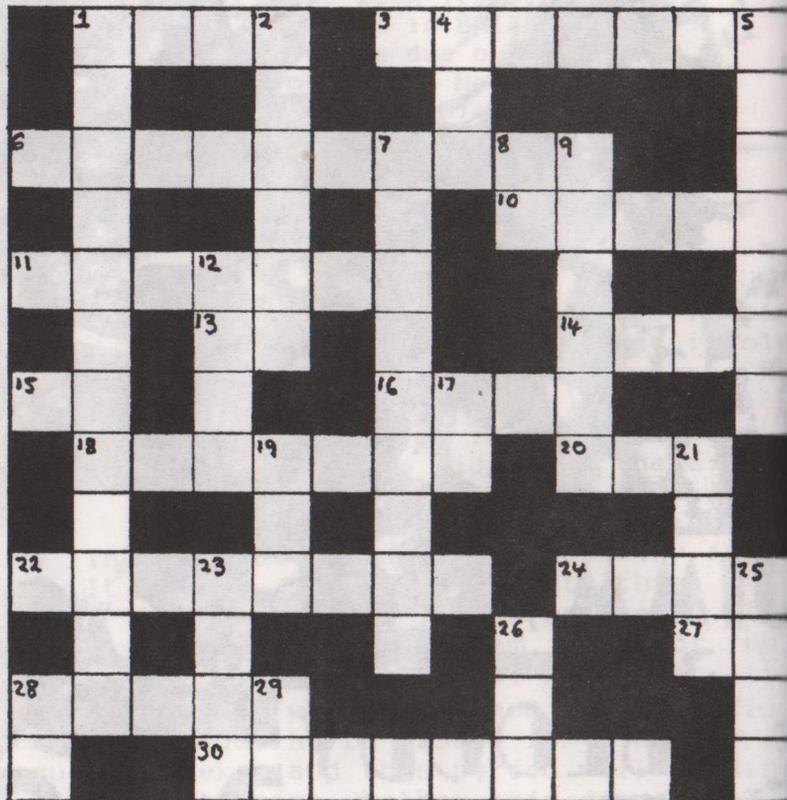
by TW.

CROSSWORD

You've pondered over the Quiz, now waste a few more hours with the sublimely cryptic crossword....

ACROSS:

- 1). Where Royston would ramble (4)
- 3). Flowers of the Forest? (7)
- 6). 60's advert for hepatitis? (4.2.4)
- 10). Kingsley made his last (5)
- 11). Should have gone in 88 (7)
- 13). All those in favour of a yachting trip? (Spot the tenuous footballing link)..(2)
- 14). Stormy weather in Aston? (4)
- 15). Initially, Liam was floored (2)
- 16). No friend of 12 down (4)
- 18). Our Dazza (7)
- 20). Long may he res. in Nottingham (3)
- 22). In need of migration south last January (8)
- 24). Graham wishes Stuart would be more... (4)
- 27). Two halves given time to gel? (2)
- 28). Pensioners lucky number? (6)
- 30). Gorgeous George of Merseyside (8)



- 7). Mercenary bastard (3.6)
- 8). Not Lee Glover (2)
- 9). Johnny often during his stay at the City Ground (6)
- 12). Knowledge of these is insufficient for a first team place (4)
- 17). Initials above the Stage Door (2)
- 19). Frenchman takes the P-S out of Tottenham (3)
- 21). the gambling man (4)

- 23). Fergie on the market? (4)
- 25). Sponge carrier (4)
- 26). Do you know the Scottish hard man? (3)
- 28). Odds on favourite? (2)
- 30). Any reply to 28 across? (2)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 87.

COMPILED BY GYLES BRANDNEWSWEATER.

DOWN:

- 1). Where Teddy used to have his picnics (4.4.4)
- 2). Peaks and valleys for Dave in the late 60's? (6)
- 4). A True Tricky gives this (3)
- 5). European knight? (3.4)

DREAM TEAM

Many recent BRIAN contributors have indulged in fantasy by picking their ideal Reds team. Well, I've decided to go one further and pick a real dream team:

- | | | | | |
|---------------|--------|--------|----------|--|
| | 1 | | | |
| | | KINSKI | | |
| 2 | 4 | 5 | 3 | |
| SCHWARZNEGGER | CLARY | REEVES | PEARCE | |
| | 6 | | 8 | |
| | WILTON | | DANIELS | |
| 7 | 9 | 10 | 11 | |
| CLARKE | CLOUGH | PEEL | ELDRITCH | |

- 1). What centre-forward bearing down on Nastassia in goal and staring into those plaintive doe-like eyes would not oblige by booting the ball wide? Additionally, I for one would rather watch Ms Kinski wiggle her pert little backside than our Norm, and she may even prove more adept at dealing with long-range passes!
- 2). "You'll Never Beat Des Walker" ? Nah! With his trusty Uzi 9mm patrolling the 18 yard box, not even Mark Hughes would consider attempting to dispossess our Arnie.
- 3). Stuart, not Phyllis. Further comment superfluous.
- 4). Considering the above two selections, Nottingham Forest would be in danger of losing our famous "Pansies" nickname, so who better than Julian to restore our reputation. Would have Fashanu in his pocket all afternoon!
- 5). Not non-existent BRIAN correspondent Francis, but Britain's top light entertainer. The manager would appreciate the presence of a fellow Teesider, and Vic would doubtless prove useful for

clearances, as he certainly wouldn't let it lie.
 6). Deadly Derek would give our midfield the decisiveness and aggression we've been lacking. The link-up with new sponsors "Pendlebury Paper Products" could lead to increased profitability for the Souvenir Shop too, with novelty "Ram's Turd" whoopie cushions, etc..
 7). Cabinet minister Kenneth, on the right wing (naturally), would give the team the customary token Nottinghamian. Also, it would stop the fat so-and-so bugging up the education system.
 8). You'll like this selection - not a lot, but he would at least be able to magic away Vic Callow's red card, and would also stop Wimbledon's McGee from scoring.
 9). Brian often proclaims from the bench that his two year old Grandson could do better. This would give us all the opportunity to see if he has once again uncovered a young genius.
 10). Again, Mr S. of Gedling deserves the chance to show us all how easy this goal-scoring lark is. His appearance in the Garibaldi might at last provoke some interesting letters to the Footie Post.
 11). Bearing in mind the above selections, one quality forward would be needed, and who better than the enigmatic master of gothic rock, Andrew von E. Not only is his lithe frame the ideal build for a winger, but the years of substance abuse which have lead to it should make him faster than Ben Johnson. As if this wasn't enough, the fact that he never goes anywhere unless swathed in dry ice would make smuggling the ball into the net from the left field a mere formality.

by TEACHERMAN.



DEL
 7
 VIC
 FOR
 YOUR
 PANINI
 ALBUM



A Complete Update

FLUSHED with the success of "NOTTINGHAM FOREST - A Complete Record 1865 - 1991", Breedon Books have already commissioned internationally best selling author Pete Attaway to write a revised edition, cunningly titled "NOTTINGHAM FOREST - A Complete Record 1865 - 1996", to be published in five years time. Internationally best selling author Pete Attaway has already begun work on the volume, and here are a few extracts from the revised "Forest Stars A-Z" :

Scot Gemmill was introduced by Brian Clough at the tail end of the 1990-91 season. He at first found it difficult to come to terms with his role as "Scottish midfield scapegoat", despite receiving every encouragement from the patient Forest crowd, who cursed his name at every conceivable opportunity. Scot eventually won over the respect of the Forest faithful with some quite outstanding displays, especially during the record breaking 1993-94 season, with culminated with his role in Scotland's supremely successful World Cup triumph - when they actually qualified for the second phase. Scot left Forest in 1995, joining Glasgow Rangers for £8.5 million.



SCOT GEMMILL

The diminutive winger, Gary Crosby - who, as the match programme constantly pointed out, couldn't play as an orthodox centre-forward either - was formally adopted by Forest boss Brian Clough in 1994. He was thereafter known solely as "The Right Winger", and was made to play centre-half for the reserves.

