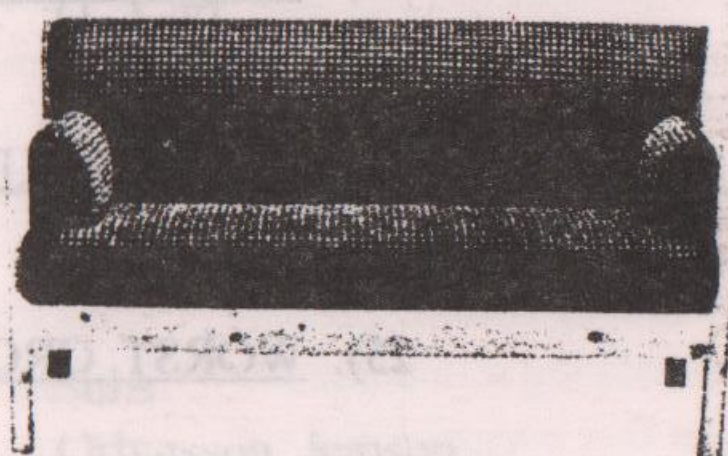




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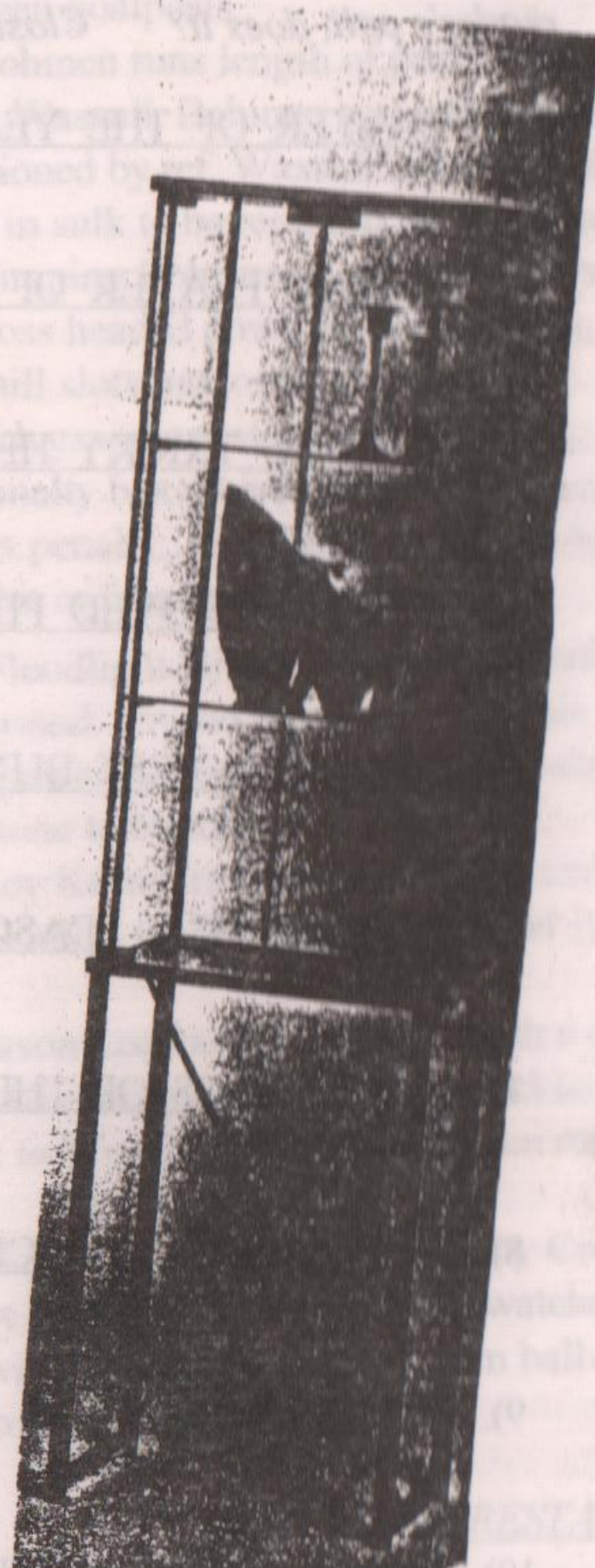
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RED STAR & TEACHERMAN.

Going Up With The



70p Issue # 42 Promotion Special 1994



Inside:
The Legend of Gary Charles
Trent End's Last Stand
Peterborough Passion



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Frank's Wild Year

So we've done it. At the start of the season many feared that bad management at boardroom level, and latterly at managerial level, had sent the club into permanent decline. All credit to Frank Clark and the boys for escaping the off-field pressures and getting on with the job. Many queried the choice of Frankie as manager, but the look on Psycho's face as he grins at Frank in the picture in Monday's Evening Post says it all: Frank has instilled respect and commitment without becoming a tyrant. If only we could've beaten Oxford - or even scored against them - we could well be champions, but who cares: FOREST ARE BACK. I wonder how Martin O'Neill feels now.

With the benefit of hindsight, events at Peterborough couldn't have unfolded any better - a stonking comeback and classic goals from our two biggest heroes. By 8pm that night I was incapable on conversation, I could only hug people and sing. I even rang my Mother to thank her for her part in my being born and therefore able to witness the Reds' Return. The only downer was Frank Clark's comments re: the pitch invasion (dealt with in more detail elsewhere). Had there been a nasty atmosphere between us and the Posh fans I could have understood Frank's point of view, but this was pure celebration. A black mark also to the Notts police for refusing to allow the Market Square party after the Sunderland game - surely now you'll just have gangs of people roaming the streets in search of something to do before the pubs open, and not all of them are likely to be in party mood.

So it's back to Monday night football, green referees, Match of the Day and match reports in every Sunday paper. It's hard to tell how well we'll do; so many of the playing squad are ALMOST top class but not quite. We've only really played WELL in a handful of games all season...no doubt there'll be something of a clearout, with perhaps Rosario, Glover, Bull, Gemmill and/or Webb, Black and Tiler, Haaland or Chettle on their way. We need a centre half who can win balls in the air, a good left-sided central midfield player, and a fairly prolific partner for Stan. Who knows what Frank's chequebook will bring.

Despite the highs of Derby and Peterborough, there would have been a lot of very cheesed-off people had Frank chosen not to play Stan at Grimsby. £250,000 (or now £100,000) is not THAT much when you consider how much Premier League football will bring in. Had Stan been left out, got stropky and demanded, and got, a transfer, NFFC would have lost far more than £250,000 on the gate...

So it's goodbye to the Trent End - it's only Friday and vandals / souvenir hunters have already nicked the sign. Virtually all of us started our Tricky careers in the cattle-shed and there will be some tears shed. If only it could've been replaced with a standing structure with a decent view.

We are very sorry to report that the seemingly unending squabbling at board level has taken a further turn for the worse. The latest unsavoury incident followed a stormy board meeting on 19th April. After the meeting concluded we are told that an incident occurred in secretary Paul White's room whereby vice-chairman Irving Korn threatened George Waterhouse with physical violence. We can only hope that some semblance of order returns to the boardroom next season, although it may be that the lid will blow right off at some point in the future.

Sorry if this issue is even messier than usual, but it's been murder trying to get it out on time. See you next season, and happy promotion.

Holidays In The Sun

Peterboro 2 Forest 3. 30/4/94.

Wow, what a great day out! 8,000+ ticket-holding Trickies and loads more locked outside. A sunny Saturday, and a Bank Holiday weekend too. Round it off with an away win, promotion and a few beers - passport to happiness. The demand for tickets was so great that mine was actually for the home fans' end, but room was found on the "down the touchline" terrace, so we were escorted past the baying hordes (like 1,500 can be called a horde!) to our rightful place.

Looking at the respective positions of the teams, you kind of knew we were in for goals a go-go, and so it proved, with two in the first seven minutes. Regrettably, the scorers of these goals were clad in blue, and there wasn't a body present who could quite believe their eyes. The Peterboro No.9, possibly Mr Dominic Iorfa, did little to help himself by making what can only be described as "inflammatory gestures" to the assembled Trickies behind the goal. The resultant booing and (from some quarters) monkey noises, which endured for most of the first half, were only to be expected.

For a good twenty minutes or so we were struggling. Bob Rosario was playing alongside Stan, and you could imagine him playing either for his place in the Premiership squad next season or in the shop window for passing browsers. To paraphrase Brian Laws, the Rosario gonads were well and truly run off. Three minutes from the end of the first half, Stan got himself on the end of a through ball from (surely unsung hero of the season?) David Phillips and, via the goalkeeper's hand, the cat crept in.

The half-time interval provided entertainment of a unique nature. Not for Peterboro the banality of a half-time scores rundown. Nope, in this part of East Anglia the powers that be provide a key vantage point for the viewing of the game, namely a floodlight pylon. Much upward clambering was attempted by many a travelling Tricky, and one foolhardy soul, resplendent in an orange wig, began climbing the ladder. "Going up, going up, going up", we chanted.

Our hero paused about a third of the way up: "Higher, higher" we bellowed, in our best Bruce Forsythian tones. Said goon decided enough was enough, however he was overtaken on his way down by another character going up, this one choosing not the traditional method of self-elevation but climbing the actual pylon itself. His progress was admired by all present, including a number of the Cambridgeshire Constabulary, and when he conquered the peak he received the best applause of the half. He was later joined by another brave soul, and between them they secured a Forest flag on the floodlights. It did my vertigo no good just peering up at them. Mind you, I've got no head for heights - I don't even like being this tall.

To return to the onfield activities, the second half was almost total Forest pressure, with the odd Peterboro foray to keep the nerves up - they even hit the bar at one stage, which would've been "Goodnight Columbus", had it gone in. At the other end the Peterboro goalie was playing brilliantly, saving from Stan, Ian Woan, Stoney, ... , ... , until TBBM

roared: "You're playing too well, goalkeeper, f*** off", to the amusement of all, custodian included.

It took until the 82nd minute, and a superhero type lunge forward for Psycho to head the equaliser, which meant we were up - current scores standing. It all became immaterial six minutes later when Stan walloped Stoney's pass into the roof of the net. Such was our glee that dozens of Trickies ran onto the pitch. Cue police dogs, police horses, and eventually a Stuart Pearce running over and screaming: "USE YOUR F***ING HEADS" at us. You could see his point, of course.

Anyway, a couple of minutes on, and so were we all. Frank and Psycho appeared in the stand to receive our hero worship, and all was well with the world.

So we are back. Thousands of travelling supporters and not a hint of trouble. Like Ipswich last year, red and white good humour everywhere. A flag on the highest point in Peterborough (well, pretty high anyway). A cracking game, good football, passion, skill, commitment. That's why I'm proud to be a Forest fan.

STEVE HANLEY.



IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN...

● **FRANK CLARK** blasted the Nottingham Forest fans after yesterday's promotion party was wrecked by a pitch invasion following the 3-2 triumph at Peterborough.

● **Clark** could not conceal his delight after his players had enabled him to go some way towards laying the ghost of Brian Clough.

● **But** the scenes of crazed euphoria which followed the win at London Road ruined his planned celebrations.

● **Clark**, who issued a public plea for order after the game, said: "A great day for the club has been spoiled in some way by the scenes at the end."

● **The pitch invasion** by the fans takes some of the gloss off the occasion. But, when you take the fences down, what can you expect?

● **If** the fans had stopped in their places, the players would have gone out to do a lap of honour, so the supporters could have acknowledged them.

● **But** that was made impossible by the action of the fans who threatened to ruin what was a marvellous day for the club.

Frank Clark Talks Garbage Shock

Let's consider the facts, Mr Clark. Firstly, the PA system at Peterborough was inaudible in the Moyes terrace behind the goal. Any announcements regarding safety, laps of honour etc. could not be heard by the 5,000 Forest fans behind the goal where I stood (the PA system may have been heard on the Glebe terrace, where a further 3,000 Forest fans were housed). Secondly, following Stan's winner, a senior police officer walked onto the pitch and appeared to beckon Forest fans on the Glebe terrace to run onto the pitch, presumably to relieve the crushing at the front of the terrace. The same police officer again beckoned Forest fans onto the pitch following the final whistle, at which points the gates along the front of the Moyes terrace were all opened by stewards to allow the Forest fans behind the goal to get onto the pitch, although by this time Forest fans ringed the touchline.

I gather Mr Clark requested fans leave the pitch in an orderly manner, although again the PA system could not be heard in the Main Stand above the noise of the celebrations. From my position, fans of both clubs were standing on the pitch with not a hint of trouble, and in the Main Stand fans

were shaking hands, so why the appeal for calm, Mr Clark?

The comment that really annoyed me was the reference to the fences. There is no more emotive subject than that of fences, Mr Clark, particularly for fans of Forest and Liverpool. 25,000 of us stood at Hillsborough while lifeless bodies were lined up in front of the Kop - leave the subject of fences well alone, we don't want them.

I wouldn't pretend that Forest fans didn't cause some trouble last Saturday, notably in Stamford and Loughborough, and if the police can identify the hooligans then let's ban them from Trentside, we don't want them either.

Peterborough was the third time in three seasons that Forest fans have been involved in pitch invasions at the season's end, West Ham and Ipswich being the other two. At no time was there any trouble, in fact the sets of fans mingled happily together, many exchanging scarves etc.. At Peterborough, sheer exuberance more than anything else brought us onto the pitch.

If Mr Clark had wanted to make a stand against pitch invasions he had ample opportunity in 1974, when hooliganism rather than passion brought the Geordie scum onto the pitch.

If anything marred a marvellous day for Nottingham Forest at Peterborough, it was Frank Clark's comments rather than the actions of the supporters.

TIM GOUGH.

Forest Go Hi-Tech - Shocker!

I ceased venturing to the Sheep Dip for local derbies a long time ago, when the league rules were changed allowing home teams to keep all the gate receipts. No way was any of my hard-earned cash finding its way into Derby's coffers. Very childish, I know, but there you go.

Anyway, when the opportunity came to view the match live on the "big screen", I snapped it up. The price seemed a bit high at first, £6 just to sit and watch the telly (£4 for kids), but when it was pointed out that Forest had laid out £25,000 just to set it up, it didn't seem so bad after all. The screen seemed rather small at first, being dwarfed by the Main Stand. Even though 34 square metres might sound a lot, when you consider the average football pitch is about 8,250 square metres the screen seemed to pale into insignificance in comparison. But as with all screens, TV or cinema, once you're engrossed you see nothing else.

It was strange sitting in a football ground with no players to chant at, but after a couple of false starts when fans had felt too self-conscious to sing to a TV screen, things started to warm up. Once the game had kicked off it was as though we'd all been transported to the game.

Gary Charles provided the highlight of the night, for obvious reasons. I know the goal was credited to Steve Stone but for me and many others it will always be Charles's goal. Only he knows why he plays balls like that, but thank god he does. His substitution gave the big screen viewers a sight to savour for a long time. The cameras followed him off the pitch and into the dugout, where you could see him in close-up as he went all "Titty

Mammy" and had to be consoled by McFarland, who gently patted his chest and gave him a fatherly hug. I'm sure the mardy bastard was about to burst out crying.

Overall the night was a huge success. More people watched the televised match at our ground (over 8,000) than watched the promotion clash at Meadow Lane three days later. Maybe if we'd lost I'd have felt differently about the night, but we didn't and I don't. There are plans for more screenings in the future, and with the crap ticket allocation we get at some away grounds it could become a regular thing.

For any techno boffs out there, the game wasn't beamed directly from Derby to Nottingham. First it was transmitted to Central studios in Birmingham, then it was transferred to BT's fibre optic network and relayed to Nottingham, where it was diverted to the City Ground where there's a permanent link to the system. It was then transferred to the screen. Simple really when you know how.

One amusing part of the whole proceedings came early on when they tried to play a video tape of Forest's greatest cup victories. We got a picture but no sound. After about 15 minutes they sorted the problem, but by then the game was about to start so they took off the tape. It appears that your average bog standard VHS household video tape just isn't compatible with a hi-tech fibre optic satellite down link. So much for technology. I wonder if that's why my CDs won't play on my Grandma's gramophone?

TREV WOOLLEY.

The Best Day Of My Life

It was 8.30am on the Saturday when I was woken up by the sun shining. Alex came round at 8.45 and we set off on our trek from Portsmouth to Peterborough. The traffic was quiet and we were there by noon. The sun was still shining.

After a couple of beers we walked to the ground. Of the first 500 fans we saw less than ten were Posh supporters. I was wearing my Bohinen regalia and was picked up by the local TV cameras. I hope it was never shown - all I managed was a goofy grin, fearing that my vocal chords might take on an unwanted wave should I chant my Viking hero's name. After putting my money on Lars to score first, we plundered into the ground to hear that he had been dropped. Yet the sun was still shining.

Five minutes into the game Peterborough scored, their impressive winger skinning Dessie. I looked at Alex and smiled. We knew we would win. Two minutes later, when Chet sliced and Charlery banged the ball home, we weren't so sure. Yet the sun kept shining. Then after about half an hour, somewhere in the seats to my left the chant started: "Frankie Clark's red & white army". An attack failed. Slowly but surely, the chant came again, gaining volume. Within minutes, the Forest faithful were noisy again. Within seconds, Stan had scored. The sun smiled.

We were going up. We knew.

The second half was better. We came at them, and that wonderman Phillips kept their winger quiet. Stan, Bob and Woany all went close. Some bloke climbed the floodlight. Fortunately he could not block out the sun. Their keeper saved again from Stan. "Better score soon", I commented. From the corner we did. It was Psycho. Euphoria. We all know that Stu has had an average season by his standards, but I wouldn't swap him for anyone. He is our Leader. The crowd were on the pitch. Leicester were losing. I'm sure the sun winked at me.

Five minutes later Stan broke through, after a knockdown from big Jason. I remember little about the shot except that it flew in. We were up and we knew it.

For the next ten minutes I bounced. I saw nothing but a sea of red arms. Psycho went to encourage people to get off the pitch. A police horse had a massive piss on the edge of the area. A police dog went for the important looking bloke with the stick. We were walking on sunshine (as I believe Katrina & the Waves had predicted on the journey up). I felt like I knew every Forest fan there. If I could afford it, I would gladly buy them all a pint. And one for the sun.

