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EDITORIAL

Greetings old friends and freebie hunters!

Welcome to this free issue of the Mudhutter. It was meant to be out in April to coincide with our next issue, but as you're probably aware, since we don't have a match to sell at or indeed any football to attend, we've all been sat in the back garden in our underpants drinking cans for the past two months.

Anyway, we're here now and that's all that matters. Whereas we have quite a phenomenal number of subscribers for a club with no fans, and a handful of brilliant shops and pubs who support us by selling it for us, it simply isn't economically to produce a printed version until such a time as fans return to football matches. Much as we love to hear people asking 'is that the programme'; and attempting to pass fake twenties and foreign currency over to us on the bridge; well, I'm sure you'll get the opportunity again one day soon.

None of this means that we have to stop, like most individuals, businesses (and indeed football clubs) we just need to adapt. We have in the past periodically produced free online Summer specials, when we've been feeling particularly enthusiastic and this PDF comes to you in a similar spirit. The beauty of there being no print costs is that there are no page restrictions so we can fill it up as much as we like, so be prepared to read a bumper, 67 page fanzine, free of charge.

Inside, is a curious mix of new stuff and a few articles curated from recent mags, so hopefully there is something in there for both regular readers and those who are dipping their toe into it, Wiganers or otherwise. And because it's free, then you have nothing to complain about. Who am I kidding, this is Wiganers we're talking about, some would still complain if Natalie Imbruglia printed it off on a LaserJet, laminated every page into a neat folder and popped around with a bag of pies to feed them whilst gently reading every page in a soothing voice. We wouldn't have it any other way.

Yet, seeing as everyone involved with this has given up their time and efforts for free, a bit of praise on the old social media wouldn't go amiss. We are not selling anything, and nor would we until there comes such a point in the future when we can do, so word of mouth is all we are asking for. So please, if you like this offering, give us positive feedback, say nice things and share with your friends if you have any.

We are sticklers for tradition and remain firmly committed to print media. This is not a regular issue as we are not printing it, and if you are one of our 100+ subscribers, this does not come off your bill. The next one we do print, will be your last of the season and we will go from there. Most of our regular contributors are represented in one form or another. Much like the print 'thing', some of them prefer to only spare their words for an actual printed fanzine and that is understandable, as that is one of the core reasons why fanzines are still so unique and popular. You must think a lot harder to write something that isn't a simple edit button away from being removed. Personally, I can work with both. I do like the dopamine hit of putting something online and waiting for the response but online doesn't last. Within a few hours, the page is scrolled down and everyone has moved on to their next topic of distraction. There's something more endearing and reflective about putting pen to paper about a subject

that you love (or hate). The day we fall out with the beauty of the written word, is the day we give up.

We have also done a couple of features with new businesses in the Wigan area in this issue, giving a chance for them to promote what they do, in what must be a very tricky time. We have obviously gone down the trusted #snacks and #cans route but we are always happy to support the community and local businesses where we can.

I have already done a lengthy piece about the football side of things elsewhere in here and to try and find a different angle would only end up with a spot of mild repetition. I am by no means a fan of Premier League football returning, or indeed any football returning, until people stop dying of this dreadful disease. Football played behind closed doors simply does not appeal to me either.

I wouldn't call myself oblivious to the tactical side of the game: however, formations, team selections and in game stuff bores the arse off me and many others who scribe for this magazine. I go to the game to have a laugh and a few beers with my mates, who are fellow football fans, and for the particularly unlucky ones, lifelong friends and associates. Watching the game at home with two kids, while they make a racket and demand I turn over, so that they can watch YouTube or Disney Channel doesn't quite have the appeal.

We are all keen to trot out the 'football without fans is nothing' line, and it as relevant as ever. However, sadly, over the years, the definition of what a fan is, has become so broad that it has become lost. I can only repeat again, a stat I quoted a while back. Namely that only 0.18% of people who consider themselves football fans actually watch a game in the flesh.

Given these odds, why WOULD'N'T the Premier League gear everything up towards TV customers over the tiny minority of spectators who click through a turnstile?

There might be 40,000 Liverpool fans or 75,000 United fans who can't wait to go back to Anfield or Old Trafford but they are a tiny minority compared to the half a billion fans who class themselves as being fans of those clubs worldwide. It is the globalisation and commercialism of sport that has enabled this, and we are all at the mercy of this model now, whichever part you play in it. It is this model that is pushing football to get started at the earliest opportunity, with complete disregard for player health because, put simply the 'business of football' will financially implode if we don't. They can't afford not to, because there is too much financially at stake.

But who implemented that business model? Who made it become that way? It wasn't the fans, the people who made the game the spectacle that it is. The people who generated the passion, long before the suits realised they could monetise that passion and sell it to people as a form of entertainment. It was the top tier clubs around the world, who clambered over each other to pay ever inflated wages and transfer fees, whilst not giving a shit about the grass roots from where that game came from.

I would love to see a more inclusive, financially responsible sport emerging from this crisis, where the money trickles up not down but I am not holding my breath. Unfortunately, all those care about at the top is themselves. Whereas now more than

ever, people, businesses and yes, football clubs should be trying to care for each other.

Anyway, I'm off on one now and sounding like someone who hates the game he actually loves. And I do love football and I love Wigan Athletic and the colour it has brought to my life over the past 35 years. Do I miss it? A little bit but it's arguably not the actual football I miss, it is everything that surrounds it and if you're reading this mag, then you may well be of the same ilk.

So, as long as we can remain financially afloat, I am happy to wait as long as it takes until we can safely return to the DW Stadium. And just imagine that first game, as the Wigan public, starved of live football in 18 months, come flocking in their droves to the ground, packing it to the rafters to cheer on those boys in blue once more? Again, who I am kidding! There'll be full houses everywhere else and 10,000 on at the Dire Watch, because as soon as someone notices that they've put the ticket up £2, they'll be like "how much" and "that's it, I'm not coming again!" See, we're even missing the incessant moaning, aren't we?

Enough from me, feel free to read on and digest if you so wish. Assuming we aren't going to be back in a football ground soon, we will try and rouse ourselves from our idle slumber to do the same again and produce another one in a few months, but holding your breath while you wait for us wouldn't be too advisable.

Cheers

• Jimmy

The Mudhuts Corona Special "I Didn't Expect Them To Make It Through, if I'm Honest" Contributors are:

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Our Advertisers: Newtown Gates, Mellow Yellow, Northern Beer Temple, The Dandy Snack Club, The Twisted Wheel Brew Company

We're currently living in odd times. Once it's all over we will be back in print but, until then, this is all you're going to get. We're giving it away for free so you can shove any whining about the quality up your arse. No offence, like, but we just know someone, somewhere, will have a moan.

#StayAlatic

Tricky Dicky, Tony Marsden and the Three Day Week



“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times” Charles Dickens *A Tale of Two Cities*

The 1973/74 season was a strange one and not one that I remember with any fondness. On the surface it wasn't a bad season, we finished runners up in the league and scored goals for fun but something was lacking and the times were indeed a changing. Many players from the glorious 1970/71 team had moved on and the ones that remained

seemed a little lost as the rebuilding took place. New players arrived in the summer of '73 but some of those didn't see the season out and long before the end the knives would be out, not only for the players, but also for the manager's head. And it had all started so brightly...

That summer introduced me to the magnificent Steely Dan and their first LP “Can't Buy a Thrill”, an album I played over and over in my “music” room, the middle room in our council house complete with electric fire and realistic log effect fire. That glow was brilliant with the lights off and I'd sit there listening records and the radio with just the dog for company. Other albums bought that summer included “Tubular Bells” by Mike Oldfield but I didn't play that in the fake fire glow, certainly not after watching “The Exorcist” I also went watching the big Bond movie released that summer “Live & Let Die” but I was never keen on Roger Moore. He was on TV every Sunday before “The Big Match” in the tiresome “The Saint” and it seemed to be on for ages!

Meanwhile another epic saga was unfolding on the other side of the world with the infamous “Watergate” affair. Richard Nixon, aka Tricky Dicky, was squirming under the spotlight and it would prove to be an historic infamous affair. As an aging teenager I just found it all to be a bit boring.

Wigan Athletic signed two forwards that summer, Tony Marsden from Bangor and Bruce Birtwistle from Mossley. Marsden in particular was an exciting prospect, a big strong player with a proven goal scoring record. The omens were good but then again the omens are sometimes wrong...

August 1973

Albums released this month that eventually made it to my music room included “Innervisions” Stevie Wonder, “Let's Get it On” Marvin Gaye, “3+3” Isley Brothers, I must have been in a soulful mood. Gordon Banks retired from football and Len Shipman, President of the Football League, advocated the use of the birch to deal with the growing hooligan problem. Thankfully the Government didn't take Len's advice seriously. Latics made a disappointing start with a draw at home to Goole Town 1-1 and a defeat at Fleetwood 2-1, after Kenny Morris was sent off. The grumbling spectators at Springfield Park were soon silenced however with wins in our next three league games and a thumping of Buxton away 4-1 in the Watney Cup. Tony Marsden scoring a hat-trick against a Netherfield side that included a young Jeff Wright. Off the field,

supporters were complaining of the lack of toilet facilities on the Popular Side. Allan Rimmer, the Latics reporter for the Wigan Observer acknowledges that violence is on the increase on the terraces and mentions the odd bit of “bovver” at Springfield Park during pre-season games. He said “Short of banning every teenager with boots, white overalls and short hair from every ground why not introduce “Hen Pens” for unaccompanied youngsters so that you are restricting the trouble to one area” Think they call that “Cage Fighting” nowadays. Thankfully duffels escaped any sanctions...

September 1973

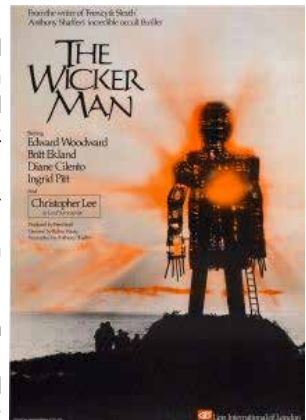
Albums released this month that me and the dog listened to included “Main Street People” The Four Tops and eventually “The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle” Bruce Springsteen. This month was overshadowed by the IRA bombing campaign. Manchester and London being targeted. Latics played nine times in this month scored 20 goals, including seven against Great Harwood and conceded 4. We won six, drew two and lost just one. The defeat came at Netherfield and we got our coach windows smashed on the way home. Thanks for that you K Shoes b*****ds! Our youth team also had a thumping 4-0 win in the FA Youth Cup, with Eric Makin scoring all four. We had two youth sides, one in the Premier Division of the South-West Lancs League and another side playing as Sacred Heart in the Wigan Amateur League.

Wigan Athletic played Wigan Rugby in a cricket match for charity and beat the rugby side by 52 runs with Dennis Reeves scoring 65, Howzat! A new “crowd” bonus scheme was introduced at Wigan. If the crowd was over 3,000 and the team won then the players got more money. Away from home the players had to win by 3 goals or more to earn the bonus. Perhaps that’s why the programme price went up from 5p to 6p this month!

October 1973

Musically I had “Goodbye Yellow Brick Road” Elton John, “Selling England by the Pound” Genesis, “Pin Ups” David Bowie. “Don’t Look Now” and “The Wicker Man” were both on a double bill at the pictures and I think you’d be hard pressed to find a better deal than that. Latics played yet again nine games this month, winning six and losing three, scoring 20 and conceding 10. The month started with a 2-0 home win over K Shoes B*****ds (Formerly Netherfield) Tony Marsden was now on 15 goals for the season with John Rogers on 9 goals.

Albert Jackson, our centre half, (6 goals) was to go on and have a remarkable goal scoring record this season. Latics announced a “Number One Fan” competition and Secretary Derek Fuller complained that no one had put a lady forward for consideration. He also mentioned that film of the Wembley game in ‘73 would be shown in the supporters club just as soon as it was edited. To my knowledge this film has never been shown, who did the editing? Edward Scissorhands?