After a languid start to his Forest career, Thorvaldur Orlygsson (hereafter known as "Toddi") seized a second chance when an injury crisis led to a first team recall at the start of the 1993-94 season. Toddi dazzled with his silky skills, becoming a huge crowd favourite, and in 1994 was voted *European Footballer of the Year*, in recognition of his leading Iceland to their first ever World Cup Final (where they lost narrowly to England, 1-0, ironically to a Sir Stuart Pearce penalty). Toddi was sold to AC Milan for £12.8m, but was a complete flop, returning to KA Akureyri for a cut price £12,500. He then worked for the Icelandic Fisheries Commissioneries, and was leader of the Icelandic forces during the ill-fated Cod War Two. Sadly, Toddi was fatally wounded during hostilities.



TODDI ORLYGSSON

Formerly the holder of the British record transfer fee, Dean Saunders was signed by Brian Clough from Liverpool on loan during 1995, mainly to cover an injury crisis in the Midland Senior League side. He returned to Anfield a month later, and was sold to Beazer Homes League side Derby County for £500 in June, 1996.



DEAN SAUNDERS

Sir Stuart Pearce, OBE, furthered his marvellous career in 1992, when he took over the captaincy of the England side from Gary Lineker, and from Bill Beaumont in BBC's "A Question of Sport", in which he trounced Ian Botham 13-0. After leading his country to their 1994 USA World Cup triumph (it was his "Extra Penalty Attempt" in the second period of sudden death overtime that decided the fate of the famous trophy), Pearce was knighted, and then, following his appointment as Secretary General of the United Nations, solved the crisis between the Serbs and the Croats in Yugoslavia. In 1995 Sir Stuart received the OBE after developing a cure for cancer, and won the Noble Peace prize after ending all World hostilities. If there is ever going to be a more popular human being in the history of the Universe than Stuart Pearce, it is virtually unimaginable as to what he would have to achieve.



STUART PEARCE

PAUL GASCOIGNE

Who gives a f***?

by PETE ATTAWAY, funnily enough.

Bing-a-ling

eat within 3 days of opening

Whoa-oh that loving feeling...

Famous Forest fans

No.6 - SPOT

There was justifiable anger in the press recently when it was announced that BT had made record profits of £100 per second in the last six months. The harrassed chairman stated that there had been an unexpected surge in calls from August onwards. What he did not say, however, was that most of these were in the Nottingham area, and were the result of a new kind of nuisance call, known as a "Singing Sheri-gram". This consists of a slightly inebriated Reds supporter celebrating the latest scoring exploits of the god-like centre-forward. After games during which Mr Sheringham finds the net, the aforementioned fan phones a County fan of his/her acquaintance, and launches into a loud and rather unmusical

chorus of "Woah, Teddy Teddy! Teddy Teddy Teddy Sheringham!". Before the infuriated County supporter, drowning his/her sorrows after another humbling lesson in First Division life, can ask "Who is this?", the receiver is replaced, and the 5p the call cost is doubled as the County fan rings BT in a vain attempt to have the call traced. It is rumoured that BT have tried to boost profits even further by encouraging County fans to retaliate by staging anonymous "What-a-waste-o-money" grams if the No.10 has a bad game, but as a) this is an infinitely rare occurrence and b) the researchers have had difficulty finding County fans, the plot has been a dismal failure.

by TEACHERMAN.

The Finest Stadium In The East Midlands

THE LIBRARY END



There has been much speculation recently as to Forest's plans for developing the City Ground. Initially we were to be housed in an all seater stadium featuring a triple decker Trent End and a double decker Library End. Building work was expected to commence earlier in the year, and completion of work was anticipated to be completed well in advance of the 1994 Taylor deadline for all seater stadia to be introduced.

However, complications have developed:-

1. Mr Clough embarked on an unpresidented spending spree which reduced our petty cash significantly.
2. Nottinghamshire City Council confused Mr Roworth and friends by introducing talk of a purpose built stadium, hence our board have become unsure not only which stadium they are discussing, but also which team they are supposed to be representing.
3. Residents wishes in the Library End area has resulted in a reduced capacity being planned.
4. Nottinghamshire City Council have decided to offset all Poll Tax arrears by charging a ridiculous rent for the area of land behind the Trent End.

However we are now in a position to reveal the revised plans for development of the City Ground. They are as follow:-

1. Ceiling space will be reduced in the Trent End forcing fans to sit on newly installed milk crates. These are to be supplied by the Co-op as part of a massive new sponsorship deal.
2. Anyone wishing to enter in the Bridgford area of the ground will now be vetted by the newly formed "Library End Residents Committee Action Group" who will have total powers to refuse admission.
3. Library end fans will never again be victims of the elements. Any game where rain is forecast will result in this area of the ground being closed.

I'm sure you will all agree that we need no longer worry about the City Ground of the future. We will once again have a stadium that the likes of County and Derby can only dream about.

The future of Nottingham Forest Football Club is in safe hands.



Sale Of The Century II

A few years back (BRIAN #10), there was "Sale of the Century". Since then many players have joined/left or even improved. Thus, "Sale of the Century II" is born...

MARK CROSSLEY:

Our custodian can be worrying to say the least, yet is quite good at stopping long-shots. Would probably raise £600,000.

GARY CHARLES:

Was given an England cap far too early, yet could still become an England regular with Lee Dixon being in appalling form. £1million.

STUART PEARCE:

What can I say that hasn't already been spoken of "Psycho"? Worth £3million to Forest, yet would probably only raise £2million at the most, unless sold to Liverpool!

STEVE CHETTLER:

Had his best season to date last term and is still pretty young. £750,000.

DEB WALKER:

NOT FOR SALE. ITEM WITHDRAWN.

BRIAN LAWS:

Perhaps lost his place to Charles too early. Determined player who has scored some great goals (e.g. v Coventry (h) 2-4 1990). £750,000.

ROY KEANE:

The boy Roy is probably the greatest talent to emerge for years. Is already worth £2.5million - price will rocket.

GARRY PARKER:

Noney seems to have lost favour with Brian and lost a bit of his love for Forest. Has scored some superb goals and is probably worth the £750,000 Liverpool offered. (Gratuitous out-of-date bit -Ed).

TERRY WILSON:

Our resident alcoholic is injured at present, probably when we most need him to add bite to our midfield. £600,000.

SCOT GEMMILL:

Lacks the resilience of father Archie, but has good skill and time is on his side. £600,000.

GARY CROSBY:

Our nippy winger is not too popular with sections of the Forest support, but always tries hard and on his day can turn a match. £700,000.

IAN WOAN:

Has great skill, can beat full-backs and shoots well. However, he can

lack application and may be a bit complacent. £700,000.

NIGEL CLOUGH:

Has struggled to come back from injury despite scoring a few in the reserves. If he keeps up his strike rate could add to his England caps. £1.5million.

LEE GLOVER:

"Lovely Lee" can hold the ball up well and has good close control, yet is unable to hit the back of the net with any regularity. Still a promising youth. £650,000.

All enquiries to Brian Clough, c/o Nottingham Forest Football Club.

by JON RESTALL.

You've lost that loving feeling...

U-Reds!



Famous Forest Fans

No.7 - WINNIE THE POOH AND PIGLET

BITER BIT QUIZ ANSWERS:

- a) No.18; b) No.6; c) No.20; d) No.3;
- e) No.4; f) No.22; g) No.21; h) No.9;
- i) No.16; j) No.5.

cut out and keep

EXCLUSIVE!

BLACKMAIL CORNER



(Thanks to Martin Lacey, "Elmslie Ender" fanzine).

Behold a picture of early 80's Wealdstone FC, proud winners of discreet trophy. But do you recognise the fresh-faced wimp, second left, front row?

Turn page upside down for clue...

by STEVE HANLEY.



Yes, it's our captain, "Pearcey". Looks like Pat Nevin would've scared him in those days...

POET'S CORNER

"BRIAN CLOUGH'S TOTAL FOOTBALL TEAM"
(Sergeant Pepper - THE BEATLES)

It was 20 years ago today
I first went to see the Forest play
They've been going in and out of style
But they're guaranteed to raise a smile
So may I introduce to you
The ones you've loved for all these years
... Brian Clough's Total Football Team...

We're Brian Clough's Total Football Team
We know you will enjoy our game
We're Brian Clough's Total Football Team
Sit back and watch the Forest go!
Brian Clough's total, Brian Clough's
total, Brian Clough's Total Football Team

It's wonderful to be here
You'll certainly get a thrill
You're such a lovely football team
We'd like to take you home with us
We'd love to take you home...