JON RESTALL.

MODEL SUPPORTERS

Forest fans will be horrified to discover that the supporters of some clubs are in the habit of booing and jeering players who have exercised their professional right to leave their beloved club and play for another. The recent Cantona saga (Leeds v Man Utd) shows just how ugly some of these incidents can be. Once again, Forest fans are in the trend-setting vanguard of good behaviour for others to follow. Gary Charles, who had left us for our bitter local rivals Derby after what might be euphemistically termed a "difficult" season for both himself and the team, was not only cheered as he left the field, but had more positive chants about him in twenty minutes as an opposition player than he had in three seasons at Forest:

1. *When he gets the ball he scores a goal, Gary Gary Charles.*
2. *There's only one Gary.*
3. *Nice one Gary, nice one son.*
4. *Who needs Cantona when we've got Gary Charles.*
5. *Gary Charles is a football genius.*
6. *Blue Moon....'Cos Gary's made it 2-0.*



A delighted fan gives Gary a piggy-back to Notts

7. *Gary Charles, Gary Charles, Gary Charles.*
8. *Hurrah! (and wild applause) - every time he touched the ball.*
9. *Sign him on, sign him on, sign him on.*
10. *Oh, Gary Gary.*

(And whatever Stoney and the media may say, we all know who really scored that promotion-clinching decider against the Sheep).

TEACHERMAN.

TRENT END R.I.P.

The game against Bolton on Saturday 19th March was significant for more than Stan's eventful comeback. I didn't realise the meaning of this game until a couple of days later - many other Forest fans won't have given it a thought and the club probably don't care. The West Brom game has been moved to Sunday 24th April for television coverage, and all First Division games on the last weekend of the season are to be played on Sunday 8th May. This means that the Bolton game was very probably the last ever Saturday game to take place at the City Ground with the Trent End still standing.

Let's face it, as a building the Trent End is a cowshed. It's amazing that this bus shelter survived as long as it did - surely it should've been redeveloped during the successes of the late 70's, surely it should've been pulled down before the Bridgford (the ground would have had a much-improved atmosphere if the Trent End had been redeveloped first). But no, just like the man who gave us the greatest football ever that has been witnessed from the steps of the Trent End, this impressive piece of structural engineering pegged on well past its sell-by date until it became unable to cope with the demands of the modern game. But remember, the Trent End wasn't sacked and it hasn't resigned - it's simply retired in order to spend more time with its grandchildren.

The period of time I have spent as a Trent End regular is relatively short compared to the number of years some people have spent craning their necks, but those ten years have seen as many highs and lows as it is possible to experience as a football supporter. More importantly, these were my formative years as a Forest fan. I was a kid and it all meant so much. Every victory resulted in a week-long high, every defeat caused me to plummet into a trough of depression which my family and friends would have to bear the brunt of. This post-defeat despondency disappears more quickly as you get older and wiser and start to realise that the team you support is inept. If last season's apocalyptic events had occurred ten years earlier I would have been driven suicidal with despair. At that time my faith in and devotion to Clough knew no bounds.

Anyway, back to the Trent End. For all its faults - no room to swing a cat, crap view for anyone under seven feet tall, yellow steps that appeared down the middle of each section circa '87 - the Trent End did have a lot going for it. Its lack of size was a godsend during the barren years of the early and mid-80's when a larger terrace would've been half full most of the time. Even a last minute consolation goal when 4-1 down against Coventry could guarantee at least a moderate amount of jumping around and hugging people you'd never met before.

It was from the Trent End that I first started supporting Forest regularly around ten years ago, midweek UEFA Cup and League Cup games providing my first glimpses of such talents as Paul Hart and Steve Wigley (Saturday games were out of the question because of crap train times).

Games that stand out from this period are the Anderlecht UEFA Cup semi-final when Steve Hodge's two late goals put us within reach of an all-English final, and Portsmouth in the League Cup - a game which provided the rare spectacle of a Bryn Gunn goal contributing to an extra-time victory.

The first eight Forest games I attended unbelievably resulted in eight Forest victories. However, I was to make a momentous decision - my first weekend game. Sure enough, the run came to an end one Sunday in October 1984 when Liverpool won a televised clash 2-0, the goals coming from Whelan and Rush. My first Forest defeat, and worse was to come as we struggled to a 1-1 draw against Sunderland (eventual finalists) in the League Cup. Suddenly I came to realise that I wasn't going to walk away from the City Ground over Lady Bay Bridge every Saturday discussing the merits of another memorable victory.

Even so, just a couple of months later I witnessed one of the classic Forest games of all time, when we came back from 2-0 down to beat Manchester United 3-2, with a last minute free-kick from Johnny Metgod causing the sort of celebrations not seen since VE day - remember Johnny sprinting half the length of the pitch with the rest of the team in hot pursuit?-

From 1989-91 I was exiled in the Executive Upper Tier. During this time I did venture back into the Trent End for one game, a Simod / ZDS (or whatever it was calling itself at that time) Cup tie against Newcastle. This visit was made under the impression that the Trent End was to be developed at the end of the 1990-91 season and I felt I had to pay my last respects. As it turned out this game was memorable for another reason as I seem to remember we scored a late winner with a header from a corner (!) But I was straight back up to Row 26 for the next game. Seduced by the somewhat improved view and civilised half-time pie and Bovril facilities, I spent two years getting more and more annoyed by the constant moaning sound emitting from this part of the ground and was eventually drawn back to the terraces of the Bridgford End. This lasted for one season only, and for the first game of 1992-93 I returned to my spiritual home, the Trent End, just in time to witness Teddy's last goal for Forest.

Celebrating a goal from the comfort of your seat cannot compare with surging wildly down the terrace steps and then fighting your way back to your original position once the celebrations have subsided. But looking at some of the stadiums that are now being developed around the country, it's hard to put up any kind of argument against all-seater grounds. It just makes you realise what medieval death-traps a lot of our stadiums had become. By the time of the 1996 European Championships we will hopefully be celebrating a resurgence of not only our national team but of the whole football industry.

One thing that will be impossible from next season is the pastime of moving around during the game. How many

times, when watching the game from the terraces, have you decided you've got a crap view or you've had enough of the bloke behind you constantly moaning? You just shift to a different area of the terrace to find the view's brilliant and the company much-improved. When you get your season ticket in the new Brian Clough Stand and find you're stuck

next to an opinionated twat for the rest of the season there will be no escape. Then you will yearn for a return to the days of standing behind pillars and fighting for your life at the pie-stand.

(by someone whose name we've lost...)

Trent End Memories No. 1

FOREST v SOUTHAMPTON 1980

The infamous Wembley collision between Shilton and Needham will always be remembered as one of the great Garibaldi goofs and one which brought our glorious League Cup run to an inglorious end. More humiliating than that, however, was the trouncing meted out to us the following season by 2nd Division Watford at Vicarage Road allotments.

What's all this got to do with Forest v Southampton? Well Saturday 1st November 1980 was the date on which the Trent End rebelled against Brian Clough.

Let's recall that Watford game in the League Cup 4th Round on 28th October. It was one of those occasions when Brian had jetted off for an early season break in Cala Millor while we were shouting ourselves hoarse in the slightly less glamorous climes of the Vicarage cowshed. Well our beloved Trickies turned in their most spineless display of the season, losing 4-1 to the Hornets.

The following Saturday Forest played host to Southampton in front of a crowd of 24,669, which included a smattering of barely audible Saints fans. Nevertheless, after about 15 minutes of the first half the Saintly few managed to make themselves heard with the highly original:

"We hate Nottingham Forest",
to which the Trent End replied, with admirable gusto:

"And Nottingham Forest hate you, you bastards."

As per usual, Brian Clough duly emerged from the dug-out and waved his fist at the Trent End by way of admonishment.

Now, what usually happened in those circumstances was that the Trent End would collectively hang its head in shame and fall silent, in much the same way as a schoolkid who's just received the sharp end of the teacher's tongue. However, the combination of the defeat at Watford, the European Cup exit at the hands of CSKA Sofia, the sore throats, Cloughie's tan and the waving fist was just a bit much for the Trent End to take.

Far from falling silent, the Trent End greeted Brian's gesture with boos, whistles and cat-calls, culminating in a chant of:

"Brian Clough, Brian Clough
Where were you on Tuesday night?"

More fist-shaking followed from the man himself, who then suffered the indignity of:

"One Peter Taylor
There's only one Peter Taylor"



Sensing a major revolt, the centre section quickly came up with:

"Brian Clough and Peter Taylor",
to try and counter this unprecedented mutiny.

All remained calm as the half-time whistle blew and Brian Clough disappeared down the players' tunnel. A couple of minutes later the scoreboard flashed up the following messages:

TRENT END

I WAS IN MAJORCA

YOUR LANGUAGE
IS DISGRACEFUL

SANDIACRE TREE.

Too Good To Stay Down

In a way, the Peterborough game summed up the whole season. High expectation beforehand, quickly deflated by kamikaze tendencies on the pitch, leading to a long period of doubt and depression. Then, an upturn in fortune around the mid-point, followed by a long, steady climb back into contention and a final flourish that took us out of reach of the opposition. Of course, we had to laugh when we got back to the car and discovered that we would have gone up even if we'd lost all three - the final ironic twist to a season of many unpredictable turns.

Turning points? Well, when Tranmere visited the City Ground as leaders in mid-October, and we were fourth from bottom, having been without a win since August. From the moment when Stan accelerated away from the defence to hammer in his first home League goal and precipitate a win which was much more comprehensive than the final scoreline suggested, the feeling was that we were good enough to go up. We just had to prove it, in the words of the chairman.

The next one was the often-mentioned 3-0 win at Birmingham, coming as it did on the back (oo-er) of that dismal, disappointing home defeat by Millwall. Before Birmingham, our record was a distinctly underwhelming P14 W4 D4 L6, and we were still in the bottom half, 13 points behind the then leaders Charlton. But that win, apart from launching the Forest career of Super Lars Bohinen, also launched an unbeaten League run of 13 games that took us into third place behind Palace and Charlton by February.

Contained within that run were two further games that proved to be pivotal. The first came at Tranmere in mid-January, where a match which had appeared beyond us suddenly turned in our favour in the last ten minutes. At the time, I remember thinking that taking six points off one of our main promotion rivals would prove crucial by the end of the season, and although they had their revenge in the League Cup, we'd won the two that mattered.

The other was the televised trouncing of Leicester, a match which presented our promotion credentials for all to see, at the same time as seriously denting their own promotion hopes. Suddenly, even Central's Leicester lovers were being made to realise that it was Forest and not the Foxes who were the region's top club. By the way, one of the nice by-products of winning promotion is that we don't have to watch the smug Derby and Leicester-biased tabloid TV of Central East Midlands.

Of course, the rest of February saw the doubts re-emerge, and we'd slid back down to 9th by the time Peterborough visited Nottingham at the start of March. Fortunately, the sight of Notts overtaking us the night before proved the spur needed, and we then embarked on the run that ultimately took us up. March and April accounted for a total of 14 games, from which the record was W10 D3 L1 - 33 points out of a possible 42. Those games varied greatly - contrast the unconvincing way in which we took three points off Barnsley, Watford and West Brom with the grit and determination that got us a point at Millwall. But it was the consistency of result, if not performance, that earned promotion, and Frank Clark deserves an enormous amount of credit for it. Just one wish, Frank - after the tension and stress of relegation and promotion in successive years, is a quiet season in mid-table too much to ask for next time round?

ALEX MONEY.

CHAMPIONS!

MIDLANDS LEAGUE	05-May-94	PL	W	D	L	F	A	GD	PTS
NOTTINGHAM FOREST		18	10	4	4	26	12	14	34
NOTTS COUNTY		17	9	3	5	26	22	4	30
WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS		17	6	8	3	27	19	8	26
STOKE CITY		18	6	7	5	18	19	-1	25
LEICESTER CITY		17	6	6	5	30	31	-1	24
DERBY COUNTY		18	6	6	6	30	36	-6	24
OXFORD UNITED		17	6	5	6	23	21	2	23
PETERBOROUGH UNITED		18	4	6	8	18	24	-6	18
BIRMINGHAM CITY		18	4	5	9	21	27	-6	17
WEST BROMWICH ALBION		18	5	2	11	24	30	-6	17

Barring Football League intervention allowing the Super Pies to gain five points for a win at Oxford on Sunday, we were crowned Champions of the Midlands League 1993/94 at Peterborough. If I decide to do this Midlands League next season, we can look forward to four breathtaking Midlands derbies next season against Villa and Cov, and possibly two others against the Fox/Sheep-shaggers should they win the play-offs. So it's goodbye to the Midlands, and hello months of tedious slogs through the capital to QPR, Arsenal, Spurs, Palace, Wimbledon, West Ham and Chelsea. I can't wait. See you in the Premiership on Match of the Day.

THE STUDENT.

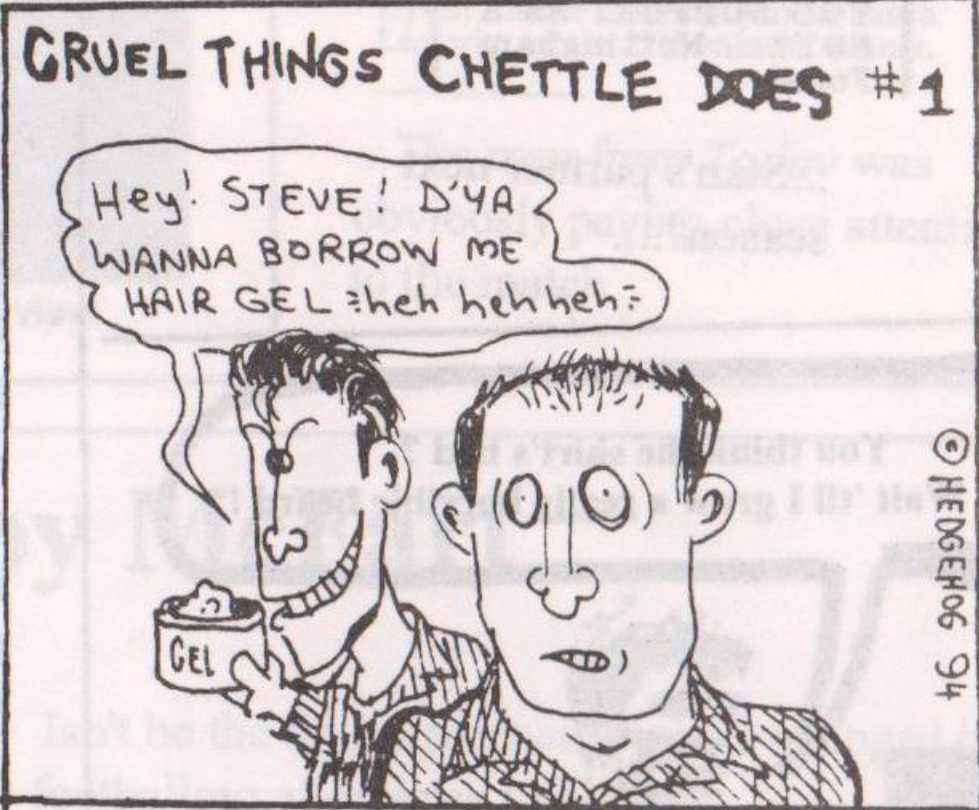
More Gratuitous Notts Bashing

As Notts County are a little strapped for cash they have announced an economy drive, which includes the following money-saving measures to help pay for the new stand:

- 1). Ground sharing. As from next season, when County are away Meadow Lane will be used by the local Boy Scouts for their car boot sales.
- 2). The little old lady responsible for cleaning the cups and silverware is to be laid off. So it's greasy tea and dirty cutlery down the Lane from now on.
- 3). The team coach is to be sold off and the players will travel to games on the supporters' bus. So there will be at least one full coach going to away games from now on.
- 4). To save on electricity, the floodlights are to be used depending on where the ball is. For example, if the goal at the away end is being attacked, the lights at the Meadow Lane End will be switched off and then turned back on when the ball is cleared. The old scoreboard is to make a comeback as well (I'll have a p please Bob).

5). As there are big bucks to be made in health care these days, County are going to open a clinic to help agoraphobics (people who have a fear of open spaces). They'll just sit them in the stands on match days. Claustrophobics will be treated at the City Ground.

ROB HAY.



NEW GROUND, MAD FANS

It's over a week since we came back from the New Den with a point that could prove vital to promotion - or, to be more accurate, the two points it denied Millwall could be. A week is a very long time at this stage of the season, and as I write it seems that barring a complete balls-up, we should do it. And yet, I still can't get rid of the simmering sense of anger and injustice surrounding the events of that game.

It didn't help watching that TV documentary on the antics of Milldean FC the week before the match. For those who didn't see it, Milldean is a team of mostly crop-headed, beer-bellied, bellicose Lions fans who turn out on Sundays. Most of them look like BNP recruiting officers, although strangely enough the subjects of politics and race weren't touched on in the course of the programme. One of them was a hairdresser, but before you start reaching for your stereotypes, he ended up being banned for five years for hitting a referee.

At least this gave us some idea of what lay in store for us that Sunday. Because if we hadn't seen it, we might have gone down there under the impression that, what with its creches, football in the community, and Danny Baker-style lovable chirpy Cockneys, Millwall was a friendly family club. The type of club that might well relieve us of three points, but which would not in any way attempt to relieve us of several of our teeth. Fat chance...

I'm not going to go into the rights and wrongs of what happened on the pitch, since everyone will have seen the game either in the flesh or on TV. The only point worth making here is that four Forest players were shown cards - three of them were black, and the other was Psycho. This from a team in which, Stan's indiscretion against Bolton apart, the only player in regular disciplinary trouble is Cooper - and he wasn't playing! But I'm sure that the ref wasn't influenced by the crowd in any way at all.