Les Rigby, team manager, mentions in his programme notes that Tony Marsden has lost

a bit of confidence and the first few cracks appear in Tony's relationship with the fans. Les also says Micky Worswick had to put up with some stick from the fans, eh! Not near me they didn't, I'd have hit em' with a bloody stick if they had! John Rogers also suffers from the boo boys. Dennis Reeves meanwhile suffers from the effects of paint fumes and loses his place in goal to young Eric Welsby. In supporters club news, Harry Pemberton (Wigan's Own King of Comedy) appeared on the 20th October. Les Rigby meanwhile sympathises with Sir Alf Ramsey after the England v Poland game that saw England fail to qualify for the World Cup.

November 1973



“Brain Salad Surgery” Emerson, Lake & Palmer summed up a pretty bleak month. The Miners went on an overtime ban and Ambulance men went on strike. We were warned that petrol rationing might come into force because of the oil crisis in the Middle East and Wigan Athletic went out of the FA Cup in the 1st round. But hey Princess Anne got married to Captain Mark

Phillips, Hurrah! Four games were played in November with Latics' only victory coming against Northwich Victoria 5-3 at home, a 1-0 defeat to Scarborough away, a scoreless away draw at Macclesfield and an FA Cup defeat at Huddersfield 2-0 finished a month to forget. Derek Fuller was moaning about kids running on the pitch when goals were scored.

Les Rigby had a dig at Scarborough and their style of play “I can honestly say that if I lived in Scarborough I wouldn't go to the end of the road to watch my home town team play like that” Bit of a Challenge Trophy Final hangover there Les? Not that I blame you. At least Latics were still top of the league with Scarborough, Boston and Altrincham leading the chasing pack. Our reserve team were also top of the league competing against the likes of Man Utd A, Bolton A, Blackburn A, Everton A and Rochdale Reserves. The cup tie at Huddersfield attracted a large following from Wigan and was played in a gale force wind.

In fact, all along the signs warning of high winds did little to ease cup-tie nerves. Huddersfield Town had Alan Gowling in their ranks and he was the player we most feared but it was two of Town's kids who most impressed. Gray, in only his third game, ran the show and Newton in only his second game scored both goals. Mickey Taylor hit a post for Latics and Kenny Morris had a fine shot saved by Poole but it wasn't a day to remember.

December 1973

Ah Christmas! My favourite time of the year and believe it or not we were the only house along the length of Montrose Avenue to have Christmas lights in the window. At the bottom of the stairs in the little window to be precise and our daft dog would sit on the stairs with his head in the window like a little canine fairy. How he didn't electrocute himself I'll never know. While the dog was chewing the electric lights we were all watching the telly especially on Christmas Eve. BBC 1 “A Night in Casablanca”

starring the Marx Bros was on in the morning followed by “The Perry Como Winter Show” and at 9:30pm “Steptoe & Son”. BBC 2 had “The Goodies & the Beanstalk” and “Sonny & Cher” at 9:20pm while Granada had “Michael Bentine’s Potty Time” “Junior Showtime Pantomime” “Opportunity Knocks” and “Carry on Christmas” Edward Heath lifted his ban on late night television, brought in because of the energy crisis, for three whole days! So what did the BBC & Granada do with this new found freedom? They both showed the Midnight Mass... The Chopper bike would have been under the tree if you were lucky, maybe a Mastermind game if you were a little older. Some Latics supporters would have no doubt been delighted with their Personal Wigan Athletic Ashtrays, an excellent Christmas present from the club shop at only 40p!

Maybe your Mam and Dad popped along to the Supporters Club for a Christmas drink where they could dance the night away to Barbara Flynn (Glamorous Ballad Singer). On the field Latics lost on Boxing Day away to local rivals Skem 2-1. We played five other games that month, winning three and losing the other two including a 3-0 thumping at Stafford Rangers. Tony Marsden was now warming the bench. Work on a new stand behind the goal started this month. Phase 1 would be completed in a few weeks with Phase 2 dependent on the supporters and a stand appeal was being set up. Derek Fuller reported that the Wembley ‘73 film had now been edited, hurrah! But it was only a silent film, boo! Plans were afoot to show it soon (looks at watch in 2020 and taps fingers on table, hey I’m a patient man!) Oh and the 3 Day week brought about by the oil crisis came into force at midnight New Year’s Eve 1973.

January 1974

After I had recovered from my first ever visit to Wigan Casino on New Year’s Eve I probably played “Band on the Run” by Paul McCartney & Wings. Thankfully a teenager’s hangover doesn’t last long and I was looking forward to the home game with Runcorn, today being the first time that a New Year’s Day was a Public Holiday. Over the Gant we trudged, in the bitter cold, only to find the game had been postponed. Not much in the way of communication back then, the only way to find out if a game was on or not was to actually go to the ground. Hard to believe fellow Twitterers isn’t it? Because of the 3 day week, games were sometimes taking place on a Sunday. Les Rigby bemoaned this turn of events saying “I regret that soccer is quickly taking the same shape as Rugby League” Five other games were played this month, with a record of four wins and one defeat.

The one defeat was a critical one, Boston United at home in the FA Challenge Trophy 1st round ended in a 3-2 loss. Two weeks later we beat Boston in a league game but it felt a hollow victory at the time. We were still top of the league but some of the fans weren’t happy. Les Rigby was under increasing pressure and revealed as much in his programme notes “As yet the rumours of a big name manager coming to Springfield Park have not materialised, it has been a severe strain to work in the atmosphere created by the rumours and also to see Wigan supporters turn on me as they did at that cup-tie”

February 1974

The cruel spectre of terrorism was at work early in this month when on the 4th of February a bomb exploded on a coach carrying Army and Royal Air Force personnel



to their respective bases. Shortly after midnight and near Hartshead Moor Service station on the M62 the explosion killed 12 people including a husband & wife and their two young sons. Later this month a General Election was held resulting in the first hung parliament since 1929. Latics signed four new players this month. Two young players from Tranmere signed a month's loan with us, Ben Seddon and a certain

Tommy Gore. Jeff Wright joined us from K Shoes B*****ds (Formerly Netherfield) and Bruce Birtwistle was transferred to Macclesfield Town. The other player who joined this month was Jimmy Garrett, who arrived from Lancaster City in a shock swop for Mickey Taylor & Tony Marsden. Dave Lyon was also allowed to leave and joined Altrincham. A mixed bag as far as results go, of the four games played we won two, including a Lancashire Challenge Trophy game against Horwich RMI, drew one and lost 4-2 at home to Macclesfield with their new player Bruce Birtwistle scoring, typical! Albert Jackson was now playing at centre forward and banging the goals in.

March 1974

This month saw me tip my toe into the murky waters of British Folk Rock with my purchase of "Now We Are Six" by Steeleye Span but the dog didn't like it so I didn't play it much. Harold Wilson was once more in control of the country after Jeremy Thorpe rejected Teddy Heath's advances (Ooerr Missus) to form a coalition with the Liberals. The miners' strike finally came to an end, when Mr Wilson offered them a much improved pay rise. We played six games this month winning two, drawing two and losing two. We were knocked out of the Watney Cup by Mossley after a replay but won a semi-final against Accrington Stanley to make the Lancashire Challenge Trophy Final. We had now lost top place in the league to Altrincham. The biggest shock was the departure of manager Les Rigby this month and Kenny Banks was put in charge of team affairs. Les had been under tremendous pressure and I was sad that it ended like this. He will always be remembered as the first manager to get Latics to Wembley. On the upside, the Supporters Club had Paul Fraser (Wigan's own Tom Jones) appearing on the Sunday.

April 1974

"Diamond Dogs" was the last album by David Bowie that I cared about, and it wasn't as good as his previous albums. Ziggy morphed into the thin white Duke and that's where I left him. This month was a good one for the Latics, we played seven games won 5 and drew two. One of the victories was in the Lancashire Challenge Trophy v Skelmersdale United 4-1. The game was played at Southport and we really clicked into gear that night. Manchester United were relegated this month and Leeds United won the Championship. Wigan Athletic Reserves won the Lancashire League but the biggest news of the month by far was the Grand Easter Bonnet Parade that was held in the Supporters Club with "Excellent Prizes" on offer. I take it we still had some personal ashtrays left over then?

May 1974

My musical season ended with "Journey to the centre of the Earth" by Rick Wakeman

and "Turn of the Cards" by Renaissance. The dog had stopped sitting in with me by now... Latics won their last game away to Matlock Town 3-2 to finish runners up in the league just 1pt behind Champions Boston United. They scored 96 goals in 46 games, only Stafford scored more (101) Bradford Park Avenue folded at the end of the season and South Shields became Gateshead. Latics did play one more final game, a testimonial for Dennis Reeves & Kenny Morris against a Wrexham side. Liverpool won the FA Cup beating Newcastle United 3-0 and Alf Ramsey was sacked by England.

I asked my good friend and Wigan Athletic legend Mickey Worswick to give me his thoughts on this strange and almost forgotten season, here's what he had to say:

Mickey Worswick on 1973/74

"It certainly was a strange season and you can never keep every supporter happy all the time, and there are always a section of them who will target one or two players who they think are not good enough for their team. Yes, at that time we had a couple of my team mates who took some verbal abuse, but while they were man enough to shrug it off, their wives sat in the stand, and got quite upset listening to their husbands' being verbally targeted. I'd forgotten about the crowd and goals bonus scheme! I think we were on two year contracts and I am pretty sure the players negotiated their personal terms with the manager, but I honestly think that like myself, most of them were just happy to be playing for Wigan Athletic. As for the bonuses, yes they were a great incentive which the players really appreciated, and I suspect were probably better than most clubs in the league.

Tony Marsden came with quite a reputation of being a consistent goal scorer, but for some reason, even though he scored some goals for us, he was moved on halfway through the season and as far as I can remember he did not cause any trouble at the club. When Mickey Taylor left Springfield Park, I think he would have been quite disappointed, but he has always been a tough cookie, so he would not have shown it, and as you know Tony, he played and managed at a number of non-league clubs with quite a bit of success, and he is currently scouting for Fleetwood Town. Moving on to the Huddersfield FA Cup tie, which of course was played at their Leeds Road ground, I remember Mickey Taylor hitting the post with a shot from the edge of the area, but I don't remember much else about the game itself, although I do recall meeting up again with Huddersfield's Alan Gowling who I knew from training sessions with the England Amateur squad when I was playing for Skem and he was with Man United!"



"Albert Jackson was a complete one off, and I do mean that as a compliment, he was an absolute gem of a centre half, who scored goals for fun. He was not a giant of a man, probably just 6 foot tall but it seemed like he was on the end of every set piece against us, and scoring from almost every set piece of our own. In training sessions and practice matches he would appear in every position at some time during a half hour stint. In my opinion he was probably one of the most under rated footballers I have ever known. It would be interesting to hear the views of Latics fans of that time on their views on this. I had forgotten about the Oil Crisis and the three day week, but I think it actually may have helped us a bit, because I do know that some of the team

had jobs that would require them to work on Saturday mornings if we had a home game, but fortunately, my employer, British Aerospace, were very understanding and I think that most of my other team mates had similar understanding employers.

Billy Sutherland, now there was a tough, classy, Scottish full back who was a component of a back four which read: Kenny Morris (who you certainly did not mess with) , the late great Ian Gillibrand, (who tragically died of a heart attack while playing cricket for his local club, Lower Darwen, Blackburn), Albert Jackson, and Billy.

I cannot write about Billy Sutherland without describing one little incident which summed up “Brave Heart”. I can’t recall the match in question but a player from about a yard away volleyed the ball, which was one of the very heavy ones at that time, not like the beach balls they play with these days, and it hit Billy full in the face.