I don't really want to stop the game
But I thought you might like to know
That Psycho's gonna sing a song
And he wants you all to sing along
So let me introduce to you
The one and only Stuart Pearce
And Brian Clough's Total Football Team

by the NAILSEA TREE

"WE WON'T LEAVE THE CITY GROUND"
(If I Should Fall From Grace
With God - THE POGUES)

We won't leave the City Ground
Like our neighbours would've liked us
We'll have two new stands to fill
Not terrace but all-seaters

Leave us alone Notts
Leave us alone Notts
We beat you by four goals
Stop moaning, Neil Warnock

This ground was always ours
'Tis the proud land of King Cloughie
It belongs to us not Notts
Nor to Labour's City Councillors

Rushcliffe they said "Yes"
But the City they got greedy
No chance of Wilford now
Our 'power' is in Psycho

Leave us alone Notts
Leave us alone Notts
Let us get on with our plans
You can sell The Lane for firewood

by BRIDGFORD MAC

"WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

And now in the Second Division
You sit and ponder
Poor little sheep
Attendances hardly averaging 15,000
So you can barely earn your keep

Both your star players
Have now been sold
To that club over by the Mersey
Now, instead of silly sheep
They have little birds
On their jerseys

Your trophy cabinet
Lies empty and bare
Down at the Baseball Ground
The only things you keep in there
Are cardboard cut-out mounds

You dream of what you once had
When Cloughie was manager there
But all those dreams
And far-off memories
Have just vanished into thin air

And now, as you try for promotion
Into the Super League
We'll spare a thought for you
- it's this

Whilst we rampage through
Cup competitions galore
Do you even know where Wembley is?

by JANETTE

TEN ZENITH/ SIMOD/ CRAP CUP MEMORIES

- 1) Garry Parker's goal at Wembley
- 2) Crosby's lob at Portman Road
- 3) Willo's report of Reading v Forest in BRIAN #6
- 4) Singing "Teddy is better than Jemmo" at Elland Road, knowing the egotistical one was on the terrace with us
- 5) Hoping Newcastle scored to bring us extra time
- 6) Webb's first goal v Palace
- 7) Chappo's first at Wembley
- 8) Seeing "Big Ron" arrive at Elland Road in the biggest, chauffeur driven, most f*** off Mercedes you'll ever see
- 9) Swinging on the Trent End roof when Psycho scored v Palace
- 10) The Cup Winning goal. Classic Forest football. FRANCIS REEVES.

There's Only One Joshua Johnson

FOREST'S TOP GOALKEEPERS FROM 1865 TO 1991...

The life of the goalkeeper, I should think, is fairly miserable. Errors are remembered throughout a career, whilst fleeting moments of glory quickly vanish into obscurity, seldom bringing the recognition they deserve. Such is the responsibility and the isolation that I've often wondered what sort of person actually wants to undertake this role - a role that can leave you the villain of the piece on numerous occasions - despised by thousands and with no genuine shoulder to cry on.

At Forest, only 20 people (all of them male coincidentally!) have donned the green jersey on more than 50 occasions, placing themselves at the mercy of their own personal havoc and turmoil. But which of these has come through less battered psychologically - and which of them (of those who are not resting in peace) hang their gloves up on the living room door purely to remind themselves of the misery and torment of life between the sticks? In other words, can it be shown who has been the most successful Forest keeper, and can we measure the talents of those who haven't quite left us "ooh"-ing and "aah"-ing from the terraces? Well I think it can be revealed by looking at the League results of the last 100 years or so (excluding the two World Wars) since Forest have been in the Football League.

The first table produced shows in order of success the rate of goals conceded per game by each of the goalkeepers involved. Though I don't think this bears a great deal of influence on the subject of *Who Was The Greatest Forest Keeper*, it still makes interesting reading. It's probably no surprise that Peter Shilton finishes top, especially considering the defence of the day, but what about the superb rating of his predecessor John Middleton, and the low rating of '59 Cup Final hero Chick Thomson? And as for the England "Captain's Great-Grandfather, Harry Linacre, a fairly indifferent 13th (only joking. I don't think Harry was related to Gary, I can just see you all splitting your sides at that). Of the Clough Era the least successful keeper was poor old Hans

Segers, though he was relatively effective compared to others from the past. Still we can forgive 'ole Hans cos he was a bit of a laugh. I wonder if he's still laughing at Selhurst Park? Somehow I doubt it.

Segers shock



SEGERS

By IAN GIBB

WIMBLEDON boss Peter Withe, without a win in his first four attempts, was rocked by another blow yesterday when keeper Hans Segers demanded a transfer.

Segers said: "I was promised that the club was

ambitious, that we'd buy players and challenge for trophies those promises have been broken."

(Daily Ram

2/11/91).

Hans scrunches up his face in disgust: "I used to play in front of more people with Forest Reserves than I do with you lot..." he informs the man and his dog that make up the Wimbledon crowd.

NAME	YEARS AT FOREST	APPS.	CONCEDED	AVE/GAME
1) P. SHILTON	1977-81	202	172	0.85
2) J. MIDDLETON	1974-77	90	89	0.99
3) -G. WALKER	1946-54	293	324	1.11
-H. VAN BREUKELEN	1982-83	61	68	1.11
-S. HARDY	1921-24	102	113	1.11
6) S. SUTTON*	1980-	199	227	1.14
7) M. CROSSLEY*	1988-	57	73	1.28
8) -H. SEGERS	1984-88	58	75	1.29
-H. NICHOLSON	1955-56	72	93	1.29
10) J. BARRON	1970-73	155	214	1.38
11) J. JOHNSON	1919-20	53	78	1.47
12) -H. LINACRE	1899-1908	308	465	1.51
-P. GRUMMITT	1960-69	313	474	1.51
14) W. FARMER	1953-56	52	79	1.52
15) L. LANGFORD	1924-29	136	218	1.60
16) J. HANNA	1911-13	97	156	1.61
17) D. ALLSOP	1892-99	206	333	1.67
18) P. ASHTON	1930-38	179	302	1.69
19) C. THOMSON	1957-60	121	206	1.70
20) A. DEXTER	1923-36	256	444	1.73

* Up to and including Villa (a) September 21st 1991.

Table 2 probably gives a better indication of success. Since, as we know, football is a team game it is important to determine the efficiency of a goalkeeper within the overall performance of a team. For example, a goalkeeper in a fairly attacking team may let in more goals due to tactics leaving the defence relatively unmanned. As compensation for this the team may at the same time be scoring more goals, at the end Forest should be scoring at. Mark Crossley and Hans Segers have both played a similar number of games in which Forest have conceded a similar number of goals. However, the team have scored considerably more goals with Mark wearing the No.1 shirt, and therefore his rating is higher. The order of Table 2 is therefore established by taking the average amount of goals conceded by a goalkeeper per game and subtracting them from the average amount of goals scored by Forest per game that the keeper appeared in. Get it? Good.

Well, I must admit I was slightly surprised when Hans van Breukelen came out on top, but with Hans in goal Forest finished 3rd and 5th and scored pretty prolifically. There were also considerably fewer

NAME	GOALS FOR	AGAINST	AVE/F.	AVE/AG.	DIFF.
1) H. VAN BREUKELEN	110	68	1.80	1.11	0.69
2) G. WALKER	506	324	1.73	1.11	0.62
3) P. SHILTON	282	172	1.40	0.85	0.55
4) H. NICHOLSON	129	93	1.79	1.29	0.50
5) -M. CROSSLEY	99	73	1.74	1.28	0.46
-W. FARMER	103	79	1.98	1.52	0.46
7) -S. SUTTON	309	227	1.55	1.14	0.41
-J. MIDDLETON	126	89	1.40	0.99	0.41
9) -H. SEGERS	77	75	1.33	1.29	0.04
-L. LANGFORD	223	218	1.64	1.60	0.04
11) H. LINACRE	471	465	1.53	1.51	0.02
12) S. HARDY	113	113	1.11	1.11	0.00
13) P. GRUMMITT	463	474	1.48	1.51	-0.03
14) D. ALLSOP	329	333	1.60	1.67	-0.07
15) A. DEXTER	419	444	1.64	1.73	-0.09
16) P. ASHTON	277	302	1.55	1.69	-0.14
17) -J. BARRON	180	214	1.16	1.38	-0.22
-C. THOMSON	179	206	1.48	1.70	-0.22
19) J. HANNA	127	156	1.31	1.61	-0.30
20) J. JOHNSON	52	78	0.98	1.47	-0.49

drawn games than during the Shilton Era. George Walker also rates higher than Shilton but - and what a big but it is - George played all his football in Divisions 2nd & 3rd(South). (Incidentally, Forest scored the grand total of 177 goals during their two year sojourn in the Southern wilderness). And also, as this article suggests in its title, there's only ever been one Joshua Johnson. What great names our early keepers had: Joshua, Dennis Allsop, Percy Ashton, Leonard Langford, Sam Hardy and Arthur Dexter create a perfect image of cloth caps and shorts that make Spurs' latest efforts look like

G-strings. Though Table 2 may give a clearer idea of the identity of the Greatest Forest Keeper it remains, nevertheless, inconclusive. The main reason for this, as hinted at, is that different goalies played in different leagues - with very different standards of play. Hence I feel it is necessary to introduce some form of handicapping, by penalising those who played their football outside the First Division.