- A few questions to finish off with
- 1) Isn't racist chanting / taunting etc. supposed to be a criminal offence?
 - 2) If so, why weren't 8,000 people arrested that day?
 - 3) I know people can't be expected to stay in their seats all the time, but aren't they supposed to stay in the vicinity, and not run down to the front to shower opposition players with abuse / gob / coins?
 - 4) Did the stewards at the far end think that the Millwall numbskull was going to ask Stan for his autograph?
 - 5) Didn't you think it was strange that in an area where a lot of black people lived, virtually the only ones in the ground were the stewards? No, neither did I.
 - 6) Wasn't it a good idea of the police to send us on a mile-and-a-half detour after the match, so the meat-heads had the chance to pick us off in small groups as we walked back past the ground to our cars?

All in all, a great Sunday out. The oft-maligned Neil Hallam summed it up perfectly as follows: "the atmosphere is the same caustic mixture as before - one part sneering bigotry, one part blinkered partisanship, one part simmering anarchy and...three parts ranting racism." Precisely.

ALEX MONEY

FULL NAME: Christopher Roy Sutton.
BORN: March 10, 1973. I am 21.
BIRTHPLACE: Nottingham.
FAMILY: Mum and Dad and two sisters and a brother. My dad, Mike, played more than 250 games for Norwich, Chester and Carlisle and is now head of PE at a local school.
HOME: I'm single and have a three-bedroom detached house near Norwich.
CAR: Volkswagen Golf.
NICKNAME AT CLUB: Ruel Fox and I used to be known as the Bostik Boys, before he left for Newcastle, because we always stuck together.
WHICH TEAM DID YOU SUPPORT AS A BOY? Nottingham Forest

...Stan's partner next season?....

You think the shirt's bad?
 Wait 'til I grow a really horrible beard!



Roy Keane

In Leicester, they also know a thing about ethnics (majorities not minorities in this case) but haven't resorted to voting Nazi just yet.

When they do express opinions at Filbert Street, they use their mouths to good effect. Last Saturday, they told City boss Brian Little just how they feel about being in the top six of Division One by producing perfectly formed spit to gob upon him from a great height.

Frank found himself in the centre of a mass punch-up while on duty at last week's Derby County match. He suffered injuries after being hit in the face battling with drunken 'fans'.

...Derby & Leicester neck and neck in the "Scum of the East Midlands" competition...

Stand up and laugh

...Derby County announce that the Popside is not to be seated until season 95-96...

...Saplings...

...If the Trent End is to become the "Brian Clough Trent End", does this mean that tickets will only be available from a butcher's shop in Draycott?...In contrast to Frank Clark's comments on the pitch invasion at Peterborough, it was great to hear BC on Radio Nottingham saying how delighted he was for the fans, and how we've been superb this season. You never know what you've got till it's gone, eh?...Listening to Man Utd v Southampton on the radio the other day. It's their first game since Blackburn gave them the Championship, there are 44,000 in attendance, Mark Hughes has just scored a cracking late goal to give them a 2-0 win, yet all you can hear in the background to the (immediately) post-match interviews is a tinny PA playing "We Are The Champions", "Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life", "Simply The Best" and other cack - no singing. Are they so arrogant they don't even bother to celebrate domestic trophies anymore? Bring on the Galatasary...And the (proper) Reds have missed out on Europe yet again. It seems next years Anglo-Italian Cup will see the top five non-promoted First Division sides go straight into the expensive holiday stage...Good to see that Notts achieve another Wembley landmark, that of pulling in less punters to the Anglo-Italian Final than the record Greyhound attendance...And a classic quote from Mick Walker: "We're only looking to the future, and you're only as good as your last game" ...During the closed season Forest are looking to put an additional 600 seats in the Main Stand and Exec. Stand by re-arranging the disabled section, gangways etc..And it looks like the Main Stand will almost certainly be redeveloped the season after next, as the FA will reportedly not be happy with a capacity of 31,000...One for the trainspotters: the game at Grimsby was remarkable in the respect that neither team's trainer came on at any time during the match - I bet Petulance United can never say that...Gerbil in credibility bid shock! After being spotted at comedian Kevin Day's Derby gig earlier in the year, young Scot was also to be seen recovering from his hernia op at Rock City for the visit of Rolling Stones impressionists Primal Scream...So we're likely to endure that stupid shirt-numbering system next season. Hope it won't get as silly as it did at Charlton, when an outfield player was wearing No.1...A Sheepshagging workmate of a BRIAN contributor had the good fortune to sit near the legendary Alfe-Inge Haaland at the recent Baseball Ground massacre. When Sooper Cooper's free-kick went in, Alfie naturally jumped up and cheered and was allegedly lucky to escape with only stoney stares from the surrounding Sheep. Presumably Moss v Mold games are less partisan affairs. The poor lad had to stay mute and seated for Charlie's moment of glory...Alfie also consumed a large pie and two Mars bars during the match, so I'd keep an eye on his waistline Frankie...

GOAL-poacher Lee Stratford pushed Forest into the final of the Purty League Cup with a late, late show at Grimsby.

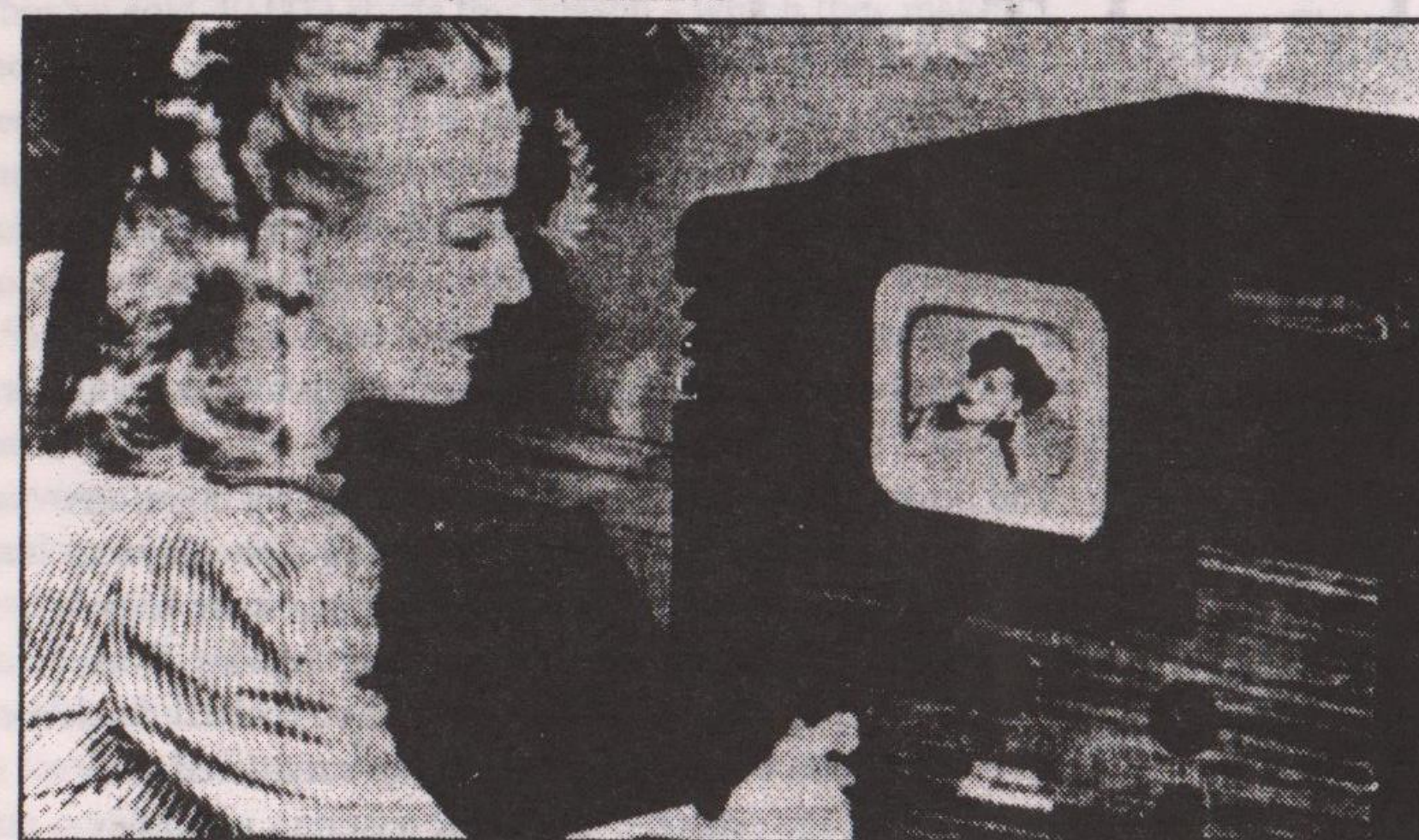
Stratford struck with only four minutes remaining to kill off Grimsby in a match of few chances.

The striker met a Paul Haywood cross

Grimsby A 0, Forest A 0
 By POST REPORTER

...And according to the the Post, Forest's first team really won 7-0 at Blundell Park...

SAPS: From Steve Hanley, S.Tree, Paul Cooper, Judith Hall, Red Reg, Alex Money, Rob Hay.



Small but perfectly formed — the RCA-Victor TV receiver needed a close-up view

...Following the announcement by Forest that they are to show more away games on a giant TV screen at the City Ground, Notts have unveiled their own plans...

NOTTINGHAM FOREST shrugged off the absence of suspended leading scorer Stan Collymore to edge closer to promotion with a 2-1 win at Charlton, writes *Haydn Mackenzie*. It was a dream return to The Valley for former Charlton striker Jason Lee, who hit the 27th-minute winner.

...The man from *Today* was obviously paying close attention to the match...

An Interview With Roy McFart

BRI: Roy, may we congratulate you on taking Derby County into the play-offs.

ROY: *Thanks very much, but the job isn't finished yet. We intend to ruin the Nottingham Forest season by pipping them to the automatic promotion place.*

BRI: Well, yes Roy but I think you'll find Forest are already promoted.

ROY: *Exactly, and nothing less than 100% effort from my boys is acceptable if we're to catch them.*

BRI: But Roy, they're 11 points ahead of you and you've only got one game left.

ROY: *I'll have none of that defeatist talk here, that's the sort of nonsense that got Derby into a mess last season.*

BRI: So how do you expect this miracle of overhauling Forest to be achieved?

ROY: *Simple. We're going to give Gary Charles a free role in the attack. All it needs is the goalie to stray off his line and...well, you all know about Gary's reputation for putting away the half chance.*

BRI: Have you any more inspirational tricks up your sleeve?

ROY: *Well, we've the option of replacing Martin Taylor in goal with Neil Hallam.*

BRI: Isn't he the fat git journalist who's changed his footballing allegiance to Forest?

ROY: *Fat indeed. With his girth between the goalposts we've a stopper if ever there was one.*

BRI: And no doubt you expert the Derby fans to play their part?

ROY: *Absolutely, the sell out crowds at the Baseball Ground have been worth a goal start...*

BRI: ...to the opposition...

ROY: *...to the Super Rams. Many teams quake when faced with a full Baseball Ground.*

BRI: Well correct me if I'm wrong but earlier in the season, when Derby had a chance to go top of the league against Wolves, only 14,000 turned up, and 2,000 of them were from Wolverhampton.

ROY: *Stop talking nonsense, the very least we've had at the Baseball Ground is 20,000.*

BRI: Correction, Mr McFart, you've not had an attendance this season over 20,000.

ROY: *You can't argue with the facts...as Neil Hallam once said to me: "What Derby have got that Forest haven't is bums on seats."*

BRI: I think we're agreed on that one, cheers Roy.

(Roy was talking to S. TREE.)

Peaks and Troughs

It's strange living in Leicester and supporting Forest. Actually, my back garden is better known as Leicester City FC. They're a strange breed, the Fox fans - they've spent the whole season moaning about how rubbish they are and they can't believe how far up the league they are.

This has been my first season of really supporting Forest, as in going to every game, although I've been a Tricky since I was eight years old. I've never lived in Nottingham either, unless 6 months in Chilwell counts.

I thought I'd give you my thoughts on this season. I guess like everyone else I've been through every emotion known to man this term. Over Easter I was unable to sleep I was so tense.

Bu October it had ceased to be simply a question of new manager, new players, new division = get promotion. It had become, purely and simply, a quest. A race against evil, a religion. Promotion didn't even mean everything anymore - it was now a matter of life and death. And now in April it's got even more tense. I don't know what I'm going to do from May 9th onwards (apart from celebrate!). One thing's for sure, I don't want to go through a season like this again. We need to contract Premiership Mid-table-itis - and quickly.

Without a doubt, Frank Clark now rates as Forest's second greatest manager ever. It is impossible to over-estimate his achievements this season, even if we don't get promoted. Brian Clough always said that getting out of this division gave him more pleasure than winning the European Cup, and it's easy to understand why. OK, so the football in the last third of the season has been pretty lousy - so what? Clark's on record as saying we won't play that way in the Premiership. It's hard to play the classic Forest way in this division; just ask Bolton or Luton, both "footballing" sides, who put Premiership sides out of the FA Cup but are nowhere in the league. Where would we rather be? Clark has bought well: Coops, Stan, Des etc. will all do well in the top flight after the experience of this season, as will Steve Stone who's been outstanding recently. Lars will get the space he needs, and isn't it nice to see Gemmill Jnr. didn't so well?

This season has been magnificent. Cloughie seems like a distant memory already. Ask anyone who stood on the pitch on May 1st 1993 whether they thought we'd be where we are now and you'd struggle to find anyone who was that optimistic. What price promotion at Peterborough on April 30th? What a difference a year makes!

I am now so involved with Forest that I actually believe that what I wear, do, say, think and feel in the days before a game determines whether we win or not. If Sunday, Monday and Tuesday are depressing days, the first half on Saturday will be lousy - it always works! The mental energy required to always be positive without being over-confident has almost reduced me to a nervous wreck. I'll keep going to the end of the season, and so will the team. At least then I can wash my lucky shirt at last.

There's no point in even talking about Forest's performances in 1994. Apart from Leicester (I'll dine out on that for years), and maybe Bolton, we've not really been recognisable. But if we play next season like we did in November and December then we will beat just about everyone!

The peaks and troughs and the sheer range of emotions this season have been overwhelming. Who knew how to feel after Bolton at home? I have never been more angry than after Bristol City - where were those missing five minutes of injury time? Not that we'd have scored...Such a game in any other season would not have mattered that much, but in this season every game assumes almost mythic proportions. No surprise, then, that after ten minutes the crowd got edgy, the players became tense, and the atmosphere by the end was terrible. It's no wonder that our away form is better than our home - no-one boos and shouts at our own team at away games, we all get right behind them unless it's truly awful (like at Oxford). All those home draws provide evidence of the expectation, tension and stress we've all been feeling this season. They have also cost us the Championship, which is a great shame.

If, like me, you believe this is about more than just football, then we should have had the Championship. Justice should have been done. Brian Clough is often called God, and to me he was. I've learnt more from that man than anyone else, he was like a father to me (I have not spoken to my real father for many years). Retirement, relegation and all the allegations made for a sobering experience. Brian Clough made sure it was never just about football; it was a way of life, a code, an ethos, something to really believe in. Taking a Second Division club all the way to winning the European Cup (twice) in three years is the stuff of legend. Last season was so, so sad that it just had to be put right straight away. But maybe we'll all look back one day and decide that maybe it was right. The new manager, new players, new determination...all vital if Forest are to continue to be successful. Clough's demise and final parting shot: "*You'll get along without me just fine*" forced us all out of our lethargy.

Well, almost all of us. Imagine if Forest were still in the Premiership, or not in line for promotion. I'd hazard a guess that the "Swales Out" campaign would have been like a Sunday school picnic compared to the "Reacher Out" campaign which would've blown up fully. There is a lot of very obvious contempt building up on all sides. Let's be clear about something. Reacher is not going to resign. He may support Forest but when it comes to running a multi-million pound business he is totally inept. It amazes just about everyone how totally behind the times we are. I live in Leicester: that's a 60 mile round trip just to buy tickets, when at any other club I could just pick up the phone. Leicester City may be rubbish on the pitch, but off it they could teach Forest a hell of a lot.

They've sold 40,000 shirts this season - which they make themselves so they are cheaper. And they actually have people at the club who look like they have stood in the same room as a Public Relations advisor. We have a new ticket office which didn't open for 9 months and still has no credit card facilities.

So how about this for a scenario. "Reacher Out" is in full voice. The team suffers. Relegation. All the good players leave. Crowds diminish. The cost of the new stand prevents any improvements on the pitch and nearly bankrupts the club. As we have a "democratic" constitution, there is no white knight to save us with his millions. Before you can say "sleeping giant", we are another club like Sunderland, West Brom, or Newcastle as they were. I haven't put myself through so much to see that come true.

We had all better pray that Mr Reacher does the decent thing (or the shareholder do it for him). This is a very

dangerous game, for high stakes. Hosting the three European Championship games will bring us kicking and screaming into the 1990's, why else would the new Trent End (sorry, the Brian Clough Prove It Stand) be so huge? Remember when Wolves built their Exec. Stand lookalike? It did them no favours. The thought of our best players going to pay for a half-empty stand doesn't thrill me. Money has already been put aside which should have gone on new players. All the best clubs value and listen to their supporters. We are God's own team, playing God's own game. Nottingham Forest FC is more than just a football team. In spirit, we are the greatest club on earth. In reality, this club is more like a bad African dictatorship. It is a betrayal, as far as I'm concerned, of everything I hold dear. We all have such a fierce pride in this club, let's make sure we don't see it fall when Frank Clark has done so much to get us back to where we belong. I'm sorry if I sound a little pessimistic, I'm genuinely not. U-REDS!!

RED LEICESTER.

The Lars Bøhinen Column

Greetings, super-fånatics øf the Førest!
Yøu åre nøt being seeing me much øn the plåying grøund recently - this is because I åm being very tired. In Nørwåy the gåmes åre less exhåusting, ås we wåste much time chåsing elks øff the pitch, retrieving bål frøm the fjørd, ånd trying øn bøbble-håts - there is being ønly five minutes left før føotball. Ålsø we håve ønly three teåms in Nørge: „BRÅNN BERGEN”, „LILLESTRØM” ånd „FK VIKING STÅRT FRÅM RØSENBERG DRÅMMEN”, sø I åm ønly being used tø føur gåmes per seåson.