Billy stayed on his feet, shook his head violently from side to side (blood and snot everywhere) and then won the ball back from his opponent and played on as if he had just fractured an eyelash. Tough cookies that back four of ours!

Dennis Reeves was the quiet man of the team and a very competent goalkeeper as was Eric Welsby, the young keeper who replaced Dennis midway through the season”

“Finally you mentioned three of the best Latics midfield players I have played with, Tommy Gore, Geoff Wright and the legendary Johnny King, alongside Mickey Taylor and Graham Oates.

I have just dug out the programme from our FA Trophy Final match against Scarborough, so looking at the photo of the squad, I must give a mention to Johnny Rogers, a great centre forward and leading goalscorer and our two skilful wingers Colin Chadwick and the late Paul Clements.

Certainly not forgetting on that team photo our Manager, the late Les Rigby and our coach the Wigan Athletic legend, Kenny Banks. My memories of Springfield Park cannot be talked about without mentioning our physio, Duncan Colquhoun, who was also a Latics legend in his playing days, and finally a dear friend Ronnie Pye who looked after our Changing Rooms on training nights and match days. All lovely people.”

Thank you to Mickey Worswick for his help with this article and also to Steve Halliwell & David (Bert the Janitor) from This Northern Soul site for jogging my memory re facts and figures.

Thank you to Ann Seddon for the Wigan Athletic team photograph and George Chilvers for his wonderful colourization.

Oh and as for Tricky Dicky? He resigned from the American Presidency in August 1974.

• Tony Topping



Golf: It's Shit

So, I've been out watching a bit of golf over the last few weeks through work, and I'd like to be able to say it was an enjoyable experience.

What it's actually done however, is reinforce my opinion that it is shit and it's watched by twats.

Okay, so maybe that's being a little bit harsh, and as a sport and form of exercise it's okay. And, I don't mind watching it on the telly to be honest when I have fuck all else to do.

So I suppose what I really mean is, as a live spectator sport it's shit. And all the etiquette, rah-rah and wankery surrounding golf is also shit. And although golf fans come from all backgrounds, and in all shapes and sizes, generally speaking, most are massive twats.

For example:

When I go watching Latics I always dress in a full kit - shirt, shorts, socks, boots, and shinpads, and on the odd occasion I've been to watch the cricket at Old Trafford, I've turned up in whites, pads, box and helmet.

You're probably the same yourself.

No?

So why do golf fans feel the need to dress head to toe in golf gear (yellow polo shirt tucked into their pink trousers, sun-visor, stretchy belt, and spikey tasseled shoes) to watch other people playing golf?

And apart from me, nobody bats an eyelid - because it's the norm, and in golf, it's a prerequisite to dress like John Inman before anyone will take you seriously.

If they went to a swimming gala, would they pitch up in a rubber cap, goggles and Speedos?

In fact, the whole clothes thing in golf is fashion-fucking-genocide.

Wear a figure-hugging pastel get-up in Pem on a Friday night and you'll wind up head first in the bins behind KFC. But go to your local golf club, and it's de rigueur. And as a result these people feel it's perfectly acceptable to dress like a twat while watching golf as well as when they're playing it.

So let's say you get the chance to go and watch a golf tournament, and you are willing to dress like a twat. My first question would be, unless you are in a hospitality suite - where your sole purpose for being there is to get wanked on free ale, why the fuck would you?

It's fucking pointless and you see jack-shit.



For starters, when you get there - if you're not in hospitality, you'll discover to your dismay that it's about ten quid a pint, and it's fifty deep at every bar.

And when you finally get served, you'd expect to get a decent pint at that price wouldn't you? I'd go on to say that, at a tenner a pint I'd want it to be some rare brew distilled by clandestine Belgian monks, and served in a crystal goblet by a bikini clad barmaid.

But no. What you get for your tenner is a plastic container of whichever watery shite is sponsoring the tournament, that's flat, unchilled, attracts mating flies, is served by minimum-wage-Dave, and tastes like it's been stirred with Craig Stadler's cock.

Admittedly it took me eight pints to get to that conclusion, but when you have no other alcoholic option, what can you do?

So you've got your plastic cup of Satan's urine, and you then go to find a spot on the side of a hill to stand shoulder to shoulder with thousands of pissed up people with sunburnt noses, who are, of course, dressed like twats.

And you peer into the distance where a tiny figure wiggles his arse, and swings a big stick. This is then followed by a few seconds of fuck all until there's a faint thud, and a white ball appears on the grass somewhere up ahead. And then everyone claps.

No blue line tracing the ball's trajectory like on the telly. Nobody has a clue where it's gone after it been hit, and if you're unlucky, you get twatted with it, and end up the suing the organisers.

Mostly though, it's:

'Who teeing-off now?'

'No idea'

'Has he teed-off yet?'

'Don't know'

*Silently looking vain into the sky

*Thud

'Where the fuck did that land?'

'Over there I think'

*Join in with the applause

And then two men - often dressed less like twats than the people watching them - walk past with their men-servants carrying big bags of sticks.

They wave, and everyone claps again.

And that's as good as it gets.

Seriously. It's miles better on the telly.

And talking of the telly, most recently the Ryder Cup has dominated it, and pastel dressing twats from both sides of the Atlantic have swarmed to France to sit on grass banks, drink warm piss, and applaud tank-top clad men as they walk past and wave at them.

And during the Ryder Cup, English twats in their twatty outfits descended on Le Golf National in droves to cheer on Spanish, Italian, German and Scandinavian twats whilst draped in the flag of the EU - despite half of them having voted to leave the fucking thing.

Anyway, that's enough from me. I've got my pink shirt and beige Chinos to iron for work tomorrow.

- Jonny F



Suits You Sir!



If you are of the opinion that Bob was a fraud and that anyone who is pro-Bob was conned by his elaborate hand-gestures, insistence on taking the positives from 9-1 defeats and easy smile then you might as well turn to the next piece; you aren't going to like what's coming. I wouldn't go as far as saying this will be a piece of propaganda but it will have everything you'd expect from someone who

will never be convinced that the likes of Bruce, Mackay and Joyce were ever fit to polish Bob's carefully chosen and effortlessly stylish shoes. This has very little to do with what happens on a football pitch but that's my prerogative as a football fan; there are enough out there who like to write and talk about formations, style of play and expected goals. For those of you that don't know what *expected goals* is all about, it's a formula that nerds use that means footballers don't actually have to score actual goals anymore.

I'm not a massive fan of football, which is why supporting Wigan Athletic suits me as there is usually a lot more going on beyond the 22 fellas running about for 95 minutes. I'm more intrigued by the culture of the football club which is part of the reason why I like to be involved with this rag as I know I can write about any old shite and Migs and Jim will publish it. Today's *any old shite* is managers and their touchline attire.

Someone who I work with once said to me that a man's shoes tell you a lot about the man donning them. She was referring to those who will go for, say, a brown brogue over black shit-flickers from Burton's. I'm in no way saying that those who prefer black shit-flickers don't do their jobs properly as there are many at our place with questionable footwear that do a very good job. But I am inclined to think that a person's fashion sense can tell you a lot about them, as judgemental as it sounds. There are those who don't really care what they wear and that doesn't necessarily define them. I'm referring more to those who are top-to-toe in Superdry, wear trainers you should only exercise in with jeans and speaking of jeans, the fellas in their 40's whose choice of denim will have a large print of some sort spread across the backside. During this time of uncertainty, when most of society is pulling together and being kinder to one another, you are still entitled to shake your head in disappointment when you see this post-lockdown.

But what does all this tell us about our former managers? Did what they wear on the touchline define them, their management style and ultimately, their success (or lack of it) whilst with us? I don't have definitive answers but as I have alluded to, football is more than football and personally, I think there's something in this. Either that or some of you were right and I was seduced by Bob's shoes, chinos and polar necks.

Paul Jewell - a quick Google search shows that he preferred club tracksuits but wasn't averse to a shirt and pants minus



the tie. Given that said shirts were usually baggy and could have done with having the iron run over them, it suggests that Paul didn't care too much about the opinions of others. Flitting between styles strengthens this impression further; he certainly wasn't pandering to anyone. It was also a few years before Pep came along so more managers went for the middle-age P.E. teacher look and got away with it. It reflected his management style - no nonsense and single-minded as well as the fact that Paul was flexible when it came to style of play. That '05 team could do anything.

Steve Bruce - not too dissimilar to Jewell, Bruce leaned more towards the club tracky top look but with one distinction; several images suggest he liked to wear a shirt underneath. Could this be evidence of not quite knowing where you stood with him? Smoke and mirrors and all that? Some point to that top-half finish in the Premier League in support of Bruce's success at the club; others with more than three brain cells argue that it was built on unsustainable £40,000 a week contracts that would've eventually bled us dry. You may have also noticed the upturned collar which has led the cynic in me to ponder a simple formula in my head: Bruce played with Cantona; Bruce couldn't let go of his time at Manchester United; therefore, Bruce always thought he was too good for Wigan Athletic. We did have some blindin' players under him though.

Roberto Martinez - here he goes! Bob was strictly a full suit and tie man. Not the type of suits you see at Haydock with ludicrous trims, pink ties and the top button undone. Bob looked the dog's bollocks on the sidelines and could also mix it up a bit (despite what some folk will tell you) with perhaps a jumper, club tie, or some snazzy footwear. No matter the accessory, Bob had a touch of class about him. It all reflected the type of manager he was: a style of play that was easy-on-the-eye; everything carefully considered down to the finest detail; and a bit of flair in the right areas. Bob obviously had the luxury of that Mediterranean glow, a head that was in proportion to his body and a 30 inch waistline so looked good in anything but a lot of effort would've gone into looking the part on the touchline.

Owen Coyle - another who subscribed to the notion that it's acceptable for middle-aged men to wear club gear from head to toe. Yes, Jewell did the same but it was a different time and we won football matches. For me, it stinks of someone who is trying very hard to present themselves as a grafter, someone who gets stuck in on the training ground. It is quite noticeable that said club gear always looked quite neat on Coyle which only confirms that he was a lazy bastard. Jewell may have looked a bit of a scruff at times but it proved that he did get stuck in. It may have washed with them men but we weren't to be fooled. OFC also took it a step further by going pretty much full kit at times as in a pair of shorts and socks pulled up to his knees. I'm presuming he would utilise this during the particularly bad times in some desperate attempt to ingratiate himself with the players. It didn't work. We were shite.



Uwe Rosler - I liked Uwe. He didn't wear shorts. I made a flag with words to that effect. It was a German flag initially but mi mam said it might offend mi grandma so I bought a blue and white one instead. Very much in the mould of Bob, Uwe went full suit but I always felt it said different things about them. Bob was all about style; it

seemed to evoke more authority with Uwe. It was exactly what was needed after OFC and his band of donut-scoffing, Irn-Bru-guzzling merry men. It was all about German efficiency with Uwe; I think they call them *power suits* or *summat*.

Malky Mackay and Warren Joyce - Mackay wore a suit; that's where the comparison with Bob ends. Joyce mixed it up a bit; it may have helped his cause if he wore a smile from time-to-time. I can't think about either without shaking my head in disbelief at the fact that they both managed to convince Dave to pay them actual money. Both were shite. Mackay also came with *baggage* but I'm not talking man-bags, brief-cases etc.

Paul Cook - we've come full circle here. A scouser in a tracksuit. Much like Paul Jewell, Cook's touchline attire evokes graft, a lack of pretence and someone who the players can relate to. Whether this is the case will probably never be settled given the events of this season. Cooky looks a lot smarter in a tracky than Jewell did but it doesn't tell us much; it's just that club gear has come a long way in 15 years. Cook looks like he's come off the training ground; Jewell looked like he'd just been glossing the skirting boards. And as a metaphor, this could work quite well; glossing the skirting boards is a bloody tough and frustrating job yet Jewell threw on that owd tracky and got the job done. Cook, on the other hand, is dressed for it and I genuinely want him to finish the room but as it stands, he's finished the skirtings but the doors are looking yellow in comparison and need sorting out.