P.T.O.

NAME	HANDICAP	NAME	HANDICAP
DENNIS ALLSOP	1PT	JIM BARRON	1.50PTS
CHICK THOMSON	1PT	JOHN MIDDLETON	1.75PTS
PETER GRUMMITT	1PT	JOHN HANNA	2PTS
PETER SHILTON	1PT	JOSHUA JOHNSON	2PTS
STEVE SUTTON	1PT	LEONARD LANGFORD	2PTS
HANS VAN BREUKELEN	1PT	ARTHUR DECKER	2PTS
HANS SEGERS	1PT	PERCY ASHTON	2PTS
MARK CROSSLEY	1PT	WILLIAM FARMER	2PTS
HARRY LINACRE	1.11PTS	HAROLD NICHOLSON	2PTS
SAM HARDY	1.25PTS	GEORGE WALKER	2.25PTS



No Joshua Johnson pic, but Dennis Allsop's rather hunky, eh girls?



Double Dutch! Forest aces Frans Thijssen (right) and 'keeper Hans Van Breukelen may have found these Wrangler denims too much to cope with, but they've certainly fitted in at the City Ground with style.

The things people do for publicity...

NAME	AVE. POS. FROM 1&2	HANDICAP	FINAL SCORE
1) =PETER SHILTON	2.0	1.00	3.00
-HANS VAN BREUKELEN	2.0	1.00	3.00
3) GEORGE WALKER	2.5	2.25	4.75
4) JOHN MIDDLETON	4.5	1.75	6.25
5) MARK CROSSLEY	6.0	1.00	7.00
6) STEVE SUTTON	6.5	1.00	7.50
7) HAROLD NICHOLSON	6.0	2.00	8.00
8) SAM HARDY	7.5	1.25	8.75
9) HANS SEGERS	8.5	1.00	9.50
10) WILLIAM FARMER	9.5	2.00	11.50
11) HARRY LINACRE	11.5	1.11	12.60
12) PETER GRUMMITT	12.5	1.00	13.50
13) LEONARD LANGFORD	12.0	2.00	14.00
14) JIM BARRON	13.5	1.50	15.00
15) DENNIS ALLSOP	15.5	1.00	16.50
16) JOSHUA JOHNSON	15.5	2.00	17.50
17) =PERCY ASHTON	17.0	2.00	19.00
-CHICK THOMSON	18.0	1.00	19.00
19) =JOHN HANNA	17.5	2.00	19.50
-ARTHUR DEXTER	17.5	2.00	19.50

Now that we've penalised those that need to be penalised, we can finally determine the greatest and the not-so-great. This is done by taking the average position of each player from Tables 1 & 2 and adding the penalty points from Table 3. By doing this not only do we put the emphasis on the amount of goals conceded, but we also consider this figure within Forest's performances as a team, and acknowledge the differing quality of Divisions 1.2 & 3.

So there we are. Shilts and Hans share the honours, and thankfully Joshua wasn't last. But what do these facts and figures actually prove? Well, nothing really, but it does provide us with the opportunity to compare today's game with times gone by. And what particularly pleases me is that most of you lot can't argue with my conclusions as be honest, have any of you ever seen George Walker, Dennis Allsop or Joshua Johnson play? No, I thought not.

by RICH MCKENZIE.

FOOTNOTE: The figures above relate only to League performances. If we had to separate Shilton & van Breukelen, then presumably Shilts would come out on top due to the great Cup successes, domestically and internationally, that he helped steer us to. However, as Mr Clough constantly reminds us, the League is our "bread and butter", so I don't see why Cup games should bear any influence - though I'm sure Charlie Thomson would disagree considering his final 'league' rating!

50 Things To Do With Sheep

- 1) Roast them and serve with roast spuds, veg, and mint sauce.
- 2) Knit jumpers from their wool.
- 3) Knit socks with their wool.
- 4) Convert them into chops and grill.
- 5) Lancashire Hot Pot.
- 6) Cottage Pie (or Shepherds Pie if you're adamant about it.
- 7) Count them if you can't sleep.
- 8) Point them out to children on boring journeys.
- 9) Knit them into trendy woolly hats.
- 10) Or Forest scarves.
- 11) How about a lamb curry?
- 12) Lamb kebabs with minty yoghurt?
- 13) Chase them (if you're a border collie).
- 14) Use them to get you a starring part in "One Man And His Dog" (also if you're a border collie).
- 15) Rack of Lamb Rosemary. Mmmm.
- 16) Knit some mittens for Nigel.
- 17) Knit some booties for the Grandchildren of God.
- 18) Shear them (if you're a farmer).
- 19) Dip them (if you're a farmer).
- 20) Rustle them (if you're a sheep-rustler).
- 21) Loin of Lamb with apricot.
- 22) Knit woolly blankets for needy old folk.
- 23) Lovely warm vests for the winter.
- 24) Extra socks for the Bridgford End.
- 25) Fancy a warming Mutton Casserole?
- 26) Scotch Mutton pies?
- 27) Spicy Jamaican Mutton Patties?
- 28) You could knit a sexy little black dress to wear at Christmas parties!
- 29) Or how about some cushion covers for Auntie Beryl.
- 30) Take pictures of them in areas of natural beauty and sell them as postcards.
- 31) Cook a tasty Navarin of Lamb for a posh dinner.
- 32) Watch them, if you're a shepherd.
- 33) Sing songs about shepherds watching them, if you're not.
- 34) Knit a warm rug for your knees in the Lower Tier.
- 35) Cheap and tasty Lambs Kidney's Turbigo.
- 36) Test them for levels of radiation.
- 37) How about crocheting a groovy poncho?
- 38) Or a fab tank top.
- 39) If counting doesn't work, drink yourself to sleep with a bottle of "Sheep-Dip Malt Whisky".
- 40) Admire them on country walks.
- 41) Lambs Liver with onion and bacon.
- 42) Woolly long johns under your jeans will keep you lovely and snug for those January FA Cup replays.
- 43) Admire them on country walks.
- 44) Sweet and Sour Lamb?
- 45) Release them from abbatoirs, if you're a veggie.
- 46) Worry them by talking about mortgage rates.
- 47) Frighten them by shouting "Mint Sauce".
- 48) Lamb and chips.
- 49) Watch Trees humiliate them at football.
- 50) Erm...Urr..No, it's no good, I just can't think of anything else.

by OWEN.

Another desperately short of material production....An even crappier than last time....

FOREST TOP TWENTY

- 1) Primal Scream - JUNIOR REDS
- 2) Motley Crue - 'A' BLOCK (only joking lads!)
- 3) Teenage Fan Club - THE TRENT END
- 4) World Of Twist - MARK CROSSLEY
- 5) Blowdive - GARY CROSBY
- 6) Prodigy - ROY KEANE
- 7) UB40 - BRIAN RICE
- 8) Seal - LEE CHAPMAN
- 9) Public Enemy - ROBERT MAXWELL
- 10) Swervedriver - PSYCHO FREE-KICK
- 11) Nirvana - SUCCESSFUL PSYCHO FREE-KICK
- 12) The Levellers - WIMBLEDON FC
- 13) The Charlatans - NOTTS COUNTY FC
- 14) Midway Still - NFFC (but not for much longer, hopefully)
- 15) Slayer - PAUL GASCOIGNE
- 16) Sudden Sway - KINGSLEY BLACK
- 17) Jesus Loves You - PHIL STARBUCK
- 18) Senseless Things - DCFC
- 19) The Stupids - VIC CALLOW & ROGER MILFORD (duet)
- 20) Gallon Drunk - ANY SUGGESTIONS?

by TEACHERMAN.