Å t leåst when Mr Frånk is nøt plåying me I cån be åble tø dø my høbbies: reindeer-hunting (the måin reåson I cåme tø SHERWØØD), långenlåuf, ånd øf cøurse, åssembling Scåndånåviån self-build pine furniture.

I wås being picked før the Pørtsmøuth gåme, ånd because I wås børing øf „CRÅZY STU”'s „MÅDNESS” tåpe, I wås hiding it ånd plåying my „ÅHÅ- THE BÅLLÅDS” cårtridge in the bøogie-bøx. Sådly, we åre løsing gåme, ånd åfter måtch my friend Bjørn Kristiånsen is running tø me ånd screåming:



„D.H.LÅWRENCE...RØBIN HØØD...
MÅRTIN BRÅNDØN-BRÅVØ...BRIÅN
CLØUGH...SU PØLLÅRD...LESLIE
CRØWTHERR...S.PEEL ØF GEDLING...
TØRVILL ÅND DEÅN...YØUR BØYS
TØØK ØNE HELL ØF Å BEÅTING”.
Bønkers mån!

Well, I åm håving nø møre dubiøus clichè-ridden stereøtypicål ånti-Nørse støries tø tell, sø I åm såying „GØØDBYE ånd see yøu in USÅ” ! Øh nø, I føretet („HÅ - HÅ”)!

Until next time,

Lars Bøhinen

Ås tøld tø Teåchermån.

RESERVE REPORT

Traditionally at this time of year I pen a few words about the successes and young stars of the all-conquering Forest reserve team. However, even those who don't go to a second team game from one year to the next will be aware that this season, mirroring last season's Premier League campaign, has been a complete disaster. At the time of writing there is a very real danger of the Reds being relegated, after years of finishing consistently in the top two.

So what has gone wrong? Naturally first team injury problems have meant that the reserve team itself has been full of youngsters stepping up a rank while second-choice players star in the Endsleigh League, or first-teamers trying to play their way back to fitness. The lack of a settled team has certainly led to inconsistent results, but the key factor in both the lack of success, and the disappointing progress of the next generation of Trees, has been the dearth of experienced players playing on a regular basis, to keep things ticking over and to pass on advice and good habits to the youngsters around them. The departure of Orlygsson to Stoke has left a huge hole in midfield which no-one else has the vision to plug. Toddi's success at the Victoria Ground has surprised no-one who saw him running the show from the centre of the

park for the reserves over the last couple of years. Other players expected to have key roles in the second team - Brian Laws (injured), Steve Chettle (ever-present in first team) and Neil Webb (a mixture of injuries and first-team duties) - have been unable to feature on a regular basis.

Turning to the rising stars of the City Ground, few have had a good year. Several got a chance to play in the first team during the injury crisis earlier in the season, but few could make an impression. Steve **BLATHERWICK** was one of those necessarily promoted before he was ready: four of his five games ended in defeat, and the painful memory of him being given the runaround by Dave Regis of Stoke will take some time to erase. His recent loan spell at Wycombe should have helped, but 'Blathers' may find he's had his chance at the City Ground.

Stephen 'Bobby' **HOWE** was another to get a run in October, but again he really failed to impress, largely because someone at the club has decided he's a centre-forward when he always seemed much better suited to the left-wing.

Ian **KILFORD** also came on with Howe as sub. in the ill-fated Bolton game. Again, however, he was asked to play out of position, on the right wing, and naturally he's made little headway. Back in centre midfield, he's had two successful (and goalscoring) loan spells with Kenny Swain's Wigan Athletic

and surely deserves another chance with Forest.

Vance **WARNER** also played in two games early on, and performed well against both Luton and Wrexham (until injured by Gary 'Thug' Bennett), and a consistent season in the reserves has led to deserved appearances on the subs bench in recent Endsleigh League games. But with Chettle, Cooper, Tiler and Haaland ahead of him in the queue for first-team places, Vance's opportunities may be largely restricted to loan spells with other clubs.

Paul **McGREGOR**, who featured in the Anglo-Italian defeat against the Sheep, still seems to have a few too many rough edges for the first team. Gary **BOWYER**'s season has again been blighted by injury, and Craig **ARMSTRONG** needs another season in the reserves before challenging Psycho at left back.

But it's not all doom and gloom: Ray **BYRNE**, after being a dodgy centre half and a solid right back, has turned into a surging midfielder in recent weeks, and youngsters like classy midfielder Justin **WALKER**, defender Danny **HINSELWOOD**, and 'penalty shoot-out king' Mark **STATHAM** all show promise for the future, and given a more settled situation next season, many of the above could get a chance to prove themselves at a higher level.

TEACHERMAN.

As for the fans, they could easily have resented being eclipsed on their last home game in the First Division, but they seemed to take it all in their stride, mixing with the invading hordes before the game in the pub, and viewing the post match pitch invasion with equanimity. After the game, I was walking away from the ground when I saw a tattooed, rough-looking Posh fan head towards a group of departing Trickies, and feared the worst. But all he did was shake hands with them - a memorable sight on a memorable day. The funniest bit was to come on the way home, when we'd tuned into *Listen With Mellor* on Radio 5. After hearing him drone on for about ten minutes, it became apparent that there was a technical hitch. To fill in time, he played a trailer, but forgot to turn off his mic, so the listening millions heard him say something like: "there's a ten second delay and then I get a f***ing voice in my ear!" Not so much back to basics, more back to bastards...

ALEX MONEY.

You've seen them misquoted in the press, you've seen them misspelt on the club's new "TRENT END RULES OK" t-shirts; now the BRIAN proudly presents...

The Complete Trent End Songbook

*"The rough and tumble, the dash and the skill
The single aim and the curbing of will
Make men who can face good fortune and ill
Sing hey!
Sing ho!
For Forest!"...*

...so sang those pioneering Garibaldis after the 3-1 shearing of Derby County FC in the 1898 FA Cup Final. No Trent End however for those early Foresters as Forest then played at the Town Ground and the Forest songsters were housed on the notorious "Arkwright Curve". After re-locating to the City Ground a new anthem was required, and following Forest's triumph at Goodison Park in 1919 to lift the Football League Victory Shield, the Forester's latest theme tune was echoing around Merseyside:

*"Let carpe diem be
The Forester's watchword ringing
And long as the Trent shall flow
Bridgfordians will be singing"*

THE FOUNDATIONS

During the summer of 1954 the existing shed at the river end of the City Ground was demolished and the present structure was built. The foundations were such to allow an additional tier of seats to be built above the 9,500 capacity terrace, but typically of NFFC's 2nd Division mentality, this extra tier was never built.

However, here are Forest's ambitious plans of the time and a photo of the very first Trent End stand:



The old Trent Stand on the City Ground has gone to make room for a modern structure.

Forest's New Double Decker Stand

The long term ambitious project of Nottingham Forest to erect a double decker stand in place of the old stand at the River Trent end of the City ground has taken shape during the close season and the whole of the terracing has been completed, together with the concrete bases for the stanchions for the stand itself.

Whether or not it will be possible to provide a temporary covering for the terracing is at the moment a matter for conjecture, but when the scheme is completed the stand roof will provide the necessary covering.

The proposed new stand and ancillary works is estimated to cost in the region of £60,000. It will be similar to that of Leicester City at Filbert Street, but the pillars will be fewer in number and set further back. The stand itself will be about 100 yards long, and the scheme includes the provision of offices behind the stand, together with a Board room and Press room. All these will be glass fronted giving an uninterrupted view of the playing piece. In addition refreshment rooms are to be provided, as well as a few shops for the sale of sweets, etc.

Under the stand will be a running track for use of the players. When the entire project is completed it is estimated that it will increase the accommodation by about 8,000, giving the ground a 50,000 capacity. The upper deck of the stand will seat 2,232 people, and in the lower deck there will be standing room for at least 6,580.

Another improvement is a new score board, similar to that at the Sheffield Wednesday ground.

The Trent End was now in place, the only question being how long before the kids filled it.

LOVELY DAY ('94 REMIX)

It was one of those days which was just about perfect, and somehow appropriate. It can't have escaped people's notice that it was exactly 364 days since relegation had been confirmed against Sheffield United in that emotional last home match of the season, so this represented a neat squaring of the circle. But there was more to it than that, what with the blue skies, the huge Tricky turnout, the carnival atmosphere and the part played by the Posh and their fans. It would have been so easy for them to let us romp to a comfortable victory, since they were already down and nobody was expecting too much of them. Instead, they contributed to what was the undoubtedly one of the most exciting games of the season, stubbornly holding on until two pieces of inspiration from Psycho and Stan took us into the Promised Land.

ROBIN HOOD

The Trent End's first song probably manifested itself in 1957, witness these extracts from the Forest programme:

For 3,000 reasons the club would have liked a home draw in the Fifth Round of the Cup! 3,000 was the number of Forest supporters estimated to have made the long and arduous trek to Fratton Park to see our victory over Portsmouth; a home tie would have been a just reward for their support.

Their vocal encouragement played no small part in the win, and all the players remarked after the game how thrilled they had been to hear the strain of our "new" signature tune—"Robin Hood"—drifting across the field and gradually drowning those "Pompey Chimes"!

Let's hope for a repeat at Oakwell next Saturday!

"ROBIN HOOD, ROBIN HOOD"

We are pleased that our new signature tune "Robin Hood, Robin Hood" (so much in evidence at Portsmouth) is proving so popular.

Pleased because the idea of using this catchy song as a signature tune was "born" early in the season and used for the first time at our home game versus Blackburn in September.

Since that time it has preceded the entry of our lads on the field at all home games before the start of the match and at half-time, and we hope it will long continue to inspire the team as it did at Pompey!

Here are the words for the benefit of all our supporters:

"Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Riding through the glen,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
With his band of men,
Feared by the bad,
Loved by the good,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood, Robin Hood."

Ray Terry, one of the main cheerleaders of the late 50's and early 60's, fondly remembers some of the innocent songs from the early days of the Trent End choir. Many of the words were provided by another lifelong Forest fan, Margaret Leyton, who legend has it may have penned "Forest, Ever Forest".

"The Forest supporters are here
To sing and to shout and to cheer
To kick up a rumpus
All over the compass
The Forest supporters are here (BOOM BOOM)"

(Tune: "Popeye the Sailor Man")

"Every week we lose a man for the first eleven
Hockey went to Geordie land
Baird and Cobb to Devon
Soon there'll be nobody left
Only the supporters"

(Tune: "Good King Wenceslas")

"Once a crowd of people went to see the Forest play
Half-time came and there was no score
Then a Forest forward started on a breakaway
And all the people began to roar
Play up the Forest
Play up the Forest
This is the moment that we've waited for
Now is the time to show them who will win today
Play up the Forest and SCORE, SCORE, SCORE"

(Tune: "Waltzing Matilda")

"We yell, we yell, we yell
We yell, we yell, we yell
And when we yell, we yell like hell
And this is what we yell:
One, two, three, four
Three, two, one, four
One, four, two, four
Who the hell are we for?
F - O - R - E - S - T
Forest (hurray)"

(Chant)

"I remember the day when Bonetti looked away
And the great Tony Barton did score
He said 'Look what I've done
I've gone and scored a goal'
Yes the great Tony Barton did score"

(Tune: "Grandfather's Clock" - Barton scored his only goal for Forest against Chelsea at Stamford Bridge.)

"Forest, how I love you, how I love you
My dear old Forest
I'd give the world to be at Wembley
With F - O - R - E - S - T"

(Tune: "Mammy")

"When you come to the end of the football season
To the end, to the end of the football season
When you come to the end of the football season
Plop goes your heart
Dilly oh dolly, oh I love my footie
Right down to the very last tackle
When you are through with it
What can you do with it?
All you have left is your rattle"

(Tune: "When You Come To The End Of Your Lollipop")

"Let's have a gay time
Pretend it's May time
When Forest win the FA Cup
Notts go down and the ground's shut up
We'll use it as a rabbit hutch
And we will laugh and sing
They promised us if they did you down
They would close that little sh*tty ground
So let the bells chime, let's have a swell time
When Forest win the FA Cup
Notts go down and the ground's shut
We'll use it as a rabbit hutch
And we will laugh and sing"

(Tune unknown)

"Who's that team we call the Forest
Who's that team we all adore
Well they play in red and white
And they fight with all their might
And they're out to show the world the greatest score
La la la la" (etc.)

THE END

Come the 60's, the Trent End had become the focal point of Forest's most vociferous supporters (as had other "ends" at football grounds throughout the country), and the songs came thick and fast with many pop singles receiving the Trent End re-mix. Sorry to spoil things for those who view the Trent End through rose-coloured glasses, but come the mid 60's the incidence of swearing was great and the potential for violence was never very far away:

"Whenever you're sad, whenever you're blue
Whenever the Forest are playing
We're out of luck, we fight like f***
To keep the Trent End swaying"

(Tune: "Just Like Eddie" by Heinz)

"We go the Trent End, on a Saturday
Sing in the choir...alright"

We are the greatest fans in the country
And if we have to, we'll fight"

(Tune: "Autumn Almanac" by the Kinks)

"We are the boys in the red and white
(Clap clap clap clap)
We love to sing and we love to fight
So let's fight"

(Tune: "Let's Dance" by Chris Montez)

"We've travelled far and wide
We've been to Merseyside
But there is only one place I wanna be
That's at the City Ground
To hear the Trent End sound
We're gonna win today
Come on and cheer again
Come on and cheer again
For we are here again to see the Forest play
Come on and score again
With Ian Moore again
Cause we are sure again
We're gonna win today"

"Ohhhh...we're better than United and we're louder
than the Kop
We're second in the league and we should be at the top
La la la la" (etc.)

(Tune: "McNamara's Band")

"F*** 'em all, f*** 'em all
The Arsenal, Tottenham and Millwall
Just like Christine Keeler who dropped them in bed
Come on the Forest, we're playing in red"

(The infamous Christine Keeler song to the tune of "Bless Them All")

"We are the Trent End boys
We lead the Trent End band
We'll win the league, we'll win the Cup
Best team in the land"

So it's off to Europe in the red, in the red
Ian Moore will dazzle in the sun
When the goals are scored the fans will roar
Especially the Trent End sound

So beware all you United fans
You couldn't beat us if you tried
When Terry goes up to seek the Cup
Forest fans will cry:
We are the champions, we are the men
We beat United again and again"

(Tune: "The Merry Ploughboy")

It's noticeable that in the mid-60's Forest's main rivals were deemed to be Manchester United; in fact such was the glamour attached to Man Utd in those days that most clubs viewed them as the team to beat and most fans viewed their fans as those to hate. No other club's fans contributed to the growth of football hooliganism as much as those of Man Utd. In the case of United's fans, rivalry with Forest fans can be traced reasonably accurately.

The City Ground hosted the 1965 FA Cup semi-final replay between Man Utd and Leeds Utd, and the fans of MUFC were heavily congregated in the Trent End. The following season's encounter between Forest and United, a 4-2 victory to Forest, saw Man Utd's followers arrive early and again congregate in the centre of the Trent End. As more and more Forest fans arrived violence inevitably flared, and virtually the whole match saw a procession of ejections from the Trent End. The club began to issue warnings via the matchday programme aimed at quelling the rising tide of hooliganism.

It was also at about this time that televised football was beginning to take off and the Trent End enjoyed the opportunity to let Man Utd fans know that the Trent End was a no-go area. Every televised match in which Forest participated was punctuated with:

*"One! Two!
Three! Four! Five!
If you want to stay alive
Keep out of the Trent End
Man United!"*

Man Utd fans were not seen in the Trent End again until 1975, when both clubs were in Division 2 and the Trent End was officially allocated to their followers.

NOTTINGHAM

Over the years the Trent End has honoured our homeland with many melodies:

The "Banana Splits" song...

*"Nottingham, tra la la
Nottingham, tra la la"*

"The Martian Hop" by the Randells...

"Ooo, ooo, ooo, ooo, ooo, ooo, Nottingham"

"Montego Bay"...

"Oh oh oh oh oh oh Nottingham"

"The Music Man"...

*"Not, not, not, not Nottingham,
Nottingham, Nottingham"*

A few more Trent End oddities of the 60's:

*"Hi ho, hi ho, we are the Trent End boys
Hi ho, hi ho, we are the Trent End boys
We are the best team in the land
There's no-one can deny
We will follow the Forest"*

*"Oh tweedle-dee, oh tweedle-dum
We are the Trent End and we never run"*

A predecessor to "You'll Never Beat Des Walker" was:

"You'll never take the Trent End"

To the Xmas telly commercial "Tick-a-tick-a-Timex":

*"Trent End boot boys rule the Midlands
Tra la la la la
La la la la"*

(Later amended to: *"Trent End boot boys rule all England"*)

*"Bertie Mee says to Bill Shankly
Have you heard of the North Bank, Highbury?
Bill says no, I don't think so
But I've heard of the Trent End, boot boys"*

Every club seemed to have a version of "Bubbles", the Trent End's being:

*"I'm forever throwing bottles
Pretty bottles in the air
They fly so high, hit you in the eye
Then like West Ham they fade and die
Arsenal's North Bank's running
Chelsea's Shed is too
Trent End boys are running, running after you
Nottingham, boot boys!"*

JOE BAKER - THE KING

While it is true that Stuart Pearce is the most popular player there has ever been at Trentside, it is doubtful whether any players have been allocated as many Trent End tributes as Joe Baker and Ian Storey-Moore. During Joe's reign, Forest took the field to the then 9,500 capacity Trent End roaring: *"Joe! Joe! Joe Baker!"*

*"We are supporters of the Forest
Joe Baker is our king
Peter Grummitt is our goalie
And Ian Moore is the wizard on the wing
Terry Hennessey is our captain
Johnny Barnwell our inside right"*

*We are supporters of the Forest
They are the team in red and white (De, de la la)"*

*"Nottingham Forest calypso
Nottingham Forest calypso
Finest team for many a day
Two points at home and one away
Winnie Winfield at left-back
Joe Baker leading the attack
(Not sure about this line)
Ian Moore he scores a goal (Ole!)
Nottingham Forest calypso
Nottingham Forest calypso
Finest team for many a day
Two points at home and one away (Ole!)"*

(Tune: "Calypso")



TRENT END HERO No.1

"Molly Malone" was chanted with arms aloft:

*"In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set me eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Thru' streets broad and narrow
Crying Joe! Joe! Joe Baker!"*

Keith West's "Excerpt From A Teenage Opera" was adapted thus:

*"Joe Baker, Joe Baker
Is it true what Trent End say?
You are our king
Oh yeah yeah"*

The Beatles' "All You Need Is Love" was predictably converted to *"All you need is Joe"*, and there was the oft-referred to:

"Zigga zagga, zigga zagga, Joe Baker!"