Stay safe,

Up 'em

• OPM

Migs, just put any old shite down here, nobody will notice. Cheers, Jimmy



Les At Large

IN THE DAYS B.A. ...



A little bit biblical but B.A. is the Latics acronym Before Arky, well for those who've travelled with him or any of the other excellent coach running lads over the years it is! Going back to those far off days, before we got lazy and booked away travel with a nod and a word in the pub, or a text to say, "Book me on pal". In those days myself and regular travelling companion Pilps covered some miles on the old rail

tracks whenever Latics played away in those lower division days (what you mean, like now?) . There were some good offers on over the years if you made everyone in your family shop at Boots you could virtually get a whole season on two for the price of one which came in handy for the longer and more expensive trips. The Supporters club coaches were a god send for the midweek games but for a Saturday game that option was always chalked off for one reason, alcohol!!!

So what happens when an away game drops on a Saturday and the place hasn't got a railway station? Well of course, the obvious answer is cadging a lift, but in those days our away followings were generally nowhere near as good as they have been for the last twenty years. For the more run of the mill games at least. And of course, this was before the instant communication and social media revolution. Nowadays you'd just go on one of the myriad booze cruise coaches, or put a message on Facebook or Twitter asking for a lift.

So, it was 1995/96 and we are playing Mansfield away, a place without a railway station! Over a few pints we natter about our options and reject them all, then decide it, bus, we'll go on the bus!!

For many who were at Field Mill that day it will be remembered as "The day Tony Black broke his leg" and yes, we did hear it crack on the terraces, f*cking OUCH! But for me it will be the "The day the scary man with the tattooed face stared at me" or even "The day we nearly pissed ourselves on the bus!"

OK, so we cheated a little at first as we got the train to Manchester early that morning, but that was out of necessity as we needed to be in Chesterfield early enough, and if you've ever got the bus to Manc you'll understand that! A few liveners and a relatively quiet ride to Chesterfield. So, we find out the time for the next bus to Mansfield and there is a pub open early near the bus station, well, when there's time for a swift 'un it'd be rude not to.

Now, this is where you realise the difference between buses and coaches! You get on a coach and it takes you where you want to go, which is true of a bus but, when it stops at every stop known to man it proper gets on your wick. And more importantly a coach has something that a bus doesn't, a bog!!! By the time we got to Mansfield bus station we were both cross legged and trying not to think of things with water involved! If the bogs on the bus station had been closed it could have got very embarrassing.

So, we're in Mansfield, refreshed and walking properly again, it's nice and early so it's a quick nip into the bookies to give them our money for the week and a pub search. Now, anyone who has boozed around Mansfield can tell you it can be rough and ready place. I remember some quite hairy moments before and after the Freight Rover Northern Final. The miners' strike had not long finished and we were in Scab country, and of course we reminded them of the fact! I don't think there was anyone in that great following that night that didn't know someone or was related to someone affected by the strike. And of course, we had our fair share of pit men in there as well.

You know that feeling when you walk into a pub, you get served and it goes quiet around you? Yeah, that feeling! Pilps nudged me as if to say "Don't look across the bar" which obviously made me do just that! And it was one of those things that once you'd seen, you couldn't unsee and you couldn't stop looking. There were a couple across the bar who were so rough they made Hag Folds finest look like Wills and Kate!



It was like American Werewolf in London and I was almost expecting seeing a star on the wall (if you've never seen it, ask someone who has) The bloke had tattoos on his face and looked like the kind of chap who used the fact as an excuse for a feyt. And his Missus wasn't much more refined and no doubt started a few feyts for him to finish off.

Sure enough I saw her mouth to him "What's them two lookin' at?" Well, what do yer think we're looking at? You're sat next to bloke with the sun, moon and stars painted on his f*cking face!! So, not wanting to be a punchbag for Illustrated Man we supped up sharpish and went on our merry way. After a few in a friendlier environment we made our way to the ground, and if you approach Field Mill from a certain way it makes you go "Wow!" (If you are a bit of a sad football ground enthusiast that is!)

That old Art Deco fronted main stand just towers over the landscape of the streets on the hill going up to it. The rest of the ground was always a bit of a mish mash and a tip but that stand was beautiful. The game, like so many away games that season we ended up losing 1-0. One of those were you really wonder why you bother with that 90 minute bit in the middle of your Saturday out.

As mentioned earlier the game will always be remembered by those who went as the one that Tony Black broke his leg, and it was horrible! A shocking injury to a player who had done so well for us whenever he played.

So, the game is coming to an end and basically, we didn't fancy the reverse bus journeys, so we were weighing up the options. See if we can jump a lift back on a coach or look around for someone who would have two places in a car. Just as we were looking there was a scouse voice from behind me that I hadn't heard in just under eight years. "Alright mate? Not seen you since Germany"

It was a lad who had been part of the young and daft Latics crew that went to the European Championships in 1988. And he was right, we hadn't seen each other since

then (apart from a picture of him that was in one of the football magazines, but that's another story!!) So, we caught up with a few things and I asked him how he'd got there. "In the car, I'm on me own" You beauty! So naturally we asked if we could trouble him for a lift back. No problem, but there was just one thing, he'd lived in Sheffield for the last few years and that's where he was going back to!

Well, we were out for a marathon, not a sprint and it was on the way home (sort of!) It also meant we didn't have to get on that bloody bus, so, nice one mate, take us as far as there.

He lived right next to Bramall Lane, what a view every morning when he opened the curtains! We nipped in for a brew and then he ran us to the station so we could get the train back. Plenty time until the one we needed so we got the tickets and went for a pint and everything was fine and dandy with the world, or so we thought!

By the time we got back to the station the train that we needed to Manchester to get back, the last one available as it happened had been cancelled. Oh, gosh! Now, we'd both been in a similar situation a few years earlier in Glasgow. After a New Year Old Firm game when they'd cancelled the last train that we could catch that day. We had our tickets, we'd turned up for the train in good faith and it was their duty to get us to our destination.



So, like the Glasgow scenario they put us in a taxi home!! There was another Wiganer who popped up on the scene in the same boat as us, a certain Mr Duffy (a boat was probably the only thing we didn't use that day) and he jumped in the cab with us. We thought the taxi was going to take us to Manchester as there would still be trains running to Wigan by the time we got there. But no, Wigan was the destination on the tickets, so

Wigan was where he took us. Nice one, best result of the day!

We were out for a pint the day after and one mon asks who Latics had played, "Mansfield away, lost 1-0". Oh reet, he said, "Did yer go?" so we said yeah, we went. "Well, at least it's an easy enough place t'get to int it?" Yep, if you go the way normal folk do, it's a piece of piss!

Post script to the Glasgow taxi, there were six of us all told so they had to lay two cabs on from Glasgow Central to Wigan (or find somewhere to put us all up for the night) As we lived in Standish at that time, they got off the motorway there and dropped us at The Horseshoe, our local in those days. Ironically saving us a fiver in taxi fares from Wigan North Western!

Si' thi int fog

Les over and out

• Les Bagg

Panda Italiana

Our old rusty yet trusty family car required changing & because I had entered the realm of the company car fraternity, my better half needed a little run-a-bout sooner rather than later

It was love at first sight, well it was for me. Panda was purchased back in 1991 from the now defunct Foxfield Garage at Shevington.



The salesman couldn't believe his luck that they had got rid of that oddball little Fiat that they kept hidden amongst the shiny nicer looking brands.

So being a football enthusiast myself, the car's connection to the game, Italia 90 in this case, and those awesome wheel trims sealed the deal for me.

With luminous turquoise seats and the lego-logo man "Ciao" embroidered onto them was also what is termed as a "unique selling point" (& very silly)

So my sales pitch to Our Lass was it would be economical on the fuel front and an ideal car for scurrying about on school and shopping runs, after her initial gasp on first viewing, Panda the car became part of the family so to speak.

Although regularly serviced, the car had the temperament of a typical Italian women, unpredictable but lovable none the same.

You really had to know when to use the choke, be it Spring, Summer, Autumn or Winter to coax the 750cc sewing machine-esque engine into life, car-jackers wouldn't have stood a chance with it.

(Choke was an aid to start the car, not a reflex action in your throat after stuffing a Big Mac in your mouth, youngsters go ask yer Dad/Grandad)

Both teenage daughters were always cringing when being picked up or dropped off at friends, school or King Street to the point of being getting out hundreds of yards from their appointed destination, even in the wind and rain.

At a school prom at Kilhey Court, Ciao was living the dream with the Jaguars and Bentleys and magnificently was really out of place in the drop off point, along with the limousines crunching on the gravel.

With the inefficient brakes and troublesome choke, my girls never did learn to drive in Panda but they did come to appreciate the vehicle for all its quirkiness.

After 16 years and requiring extensive welding & brake repairs, plus we needed a bigger car, Italia Panda was eventually purchased by a young female from Scotland after seeing my advert on ebay and one Sunday morning it was towed North over the border never to be heard of again.

• Steve Halliwell

#snacks and #cans to Your Door

Tell us about the concept behind The Dandy Snack Club and why you decided to set it up?

I love snacks. Like proper love them, especially to accompany a cold IPA on a weekend. The more unusual the better, but I struggled to find anything decent on a regular basis, at least that was easily accessible. Figured there must be others like me and so The Dandy Snack Club was born earlier this year!

Who is your target audience/customer?

Anyone who is prepared to pay a bit more for quality snacks and beers really! Granted, you could get a combo of crisps, nuts and chocolate at Th'Asda for under a fiver but that's not what we're about. Instead, all ours are premium snacks and flavours from specialist, artisan producers.

Have your plans changed as a result of COVID-19 and has it been a massive setback or an opportunity to do things differently?

Absolutely our plans have changed. We were almost ready to go in early March but decided to swerve the final fence as wasn't sure if we'd be able to source and distribute effectively. But we did a very soft launch with the limited stock we already had, and the feedback was unbelievable so we decided to just go for it!

How do you go about sourcing the contents and what do you look for in exclusive snacks?

We work with a wide range of premium/artisan suppliers and producers, but in short, we're always looking for something new or different that our customers might not have seen before. That could be an unusual snack (duck crackling went in this week's boxes for example) or just a take on a classic (likewise Iberian ham and black truffle crisps).

Where does the inspiration come from in terms of pairing certain flavours of beers and food together?

We're very fortunate in that we get sent a lot of samples to try out before we commit. So many a lockdown evening has been spent with the dining room table full of snacks and cans of ale to see what works together. It really is a tough gig as you can imagine.

You're Latics fans so tell us your favourite game, favourite player (current and / or all time) and favourite goal?

Straight toss up between 'Arry de Zeeuw and Paul Scharner for favourite player, though lots of others I could throw in the mix. Favourite goal would be N'Zogbia's winner v Arsenal and the game that jumps out is the away win at Sheff Utd on the final game of our debut PL season. Still get nervous thinking about it now!

What is your product range and do the snacks change with each box?

Our core product is the Weekly and Monthly Subscriptions - basically a regular surprise

of box of snacks through your letterbox. Perfect for anyone who likes to try new and unusual stuff without having to go and find it. We don't tie anyone in though - if it's not for them, they can cancel in a click, no questions asked.

We also offer a range of one-off themed boxes too for those who have specific dietary requirements/tastes or for people who just want to try us out before committing to a regular subscription.

What are your plans for the future with Dandy Snacks?

We've only been live for a fortnight so still lots we'd like to do over the coming weeks and months - sourcing lots more weird & wonderful snacks/beers being the priority.

In the short term we're in discussions with a number of microbreweries and taphouses to supply snack boxes to support their new beer launches. Longer term we'd love to have our own Dandy branded snacks, but that's a fair way down the line.