No.1 in Nott-ing-ham

Looking through a friend's book "30 Years Of Number Ones". I thought how much some of them are like the various people and events at NFFC, and in football in general. so here are some of them with their alternative subjects:

It's Now Or Never - Des scoring v West Ham
Poetry In Motion - Tony Adam(?)
You're Driving Me Crazy - To Franzy...
Johnny Remember Me - We always do v Wednesday
Wonderful Land - Wembley...
Return To Sender - Toddi Orlygsson
Devil In Disguise - Vic Callow/ Mr Gascoigne
There's Always Something
There To Remind Me - BC on Sheridan. Megson etc
Concrete And Clay - Baseball Ground
King Of The Road - Albert Kershaw
I Can't Get No

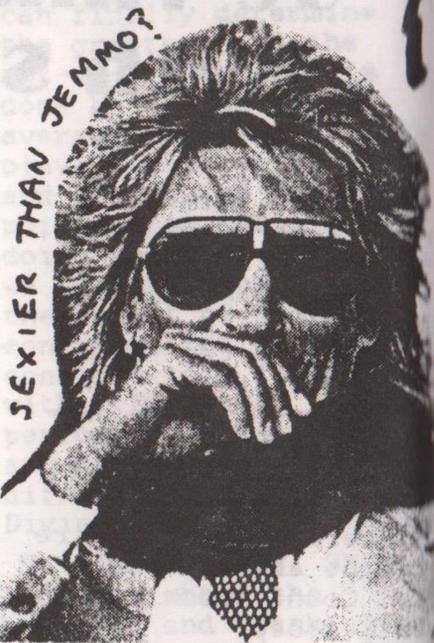
Satisfaction - Exec. Upper Tier
Get Off Of My Cloud - BC to Archie
Keep On Runnin' - Roy Keane
Strangers In The Night - Forest defence in first half v Cov (Rumbelows Cup)
Out Of Time - Neville Southall...
I'm A Believer - BC in Norman
Something Stupid - Buying Justin Fashanu
Puppet On A String - Trevor Frecknall
Silence Is Golden - When it's from Jimmy Hill
Hello Goodbye - John Sheridan
Those Were The Days - 1988-89 season...
I Heard It Through The Grapevine

Dizzy - Away ticket information
Something In The Air - Back row Exec. Stand
In The Year 2525 - Playing Wimbledon
Back Home - Winning at Anfield/ Des's first goal...
Grandad - Where Davenport was most of the time...
I'm Still Waiting - Grandpa Clough
Long Haired Lover From Liverpool - Bridgford Enders for roof
Cum On Feel The Noize - Ian Bishop
I'm The Leader Of The Gang - Trent End choir
You Won't Find Another Fool Like Me - Psycho...

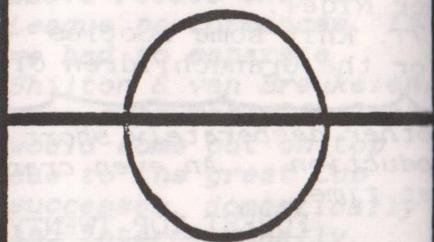
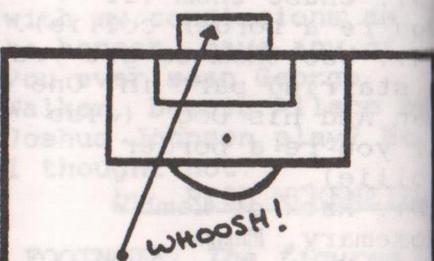
Down Down - Norm To Trent End
Stand By Your Man - Derby County FC
Save Your Kisses For Me - Cloughie & Crosby
I Don't Wanna Talk About It - Fashanu to BC
So You Win Again - Forest Officials on ground developments
Do Ya Think I'm Sexy - Arsenic & Spurs at Forest
Coward Of The County - Nigel Jemson
Going Underground - Tommy Johnson
 - The BRIAN

What's Another Year - BC on the FA Cup
Jealous Guy - Tommy Gaynor
Don't You Want Me - Franz Carr
Dancing In The Street - After last season's semi
A Different Corner - One the opponents don't score from...
Don't Turn Around - Andy Dibble...
Sealed With A Kiss - Brian Clough

by "TONY ADAMS'S STABLE-BOY".



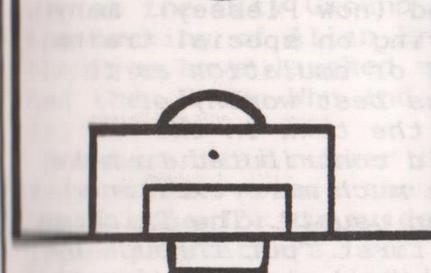
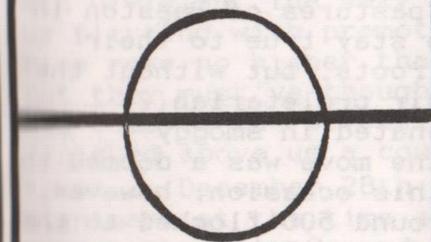
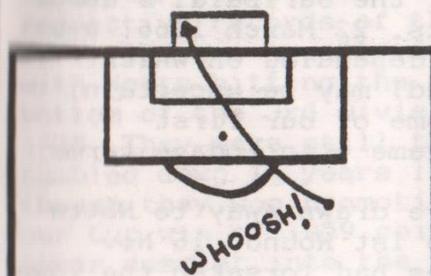
Classic "No3" Moments



NO.4 - PALACE (A)
SEPT. 1990

Classic "No3" Moments

You REDS!



NO.5 v COVENTRY
FEB. 1990

Following the growing interest in posey registration numbers, and in recognition of current poseurs such as:

MRR 1	Maurice Roworth
NF 1111	Fred Reacher
DCP 1	Derek Pavis

the BRIAN would like to propose the following combinations for some of our fave and ex-fave Garibaldis.

GOD 1	Brian Clough
DES1E	Des Walker
BINGO	Gary Crosby
NIGEL	Nigel Clough
LIAMS	Liam O'Kane
RON1E	Ron Fenton
RICEY	Brian Rice
R CHIE	Archie Gemmill
LEE 10	Lee Glover

W1GGY	Frank Wignall
JB VIP	Joe Baker
JUD4S }	Terry Hennessey
}	Ian Moore
}	Neil Webb (at least

Webby didn't have the sheer affrontery to sign for Derby)

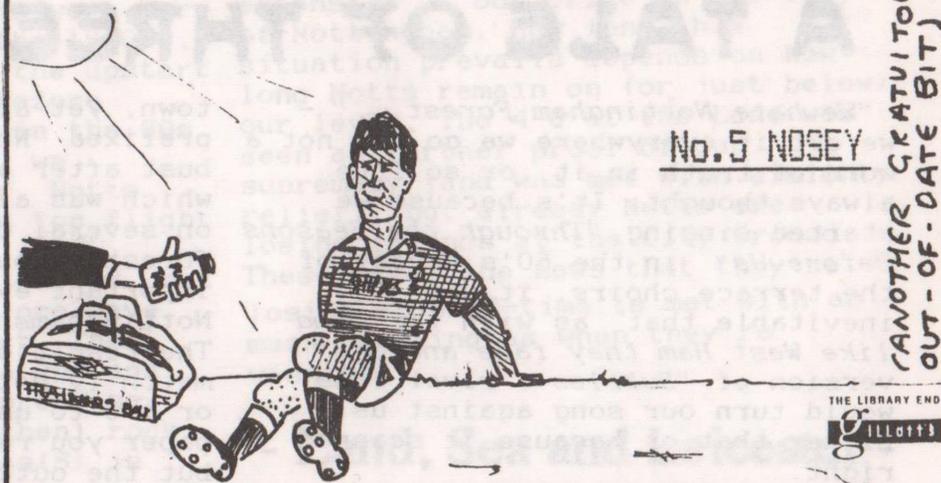
F1ERY	Kenny Burns
ORG45M	Stuart Pearce

which brings us nicely to Mr Attitude-Problem himself, Nigel Jemson, currently sporting H10 JEM on his BMW. Come on Jemmo, you can do better than that! What about:

5EXY	
15 5EXY	
K15S ME	
R4NDY	

by SUK 100Y.