*"Aye, aye, aye, aye
Grummitt is better than Yashin
Baker is better than Eusebio
And United are in for a thrashing"*

On December 16th 1967, Jim Baxter, Forest's first £100,000 player made this home debut against Sheffield United. As the press gathered around this megastar as he graced us with his pre-match kick-around, the Trent End, in a wonderful display of loyalty, chanted:

"Joe's still the king!"

The hero worship attracted by Joe Baker and the affection for the team of the 66-67 season...

GRUMMITT

HINDLEY WINFIELD

HENNESSEY McKINLAY NEWTON

LYONS BARNWELL BAKER WIGNALL MOORE

...coincided with the Trent End's finest hour, which climaxed when Ian Moore scored his third against Everton.

Joe played his last game for Forest on April 30th 1969 and was transferred to Sunderland, but on his return to Trentside on January 24th 1970 he was treated to the full range of his Trent End ditties in an emotional reunion.

IAN STOREY - MOORE

After Joe's departure, Ian Moore had become Trent End hero No.2 and Forest took the field to:

*"Ian! Ian! Storey-Moore!
Ian Storey-Moore!"*

- with the Trent End bouncing to each syllable. Other Ian Moore goodies included:

*"Give it to Moore, give it to Moore
He will score, he will score"*

(To the tune of something by the Troggs)

*"Singing I - I - Ian Storey-Moore
Singing I - I - Ian
I - I - Ian
I - I - Ian Storey-Moore"*

-19- (Tune: "She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain")

The Equals' "Bobby Joe" was adapted:

*"When Ian Moore is running down the wing
You will hear the Trent End sing
A sensation, a sensation
A sensation, hear what I say now
Ian Moore, viva Ian Moore
Ian Moore, viva Ian Moore
Viva, viva
Viva Ian Moore, viva!"*

"Jesus Christ, Superstar" became:

*"Ian Moore, superstar
Give him the ball and he will score"*



TRENT END HERO No.2

"The Animals Went In Two By Two" is still fondly celebrated by the "A" Block:

*"When Derby go down again, again we'll sing,
we'll sing
When Derby go down again, again, we'll sing,
we'll sing
When Ian Moore scores a goal
You can shove your Hector up your hole
We'll all go mad when Derby go down again"*

Other players allocated particular Trent End chants during the 60's included:

"Sha la la la Hennessey"

From the Small Faces' "Sha la la la Lee" - later amended - after his signing for Derby to:

*"Sha la la la Hennessey
Who the f***ing hell is he?"*

"Ba ba ba ba Barry Lyons"

(From the intro to The Troggs' "I Can't Control Myself")

"Wiggy wiggy wiggy - oi! oi! oi!"

(For Frank Wignall)

*"Come on without
Come on within
You'll not see nothing like the mighty Jim"*

(For Jim Baxter)

*"Six foot two, eyes of blue
Sammy Chapman's after you"*

and:

*"Sammy, Sammy
I'd walk a million miles
For one of your smiles
My Sammy"*

SHEEP

By the late 60's / early 70's, the love of our team had changed to a hatred of Derby County, and the Trent End repertoire such feelings:

*"Tiptoe, through the Popside
With a razor and a sawn-off shotgun
Tiptoe, through the Popside
With me"*

"Derby, Derby, can you swim?"

*"We love to go a-wandering
Around the City Ground
And if we see a Derby fan
We knock the bastard down"*

*"All I want is a walking stick
Hand-grenade and a builder's brick
Two Derby fans to kick
Oh wouldn't it be lov-er-ley"*

*"I was born under the Trent End goal
I was born under the Trent End goal
Boots are made for kicking
Trains are made to smash
I've never seen a Derby fan
I didn't want to bash
I was born under the Trent End goal
The Trent End, Trent End goal"*

*"We don't carry hammers
We don't carry lead
We only carry hatchets
To bury in your head
We are true supporters
Fanatics everyone
We hate Derby County
Spurs and Everton"*

*"Show Derby the way to go home
They're tired and they want to go to bed
Cause they're only half a football team
Compared to the boys in red"*

VOID

The early and mid-70's are all but forgotten, although the cup run team of 1974 did include Trent End hero No.3:

*"Duncan Duncan, Duncan Duncan
Born is the king of City Ground"*



TRENT END HERO No.3

He didn't last long:

*"Bring back, bring back
Oh bring back our Duncan to us, to us"*

By now the lateral fences had been erected in the Trent End as a result of almost constant violence - mainly directed at the police pre-kick-off. The 'boys' had left the Trent End and moved to the East Stand and the City Ground had lost its focal point of verbal support.

Come promotion, the club did its utmost to encourage fans back into the Trent End by creating a "Trent End branch" of the Supporters Club.

MIST

Although the championship and Europe brought forth many new chants, the atmosphere in the Trent End never quite matched the sheer exuberance of the mid-60's. However, our team now ran out to:

*"Oh Kenny, Kenny
Kenny, Kenny, Kenny, Kenny, Kenny Burns"*

(To the tune of "Son Of My Father" by Chicory Tip). This established Kenny officially as Trent End hero No.4 although, in a way, the entire championship side were heroes.

The first strains of:

*"City Ground
Oh mist rolling in from the Trent, my desire
Is always to be here
Oh City Ground"*

...were heard at the away match at Bury, which also witnessed a 25 minute, bouncy version of:

*"Hi ho, hi ho
We are the Trent End boys"*

- apparently that wooden stand at Bury was closed shortly after our visit as the foundations had 'settled' 18 inches!

*"We all agree
Nottingham Forest are magic"*

...was committed to vinyl on the single "We've Got The Whole World In Our Hands", which also included "Mist Rolling In" on the fade out.

The second Cup replay against QPR gave us the original

*"Tell me Mam, me mam
To put the champagne on ice
We're going to Wembley twice
Tell me Mam, me Mam"*

- and, as bitter rivalry developed, we heard:

*"Liverpool, Liverpool
You're not champions anymore"*

*"No Scouse at Wembley", followed by
"No Scouse in Europe".*

and the song that is often now sung by other fans

*"Sign on, sign on
With a pen in your hand
And you'll never work again"*

Europe brought us:

*"To Munich, to Munich
La la la la la la" (etc.).*

to the tune of some TV quiz programme:

*"One team in Europe
There's only one team in Europe",*

- as we lifted the big one for the second time in Madrid

The early 80's was a grim time for both team and songs, although we were still qualifying for Europe on smaller crowds than we're getting now. The bitterness of the miner's strike gripped the country when we faced Newcastle in the FA Cup on January 6th 1985. As the Newcastle fans unfurled a "Victory To The Miners" banner the Trent End responded with:

*"Feed the Geordies
Do they know it's Christmas time"*

The team were now running out to "Honny, Honny", with Johnny Metgod being the pivot around which the Second Coming team of Pearce, Webb, Clough, Carr, Walker etc. was to be formed.

We also mustn't forget Hans van Breukelen, who also enjoyed an excellent relationship with the Trent End culminating in his lap of honour on May 16th 1984 when Forest beat Man Utd 2-0 to ensure 3rd place in the league.

"We love you Hans V, we do"

echoed around the ground as Hans left the pitch.

CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

"Have you seen the legs on our new left-back?", a female Forest-supporting friend of mine observed shortly after Stuart Pearce made his debut. Psycho has eclipsed every other Trent End hero there's ever been, and is probable responsible for an entire new generation of supporters. Over the last eight years, Psycho has been the Trent End, and the Trent End, "A" Block, seat boys and now Upper Bridgford have been Psycho.

"Psycho! Psycho! Psycho!"

*"Psycho is our leader
Psycho is our leader"*

*"I said Psycho, I said what
I said Psycho, I said what
I said Psycho, I said what
I said Psycho, I said break his legs!"*

*"We love you Psycho, we do (x 3)
Oh Psycho we love you"*

"We all agree, Psycho is harder than Vinny"

"Psycho's got your number"

*"Psycho's going to Wembley
Psycho's going to Wembley
La la la la, la la la la"*



by SEVERAL PERSONS.

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TRENT END HERO No.4

"Stuart Pearce's red & white army"

...who knows what promotion will bring for the new Trent End Stand?

"You've lost that loving feeling"

we'll sing in the Trent End for the very last time this afternoon against Sunderland.

*"Those were the days my friend
We thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance for ever and a day
We'd live the life we choose
We'd fight and never lose
Those were the days
Oh yes those were the days"*

SIMPLY THE BEST

We've saved the best 'til last. Probably the best terrace song ever written:

*"Forest, ever Forest
All our hopes are with you
True supporters forever
Til our days are through"*

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

(Elgar, Trent End)

MATCH REPORTS

Not Horn (et) y

Forest 2 Watford 1. 30/3/94.

Another of those dodgy home games where the Reds exert as little energy as possible. Stan looked like he'd started his three-match holiday already and was somewhat upstaged by Furlong. We started well though, Kingsley actually putting in a decent cross in - give that man a dope test - for Stevie Stone to bulge the onion bag. Webb scrambled a second just before half-time, which Frankie evidently thought would be enough. If there's to be a bar in the new Trent End it'll be full long before the end of games like this.

Watford pulled one back in the closing stages, to the delight of the 300-ish Hornets below us. Their numbers may have been few but they still outsang a home crowd almost as lethargic as the team. Their team looked suitably inspired as they went for an equaliser, but fortunately the Tricky defence woke up in time to hold out.

Apart from the three points, the one good thing that could come out of this match is that it might inspire Frank to put in a bid for Furlong, what a partnership he could forge with Stan! We might just get away with it in the remaining few home games, but we'll get stuffed if we try it in the Premier next season. HARRY THE HORSE.

Little Star

Boro 2 Forest 2. 2/4/94

It seems somewhat crass to pay too much attention to this match report with the game coming so soon after the tragic killing of Nikki Conroy. Durham Red had rung during the week and told me that the whole area was in a state of shock, and it was quite touching that several Forest supporters took floral tributes:

Forest fans in tribute

NOTTINGHAM Forest fans touched the hearts of thousands of Middlesbrough supporters when they presented a wreath as a gesture of sympathy after the killing of school-girl Nikki Conroy. The band of flowers was placed in one of the goalmouths during Saturday's First Division match at Ayresome Park.

A minute's silence was observed before the kick-off and Forest fans were thanked over the ground's public address system.

Nikki, 12, was stabbed to death last week during an incident in a Middlesbrough classroom.

For what it's worth, we left Nottingham at 10am, drove through a snow storm at Junction 28 but arrived in Boro in bright sunshine by 12. All the locals in the Yellow Rose just by the ground were quite friendly.

Fmakie's team selection, with Lee and Rosario the "strike-force", gave us scant cause for optimism, but when Jason converted Kingsley's pinpoint cross (*sic*) we thought we'd weathered the worst Boro could throw at us. Shame they equalised on the stroke of halftime, and a shame they cancelled Big Bad Bob's goal, but I presume Frankie's selection had been vindicated.

"Who needs Cantona when we've got Big Bad Bob", we chanted in a gallant display of self-mockery.

A word about refereeing inconsistency. Des Lyttle was booked at Trentside for running to the Trent End by way of celebrating his first goal for Forest, but both Boro goals were followed by several of their players leaving the playing surface to celebrate with their fans - no action being taken by the referee.

Overall, one point and two goals were quite satisfactory, and despite being stuck in traffic outside the ground we were home by 7pm. We

had a good day out but let's not forget that Nikki Conroy never will again.

TIM GOUGH.

Who's Afraid of Big Bad Bob

Forest 0 Bristol City 0. 4/4/94.

The way the cliché goes is that a good or bad Easter sorts out the promotion and relegation issues. Well we've gained two points this holiday compared to three last year. Ominous is not the word.

I'm not used to this sort of tension; the hours poring over the league table, the frantic listening to the commentary from our rivals' games on the radio. By the time the hard maths came into it last season I'd long been convinced we were going down. Now there's the prospect of Leicester v Derby tomorrow. Normally I wouldn't give a damn about the result of this battle of the two great evils, but I'll be praying for a draw tomorrow.

A draw was all City were interested in, but if we can't break down a side like them then do we really deserve promotion? To say we missed Stan is something of an understatement. The only person who looked like he wanted to score was Psycho, and how the hell Rosario missed from about two centimetres I don't know. Lars has gone right off the boil, hope he's not saving his energy for the "Cup of World".

City realised in the last 10 minutes that we were there for the taking but couldn't do anything about it. This is a crap division, we ought to have been capable of taking maximum points out of our last four home games. It doesn't really fill you with confidence for Charlton, Millwall and Derby away. If we screw up and only make the play-offs then I hope they've got extra beds on stand-by at Mapperley Hospital.

KEN KESEY.

Who's Next?

Charlton 0 Forest 1. 9/4/94.

It's high time we paid a further tribute to Forest's away support. On our arrival at the Valley at 2pm, the tannoy man was announcing that all seats in the Forest section had been sold. At that time there were dozens of Forest fans outside the away end, and when Jason Lee put Forest ahead it was obvious that Forest fans were scattered all round the ground, as well as filling the 3,500 away end. Yet again we ensured a team recorded its highest home league attendance of the season, which is also likely to be the case at Derby, Peterborough and Grimsby - they'll miss Nottingham

Forest in Division 1 should we make it up.

I've actually been in a crowd of 80,000 at the Valley, but it was in 1974 to see The Who. Good atmosphere!

Nevertheless, the party end was in good voice to celebrate some celebrated Bob Rosario misses. My fave was the near post diving header which threatened the photographers, although the Bob "lob" to the corner flag came a close second.

Jason took his goal very well, so silencing the "looks like Ruud Gullit - plays like rude gesture" brigade. Great credit also to Ooh Mark, who held tight at the back when our defence resembled a scene from *TORA! TORA! TORA!*

A Psycho-blast special from a free-kick fully 35 yards out crashed against the bar, but later in the game their sub almost levelled things with his shot grazing the crossbar.

As we left the ground the news came through that our nearest rivals Millwall had lost to Crystal Palace. Six games to go and it's looking good, although the crunch comes next Sunday with the six-pointer at the New Den.

PETE TOWNSEND.

Didn't We Have A Lov-er-ly Time..

...The Day We Went To Millwall.

Millwall 2 Forest 2. 17/4/94

After the Charlton game, a few of us stopped in a pub at London Bridge to watch Chelsea v Luton, where we got into conversation with a group of Millwall fans returning from Palace. They said: "Oh, we don't say we're playing Forest next week, we say Judas Cooper's bringing his mates down." They were obviously very committed but seemed like reasonable enough people. What I can't understand is why such reasonable people what to go to a ground with an atmosphere like that every other week - especially as two of them were female.

I'd been to the old Den and thought it no more intimidating than any other London ground, but then that was in the old First Division and I suppose they reserved their real venom for the London clubs, Leeds, Man Utd & Liverpool. This was a different kettle of eels altogether.

What is it about Cockneys and standing up and waving their arms about and screaming abuse at every minor perceived wrong? What THEY had to complain about in this game I don't know. Certain of our players may have lost their cool (and I really thought Psycho was going to walk - he of all people ought to know the value of keeping your head), but they were certainly provoked. How come Millwall didn't receive at least as many cards as we did? It was an appalling display of refereeing that could have a profound effect on the outcome of both teams' seasons. And no way did Dessie deserve to be sent off.

It's a shame because both teams were capable of playing some excellent football. To be honest, Millwall probably narrowly deserved to be in front at half-time, which is probably why I was still outside supping my pint when Stanley equalised. "He's booked, he scores - it must be Collymore." I still looked to see if I could spot myself

celebrating on the video though.

Throughout the game a steady stream of home fans were ejected, and the Millwall mentality was summed up to me by the greying skinhead in his 40's being dragged round the pitch - followed by his bimbo missus in full white stilleto regalia, one babe in arms and a lad of about 6 who was crying his eyes out because Dady had been nicked again. The police did nothing about the racial abuse spitting and screaming from many parts of the ground, but they did throw out my mate for kissing the refreshment area TV screen when Stoney got the second equaliser.

A classic fightback, anyway, showing qualities of resilience that were totally absent last season. For me, Phillips just nicks the Man of the Match award from Stoney for keeping his head when all around him were losing theirs. Wish we'd had him to protect us on the walk back to the car.

That was when the REAL fun started. A copper outside the ground advised us to hang around for 10 minutes to wait for things to die down, which we did, and he was the last officer we saw. It's years since I've known it to be like this: the way you can sense it even though you can't see anything happening; you can feel the electricity in the air, then you hear that half-forgotten roar, then you see the evidence. One bloke lying on the road had had his face viscerously rearranged with a brick, and I was mighty relieved not to see his face in the papers during the week. I've also heard of a group of lads from Beeston having their van torched when they were stopped at traffic lights. We just kept our heads down and tried not to make eye contact, and the worst we received was from a bloke by the hot-dog stand going: "You're just a bunch of f**king w*nkers, the lot of you." I don't know what I was more pleased about, the result or the fact that we all got home in one piece.