Let us know how our readers can try your boxes and where to find you?

We're live at dandysnacks.com and on all the Socials (@dandysnackclub). We offer free delivery on every box and we're also offering 25% off the first box for Mudhutter readers too when using code **MUDHUTS25** at checkout.



**Cook has been isolating our
striker from the rest of the team all
season**

Eight In a Row

OR EIGHT LOW BLOWS?

As you may or may not know, my formative years were spent at the other stadium in Wigan - Central Park, home of Wigan RLFC (not Warriors). I attended my first game around the 1981/82 season, when they were shit basically. I have a vivid memory of watching Wigan play the touring Australian team in 1982- known as The Invincibles and went to games home and away for many years thereafter.

On a recent Podcast episode the lads had a discussion around one of lowest points supporting Latics. The consensus was the relegation in 1993 and the home game against Plymouth, which was made even lower by some of the 'antics' of rugby fans, who hadn't even gone to the final but took delight in taking the piss out of desolate Latics fans.

I quipped that I was at Wembley that day, which I was. The rugby team went to Wembley and won the Challenge Cup, eight times in a row between 1988-1995.

It did become a ritual, the coach down in the morning, butties and pies on the coach, walk up and down Wembley way, see the team lift the cup then back home.

Once home I would usually watch the game again, and then look at the football results of the day to see how the Tics had gone on.

So I decided to look back on those days when the rugby played at Wembley and see who Latics played that day and how they went on.

1988

The first Wembley win took place on 30th April 1988. Wigan ran out comfortable winners over Halifax, and one of the greatest tries ever seen at the famous old stadium was scored by Ellery Hanley. Sadly for the Tics, they came back from the West Country pointless with a future legendary manager on the scoresheet.



Bristol City 4 v Wigan Ath 1 (Jewell) Att 7,340

1. Hughes, 2 Senior, 3 Knowles, 4 Hamilton, 5 Kennedy, 6 Beesley, 7 D Thompson, 8 C Thompson, 9 Pilling, 10 Jewell, 11 Butler, sub 12 Bobby Campbell

Wigan 32 v Halifax 12 - Tries K Iro (2), Gill, Lydon, T Iro, Hanley Bell - Att 94,000

Lydon, T Iro, K Iro, Bell, Gill, Edwards, Gregory, Case, Kiss, Shelford, Goodway, Potter, Hanley. Subs Byrne, Wane

1989

We all remember that famous day in May 2013 don't we? Mention it at every opportunity don't we? Well, for rugby fans, Saturday 29th April 1989 is on a par. Beating your fiercest rivals in a final is one thing, but to nil them is the icing on the cake. Bragging rights lasted a long time. And on the same day, a year later, Latics played Bristol City away

again but this time came out victorious...Allen Tankard scoring the only goal.

Bristol City 0 v Wigan Ath 1 (Tankard) Att 5,156

1. Adkins, 2 Senior, 3 Tankard, 4 Atherton, 5 Beesley, 6 Pilling, 7 Thompson, 8 Rimmer, 9 Entwistle, 10 Page, 11 Griffiths,

Wigan 27 v St Helens 0 - Tries, K Iro (2), Hanley, Gregory, Hampson - Att 78,000

Hampson, T Iro, K Iro, Bell, Lydon, Edwards, Gregory, Lucas, Kiss, Shelford, Platt, Potter, Hanley Subs Betts, Goodway

1990

The hat-trick came on 28th April 1990 as Wigan beat Warrington convincingly. Wigan legend Shaun Edwards played 75 minutes of that game with a broken cheekbone, made of tough stuff us Wiganers....

Meanwhile, at Springfield Park, Latics drew with Notts County with Darren Patterson getting on the scoresheet.



Wigan Ath 1 v Notts County 1 (Patterson) Att 2,433

1. Hughes, 2 Senior, 3 Tankard, 4 Parkinson, 5 Atherton, 6 Johnson, 7 Thompson. 8 Rimmer, 9 Daley, 10 Page, 11 Griffiths, subs 12 Carberry, 14 Patterson

Warrington 36-14 Tries Preston (2), Iro (2), Betts, Hanley - Att 77,000

Hampson, Lydon, K Iro, Bell, Preston, Edwards, Gregory, Shelford, Dermott, Platt, Betts, Goodway, Hanley. Subs Goulding, Gildart

1991

Four in a row on 27th April 1991 came at the expense, again, of local rivals St Helens. This time they put more of a fight up and it was a closer game...still beat 'em though (insert Partridge Back of the net gif here). Latics, though, lost at home to Cambridge United...



Wigan Ath 0 v Cambridge Utd 1 Att 3,273

1 Hughes, 2 Worthington, 3 Tankard 4 Atherton 5 Johnson 6 Langley 7 Jones 8 Rimmer 9 Daley 10 Powell 11 Griffiths Subs 12 Appleton 14 Carberry

St Helens 13-8 Tries Myers, Botica- Att 75,000

Hampson, Myers, K Iro, Bell, Botica, Edwards, Gregory, Lucas, Dermott, Platt, Betts, Clarke, Hanley. Subs Goulding, Goodway

1992

On 2nd May 1992 Latics travelled down to play Reading at Elm Park. Darren Patterson and Joe Parkinson were on the scoresheet but they ended up on the losing side as Reading won 3-2. Over at Wembley, Wigan beat Castleford to seal the fifth cup win in a row... and nothing else sticks in my mind from that game.

Reading 3 v Wigan Ath 2 (Patterson, Parkinson) Att- 2,748

1 Adkins 2 Parkinson 3 Tankard 4 Johnson 5 Jones 6 Langley 7 Doolan 8 Pilling 9 Daley 10 Worthington 11 Patterson Subs 12 Powell 14 Skipper

Castleford 28-12 Tries Offiah (2), Edwards, Hampson - Att 77,000

Lydon, Botica, Bell, Miles, Offiah, Edwards, Gregory, Skerrett, Dermott, Platt, Betts, McGinty, Clarke Subs Hampson, Cowie

1993

1st May 1993 - a dark day in Latics history as they are relegated for the first time in their history. A miserable afternoon ended a miserable season for the Tics. Down in London, win number six came courtesy of a tough win against Widnes.

Wigan Ath 0 v Plymouth 2 Att 1,432

1 Adkins 2 Doolan 3 Tankard 4 Johnson 5 Pilling 6 Langley 7 Skipper 8 White 9 Nugent 10 Sharratt 11 Griffiths Subs 12 Ogden 14 Robertson

Widnes 20-14 Tries Skerrett, Bell, Panapa - Att 78,000

Hampson, Robinson, Lydon, Farrar, Offiah, Botica, Edwards, Skerrett, Dermott, Platt, Betts, Clarke, Bell Subs Panapa, Farrell

1994

30th April 1994 and Latics beat Gillingham at Springfield Park in front of 1,300 hardy souls with goals from Andy Lyons and Neil Morton and, down in the Big Smoke, win number seven arrived as Leeds were put to the sword (another worldie of a try from Offiah) in style.

Wigan Ath 2 (Lyons pen, Morton) v Gillingham 0 Att 1,346

1 Farnworth 2 Carragher 3 Wright 4 Robertson 5 Skipper 6 Strong 7 Langley 8 Morton 9 Daley 10 Rimmer 11 Lyons Subs 12 Patterson 15 Pennock



Leeds 26-16 Tries Offiah (2), Farrell, Panapa - Att 78.000

Connolly, Tuigamala, Bell, Mather, Offiah, Botica, Edwards, Skerrett, Dermott, Platt, Betts, Farrell, Clarke Subs Panapa, Cassidy

1995

The last final in this run was on 29th April 1995, again Leeds were the opponents and, again, Wigan won easily to clinch 8 in a row. Latics went down to the only goal away at Rochdale.

Rochdale 1 v 0 Wigan Ath - Att 1,949

1 Statham 2 Carragher 3 Whitney 4 Miller 5 Robertson 6 Millett 7 Black 8 Kilford 9 Leonard 10 Rimmer 11 Lyons Subs 12 Doolan 14 Benjamin 15 Farnworth

Leeds 30-10 Tries Robinson (2), Hall, Paul, Tuigamala - Att 78,000

Paul, Robinson, Tuigamala, Connolly, Offiah, Botica, Edwards, Skerrett, Hall, Cowie, Betts, Cassidy, Clarke Subs Atcheson, Farrell

1996

The 43 game winning run came to an end during the following season after a shock loss to Salford, who were coached by ex Wigan player and Wigan lad Andy Gregory, who had played in so many of the Wembley wins, and 3 ex Wigan players.



That same weekend, 10 February 1996, Latics beat Colchester United at Layer Road with 2 goals from fan favourite Graham Lancashire.

Colchester United 1 v 2 Wigan Ath (Lancashire 2) - Att 3,082

1 Farnworth 2 Carragher 3 Johnson 4 Greenall 5 Pender 6 Sharp 7 Farrell 8 Martinez 9 Lancashire 10 Biggins 11 Rimmer Subs 12 Barnwell-Edinboro

Dave Whelan had been the owner for 12 months and was starting to shape the club and the team into what was to follow over the next 25 years. As one era ended, it truly was the start of another era....one none of us will never forget.

• @suchy_77

A big thank you to Tony Topping & Rod Prescott for researching the Latics teams and scorers for this article.

Philly's Temptation

Ron Tyson is somewhat of an unknown quantity in Soul circles, although a clearly talented vocalist, he was first of all known for some of his legendary writing and production credits rather than his voice.

Born in Philadelphia in 1948, Tyson was, as with many artists at the time, influenced heavily by the church. He began to sing as part of his grandfather's gospel group 'Southern Gospel Six'. At this point in Tyson's life it's interesting to note just how heavily he was influenced by his grandfather Horrace Presson.

Presson himself was a major player in the music business of the time, he was a Gospel music promoter and presented his own radio show, no doubt this influenced Ron Tyson and had an impact on his later career.

Ron travelled with his grandfather and the group 'Southern Gospel Six' performing at many gospel road shows up and down the country. When speaking of the influences on his musical career Ron always links back to his gospel roots and looking further into his background it's easy to understand why and again displays the influence that gospel had on so many young musicians at that time.

Whilst at school, Ron, of course, studied music taking lessons in both Opera and Guitar, being skilled in the art of Opera, allowed Ron to hone the skills required by a tenor, such as perfect pitch, breathing techniques and scales.

After leaving school, Ron saw his future solely in music and helped to form his first group 'The Ethics', who I'm sure are of a particular interest to the Northern Soul scene. Signed to the local Philadelphia label Vent, The Ethics consisted of Ron Tyson, Carl 'Nugie' Enlow, Andrew 'Bike' Collins and Joe Freeman.

The Ethics were the quintessential 60's soul group searching for that big break and despite still being relatively obscure, the group scored a number of local hits and, as such, began to build up a firm reputation across the East Coast. In terms of rare soul sides, The Ethics are best known for their releases 'Look At Me Now', 'Sad Sad Story', and 'I Want My Baby Back'.

After their inception in 1967, The Ethics evolved into Love Committee and over the consequent years, saw a number of personnel changes, with Norman Frazier and Larry Richardson joining and, following the untimely death of Larry Richardson and Michael Bell, former vocalist with Sly Slick and Wicked came on board.



Love Committee endured many changes throughout the seventies until they signed with T.S.O.P (The Sound Of Philadelphia Records) Ariola International and ultimately Gold Mind records, where they began to score a number of minor disco hits including 'Law and Order'.

During this time, Tyson had been honing his skills as a song writer and producer, and despite his relative success with both The Ethics and Love Committee, he had developed a

reputation as a skilled and competent producer and song writer across Philadelphia.