FAVOURITE REASONS TO BRING ON THE TRAINER



"QUICK! HAND ME THE BOTTLE OF FAKE TAN"

THE LIBRARY END
GILLOTT'S

(ANOTHER GRATUITOUS OUT-OF-DATE BIT)

A Christmas Miracle

One day at the end of November an old man in a wheelchair was sitting through which BC had passed. knocked and was met by Cloughie, who obliged with the autograph and an order for the old man to get back in his chair. Now many claim to have seen him walk on water, but few can claim to have been cured in such a way. So is the City Ground now to become the English equivalent of Lourdes, and will the lepers please form an orderly queue...
by HIS DISCIPLE.

A TALE OF THREE CITIES

"We hate Nottingham Forest..." - we get it everywhere we go and not a word of truth in it, or so I've always thought. It's because we started singing "Through the Seasons Before Us" in the 60's heyday of the terrace choirs, it was inevitable that, as with the "And like West Ham they fade and die" version of "Bubbles", rival fans would turn our song against us. Either that or because it scanned right.

Every club has a main rival, a team they loathe with a passion that despises them in return. Newcastle-Sunderland, Stoke-Port Vale, Exeter-Torquay. We hate Derby, of course, yet both Notts and Leicester also put us at the top of their pest list. It's rare to incite such venom from so many. Manchester United are hated most of all by Man. City, Liverpool and Leeds, but how much of this is down to media hype and the United myth (the whole country adores United, the flowing football, the Theatre of Dreams, the most ardent fans)? Will Liverpool be so bothered now that they're sinking to Everton's level? And Leeds, they're still fighting the Wars of the Roses (and the Battle of Stamford Bridge, Trafalgar, the Siege of Leningrad). Nah, it's not the same for us in the camera-shy East Midlands. Aston Villa are more comparable, being undisputed top dogs in the area and accordingly detested by Birmingham City, West Brom and Coventry. They're also the only other club I've heard named instead of us in that first line, but I digress. This article is not about other people's petty regional squabbles, but our own.

- Mutton Dressed As Lamb -

In 1865 our main rivals were, by necessity, Notts County. In their first three years they had already acquired their attitude of moral superiority, considering themselves the genteel club, the County club, a class above these Townie upstarts. Pre-Football League there were a substantial number of sides (Rangers, Olympic, Lace, Castle, Manufacturing Co.) playing in the

town, yet all bar County were prefixed "Nottingham". Most went bust after a few seasons (a fate which was almost to befall the Pies on several occasions), while the Forest v County fixtures became important events on the Nottinghamshire sporting calendar. The result of the Garibaldi's debut match (v Notts, 22 March 1866, 0-0 or 1-0 to us depending on which paper you read) may be uncertain, but the outcome of our first competitive game - in today's terms, is clearer.

The Reds were drawn away to Notts in the FA Cup 1st Round, 16 Nov 1878. The Pies had forsaken the Town for the lush pastures of Beeston in an attempt to stay true to their aristocratic roots, but without the cash from their proletarian(?) support, alienated in smoggy Nottingham, the move was a doomed to failure. On this occasion, however, a crowd of around 500 flocked to the Cricket Ground (now Plessey), many of them arriving on special trains, and "a spirit of emulation as to which club was best worthy of representing the town in the football field contributed to make the game of a much more exciting character than usual". The Trickies won 3-1, the first "put through by Turner amidst loud cheering for the scarlet colours, the wearers of which were unmistakably the favourites of the spectators", the second "goaled" by Goodyer, the 3rd from Smith "in a very neat manner". It would appear that the rules still owed something to rugby, with "tries at goal", a "bully", the custodian "being compelled to use his hands" and the style of Holroyd, who "distinguished himself by the manner in which he tackled Owen... more than once succeeded in getting the ball away from him". And we were crap at corners even then.

Interesting to note that after their disastrous sojourn in Beeston, the Lambs (as they were then known, what is it with our rivals and sheep?) returned to Nottingham and conspired to evict the Trickies from their tenancy at Trent Bridge. All for groundsharing but only when it suits you, eh?

Before WWI fortune favoured both sides fairly evenly: Notts were very much the senior club in the 1860's, but were overshadowed by the upstart Townie Reds in the 70s, before regaining the upper hand in the 80s. They won the Cup in 1894, we followed four years later. Notts enjoyed 22 seasons in the top flight prior to the outbreak of hostilities, compared to our 18, but then our refusal to turn pro gave them four years head start. The respective records of the 20s and early 30s are equally depressing, with Notts hitting the (then) rock bottom of the 3rd Division(S) in 1935. They were still there when we tumbled down 14 years later, and though they won promotion that year, our Cup win of 1959 coincided with their descent into the new-fangled 4th Division. The sexy Sixties saw us flirting with promotion while the Pies rose no higher than the 3rd, but they must've thought their time had come in the Seventies, they even finished above us a couple of times... December 28th 1974, a nightmare at the time as a 2-0 Notts win at the City Ground precipitated the sacking of Allan Brown. Would the Pies have laughed so heartily had they known Who and What was to follow?

A substantial number of today's Pie-folk still retain the attitude of moral superiority evident in their 1860s forefathers, but then they have had precious little else to cling to in the face of the mighty Red Shadow. It's perhaps unfortunate that all their most successful periods have been coincided with some of ours, but with chips on both shoulders they make natural underdogs. They consider us arrogant and see our genuine affection as patronising, but our attitude is based not only from pride, loyalty and sentiment but on hard FACT. Which ever way you look at it, on a purely footballing basis we are unarguably BETTER THAN THEM. Like talking to genuine Liverpool fans, it must be frustrating - you can score the odd trifling point here and there but you can't beat the bastards. I mean, eighteen League titles! And you can't even play the trump card of European Cups!

Notts are not seen as a threat to us so we can afford to share in

their play-off etc. triumphs as an extension of our pride in the City of Nottingham. How long this situation prevails depends on how long Notts remain on (or just below) our level. The 4-0 at the Lane was seen as further proof of our supremacy (and was met with almighty relief), but already Notts are losing friends at the City Ground. These days, the news that they're losing at half-time is met with as much cheering as when they're winning.

- Land, Sea and Leicester -

Just why do Leicester City hate us so much? Does it date back to days of the Olde Englishe Shires, perhaps a year when we hung more highwaymen than us or enjoyed better hunting? Maybe it's simple jealousy at Nottingham's position as business, entertainment and everything else centre for the East Midlands. I mean, let's face it, Nottingham is a vibrant, thriving, happening city. Leicester is a shithole.

But then who else could they aim their barbs at, Northampton Town? Both Coventry and Derby are actively disliked by the Foxed-up faithful, and both are cities of comparable seediness, but Leicester was once known as the "Queen of the Midlands". It must have had something going for it before the double blitz from WW2 and tower block builders: These days Notts may bear the brunt of the tourists, but the trade rivalry between the two cities is as fierce as ever.

(Leicester City Council have even been laying on free buses from and to Nottingham to entice Christmas shoppers. Now travel broadens the mind and all that, I can understand visiting Leicester to see friends, go to football, a concert, even a change of pub crawl before a curry, and the late train back, but surely bath salts and chunky jumpers cost the same in Debenham's everywhere?)

Still, gates have usually been healthy for this fixture - Forest being such a big draw that our reserves were booked for the inaugural match at Filbert Street - and there's been no shortage of drama. It was Leicester, in their previous incarnation of Fosse, who

presented the Reds with their record League win, 12-0, on April 21st 1909. Fosse came up with the petty excuse that the players had been imbibing heavily at a wedding the previous night, but that's never stopped Us Reds (Southampton at Wembley, Anfield). Spouncer, West and Hooper scored three apiece, Morris got a brace and Hughes the other. The attendance was a meagre 5,000 in a season that averaged 10,400. Presumably the missing thousands had all gone shopping in Leicester, you can picture them hanging around Mr Wainwright's Wireless Emporium waiting for the result "Thas the las time ahm gooin shoppin wi yow when Reds ur atome - free bluddy sharabang!"

Overall, though, we have more reason to hate them than vice versa. They conspired to send us down to Division 3(S) in 1949 (see BRIAN #20), they have the upper hand in terms of results...and they gave us Matt Gillies, but I'd rather not talk about him.