I only hope that Millwall don't go up - or play Notts in the first stage of the play-offs - as I can see this escalating. I'm sorry to dwell on the fighting so much rather than the commitment shown by the players, after all, we

haven't seen half as much violence this season as many people, myself included, feared. Forest have their share of thugs too (there are rumours that a 200-strong gang from Notts besieged the pub that featured in last week's infamous Milldean documentary: the one that they boasted an away fan had never got within 100 yards of), but this wasn't just testosterone-fuelled teenage lads taking potshots at each other, this was grown men who ought to know better. Nice ground, but it's a shame they couldn't have modernised the fans at the same time. PONTIUS PILATE.

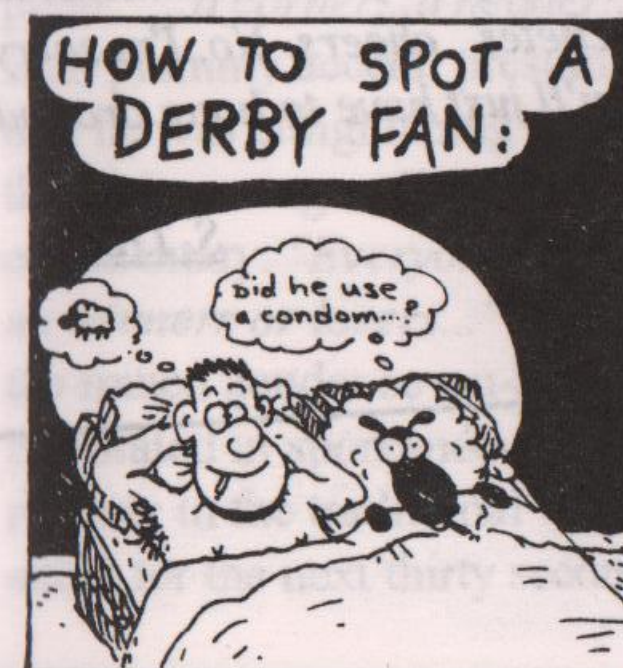
Happy Birthday Dear Psycho

Forest 2 WBA 1. 24/4/94.

Another cracker for Central. Psycho played like he'd been celebrating his birthday the night before and was subbed. We were crap but we won. You could read the same match report for half the home games we've played this season. We may be almost certain to go up, but unless Frankie has a major clearout we're likely to come straight back down again.

With a bit of effort we could have had loads, but Stoney nearly hit his over the bar and Cooper's was a bit scrappy too. The Baggies were absolutely dire but gave us a bit of a fright when they pulled one bag. And why the hell do their fans sing "The Lord's My Shepherd"?

The only good thing about Sunday games is that you can tape them, but I think Millwall will be the one that gets more viewing. And the bastard pubs don't open for two hours. The sooner we get out of this league the better. We won't be able to get away with it next year. JEFF ASTLE.



Sheep Shafted

Derby 0 Forest 2. 27/4/94.

What's the betting Gary Charles wins all the Forest Player of the Season awards? Honestly, it couldn't have happened to a nicer bloke, and he must be so proud that he's finally won the adulation that he's always sought from Forest fans. Nice one Gary, shame you won't be able to do it again next year.

I hope this game will soon be available on video, because I'm sure the 8,000+ at City Ground had a far better view of it than I did. But who cares. The Sheep did so much bleating at the start of the season about how this league was much tougher than it looked (but that Pickering's millions would see them run away with it), and how Forest's gates would dwindle to the early teens once we were stuck in mid-table and playing the likes of Southend on a Wednesday night. Isn't life wonderful. I find it hard to truly hate Derby at the moment, they're just too pathetic, too laughable. We'll leave them to share their venom with Leicester next season while we get on with the serious business of hating Man Utd.

It's so good to see that the players share our neighbourly feelings though, Psycho was as fired up as I've ever seen him. Stan had one of his best games yet, despite the fact that he didn't score. Phillips was here, there and every f**king where as usual, Lars looked more vibrant, and Big Norm put two fingers up to Steve Sutton, watching from the subs bench, by pulling off a couple of good saves.

Both goals - as every Forest fan who hasn't been in Outer Mongolia for the last six months knows - came from Sheepy slip-ups. Cowans ducked beautifully out of the way of Cooper's free-kick, and there's no way Stone got a touch to Gary's backpass. Derby never looked like scoring, and you could see why we're going to get automatic promotion and they're only 50/50 to even make the play-offs. And to think most people would have been happy with just a point before the match!

- 25 -

The woolly fans were silent as ever, not even rendering a chorus of:

"Always shit on the Red side of the Trent" (they are, they are, they are, they are).

We've virtually done it now, the studying of the goals scored columns is almost over, all the paranoia of the close season has been laid to rest. Even Notts fans were supporting us today, now there's a turn-up for the books. As far Derby, it looks like

Lionel Pickering's going to be asking for his millions back. Darlington. Darlington, here they come...

What a night. KEVIN HECTOR.

Toilet Humour

Grimsby 0 Forest 0. 3/5/94.

At least it didn't snow. This was one of the worst games I've ever seen in my life (not that I was expecting much in the way of effort), so the 5,000 of us Tricky hordes had to make our own entertainment. In rough chronological order, the set list went like this:

"Shit ground no fans"

"Shit ground no lights" (near floodlight failure).

"Shit match no goals"

"Shit pitch no grass"

"Half-time no goals"

"Bald man no hair" (Baldy the steward, who joined in the game of keepy-uppy balloon. My man of the match by a mile).

"Flat hat no brain" (stropky copper).

"Shit fans no songs"

followed by:

"Let's all sing for Grimsby - GRIMSBY, GRIMSBY, RA RA RA!"

As for events on the pitch, there weren't many. Norm pulled off a couple of good saves, Mendonca missed a couple of sitters, Tiler looked slimmer and fitter than he did at Millwall and the rest of them looked like they'd spent all their energy on the putting green. I believe we did create one chance, but I was in the toilet at the time. The best moves of the day were the recreations of famous Forest goals that a couple of lads in the pub were playing out with dominoes.

We got lost on the way home, went to look for a chip shop and ended up almost in Skeggie, didn't get back to Notts till 2pm. Still, a good day out, who cares about the game when the fish and ale are flowing.

CAPTAIN HADDOCK.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Damien's Dad, Johnny Garibaldi, Tim Gough, Steve Hanley, Rob Hay, Phil Hedgehog, Laurence Jones, Major Oak, Alex Money, Nameless Trentender, Red Leicester, Red Reg, Red Star, Jon Restall, Sandiacre Tree, Bob Stevens, the Student, Teacherman, Trev Woolley, Yours Affec..

Part-time Supporter

So I'm on Leicester station about 6 o'clock and I rush and buy the *Mercury* before the next train arrives. Forest have won and Leicester have lost, but what do you do when you're surrounded by tattooed Foxes waiting for the same train?

I tried small talk. It worked a bit cos they could only talk small. Like: "Cor, look at that c*** over there. She's only young but I bet she f***s." Somehow goal difference didn't come into it.

I open the inside page and the awful truth hits me. Stan the Man has been on and off. I can only begin to imagine what happened as he could have been off in

any number of games I've seen him play in.

Trying to make the Fox cubs feel better, I mentioned Stan's misdemeanour. "Oh, Forest fan?", questioned the fat one. "Yes", I replied meekly as I am only 6' 3" and 15st.. "Well, what the f*** are you doing here?", said the one with the ring through the scalp. "Part-time supporter", said I.

Being Leicester fans they knew what I meant and I got home safely. Football has a strange way of bringing people together. Remind me to get my ear pierced.

DAMIEN'S DAD.

Who's The Greatest?

So, who are the best team in Notts? Looking at their respective league positions, the order is obviously: 1) Forest; 2) County; 3) Stags.

But it's not that simple. When Forest are patently the best team, we find ourselves judged on other things. Which means that perennial dispute: "Who has the best supporters?"

"Easy," says you, "Forest have."

"B*ll*cks," says U-Pie, "Forest fans are all 15 years old and blinded by money and glamour. We're the true fans - we're all 60 years old and wear flat caps."

"Stuff off," says you, "What about..."

STOP !!

Let's consider the facts:

1) Average gates. Forest 23,000+; County 7,000. Even allowing the biased argument that one Pie is worth three Reds, I think Forest still edge it.

2) Opposing fans. v Forest: "It'll be the game of the season, we're all going." v County: "Oh good, I can go shopping."

3) Relegation. Forest: "Sorry son, season tickets are sold out for next season." County: "FREE washing machine with every ticket."

4) Wembley touts. Tout A: "£120 to watch Forest (restricted view)." Tout B: "Who'll give me £2 to sit in the royal box with Pavis's Mum?"

So, who are the best football fans in Notts? Easy - Stags (who else would pay to watch that crap every week?)

YOURS AFFEC..



Cockney Charmers

with exactly that name suggests they are not doing themselves any favours in the public relations department.

Police revealed after the match that two fans had been refused entry because they were carrying hammers.

With behaviour like that, it's no wonder no one likes you.

The fact that Forest resisted the intimidation and showed the spirit to equalise

REFUSED ENTRY? IS THAT ALL?

So what was the conversation when they approached the turnstile?

"Excuse me sir, what have you got there?"

"A machete."

"Oh dear, I think they may be banned, let me have a quick word with my supervisor. Hello Ronnie, there's a guy here with an axe, what's the current policy...no hammers, axes or machetes...cheers. No, I'm sorry sir, you'll just have to hang around outside."

S. TREE.

SIGHTS OF THE SEASON

1). Liverpool reserves (away).

This game was billed as the Family Farewell to the Kop, and thousands of youngsters were given their first (and last) outing to the famous terrace for the evening pilgrimage to the spot their da' had occupied for decades. The teams ran out and warmed up to high-pitched renditions of Anfield favourites, expectation running unusually high for a reserve game. The match kicked off, and after seven seconds the kids had a taste of the future on a night of nostalgia for the past, as a slick Forest passing move ended up with Bull shooting into the Kop End net!

2). Leicester reserves (away).

Those who believe that the soccerisation of football is necessarily a bad thing, and that attempting to entice families to attend matches is some mythical pursuit, should pay a visit to Filbert Street. Reserve matches there are attended by Filbert the Fox and cheerleaders, the PA whips up the crowd and blares out rock music whenever the ball is out of play (ice hockey style), refreshments are slashed to half price, competitions to win (Pontin's) holidays are organised (find the envelope under a seat)... and as a result thousands of the next generation of Leicester fans are gradually educated in the joys (?) of watching the Blues. Naturally, one wouldn't want to see all the above at first team games, but with around 6,000 attending the Forest game, surely we could see some of these ideas replicated at second team games at the City Ground.

3). England v Turkey (European U-18 Final).

Before this prestige event (an utter shambles from an organisational point of view as the authorities first underestimated the size of the crowd and were then slow to appreciate their error), the FA treated us to their vision of the future. This basically involved trying to flog a "Big Red Bag" for a mere £185 to hard-up Primary Schools. These bags contain fold-up goals, cones, ball etc. as the FA has decided that 11 a-side, competitive football has no place for under 11's. A Mr Cholmondley-Warner figure's voice intoned 1984-style the FA's Newspeak vision of how this would work. After a hilarious passage in which he identified aspects of football as they occurred on the pitch: "...a corner...a header...a save...a pass...", in his stiff, plummy accent, presumably in the mistaken belief that he was enlightening us Northern peasants, he came to the real message of his unintentionally amusing commentary. "Everyone will play for fun. There will be no winners or losers..." At this precise moment, one of the mixed gender seven-a-side teams scored, and, tut tut, celebrated in spontaneous but, it seems, not FA PC manner in the traditional way. The PA was strangely silent for the next thirty seconds.

4). Psycho v Kingsley (most matches).

Everyone knows that, in most respects, the England captain and the Northern Ireland winger are like chalk and cheese, and despite being partners on our left flank, they don't appear to get on too well. Those with pitch-side seats will long have been aware that Stuart talks to Cilla in the kind of language that would see the rest of us ejected from the ground, and that the No. 11 is renowned at the club for never talking to anyone. However, things surely came to a head in the warm-up before the recent Watford game. The skipper either booted the ball miles away from the diminutive winger, forcing him to run miles to retrieve it like a faithful hand, or he whacked it straight at him in a manner likely to cause GBH. Not a word from "Who's that?", of course - but within a week the LSG was back in the team. Hmm.

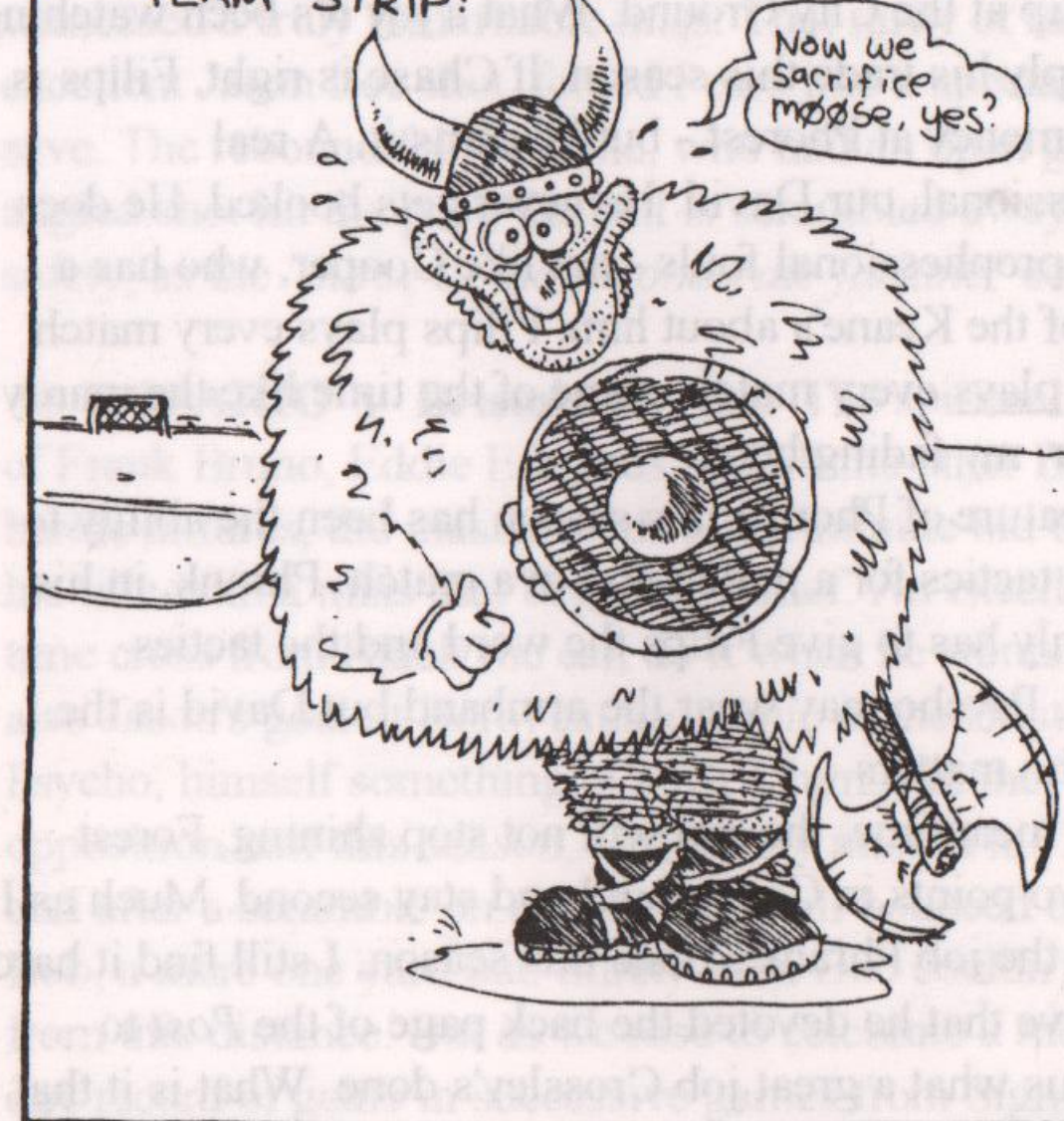
5). Midfield genius (recent reserve games).

After Toddi and the legendary Phil Starbuck comes the third in a line of midfield maestros whose skill and class dominates the energetic mediocrity of the crowded Pontins League midfield. His form has helped the second string rise from that parlous position during an impressive late-season run. He shields the ball well, tackles strongly, curls an excellent pass with instep or outstep, dribbles, turns, plays one-twos, and draws admiring gasps from opposition fans. So who is this slightly overweight, tanned genius? Mr Blobby? Nope. It doesn't look like we do need Cantona after all, do we Bob?

TEACHERMAN.

GREAT PLAYER IDEAS: #1

LARS BOHINEN'S DESIGN FOR NEW TEAM STRIP:



While The Fan's Away, Forest Play...

It's kick-off time Forest v Watford and my mate's got my ticket cos I'm in Rhodes, or, as it says at the airport, Rhodos, or, as the locals say, Rodos. The withdrawal symptoms are not too bad as Nigeria are playing Egypt (*sans* Mike Smith) in the Africa Cup on one channel and Barcelona are playing in the European Cup on another.

So there's me, the Greek and the German talking football as only purists can when the Greek, who owns the joint, says: "*When Engleesh play Engleesh - very good. When Engleesh play in Europe - very bad. How do you say? keek and roosh.*"

I was just about to say that Keek manages Andy Cole at Newcastle and Roosh is past it when, quick as a flash, the German agrees: "*Ja, keek and roosh.*" It's funny how they all speak the same language when they want to.

I found it hard to explain the quality of football (near) bottom of the league Barnsley played and that it's Charlie Hughes and Graham Taylor who've strangled the English game. It was difficult to get them to understand that Forest played football down to the Endsleigh and Bassett's hounds keeked and rooshed and stayed in the Premiership. It was harder still to explain that, last September, our assistant manager goes to watch the Palace at Bristol City and reports that they are a changed team, they play football. Palace then proceeded to keek and roosh us off the park. It wasn't so hard though to explain the joy next morning when BFBS, broadcasting to our lads in the Balkans, announced that Forest had defeated keek and roosh Watford and Leicester had lost.