Tyson had been the sole or co - writer on most of The Ethics and Love Committee releases and furthered his career as a writer and producer by working with the likes of: The Ojays, First Choice, Gloria Gaynor, Lolleatta Holloway, The Tramps and Bunny Sigler. Later he also worked with such luminaries as Curtis Mayfield, The Four Tops, The Dells, Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes, and Archie Bell & The Drells.

Ron's clear talent was spotted by Norman 'The Machine' Harris and appointed as part of 'The Harris Machine' Norman Harris's own production company, working there alongside the likes of Ron Kearsy, Alan Felder and Ronnie Baker.

Later on, in this period, Ron Tyson became an essential part of the Philadelphia Soul tapestry, working with Harris - Baker - Young, at the time Philadelphia's Premier Rhythm section, consisted of guitarist Norman "The Machine" Harris, drummer Earl Young, and bass player, Ron Baker.

During the course of his many collaborations in Philly, Ron proved himself to be a diligent worker, very determined, and a talented, sought after vocalist, writer, and producer.

In 1977, Ron first made his mark with The Temptations as one of the main producers for their first Atlantic album 'Hear To Tempt You' producing over seven tracks on that album and despite the lacklustre reception of the album, Tyson's work was deemed a success. The Temptations released one more album for Atlantic records in 1978 entitled 'Bareback' before returning to Motown.

Another former Temptation and hero of Ron Tyson's came into the fore during this period, as The Temptations left Atlantic, Eddie Kendricks was producing two of his most well received solo albums.

Ron co-wrote songs and sang background on both Norman Harris produced Eddie Kendricks' albums, "He's A Friend" and "Goin' Up In Smoke." On "Goin' Up In Smoke" Phil Hurt, Bunny Sigler, & Carl Helm also sang background with Ron.

Ron also sang background vocals on several of the sessions in Philly. Ron has quite a vocal range. Although he is known for singing in his sweet falsetto voice, he is very capable of singing bass as well.

Following on from his time working with the group, The Temptations and Ron Tyson became firm friends and after Glenn Leonard departed the group in 1983, Ron Tyson was seen as the ideal replacement. Putting his career as a writer and producer on the back burner somewhat, Tyson jumped at the challenge.

It's fair to say that Ron's introduction into the world of The Temptations wasn't without its problems; he had been in rehearsals for little more than a week when filming for Motown 25 commenced, The Temptations, with their new tenor, were set to be one of the major



show pieces in the show.

So, without having performed with the group live on stage before, Tyson was thrust into the limelight and launched his Temptations career with one of the group's most memorable performances.

Ron Tyson's contribution to the Temptation's story shouldn't be underestimated. Here was one of the most underrated song writers and producers of his generation, not to mention a talented vocalist. He was with the group at some of their leanest years and no doubt lowest ebbs.

Throughout the group's period of success with Ali Ollie Woodson in the mid to late 80's and their struggles in the early 90's Tyson was present.



He was also there as the group were inducted into the Rock and Roll hall of fame and despite not being an inductee himself, he is part of the legacy which allowed the group to be inducted into the hall of fame. Tyson was also present as the tragic deaths of Eddie Kendricks, David Ruffin and Melvin Franklin became a reality.

Later in life, his own bandmates of Ali Ollie Woodson, Harry McGilberry and Dennis Edwards have all passed on.

Tyson was awarded with a Grammy along with the rest of the group for best traditional R&B performance on 2000's *Earistable*.

Ron Tyson is clearly a man of much talent and distinction but more importantly perhaps is the fact that Ron Tyson has produced a clear amount of staying power, he is currently celebrating his 37th year as a Temptation second only to Otis Williams, and along with Otis is the second longest serving member of the group.

A 60th anniversary world tour for the group has been curtailed by the on-going Coronavirus crisis but once The Tempts are back on the road, Ron will be central to that again.

For Tyson to stay active and, on the whole successful, with The Temptations for 37 years is no mean feat, he has seen many changes, much in the way of comings and goings but has stayed true to the group throughout that time.

Tyson is certainly an under rated member of the soul community, but certainly deserves his place in Soul history, and for that matter, Temptation history as a major player in the contemporary history of one of Soul music's most legendary groups.

• SEAN LIVESEY



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Espanol and the Phantom Crapper



Me, my wife Carol and Grandson Jack left for our summer holiday to Salou from North Western Station at 10 o'clock on the morning Latics were to play Nob End away. Let me state straight away that we weren't using the train because I'm tight, we like dragging our cases on and off trains, OK? Already some of Latics more "interesting" characters were gathering on the north bound platform to head off to Preston. To be honest I wasn't jealous, it was pissing down and cold, and I've just never been that concerned if I have to miss games to do something else. Anyway we were leaving the Tics in a good state as we had a 100 percent win record, well we'd beaten a good Cardiff team the week before. In fact coming off the ground after that game I'd heard more than one person predict we'd make the play offs. So we were expecting us to be sitting pretty by the time we were back home on the day of the away Middlesbrough game..... Oh well!!!

As you will possibly know, if you've read my stuff before, that I like to attend football matches when I'm away and write about it in the fanzine. This time a little bit of research showed me that the local team Gimnastic Tarragona and Barcelona were playing away while we were there, but the other Barcelona side, Espanyol, were playing Sevilla at home and I intended to attend. As you will find out, that wasn't to happen, but as I'd done a bit of research I realised that they have an interesting story worth telling. I know you're all just dying to know all about our summer holiday.

I used to love fun fairs and theme parks when I was younger, much younger, then I stopped going on the rides. I found out that I didn't love them any more on a pathetically tame ride at Southport Pleasure beach. Jack was too small at the time to go onto the proper grown up rides, but one that he could get on was still enough to leave me dizzy, light headed and feeling sick for about an hour. I didn't let on of course, but suggested to him that it would be fun if he got his grandma to go on a few rides with him. He turned 11 while we were away and he's big enough to go on all the rides now

and he was looking forward to me and Carol joining him on everything that the massive Portaventura theme park had to offer. I bought tickets that would get us admission to the three parks; Portaventura; Ferrari Land; and Caribe Water Park. I think I've stated it before that I'm "not tight", but at 219 Euros, Bernard was not happy.

We decided to dip our toe in with the smallest of the three sites, Ferrari Land. According to the adverts it contained six major rides. On the walk up from our hotel we talked about probably having a few goes on each. We got there and headed straight for the main attraction, a ride called Red Force, which I'm lead to believe is a Vertical Accelerator. Which in turn is a variation on a roller coaster with just one huge tower over which carriages are fired using the same technology aircraft carriers use to launch planes. Good god you don't half learn some stuff in the Mudhutter eh? We got to the ride and discovered the queue time was two and a half hours, and seeing how many people were lined up in front of the ride, I could see they weren't exaggerating. Depressingly, there was a board up with times for all the rides in the park all of which were around the two hour mark.

We had a walk over to the Thrill Towers, designed to look like engine pistons, they were what apparently are known as Drop Towers. The queue time on the board said two hours, but queuing up in front of the ride there were probably a couple of hundred people. I decided the information was wrong and we joined the queue. TWO AND A HALF SODDING HOURS we queued up for that ride. Two people in the queue passed out with heat exhaustion, the reason they passed out was the fact that the people in the queue had barely moved. People with express passes kept turning up, they were allowed on the ride straight away, and occasionally the odd person from the queue we were in was allowed to join them. When we did get to our turn we were strapped in, shot up into the air (admittedly terrifyingly), bounced twice and then we got out.

Throughout the afternoon we ate, queued for 45 minutes for a go on a simulator ride which took us on a tour of the world in a Ferrari, went in the gift shop where we told Jack "no, you can't have a Ferrari jacket, hat, tee shirt or jumper. You also can't have a model of a Ferrari car for 65 Euros, fake steering wheel or even a key ring because you have no interest in Ferrari cars what so ever". Then queued for, what we all agreed, looked like a lame ride in race cars that went around a circuit at about ten miles an hour. We queued for 35 minutes for this one, then we were told the ride had broken down. Next I queued for 15 minutes at the information desk to see about buying Express Passes only to be told the park was closing in an hour, so it wasn't worth it. OK so I hadn't checked the closing time and thought it stayed open till the same time as the main Portaventura Park which was open till midnight. Totally defeated we retreated to our hotel where I did some research on the Express Passes.

It's now my understanding that the 219 Euros we'd paid was just to get us into the parks. If you actually want to go on any rides, instead of just standing in queues watching other people go on them, you have to enter an auction to show just how much you are willing to pay for the privilege. The passes for the main park started at 22 Euros which got you fast tracked on some of the rides, but for only one ride. They went up in increments where you got more rides and more goes on them. Spooked by the lousy day we'd had at Ferrari Land, we panicked and paid 50 SODDING EUROS EACH. For this we got unlimited fast track on all the rides, ridiculously this wasn't the

most expensive. They had them for 60 Euros where you got to ride in the front seats on all the rides, and I'm sure I saw some advertised at 90 Euros each. Presumably with these, everybody else in the park had to kneel as you swept past them on your way to the ride.

If I'm honest the 50 Euro passes brought out a nasty side I didn't realize I had. Me and Jack were laughing at the peasants in the queues. At one point, we stepped over a bloke who'd passed out with heat stroke, that last bit is an attempt at humour by the way. We certainly set out to get our money's worth. We did Shambhala which is like The Big One at Blackpool, Dragon Khan a sit down roller coaster which boasted a world record 8 inversions???? EIGHT INVERSIONS??? Furious Baco, a catapult roller coaster that goes from 0 to 89 miles per hour in 3 seconds. I'm sure you're getting the picture, the park has some impressive rides and we were all over them. Our enthusiasm to get on everything eventually made us come unstuck. Hurakan Condor, the very name sends a shiver down our spines. Described on Wikipedia as "a giant drop ride 115 meters tall". We were sat on what looked like bike seats with our legs dangling, lifted up to the top of a gigantic tower, where the seat suddenly tilts forwards like somebody is trying to shake you off a chair.....then dropped. The three of us needed therapy after that one. We finished the day with a crescendo of splash rides and a ridiculously tame 4D dinosaur simulator ride, which still managed to leave me feeling sick and a bit dizzy. But because I still felt I'd not had my money's worth, this didn't stop me from going on Shambhala and Dragon Khan again before we left.

The next day we used our final pass at the Caribie Water Park. Surprise, surprise the queues for the slides were longer than the free pie and peas queues at a Latics "Meet the Manager" evening. Angrily, and without one iota of good grace, I headed for the queue to buy some express passes, 22 Euros each for me and Jack. Carol opted for a sun lounger and a couple of goes on the lazy river ride that all these places seem to have. We had now spent 414 SODDING EUROS for three days in theme parks, plus of course over priced food and drinks, and plenty of souvenir shops with plenty of tempting crap for a ten year old to be steered away from. They were even charging 1 Euro a go to spray water on people on the splash rides in Portaventura..... Obviously we still had to have a few go's because people had sprayed us. I made sure we did our best to get our money's worth in the water park, we slid ourselves stupid before we left.

We don't shy away from reporting the controversial issues at Mudhutter. So, here goes from an incident the following day. Why do people crap on the floor/in the sink/spread it on the walls in public toilets? Come on you know it happens. There was a prime example of on the floor crapping (with impressive dimensions) in the toilets at Salou train station. It was gloomy in there and some people had stood in it, one poor bugger had stood in it then slipped, leaving a long slide mark. Prompting me to ponder, should claims companies adverts ask "Injured yourself in a trip, fall or slipping on a turd?"