It was probably during the 60's that the rivalry was at its fiercest, both teams can be classed amongst the "Nearly Men" of that era, Leicester the losing Cup Finalists of '61, '63 and '69, and Forest fielding showman heroes like Joe Baker and Ian Storey-Moore - and coming pretty damn close to winning the double in 1967. Derby were bleating in the Second, Notts so far beneath us as to be totally irrelevant, (as they were 3 years ago)...This was the time of "You never had it so good", and with plenty of cash in circulation for car ownership or train fares, large numbers of away fans were gathering on the terraces every fortnight, instead of just for the big Cup games and local derbies. Perhaps the Golden Era of Football itself was the Fifties (and it's a big perhaps, but one I'll not go into here), but the Sixties was definitely The Era on the terraces. The "Ooooh" and the "Aaaahh" and the swaying had metamorphosised into full-bloodied singing and all hell-breaking loose for every goal. Atmosphere, with a capital "A", (and enough fear to keep the adrenalin going).

We only encountered Leicester during two seasons in the 70s, but the 80's saw a few unforgettable games: the 4-3 at home when Nigel scored the

winner direct from a corner in the 89th minute; the 0-0 at Filbert Street in the League Cup when Psycho got sent off and Brian Rice played probably his finest game in the Garibaldi, at left-back; the away game in October '86, one of the best first halves I've seen in my life, but only 1-0 up (tho' that did come from a 10-man move). Franzy is playing like a man possessed, but Dessie commits hari-kari on Steve Sutton, and despite the valiant attempts of Ian Bowyer, we lost 3-1. Always a real watch your backs job on the way home too, remember all the "Where's your famous Baby Squad"? Thinking about places like Leicester makes me realise just how far we've come in the last few years, minor skirmishes were not infrequent (although they were 95% avoidable - and we've all got our 5% stories), but these days the only trouble's on Cup days v teams from towns where inbreeding is so rife that they have an IQ of 12 and think it's still 1974.

Three years have passed and we've all but forgotten about Leicester, it's a place where old Trickies go to eat grass, a good place for Christmas shopping, watching bands and eating curry. Presumably their hatred still festers, but you don't hear "Over land and sea AND LEICESTER" too much these days.

- Baa, Baa Jealous Sheep -

Derby County...mere mention of the name is enough to strike terror into the hearts of children, either that or they laugh uproariously. Did we hate them from their conception in 1884? (Probably, seeing as the first "friendly" meeting between the two clubs ended in a 6-0 away win for the Sheepshaggers). Did we despise their more illustrious predecessors Derby's Junction and Midland? (Both of whom folded in the 1890's). What was the atmosphere like at the Forest v Derby Cup Final in 1898? All your history books will only tell the Enid Blyton version of the story. Was there singing, manic celebration, drinking, dancing? Did the two sets of supporters mingle much, and was there friendly banter or an aura of menace? (In 1896 the Forest v Derby game was abandoned at 1-1 after 70 minutes because of a

pitch invasion. Does anyone know any more details?) Trouble is, all accounts of football games from those days are either official sanitised biased ones, or views from the pressbox when they wouldn't have dreamt of mingling with the great unwashed. (Rupert Murdoch not having invented hooliganism - or women's breasts - at that time). There was no such thing as a published Fans eye view. "The Garibaldi Reds" tells us that the 5,000 or so Reds fans making the trip were very much outnumbered, not so much by genuine Derby fans but by Southern neutrals incensed by the way we'd beaten Southampton in the semi (a blinding snowstorm blowing towards the Saints goal as we scored two in the 2nd period of extra time), and consequently supporting Derby. Southampton in the Cup, bad weather, aiding our luck, sounds familiar. Anyway, as Tottenham would say, we beat the scum 3-1. Bloomer and all, despite the fact that they'd gubbed us 5-0 the week before. (Interesting fact: we lost 5-1 at Luton a couple of weeks before beating them in the 1989 Cup Final. Obviously we went wrong by not rolling over and dying at White Hart Lane last May).

Of our three local rivals, we've played our meanest ones the least, Derby seem to be in the habit of being in the 2nd Division when we're in the 1st, and vice versa, and we rarely play in the same League for more than 3 or 4 consecutive seasons. Derby were conspicuous by their absence when we were flirting with the Double in the mid-60's, then along came a Mr Clough who bought half our players...

It's BC who's largely to blame for the fact that the rivalry still burns as bright as ever. We're big boys, we should be concerned with the Liverpools, Arsenal and Uniteds

of this world, not insignificant shite like the Rams. Yet those of us who grew up in the early 70s don't forget that easily; a team as talented at least as the one we had two years ago allowed to disintegrate, several key players sold to our biggest rivals, what the hell was going on? And you just couldn't get away from Derby County, every bubble gum packet had a Alan Hinton, "Murphy's Mob" on the telly (or was that later?). Both sets of fans had heavy reputations in those days as well, bodies coming over the balcony at Yates's at regular intervals. Dark days indeed.

Mind you, it's been a bundle of laughs ever since. From the arrival of Clough to the departure of Maxwell (funny how ourselves and Derby fans were united in loathing that man), through Europe, Division three, Plymouth Argyle. All the Mirror hype when they arrived back in the 1st Division, and the way Mark Wright used to turn to jelly when he played us, Forest 7 Chelsea 0 Derby Down, what a day.

People may say all this rivalry is unhealthy, but football's a competitive game, if you don't want to get one up on the other lot then why bother. As they'd say on "Dinosaurs", we hate Derby because they're there and we always have done, and that's just the way of the world. by CHRIS ABBOTT.

FOREST V DERBY										
P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A
60	15	5	10	59	46	13	6	11	43	50

FOREST V LEICESTER										
P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A
76	22	6	10	73	45	6	10	22	47	71

FOREST V NOTTS										
P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A
82	20	7	14	54	40	13	15	13	59	64



**C-STANDERS:-
The Everyday
Adventures of
Simple Folk...**

CAN YOU HEAR THE FOREST SING?

In other fanzines, Forest supporters are presented as rather arrogant individuals. Of course, this is only the view of supporters of less successful clubs jealous of our success and frequent post-Wembley celebrations, but in the interests of balance, we present here the ten songs most frequently sung by opposition fans in our direction:

1) "We hate Nottingham Forest" (but only because it scans).

Oh, very original. Fortunately our chanted (non-musical) riposte has virtually killed this old chestnut off.

2) "Sing when you're winning, you only..."

An obvious falsehood, or else we'd hardly ever get to break into song. Perhaps they could change it to "Sing 'That Loving Feeling' when you've just scored, you only sing..."

3) "You're not singing any more" The resulting chorus of "Any more" to the tune of "Here we go" is usually greeted with blank stares. Irony is dead.

4) "You lost the World Cup, Stuart Pearce"

Again, a bit old hat, and hardly a full account of Italia '90. With Sverige '92 in mind, perhaps they could change this to "With your inspirational tackling, vicious swerving crosses which have the defence caught in two minds, and powerful shooting ability, you've single-handedly qualified us for Sweden. Stuart Pearce, Stuart Pearce"...

5) "Brian Clough is a football hooligan"

At least he has some connection with/knowledge of football, unlike the opposition's muppethead.

6) "Daddy's Boy"

With Clough & Gemmill regular first-teamers, and Bowyer & Hart on the way up, it is difficult to know who this chant is aimed at. Sounds particularly incongruous coming from the supporters of Darren Ferguson's father's team.

7) "Scabs"

Despite the fact that many travelling Forest fans were

obviously still at school when the Miner's Strike was on, it is assumed that all Forest supporters were working miners in '84/85. Extending this logic, Bradford City supporters are presumably to blame for the terrible crimes of the Yorkshire Ripper.

8) "Nottingham, Nottingham..." (high-pitched).

A good attempt at sarcasm, but as the pitch of this chant is rarely different from the dirges preceding it, the point is sometimes lost.

9) "Tottenham"

This presumably translates as "Wish we could get to Wembley - just once would do, not every year like you lucky so and so's"

10) "You're supposed to be at home"

Again a reasonable if well-worn attempt at humour. Invariably produces mirth as this is the first audible chant of the day from the "Library Corner".

by TEACHERMAN.

builds up into a complete encyclopedia

Famous Forest fans

No. 8 - POSTMAN PAT

BACK ISSUES

No. 4 (Sep. 88)

Colin Barrett Interview, Tribute To Mark Wright, 20 Things About Derby County.

No. 9 (Apr. 89)

Stuart Pearce Interview, League Cup Final Special.