So that tan's coming along nicely and the Reds are sitting pretty in second place with two matches in hand, and I'm looking over the bay of Pefkos, or Pefki, or Peuka. Why do the Greeks have so many different ways of spelling the same word?

This holiday's providing a tonic for me and we've had our own filip at the City Ground. What a joy it's been watching David ply his trade this season. If Chase is right, Filips is on big money at Phorest - but he earns it. A real proffessional, our David. He never gets booked. He does proper proffessional fouls - not like Cooper, who has a touch of the Keane's about him. Filips plays every match and he plays every match; some of the time like the mardy Scouser, my fading hero.

A pheature of Phorest this season has been the ability to change tactics for a match and in a match. Phrank, in his coat, only has to give Filips the word and the tactics change. Psycho may wear the armband but David is the man who matters.

In the meantime, the sun will not stop shining, Forest drop two points in Cooperland and stay second. Much as I admire the job Phrank's done this season, I still find it hard to believe that he devoted the back page of the *Post* to telling us what a great job Crossley's done. What is it that Mark Crossley has over managers? I seem to remember the exalted Clough (still revered by the Germans) keeping faith as Norm became more and more responsible for the goals

against column. There's no doubt there's been an improvement. He's caught one or two cleanly. I even saw him punch one beyond his own area. Even in Row 15 I've heard him calling, but Crossley lacks the one quality that makes top class footballers (not just goalkeepers) stand out from the rest: Norm does not have balance. He's not an athlete.

If Crossley is the best goalkeeper we can find it's no wonder that the Premier League is full of foreigners. What's happened? It's not that long since the England manager was so embarrassed by our riches that Shilton and Clemence had to play one game each. But Crossley's in and he'll need all our support 'til the end of the season. If it's OK by Frank, it's OK by me.

But the clouds come over my sunbed and the Forest challenge falters at the City Ground in sunshine and a 0-0 draw v Bristol City. Forest are still second with five away games to go.

Forest are going to be in with a shout on May 8th when all the last matches will be played. Sounds a good idea, but on my fixture card it says May 7th and I've made other arrangements for the 8th.

After years of running local teams, it was a real pleasure to receive a season ticket from my young earners about four years ago. A match every other Saturday, but none of the hassle. No worries about whether Psycho needed a lift to the game, or the right team had been picked. No kit to be washed. No subs to collect to pay the ref. Great.

Then last season TV took over and we don't know when the ticket's for. How many Saturday matches have Forest played at the City Ground since Christmas? When it's changed to a Sunday, will it be on a Sunday or go back to a Saturday like the Bolton game (which I missed)? But I'm not missing the Sunderland game. I just hope my friends understand that re-arrangements will have to be re-arranged.

I'm just as certain that when the plane lands in England Forest will still be in second place.

DAMIEN'S DAD.

NOISE ABATEMENT

The commercial office's pages in the Forest v WBA programme, in promoting the live screening of the Derby game, said that commentary would be provided if this didn't exceed local authority permitted noise levels.

Excuse me if I'm being thick, but aren't football grounds places from where noise is expected to emanate? Had we all better cheer in loud whispers next time Forest score in case a Rushcliffe Borough Council Environmental Health Officer walks onto the pitch with a noise meter and slaps a prohibition notice on the centre spot? Will the wearing of thick woolly mittens be compulsory as a precaution against raw applause offending the West Bridgford Noise Abatement Society? Surely any live crowd at the City Ground makes more noise than 37 square meters of Alan Parry's voice, so what's the problem?

MAJOR OAK.

Miss Of The Season

There are few moments in football as sickening as when, as the opposing supporters are keen to remind you, "*you thought you had scored, you were wrong.*" That combination of angle and distance which deceives you into thinking that the billowing of the net has been caused by the ball entering it, rather than nestling behind it or hitting the side-netting. Or that raised linesman's flag as another clinically-executed offside trap gains its ill-merited reward. Much worse, however, are those times when through the SHEER INCOMPETENCE of the prima donnas whose high wages we pay, good opportunities aren't turned into goals.

Do you ever see Stephen Hendry miss the cue ball and rip the baize? Andre Agassi throw the ball up to serve and then swish thin air with his racket? Eric Bristow through a dart and pierce the rotund scorer instead of hitting the board? An England cricketer completely fail to pick up the trajectory of a Curtly Ambrose delivery? (Er, forget that last one). No. But here at Forest we have to put up with highly-paid professionals failing to convert the kind of chance the proverbial granny couldn't miss. As ever at the BRIAN, we are not afraid to name the guilty men:

1). **STONE v Southend (a).** Starting the season as he meant to go on, Stone missed gilt-edged chance after gilt-edged chance. The pick of them, however, was the occasion on which he rounded the goalie only to hit his shot directly into the path of the sole defender scampering back to the line.

2). **ROSARIO v Bolton (a).** Memorable even for the master (who could forget his miraculous goal-line clearance over the Leeds bar at the Trent End last season). Not only did Big Bad Bob fail miserably to apply the finishing touch, he succeeded in knocking himself out on the post and playing no further part in the game.

3). **BOHINEN v Notts (a).** The Norse god had yet to appear on the scoresheet, despite hitting woodwork twice (at the Hawthorns and, memorably, v Leicester), and assorted Forest players on the line (v Charlton). So when a Stone cross picked him out at the far-post, all he had to do was nod it into the empty net. Far too demeaning for Mr Silky Skills, who instead decides to attempt to scissor-kick the ball (approx. 7ft off the ground) home in front of the full away end - this at the height of Bohinen-mania. He failed to make contact and frankly has never been the same since (the decline of the five-man midfield).

4). **COLLYMORE v Palace (h).** It seems unfair to pick on a man who regards the ball at his feet on the halfway line as an open goal, but tap-ins are not his stock-in-trade. It was presumably the extra effort involved in being determined to stick one on his former team-mates (the same law which dictates that Coops plays poorly v

Boro & Millwall) which caused him to screw the ball wide from another fabulous far post cross, with the goal gaping. But after his comeback goal v Bolton, the reception to which possibly even topped Dessie's piledriver v Luton, we'll forgive him anything.

5). **WEBB v Stoke (a).** Mr Blobby's first half goal won the game, of course, but he could have been celebrating a rare brace but for this embarrassing gaffe. Chesting the ball down in the area, it (the ball, not the chest) sat up perfectly and only required the merest tickle to slip it past the exposed Prudhoe. For reasons best known to himself, however, the media pundit's husband chose to drive the ball at perfect parrying height at the relieved custodian, and another chance was wasted.

6). **BULL v Barnsley (h).** The Tykes played us off the park, to be honest, but we should have been celebrating a 3-1 win. With just minutes to go, the ever-willing Stone ran from right to left round the entire home defence, and slipped the ball past the keeper across the face of the goal, invitingly in front of the ex-Barnet goal-machine. Did he "freeze" at the thought of breaking his goal drought?

7). **STONE v Portsmouth (a).** Two goals down away. Promotion dreams seemingly in tatters. Suddenly the ball finds Stone in the six-yard box. What does he do? Volley over the bar. Supporters are seen kneeling on the terraces, headbutting the pebble-dashed steps. It is not to be our day.

8). **STONE v Boro (a).** I've got nothing against Stoney, honest. I think he's been our best player since Xmas. It's not his fault he's had a series of broken legs and a reputation for missing sitters since the *Tricky Tree* started sponsoring him. But the Holgate End at Ayresome Park witnessed a truly remarkable miss. That rarity of rarities, an excellent Jason Lee shot, forced Pears into a spectacular save. The rebound fell to Stone, who had an open goal. His angled shot hit the post, the ball is scrambled away to safety, as the "*curse of the second-rate fanzine*" continues.

9). **ROSARIO v Bristol City (h).** The spiritual relation of Frank Bruno, Eddie Edwards and all the other British heroic failures, the master made a last-minute bid to retain his title with a miss that beggared belief. An excellent first-time cross from Black (he can do it when he wants - see also Jason's goal at Boro) caused panic in the Bristol box. Psycho, himself something of a Mr Clumsy in the opposition half this season, completely missed his kick, and after a scramble on the line, the ball bounced up to Bob, a mere one yard out. Surely even Bob couldn't miss from this distance. But as we rose to celebrate a modern-day record of goals in successive games from Signor Rosario, he incredibly managed to knock the ball over the bar.

10). **LEE v Forest.** How ironic that we should end up buying the player responsible for the worst miss against us all season. A mixture of the Bohinen and Collymore misses, it was presumably at this moment that those on the Forest bench decided we simply had to sign him.

Readers will no doubt be able to supplement this list with selections of their own, but my personal "Miss of the Season" award once again goes to Bob Rosario, with a special mention to Stoney for his attempt to make us all adopt a similar hairstyle to himself.

TEACHERMAN.

THE PHEW!

Nothing to do in the summer recess? BRIAN presents the "Q" inspired "Forest Rock'n'Roll Special" with the best prize ever offered by this organ (maybe). Simply identify the 26 pieces of music from which the following lyrics are taken. No clues except that one of my fellow compilers likes Genesis.

No-one will get all 26 correct - send as many as you've identified to the usual address anytime before August 1st. Answers in BRIAN # 43.

- 1). *You fill up my senses
Like a night in a Forest*
- 2). *Along the Forest road
There's hundreds of cars, luxury cars*
- 3). *Getting over overhanging trees
Let them rape the Forest*
- 4). *Dessie's gonna walk it
We'll teach 'em how to play
Gazza get your hanky out
It's Forest all the way*
- 5). *In the Forest, in the snow
All those many years ago*
- 6). *Foraging the Forests like a primate
Using sharpened tools
Instead of hotplates*
- 7). *The hunter enters the Forest*
- 8). *There is unrest in the Forest
There is trouble with the trees
For the maples want more sunlight
And the oaks ignore their pleas*
- 9). *I was trying to make it home through the Forest
Before the darkness falls*
- 10). *We all agree
Nottingham Forest are magic*

The Ultimate Forest Quiz

- 11). *Like the Forest fight for sunlight
That takes root in every tree*
- 12). *Tell her to make me a Camberwick shirt
Of deep Forest Green*
- 13). *We are waiting on the Forest
Deep and dark behind the wall*
- 14). *Àcorn makes a Forest
See the Forest grow*
- 15). *We're Forest!
We're proud of the team
We're Forest!
It's the Trent End dream
To see Forest!
At the top of the league*
- 16). *From a dense Forest of tall dark pinewood
Mount Ida rises like an island*
- 17). *Stalked in the Forest too close to hide
I'll be upon you by the moonlight side*
- 18). *Hills of Forest Green
Where the mountains reach the sky*
- 19). *Suddenly I stop
But I know it's too late
Lost in a Forest all alone*
- 20). *Also it is whispered
In the kingdom far and wide
To beware a little cottage
In the Forest in a glade*
- 21). *High, high
What a feeling to fly
Over mountains and Forests and seas*
- 22). *Treasure glowing in their eyes
Forest deepens dark their dreams*

23). *If she don't come down
She will burn herself out
Like a Forest fire
Well doesn't that make you smile*

- 24). *Been lost in the Forest
Drifted for days
Just eating wild berries, sleeping in caves*
- 25). *Did the band play the last post and chorus
Did they pipe the Flowers of the Forest*
- 26). *Nottingham Forest
The No.1 fan is The Mouth Ashley
Nottingham Forest
From Trent End to Munich it's
Easy, easy*

TIM GOUGH & VARIOUS OTHERS.

Taffy Time Again

Wales 1 Norway 3, 9/3/94, Ninian Park, Cardiff.
Wales 0 Sweden 2, 20/4/94, Racecourse, Wrexham.

It's Taffy time again, or the David Phillips Report.

John Toshack's one and only, not to be missed, international as manager at Ninian Park saw David Phillips confirm his versatility and international pedigree once again. Against Norway he played at left back, which in John Toshack's grand design was to be very much an attacking role. No problem for DP, playing some good stuff in a team which seemed largely confused by the continental style that was expected of them. Later in the game DP was able to roam more, and delivered some quality crosses from the right wing.

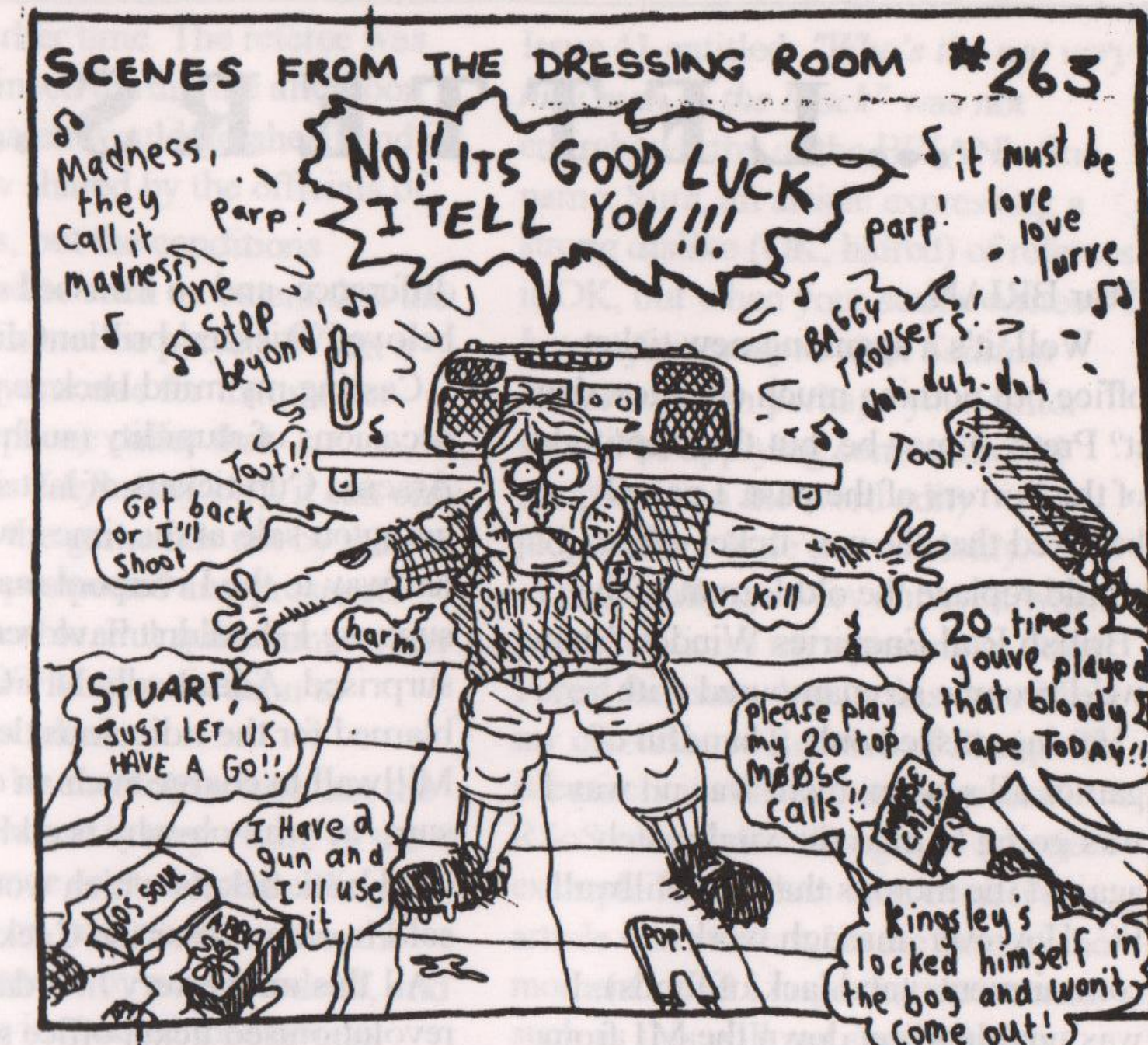
Lars Bohinen, in central midfield for Norway, had a quiet game, but was adequate. As for the result, I would say a reasonable indication of the teams' performances even though all the goals came from defensive lapses.

New manager Mike Smith returned DP to his normal Forest position of filling the hole in front of the central defenders. Wales returned to playing the ball quickly to the front, where Iwan Roberts won virtually everything in the air. DP prompted a promising, competitive and lively Welsh performance. The scoreline was rough justice, a 1-1 would have been more realistic.

I don't see Norway or Sweden presenting too much of a problem to the major fancies for success in USA '94.

Finally, a word on former Tricky Andy Marriott. *The Sheeping Giant* Issue 20: "Andy Marriott however was worth every penny we paid for him. On many occasions he has been the difference between us winning and getting stuffed 7-0." LAURENCE JONES.

LAURENCE JONES



Domestic Problems

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Why are they all so bitter? A few short weeks ago the whole city was trembling with anticipation. Forest were a good bet for promotion and County were pushing for a play-off place. Nottingham was feeling good. In fact, the goodwill extended to County inviting U-Reds to Wembley to "make up the numbers". Opposing fans were patting each other on the back and wishing each other well.

And now what? The Reds are up and County look like missing out. Suddenly the Meadow Lane whine is back: "*Lucky Forest*", and "*I hope you go straight down*", etc..

When I moved to Nottingham I was told that Notts had the loyal knowledgeable fans whereas Forest only attracted young hangers-on, who would support Man United given half a chance (and no Wembley visit for U-Reds). Well it saddens me to find all the bitterness is on the north bank of the Trent, especially when so many Trickyies genuinely want County to do well. If any of U-Pies are reading this, call me a patronising bastard if you want to, but I would love to see Forest stuff you home and away in the PREMIER LEAGUE next season.

YOURS AFTEC

STATS CORNER

One of the many reasons for our instant return to the top flight is our new-found ability to:

- Hold onto the lead if we score first; and
- Fight back if we indulge in our traditional charity of giving away the first goal.

	W	D	L	
We score first	17	3	1	(21)
They score first	6	6	8	(20)
Goal-less draws				(4)

We'll certainly need this resilience next year.

TEACHERMAN.

... LETTERS ...