The trip to the station turned out to be one of those 'more than' annoying incidents that can occur on holiday. First of all, it was a long walk from our hotel on the other side of town, which didn't go down well with the younger element of our party, then it turned out that the map I had of Salou was wrong???? Meaning we ended up doing a full sight seeing tour of the old town. I decided we'd have to visit the tourist information office in the town centre. I enjoy going in these places, I like the pamphlets and maps

and stuff. They had a satellite office on the street near our hotel which I'd already visited a few times for theme park tickets and advice about transport. Each time I'd been in, I'd spoken to a young bloke named Cesc, totally coincidentally, also each time I went in I'd managed to have a comedic incident with the door. The first time I tripped as I walked in doing the 'jog to the counter' thing like I meant to do it, then I stood waiting for the door to open thinking it was automatic, it wasn't. The office in town had that dark glass in the doors that people put in their VW golf's to make them look like gangsters, in their minds. I walked up pushed confidently, nothing, peered though the glass, but couldn't see anything. Turned to Carol and said "bollocks it must be the siesta". When I turned back the automatic doors had opened and I was face to face with my mate Cesc.

It turned out that the station was on a street we'd walked past earlier where Carol had said "isn't that the railway line down there? Who would have thought?" Then of course there was the "turd gate" incident and to put the tin hat on it we went to buy tickets to Barcelona but the train had been cancelled and the next one was too late for us. The plan was to take Jack during the week on the train to visit the Nou Camp and have a look around. Then I would get the bus on Sunday because the trains didn't run late enough to get me back after the 7 o'clock kick off at Espanyol. We'd all go on Sunday now. On the walk through the old town we'd spotted some ace looking restaurants. There were places doing sea food, paella, tapas, one bar was grilling sardines over charcoal, another was doing half chickens in piri piri sauce. Jack had spotted a sign pointing towards KFC. Guess where we ate, to make up for the train debacle?

You pass RCDE Stadium, Espanyol's home ground, at the side of the motorway on the way into the city from Barcelona airport. Opened in 2009 it's a 15 minute walk from the last stop on line 5 of the metro in between the districts of Cornellà de Llobregat and El Prat. It's a new stadium built at the side of an out of town shopping centre. Espanyol's



very own Reebok stadium. It holds 40,000, an optimistic 'build it and they will come' capacity, because they average less than half that amount. So it's got something of our stadium about it as well. From the pictures on the website it looks like an impressive modern stadium. From the motorway it looks like it's part of the shopping centre next door. The one feature that stops it looking like a logistics hub is that there is a gap between the walls and roof, which leads me to conclude that at least it looks well ventilated.

I'm sure "well ventilated" would be a disappointing review for the club, but it's a sad fact that stadiums were more interesting when everybody played in a shit hole in the middle of their town. I'm guessing Espanyol's supporters love it compared to the last stadium they played at. That was because after the Barcelona Olympics, when everybody had gone home and they were left with an empty unused stadium, somebody came up with the idea that Espanyol should play there. Enough pressure/incentive was used because they duly moved into a stadium, it wasn't a success. They were only there for 12 years. Before that they played at the Sarrià, which was an absolute classic

Spanish football stadium, it had it all, the inner city location and apartment buildings towering over it at the ends. Side stands so steep and tall they looked like you could fall off them, fans right on top of the action. It played host to arguably the greatest World Cup match of all time when Italy beat Brazil 3-2 in 1982.

Passing the stadium on the coach was as close as I was to get to the game. Originally there was a very long paragraph in this spot detailing the reasons why. Even I was dozing off on re-reading it. Let's just leave the reason as, we were less than pleased with the service provided by the Plana bus company who cover the route. They, along with Salou train station and Portaventura have now been 'dealt with' brutally in Trip Advisor reviews by Carol. Do not mess with us.

We headed for the Nou Camp, we were too late to join the stadium/museum tour (see above). No problem, me and Carol weren't that bothered about visiting it and Jack's main incentive would have been to get around as fast as possible so he could get in the club shop, so he just bypassed the boring bits. He'd been put off buying a Barcelona top because they had somehow been added to the list of teams in our ongoing game of "Spot the Plastic!" It used to be one point for the first to shout or whisper if the victim was nearby "PLASTIC", when spotting somebody wearing Prem glory club shirt, but the game has become a far more complicated beast these days. Him being put off was a stroke of luck because the tops turned out to be 110 Euros for what is essentially a nylon tee shirt with advertising on it. Instead he was more than happy buying a vintage style leather "Casey" football, complete with the laces, and of course "Barca" branding, and a pen with a light on the end that projected the club logo. Although, he was gutted that we had to get the ball deflated so we could bring it home on the plane.

The lad on the checkout in the club shop asked us where we were from as he deflated our football. When we said Wigan, he said he'd never heard of it. We politely helped him out a bit by telling him it's between Manchester and Liverpool. The best he could manage was "Ah....It rains a lot?????" It was only later that it dawned on me, how could he not have heard of Wigan? No I'm not referring to the fact that the town's football team won the FA cup.....with a proud Catalan managing us. What I'm talking about is that the Warriors had played against Catalan Dragons in this very stadium less than two months before. Surely all Barcelona was still talking about that? As we made our way to the metro station to get back into town, we passed a load of little bars. They all had the TV's on showing the Espanyol game. The teams were on the pitch ready for kick off and it was at that point, that I decided that I would give it a miss.

As we passed the stadium again on the way back to Salou, Espanyol were well on their way to a 0-2 defeat. On the face of it they are something of a strange club, as Maurice Lindsay may have said, a lovely little club but unfortunately in somebody else's (very large) back yard. A bit like Leyton Orient are to West Ham in East London, or Tranmere are to Liverpool and Everton, or like we are to Wigan Warriors (yes I'm taking the piss with that one). But the reality is they have spent the vast majority of their time in the top division of Spanish football. While I was on one of my many visits to the Tourist Information Office I asked Cesc could he find out for me if we could take an iPad into Espanyol's ground. A very strange request I know, but one of our group was adamant that they couldn't possibly witness a full football game without one. I noticed that when I told him he gave me a look like he was trying to stifle a laugh. He

shouted over a member of staff, they had a conversation in Spanish, the only words of which I understood were iPad and Espanyol. They both looked at me at this point, Csec's look was one of pity this time while his lady colleague stifled the laugh. A third colleague joined them, further conversation, "iPad", "Espanyol", glances of pity and mirth. Apparently they don't get enquiries about Espanyol.....and yes you can take an iPad into the stadium.

Right from when they were founded they seem to have been determined to lose a popularity competition in their own city. They were formed in 1900 as Español. With the benefit of hindsight, this appears to be the equivalent of forming a club in Dublin and calling them British FC. It's said that Catalonia at that time was less nationalistic than it was to become. The main venue to be seen in was the Cafe Espana and the city's main theatre was called theatre Espana. But, to put the blogs into context, a large petition was started in 1918 to demand Catalan independence. Fans of Espanyol started up a counter petition against it. The full name of the club is "Reial Club Deportiu Espanyol de Barcelona".

The "Reial" part stands for "Royal". Like many Spanish clubs this indicates that they have been offered, and accepted, royal patronage from the king of Spain. A good decision by the club, when even I know Barcelona has a republican tradition? During the Franco era they were seen as compliers with the regime. Some



of their fan group are said to have joined the Fascist forces in the civil war (source, "Outside of the boot, Fascism and football in Spain"). To this day they still have an ultras group called the "Brigadas Blanquiazules" ("Blue and White Brigades") whose webpage declares them to be "National Socialists". All Spanish clubs have a club song, which they call the club hymn. I'm guessing Espanyol's features lines like "No one likes us, we don't care".

I'm one of a lucky group who receive WhatsApp's from fellow Latics fan Ste Livesey. These tend to be several pages long and can cut through the crap about most things relating to Latics. I got one following the Preston game generally about the internet meltdown after what was our first defeat of the season. Ste is clued up and has lived and worked in Catalonia. I told him about my plans to go watching Espanyol. He confirms that they are seen locally as Franco's team and puts me onto a book, "Morbo: The history of Spanish football", which was helpful for this article. He also tells me that he's noticed an air of xenophobia about the area since the latest independence campaign has started. Describing a recent visit to Tarragona as being like "Royston fuckin Vasey with chorizo". Which again I doubt would improve Espanyol's standing in the local community. As traditionally they are known for having support from people who have moved to Barcelona from other parts of Spain. It's never good being from somewhere else when people just want local clubs for local people.

There are plenty of blogs and articles on the internet by fans of Espanyol essentially justifying the clubs right to exist. The party line appears to be the name came about

as a reaction to Barcelona being formed by foreigners, whereas Espanyol were formed by Spanish students. They claim to be not right wing loonies, but just Catalans who choose to support a different team from most of the others. The club changed the name of the team from the Spanish spelling of Español to the Catalan Espanyol in the 1990's in an effort to perhaps fit into their own community a bit more. Their relationship with Barca seems to be like when Bolton were claiming to be the main local rivals of United.

Barcelona see them as at best an irrelevance, while for Espanyol winning the derby can define a season. The 2007 season is remembered because a 2-2 draw at the Camp Nou effectively stopped Barcelona winning the league title. An article on "box to box" football web site compares them this way, Espanyol's page on Facebook shows 360 thousand likes, Barcelona's has 92 million.

On the face of it, Latics don't have much in common with them apart from maybe the blue and white striped kit, but Darren Royle was showing us around Latics training ground prior to the Joseph's goal walk, somebody asked him would we be signing any Chinese players now we had owners from that country. He told us that if any with the quality we were looking for were to become available, we'd look into it, then he gave Espanyol as an example.

They have a Chinese owner now as well and he said that they had signed a Chinese player and their web site received, I think he said, 2 million hits. I looked into their situation for this article, I'll try not to go all Chris Evans at this point, the world's worst presenter who makes every interview sound like a boring business meeting full of stats about viewing figures and contract negotiations, sorry I'm off on one.

Espanyol are owned by the Chinese billionaire Chen Yansheng, he took over the club with promises to get them into the Champions league. They signed Wu Lei from Shanghai SIPG FC for 2 million Euros. He was known as the Chinese Maradona (I hope that means Maradona in his playing days rather than what he's become). His official presentation "had a reach of 350 million people in China" (source "Sky Sports"). His debut was a 12 minute appearance as a sub in a 2-2 draw against Villarreal. Whereas, the total TV audience for the game in Spain was 177 thousand, which was what Espanyol would normally expect, 40 million tuned in for the same game in China. When El Classico played a few days before they had a total of 10 million viewers. As Darren Royle stated the club's website went into melt down and they quickly sold out of club shirts featuring Wu's name.

As I finish this article, the organizers of the Catalan independence referendum have just been given long prison sentences, huge demonstrations have been taking place across the region and riots have broken out. The Barcelona v Real Madrid fixture was cancelled due to fears of trouble. In the past Espanyol fans have been known to put on large scale demonstrations of Spanish unity. They aren't going to gaining popularity in their own area any time soon.

• Bernard Long

Milne's Men

NEW BOOK COMING
SOON

*Milne's Men:
Wigan Athletic's
greatest-ever
Non-League Side
By Tony Topping
& Andrew Vaughan
will be published
later this year*

MATCH REPORTS

PLAYER & FAN

INTERVIEWS

1970S WIGAN



NPL



1970/71

me

While the sixties were no longer swinging and industrial unrest and terrorist bombs may have been just around the corner the sun was still shining during the summer of 1970.

Mungo Jerry's *In the Summertime* was number one in the pop charts, half a million people were descending on the Isle of Wight to watch Jimi Hendrix, The Who and Leonard Cohen perform live while in Mexico, England lost to West Germany in the quarter-finals of the World Cup.

Brazil would go on to be crowned World Champions, playing a style of football that seemed to be from a different planet.

Meanwhile at Springfield Park Wigan Athletic were quietly preparing for the 1970/71 Northern Premier League season.

Buoyed by a terrific undefeated run-in to the previous season - that saw them finish runners-up on goal average (ask your grandparents, kids) to Macclesfield Town - hopes were high that they could go one step further this coming term.

Managed by ex-Liverpool and England player "Sir" Gordon Milne and thanks to the recruitment of some excellent players it was to prove to be a magnificent season with some glorious highs and ultimately some crushing lows. It was to be a season like no other for Wigan Athletic Football Club.