No. 10 (May 89)

Hillsborough, Wembley, The Bridgford Diaries.

No. 11 (Aug 89)

Hiffa v Psycho, Notts-ism, Policemen You Meet At Football.

No. 12 (Sep. 89)

Roof The Bridgford, Bastard Squad, Neil Webb, Sing Your Hearts Out For The Lads.

No. 13 (Nov. 89)

Trentenders, You Are The Manager, Daddy's Boy, Sheridan Watch, Gooooaaall!

No. 14 (Dec. 89)

Brian Moore's Phrase Book, The Price Is Wrong, Terry Wilson, Exit Sheridan.

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Nigel Clough Diaries, Big Five - Pahl, Whose Line Is It Anyway, A Kick Up The 80's, Trent End Guide, Subbuteo.

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Oldham Final Edition, I-Spy, Is Clough Mad?, Forest Vinyl, Drink & Be Merry, Scarf.

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NC Diaries, Golden Handbag, FAN-tastic, I Fought The Law, More Oldham.

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No. 20 (Oct. 90)

Stroppy Editorial, 20 Reasons Why Maxwell Is Saddam Hussein, Tales From The Ancient Forest, After Hillsborough.



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Peter Taylor, BC's Big Night Out, Psycho Mania.



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SPECIAL OFFER:
Any ten for £5.

"AND IF YOU KNOW YOUR HISTORY" WSC-style right bastard QUIZ ANSWERS:

1). Nigel Clough; 2). John Robertson; 3). d) Sunderland; 4). Bill Anderson; 5). Bowyer, O'Kane & Lyall; 6). a) True; b) True; c) False - it was Rolls Royce; 7). Trumpet; 8). Real Madrid, Internationale, Nottingham Forest, Aston Villa; 9). Buying a newsagents in Wakefield; 10). Forest used to play on the site of it, or next door, probably; 11). Billy Cobb; 12). Queens Park (FA Cup), Airdrie (Texaco Cup), Kilmarnock & Ayr United (Anglo-Scottish), Celtic (UEFA); 13). a) Brazil, b) Denmark; 14). a) Tommy Graham, b) Jack Burkitt, c) Peter Grummitt, d) Peter Davenport, e) Ian Woan; 15). Duncan McKenzie; 16). c & e; 17). Jon Moore of Millwall (og); 18). Tommy Wilson - the vital clue being that he scored our 2nd at Wembley in 1959; 19). He played cricket for Notts & Yorkshire; 20). Four - Arsenal (79), Liverpool (89), Man Utd (90), Spurs (91); 21). Einar Aas - Billy Younger; 22). Clerk at ICI cement works; 23). Tommy Gemmell (for Celtic, EC, 1967), Trevor Francis, John Robertson (can't remember), Johnny Metgod (for AZ67 Alkmaar, 1981); 24). Trevor Hockey & Geoff Vowden; 25). True, his middle name was Clive, his surname was German and f*** knows what his first name was; 26). a) Captain of Feyenoord, b) Kettering Town, c) Coaching at Dundee United; d) Ilkeston Town, 27). Lord Rosebery; 28). Bricklayer; 29). Harry Wightman; 30). Alan Hinton & Frank Wignall (England), Terry Hennessey & Ronnie Rees (Wales); 31). a) They've won things, b) They're English; 32). a) False (but Notts did), b) True - during the War, c) True v Hull City (home 1975); 33). Coventry; 34). Bert Bowery from Worksop Town - was he crap!; 35). Meadows Bus Station (probably); 36). a) Bobby McKinlay, b) Miah Dennehy, c) Martin O'Neill, d) John Robertson; 37). Arnold Sidebottom (Yorkshire); 38). Notts County, Notts Olympic, Notts Swifts, Mansfield Town (and maybe Mellors Ltd, not sure if they're the fairground mob from East Leake or not); 39). Because they were still amateurs; 40). Barnet, Cambridge, Chester, Crewe, Halifax, Hartlepool, Maidstone, Mansfield, Peterborough, Rochdale, Scarborough, Scunthorpe, Shrewsbury, Wigan, Wrexham; 41). Ken Smales's signature; 42). Joe Baker, Torino; 43). Sammy Chapman; 44). a) Crystal Palace (71), b) Lee Chapman (4 v QPR 89), Tony Woodcock (v Middlesbro' 79), Raimondo Ponte (v Bury 80), Tommy Gaynor (v Chester 88), Nigel Clough (v Coventry 90), c) Sandy Higgins v Clapton 1891; 45). Trevor Francis (Sheff Weds), David Pleat (Luton), Peter Withe (Wimbledon); 46). Nigel Clough (honest!); 47). Huddersfield Town; 48). Pneumonia; 49). Garry Birles; 50). a) Peter Withe; b) Ian Wallace & Hans van Breukelen, c) John Winfield.

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-86-

Classic Fouls of Recent Years

1). STUART PEARCE on PAUL REID (LEICESTER) NOV.88: Well he had to go really, didn't he. A couple of real shockers, inseparable in their power and accuracy.

2). BRIAN LAWS on TED McMINN (DERBY) MAR.89: Unfortunately the Judge has to live in Psycho's shadow, but he's a classy clogger in his own right. This tasty two-footer was initiated from his own half, he sailed over the halfway line and made contact well into Derby's half. And all in front of the Pop-siders, too.

3). TERRY WILSON on ANDY GRAY (PALACE) JAN.91: A perfect illustration of a late, high challenge floored the England reject and temporarily put paid to his niggling of Harry. Terry didn't even get a yellow card.

4). STEVE HODGE on NAYIM (SPURS) MAY 91: Chosen for the victim rather than the assault itself. It's easy to be accused of being anti-foreign, but when a player with such great skill on the ball takes every opportunity to cheat, you cannot help but laugh when he gets kicked for real.

5). STUART PEARCE on TED McMINN (DERBY) AUG.89: The Tin Man's second entry. Classic tearaway Psycho, everyone could see it coming a mile off. Right in front of BC too.

6). BRIAN LAWS on GRAEME LE SAUX (CHELSEA) FEB.90: Such style from

the Judge. A graceful take-off, controlled flight and a measured aim of the studs made this a joy to watch. Le Saux's collapse to the ground wasn't so athletic.

7). DES WALKER on KEVIN CAMPBELL (ARSENAL) DEC.91: Des is such a good tackler that he rarely fouls anyone. And this is absolutely the only time I recall him dropping an opponent from behind. It was also noticeable that his adversary was Campbell who, being the only player with thighs of comparable size to Psycho's, looks unfoullable.

8). CARL TILER on LEE CHAPMAN (LEEDS) AUG.91: No, it's not a Chappo slag-off, but his habit of scoring against us was getting annoying. Tiler went straight through him on the edge of the box and made it quite clear that he wouldn't be taking any liberties that night.

9). STEVE CHETTEL on MARK STEIN (QPR) FEB.89: A laughable foul, this one. Chasing a through-ball with the rather small Mark Stein, Chet got fed up with the competition, veered across and knocked Stein head over heels. The sort of shoulder barge that old timers refer to so affectionately. 10). STUART PEARCE on PETER REID (MAN. CITY) DEC.90: Frustrated at losing 3-1, Psycho took some form of vengeance by almost chopping Reid in half by the Lower Tier of the Exec.. Unbelievably, he got away with it!

by FRANCIS REEVES.



THE INIMITABLE
FLIP LE FLEM.

CROSSWORD ANSWERS:

ACROSS: 1). Cobh; 3). Pansies; 6). Flip Le Flem; 10). Debut; 11). Abblett - spelt wrong but sod it; 13). Ay (ay Cap'n Bob); 14). Gale; 15). K-(ane) O'; 16). Aldo (as in Aldridge); 18). Wassall; 20). Des (as in des. res.); 22). Canaries (Norwich); 24). Oral; 27). Ni (Ni-gel, geddit?); 28). Seven; 30). Courtney.

DOWN: 1). Cold Blow Lane; 2). Hilley; 4). All; 5). Sir Trev (Francis); 7). Fat Wallet (Judas Webb to his friends); 8). Ed-(ward Glover); 9). Metgod; 12). Laws; 17). L-(arry) L-(loyd); 19). s(p)ur(s); 21). Stan (Bowles); 23). Alec (lace anag.); 25). Liam; 26). Ken (Burns); 28) SP (Stuart Pearce); 30). No.

(FROM PAGE 66)