Dear BRIAN,

Well, it's a spanking new ticket office but nothing much changes, does it? Pretty it may be, but the ineptitude of the horrors of the past, I naively believed that the new ticket office would replace the old format of the "British Rail Enquiries Window"-type we'd become so enamoured with.

Having missed only a handful of games all season, there was no way I was going to miss the vital match against the morons that are Millwall FC. However, through work commitments (and lack of funds), I was unable to get down the M1 from Sheffield to pick up tickets during the week, and so I rang the ticket office and asked if I could call in for tickets on the Saturday. "Yes", the helpful lady replied. "Brilliant", was my response, as it would kill two birds etc. as I could purchase tickets for the Peterborough party at the same time.

So I crawled out of bed early to join the queue, to which I've become accustomed because of the fanatistic away support we get these days (by the way, wasn't it rather amusing that there were more people at the Forest v Foxshaggers reserve game than at Notts v Tranmere - sh*t team, no fans).

Anyway, having been very impressed by the speed at which the queue was moving, I was in the all new office by 9.30, purchased my Peterborough tickets and then asked for three Millwall tickets. The reply was: "They've all been sent back."

Knowing that there was no way 20,000 seats would be filled, I asked: "So it's pay on the day is it?" (as had been the case with so many games this season). I was then told that I would have to pay £20 if I paid on the day. When I questioned this policy I was angrily informed that it was my own fault, as I should have got the tickets earlier and that was that.

Now an extra £10 may not seem a lot to some people, but when you're as hard-up as I am it makes a hell of a

difference, and so I missed out on my beloved Trickies' brilliant display.

Casting my mind back to previous occasions of stupidity (such as the Arsenal Cup tickets of last season going on sale at the time I was halfway to the Liverpool match), I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised. Admittedly NFFC can't be blamed for the ridiculous decision by Millwall to charge such an overpriced sum, by why-oh-why need Forest send back tickets which would not be sold to either us or the Cockney scum.

All this on the very first day of the revolutionised ticket office services - exiled Trickies, you have been warned...

Sheffield Red.

Dear BRIAN,

I would like you to convey my deepest heartfelt thanks to the staff of the ticket office who, after allowing me to reach the giddy heights of 13th in the queue for Peterborough tickets and 3 1/2 hours of happy banter, saw fit to give me two seats at London Road that were so far in the dingiest corner in the stand that spiders were pushing past me to get a better view. No doubt they allowed people behind me in the queue - and possibly a few days later for all I know - to get a better seat with a better view and possibly even in sunlight.

It's nice to see that the posh new ticket office is going to continue from its predecessor in the quest to give Forest fans an efficient and speedy service - and don't the staff look smart in their tracksuits.

Bob Stevens, The Meadows.

Dear BRIAN,

reputable (rep-yoo-ta-bul) *adj.* having a good reputation, respected.

Paul White's use of the word "disreputable" to describe the BRIAN had me reaching for my OED to find out just exactly what he meant. It appears Mr White believes the BRIAN does not have a good reputation and is not respected.

It is true to say that respect should be earned rather than expected. The BRIAN has the respect of Forest fans (and other fans, judging by comments in other fanzines) because it shows respect for others by publishing a range of views. The only views not given an airing are those supporting violent, racist or sexist opinions. If someone thinks the new Bridgford End was a masterpiece of planning and execution then their views are published. Equally, if someone believes Paul White couldn't organise a queue for a Cup Final ticket, then this opinion is also aired. It is an open forum for opinion, Mr White. Please feel free to air yours in our publication any time you like.

I would like to know if you respect the fans' opinions enough to hear them without writing facetious replies. This magazine is your opportunity to be in touch with the opinions of your customers, and offers the forum for intelligent response. You could earn some respect for taking up this offer, and in the process become more "reputable".

Damien Mackinney, Sheffield.

Dear BRIAN,

I would like to respond to A Rebel Garibaldi's letter about the use of the word "soccer" instead of "football". He suggested that David Mellor - the Voice of the Fans (*sic*) - might be able to do something about it. The same David Mellor who opens his show with: "Welcome to another 60 minutes of RED HOT SOCCER CHAT"? I'm afraid Mr Mellor is not your man.

He also comes out with other gems like: "We want to get in as many calls as possible before 7 o'clock" and goes about reading a letter from Dave in London prattling on about the colour of Huddersfield's away strip.

Or: "Controversy is what this programme's all about" and then he congratulates Arsenal for qualifying for the next round of the Cup Winners Cup. Highly controversial, that.

Shag off back to the Bates Motel Dave and bring back Danny Baker. A Red Shamrock, Dublin.

PS Well done to the management, players and especially the fans of

Nottingham Forest for a great season. Didn't we do well.

Dear BRIAN,

I cannot let Richard Speed's response to my item on the 1974 Newcastle cup-tie pass without further comment.

In trying to justify his case, Mr Speed concedes the main point in admitting that: "the circumstances were unfortunate". Too bloody right they were. "The circumstances" were a pitch invasion; the "unfortunate" aspect was the malicious and deliberate attempt to prevent the imminent defeat of the home team.

We all know that games did, do and always will on occasions be halted for various acceptable reasons. If the suspension of the game in question had been due to a violent hailstorm, a plague of locusts or the bursting of the banks of the Tyne then our disappointment would have been just as great, but without feelings of bitterness and of being cheated.

Newcastle fans can be thankful that the FA weren't used to dealing with that type of situation. There's no doubt that if it happened today the club of the offending fans would be thrown out of the FA Cup.

Major Oak, Loughborough.

Dear BRIAN,

You may have had a curry on the cover of the last issue but the contents read more like a sweet & sour. Why, "Ghost of Justin Fashanu", should I want to "party" in someplace that sounds like a Sheep pen - Newes House? Besides, after the game there was only time to get to the Hoskins, and be served, before the goals came up on the box.

Neil Barrow, Bingham.

A reply received by a reader from the secretary of the Football League regarding the calling off of Grimsby v Forest at 6.45pm.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of 28th February addressed to the Football Association has been forwarded here for my attention and I assure you that you have every sympathy. However, in such cases postponements have necessarily to be made at a later rather

than an earlier time. The referee was fully convinced during the afternoon that this match would go ahead and it was a view shared by the officials of both clubs, but the conditions deteriorated to such an extent that the match could not be played. When a club or anyone else for that matter tells a telephone caller that the game is "definitely on", it can only mean that the game has not by that time been postponed and prospects look favourable. Put quite simply, any game is "on" until a decision to postpone is taken.

You may be absolutely sure that the Football League is very aware of the inconvenience caused to travelling supporters on occasions such as the one experienced by your goodself, and referees are instructed to take into account the interests of such supporters when making a decision. Unfortunately, on this occasion the deterioration in conditions came too late to avoid inconvenience.

In response to your guess, I can only hazard my own that Mr Callow would have preferred not to have given up a day from his annual leave in order to take part in such an abortive exercise. Yours sincerely,

J.D.Dent

Secretary

Dear BRIAN,

I enjoy reading your fanzine very much and overall there are very few articles with which I disagree. However, I feel that the article in

Issue 41 entitled: "Who's the not very nice man in the black" was not entirely worthy of the BRIAN's fine name. Sure, an article expressing a strong dislike (OK, hatred) of referees is OK, but when your scribe writes: "I hate referees more than Saddam Hussein", then perhaps your editor should be applying some editorial (emphasis on the word edit) judgement a little more harshly.

I personally get very annoyed when people criticise my opinions in other Forest fanzines, but in this case I feel my criticism of Red Sid of Sheepville is entirely justified. I am sure that RSoS could have thought of a better example to use than this, even if his article was written "in the heat of the moment", and I hope that statements such as this will not spoil what otherwise is an excellent read.

Robert Rosario's Biggest Fan, Repton.

Red Sid can't answer for himself this issue as I can't find his address, but I'm sure the offending sentence wasn't meant to be taken at face value. I'm certain Red Sid doesn't really believe that Vic Callow, say, is guilty of more crimes against humanity than the Butcher of Iraq. I assume he just means that in the heat of a badly-refereed match he gets so wound up that the ref seems momentarily to be the most evil person on Earth. We've all been there. I apologise if any Kurdish people, servicemen or their families were offended, but it was, not intended as an apology for acts of mass genocide.

You bought the bargain "Bohinen" helmet...

...now buy the rest of our star lookalike range

- the Jason Lee "dreadlock" wig (£8.99)
- the Mr Blobby expanding gut (£9.99)
- the Lee Glover comedy ears (£6.99 pair)
- the Psycho strap-on biceps (£5.99 pair)
- the Norman non-stick gloves (£12.99 pair)
- the SuperStan bonehead razor (£24.99 -batteries not inc.)
- the non-drip BigBadBob fake tan kit (£8.99)
- the Chettle clubfoot attachment (£6.99)
- the Kingsley NiceYoungMan personal grooming kit (£27.99)
- the Woany "Honest Gaffer, it's removable" stick-on goatee beard (£16.99) - as worn by Jason Lee



Prove you're a real fan - buy the lot!

TEACHERMAN.

The Match Of The Decade...

Wouldn't it be good if we could see a team of Forest Old Boys (still playing elsewhere) line up against today's lot. Imagine these line-ups:

Forest Now

- 1) Crossley
- 2) Lytle
- 3) Pearce
- 4) Cooper
- 5) Chettle
- 6) Stone
- 7) Phillips
- 8) Bohinen
- 9) Lee
- 10) Collymore
- 11) Woan

Subs:
Gemmill, Crosby

Forest Old

- 1) Woods
- 2) Charles
- 3) Fairclough
- 4) Wassall
- 5) Walker
- 6) Keane
- 7) Carr
- 8) Hodge
- 9) Clough
- 10) Sheringham
- 11) Parker

Subs:
Orlygsson, Jemson

Well, through the advancement of new technology (special offer on whisky at Tesco's), I have seen the aforementioned game and can now bring you brief highlights:

8th minute - Collymore collects "pass" from Chettle on halfway line. Beats Walker for pace and scores. 1-0. Forest New!

17th minute - Carr collects ball in own penalty box. Dribbles past Phillips, Chettle, Pearce and Cooper. Crossley slips in mud. Carr chips ball over helpless Mark. Ballboy retrieves ball from Trent.

21st minute - Roy Keane talked to by ref for trying to fight Stone.

22nd minute - Roy Keane talked to by ref for trying to fight Phillips.

23rd minute - Roy Keane booked after two-footed tackle on Lytle and attempted fight with Lee, Cooper and Chettle.

24th minute - Roy Keane brought down by two-footed tackle from Pearce. Walks away quietly with small brown patch on back of shorts.

37th minute - Ian Woan remembers that he's playing, leaves seat in stand and scores 40-yarder past helpless Woods. Retakes seat in stand. 2-0 Forest New.

42nd minute - Sliced Lytle clearance results in goalmouth scramble. Clough slides ball home. 2-1 Forest New. Clough leaves field to change into clean shorts.

Half-time.

45th minute - Clough fails to reappear after his father takes him home to help with the gardening. Replacement Jemson woos the crowd with his good looks, then gets

head stuck between goalposts.

48th minute - Bohinen runs length of pitch keeping ball in air. Fouled by Wassall. Bohinen spits on Wassall's hand and is cautioned by ref. Wassall refuses to play on and leaves pitch in sulk to be replaced by Orlygsson.

53rd minute - Limping Bohinen is replaced by Gemmill. Clever Parker cross headed down by Sheringham. Confused Gemmill slots into own goal. 2-2.

61st minute - Orlygsson weaves Icelandic magic down wing and into penalty box where upended by Chettle's left spade. Carr takes penalty. Apologises to lady in Main Stand who gets hit in face by ball.

65th minute - "Floodlight failure". Stray Newcastle fans asked to leave ground. Psycho to rescue - uses his electrician superpowers to mend floodlight. Crosby is brought on for Stone to build Pearce a ladder.

76th minute - Roy Keane tries to fight ref. Receives red card and buggers off to the Black Orchid. Nigel Jemson offers to drive.

83rd minute - Jason Lee fools Fairclough with a cunning flick of his hair. Charles makes recovering tackle and passes ball back to Woods. Pearce scores from resultant free-kick. 3-2.

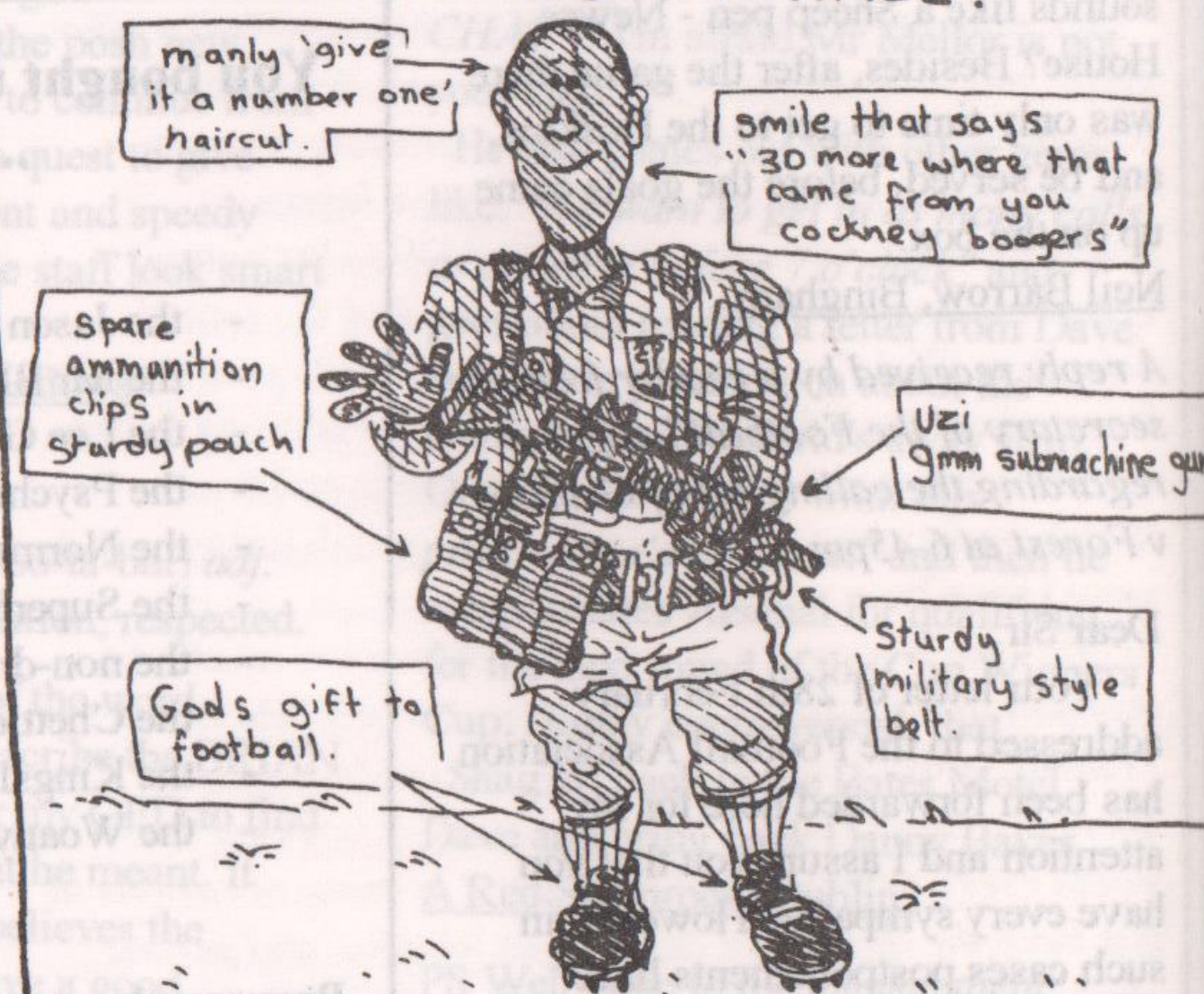
90th minute - Hodge drive easily collected by Crossley, who sees Crosby free on right and (having watched Schmeichel on video) attempts to throw him ball. Retrieves ball from back of net.

Final score 3-3.

JON RESTALL

GREAT PLAYER IDEAS: #2

STAN COLLYMORE'S NEW RANGE OF FOOTBALL ACCESSORIES FOR USE WHEN FACING MILLWALL:



READERS' POLL

It doesn't seem like five minutes since the last reader's poll, does it? Closing date August 1st.

- 1) PLAYER OF THE YEAR.
- 2) YOUNG PLAYER OF THE YEAR.
- 3) UNSUNG TRICKY HERO.
- 4) MOST IMPROVED PLAYER.
- 5) FRANKIE'S BEST BUY.
- 6) GOAL OF THE SEASON.
- 7) WORST MISS OF THE SEASON.
- 8) WORST GOAL CONCEDED.
- 9) BEST HOME GAME.
- 10) WORST HOME GAME.
- 11) BEST AWAY GAME.
- 12) WORST AWAY GAME.
- 13) BEST DAY OUT.
- 14) BEST MOMENT OF THE SEASON.
- 15) WORST MOMENT OF THE SEASON.
- 16) CHANT OF THE SEASON.
- 17) BEST OPPOSING PLAYER.
- 18) BIGGEST THUG.
- 19) FOUL OF THE SEASON.
- 20) BEST REFEREE.
- 21) WORST REFEREE.
- 22) BEST OPPOSING TEAM.
- 23) WORST OPPOSING TEAM.
- 24) BEST GROUND VISITED.
- 25) WORST GROUND VISITED.
- 26) BEST OPPOSING FANS.
- 27) WORST OPPOSING FANS.
- 28) BEST AWAY POLICE.
- 29) WORST AWAY POLICE.
- 30) BEST OTHER FANZINE.
- 31) BIGGEST MOAN AT NFFC.
- 32) BIGGEST MOAN AT THE "BRIAN".
- 33) BEST "BRIAN" ARTICLE.
- 34) WORST "BRIAN" ARTICLE.
- 35) HOPES / PREDICTIONS FOR NEXT SEASON.

Any additional comments welcome.