To celebrate the 50th anniversary of what many claim to be the club's greatest-ever Non-League side Tony Topping and Andrew Vaughan are writing a book that captures the whole story.

Milne's Men: Wigan Athletic's Greatest Non-League Side captures the glorious season in full.

With match reports, interviews with management, players and fans the authors are producing an in-depth, rip-roaring story of a splendid season set in a very different Wigan - and north of England - than today.

The town is brought to life with tales of work and play all soundtracked by - arguably the greatest period for - soul, reggae and rock music.

However, the book's heart beats to the rhythm of the wonderful Wigan Athletic side of 1970/71 when the town of Wigan and the Northern Premier League witnessed a team that like Brazil played a style of football that - with what had gone before - seemed to be from a different planet.

Milne's Men: Wigan Athletic's Greatest Non-League Side by Tony Topping and Andrew Vaughan will be published in late 2020.

Getting Twisted!!!

There's a new brewery in town, pushing on, despite the current climate and they have their roots firmly in Northern Soul culture, as well as producing great beers...



So, Twisted Wheel, what made you start making beer and what is the inspiration behind the name? Tell us what makes you special and unique?

The inspiration for the name Twisted Wheel is two fold, firstly the track leading to the brewery is a distinctly rutted and memorable road, that challenges the hardiest of vehicles and secondly, we are inspired by the famous Manchester club of the same name that was celebrated for its All Nighters - an eclectic mix of music, fashion and dance, that later become known as Northern Soul. What makes us unique is the people who work for us the and also our attitude.

I am guessing that the current situation isn't exactly how you planned to launch and set up a brewery, so how have you adapted your business to cope with the pandemic?

It certainly was not planned. We had launched a range of traditional cask ales with the objective to organically grow the business and introduce a more modern range of craft beers in both keg and can. We therefore decided to fast track this once lockdown started, so we are launching a totally new range of craft beers, all initially available in 330ml and 440ml cans. At the same time, we have introduced an online shop through our website and have introduced a fantastic competition to coincide with the launch of these new modern beers.

Do you consider yourselves a cask brewer or are you looking to move into the craft keg market?

Although we started as a cask brewery (this was due to the type of plant) it was always our intention to move to more modern style of beers. These would be available in keg, can as well as cask beer.

Therefore, we used the first couple of weeks in the lockdown, to invest in our brew plant to enable us to brew these styles of beers. Moving forward, we will be producing more modern craft beers, as well as an exciting range of cask ales. We expect our range will very

different coming out of lockdown as what we went in with.

Am I right in thinking you have a 10% stout on your core list?

Yes we do have a 10% chocolate stout called Velvet Bomber it will be available in 330ml cans from the end of May. [faints - ed]

How important is it to get the right hops for your beers? It seems like independent brewers are always seeking out the latest rare hops to create unique flavours.

Our brewer is very particular regarding the hops he uses. Fortunately, he has contacts within the trade that has enabled us to source some outstanding hops. He is very adventurous and will always be looking to source the latest varieties of hops.

Is brewing an art or a science? How do you develop the skills to make good beer?

Having spoken about this yesterday with our brewer, he said that it would be both. The science does give you the basics, however, in his opinion it is the artistic side that makes truly great beers.

You have recently done a tie in with Joseph's Goal to sell off your beers and give half the profits to the charity, how did that come about?

When the pubs were originally closed, we had over 250 x nine gallons of cask beer in stock. Once it became obvious that the pubs were not going to reopen, soon we decided that, rather than throwing all of the beer away (we will end up doing this with over 80% of it) we could offer some for sale, and at the same time raise something for a local charity. Joseph's Goal was recommended and over the last four weeks, Helena and I have been delivering beer within the Wigan area. Up to last Friday we have raised over £500. We will continue for one or two more weeks and I would love to reach £1,000 (a very big ask though)

What is next for Twisted Wheel? What sort of beers are you looking to brew in the near future?

It is very difficult to plan for the future. We have no idea when pubs and bars will reopen and therefore we will continue to produce our beers in cans. Today we are brewing our Coffee Porter and later this week, our New England IPA. Medium to long term will be dependent on how the current range is received and also when the pubs/bars do reopen. We do have plans to produce a varied and exciting range of beers, that we hope will capture the excitement and passion for Northern Soul

Can you tell our readers how they can get hold of your beer and what they can currently buy off you?

The best way to buy our beers and for details about our plans, is to sign up to our newsletter on our website www.twistedwheelbrewco.co.uk.

It is also worth following us on twitter @TwistedWheelBC, Instagram @Twisted_wheelbc and Facebook @TwistedWheelBC. Plus, you can, of course, call us on the brewery number 01257 427832 or on my mobile 07834 216219.

Thanks to Mark at Twisted Wheel for the interview.

Ten in Ten



The last ten years in ten Latics moments

I suppose you're traditionally supposed to do this sort of thing before you get to New Year, you know to clear the decks before you look forwards. Even more so when it comes to the big ones, like the turn of a decade. But hey, I've made my reputation on never knowingly being current with things like this so, to hell with tradition and here's a list of my highlights from each of the last ten years.

I've probably missed your favourite, but that's your fault for not writing an article, not mine...

2010 - Comeback Kids

Against a backdrop of natural disaster, earthquakes, eruptions and SNOWMAGGEDON, Latics were fighting yet another relegation battle. Arsenal are trying to stay in touch at the other end of the table. At 2-0 down with ten minutes to go, it looked like Latics would have an uphill struggle to stay in the Premier League. By the final whistle, Charles N'Zogbia had completed the comeback to end all comebacks (until next year) and Arsenal were out of the title race.

2011 - THIS IS NOT A REPEAT

Egypt revolted, Castro resigned, Bin Laden and Gaddafi were killed but Cameron and Clegg carried on. It's 2011 and Latics are involved in a... you know the dance.

At half time in the penultimate game of the season, Latics are 2-0 down against West Ham. The visitors are safe and Roberto Martinez's team are down. The DW stadium is as quiet as it has been all season as we all start to accept the inevitable. Then that man N'Zogbia pops up again, kick starting the comeback with a free kick, followed by an equaliser in the shape of Connor Sammon's only goal for the club. That goal dragged the Hammers back into the relegation battle, warranting a Millwall sponsored fly-by.

For some, with memories of 2008 still burning, that would have been enough, but Charlie popped up again with a winner that put survival back in Latics' hands the week after.

2012 - Olympic effort

Another year, another relegation battle, or so it seemed. The year started with five straight defeats which, on top of a run of 9 losses earlier in the season, would have seen many other managers on the dole. How Bob lasted until 24th March is anyone's guess, but he did and if he hadn't then we might never have seen the Gary Caldwell wonder goal that kick started a roller coaster run of form that made us look like a "proper" Premier League team for once.

Liverpool, Stoke, Man Utd, Arsenal, Newcastle, Blackburn and Wolves. Seven wins in

nine games that saw Latics move from 21 to 43 points and from the pits to the relative comfort of 15th place.

The best moment of that run would be a debate itself, with Caldwell's goal and the absolute hammering of Newcastle strong contenders, but why bother choosing when we can celebrate the whole thing as one?

2013 - The no brainer

The year that we all ate horse meat and the dictionaries welcomed twerk and selfie was saved by the death of Margaret Thatcher, but that wasn't the biggest celebration that year.



It all started with a shit home game where Latics struggled to stay level with lower league opposition and ended in tears at Wembley on 11th May 2013. The trips to Bournemouth and Macclesfield were only memorable for non-footballing reasons, and it was only with the 4-1 win at Huddersfield did people start to think that maybe something was happening.

And then... before anyone could blink. Latics obliterated Everton in 5 minutes at Goodison and we were going to Wembley. "If only we could get Millwall in the draw, eh? Imagine an FA Cup final!"

Well, the rest is, literally, history and one day someone will write the book. And Watson scores... A new name on the old cup... one of only seven teams to lift a "major" trophy this decade. Little Wigan, really taking the piss.

Relegation? Pah! Would we swap the FA Cup to stay in the Premier League? Would we buggery!

2014 - German Efficiency

In the real world, we had chaos, sound tracked by Gangnam Style and punctuated by the formation of IS, Israel waging war on the Gaza strip and the Ebola epidemic. All of which were marginally less toxic than a football club employing Malky Mackay at that time. But for 'tics, this year will forever be marked out as one where the club was recovering from the tenure of OFC. Uwe is now in charge and by the end of that first half season will have taken us back to Wembley, via another victory over City and within a gnat's chuff of a return to the Premier League.

The initial hope brought by the German taking over and what looked like a decent summer spending spree soon came to an abrupt halt as rumours of bad apples and training ground revolt see Latics fans getting a new Manager in their Christmas stockings.

Still, we'll always have Jordi's penalty at the Etihad to fall back on in our dark moments.

2015 - Mental Malky

2015 was a pretty shit year all round. The Mackay period left a few bruises around the club that even a fresh start with Caldwell and Sharpie at the helm, parachute payments in the bank and Will Grigg's eyes couldn't properly heal straight away. Still, it was a year that ended with Latics winning more games than not for the first time in a while. Yet, the moment of the year doesn't come from that great start to our promotion season, but from the depths of Malky's time at the club.

It was a cold February day at the seaside, where despite the despair that was floating around the club at the time fans bought into the idea that none of that really mattered and it was up to us if we wanted to have a good time. The editor of this fanzine challenged that away crowd to celebrate our good times, our star players and our heroes and sing ninety songs in ninety minutes.

I don't think anyone counted, but for the first time in a long while, the noise was non-stop and positive. As it happens, Latics won, but that bit of hope didn't last as long as the good feeling you got from knowing that Latics fans could pull together when they needed to.

2016 - Watch your balls

Not a good year for votes. We got Trump, the referendum and the Pie at Night's Emporium of Shite. It was another up and down year for Latics as the inevitable league one title was followed by Will Grigg's fire being dampened, Gary Caldwell's star waning and Warren "the Phantom" Joyce strolling into the club with all the air of a man who would be walking out again shortly after.

Overall, the highs outweighed the lows this time. The moment of the year definitely came on that Saturday night in May as the buses stopped, the fans sang, the chairman bought shots and a couple of blokes, old enough to know better did a naked sprint down Wallgate. WAFC knocking its way to the top.

2017 - Swings, roundabouts and parachute payments...

...were again the story for Latics in 2017. The Warren Joyce era was about as much of a damp squib as you could get, with only a brief impersonation of the Phantom of the Opera to save it from total anonymity.

If we'd had more personality about us then we might have stayed up, but like the manager the players kept it all under wraps and slipped away back to league one.



Then we got Paul Cook, exploding into our League One season with four wins on the bounce, and plenty more to come.

Despite the rip-roaring start to that season, I'm struggling to come up with one single moment of the year. Luckily, I can make the rules up as I go along and give that one night in Bruges a mention. A club's first ever European game must make the ten highlights of a decade, right?

2018 - Easy Walking

When your club has won as many trophies as we have over the last ten years {winking face} finding highlights can be a little too easy, in 2018 this was definitely easier than wading through the news to find something to joke about. We had Will Grigg back on fire and ripping Man City a new one in the cup. We had winning promotion on a sunny day in Fleetwood and the title coming with smash and grab at Donny.

To top it all, we had a start to our return to the championship that had Paul Cook's Latics flying Nick Powell bossing the show and hope spreading throughout the stands. We'll ignore the prolonged Chinese takeover and the self-imposed slide into a relegation battle though.

I've mentioned a few iconic moments in this article already, hell there are a hundred iconic photos just from the FA Cup final alone. But how many of them compare with the picture of Max Power, pyro in hand, fans on back, celebrating Will Grigg's goal that had confirmed our title win? Not many (although we obviously don't condone the use of pyrotechnics in closed spaces kids).



2019 - Here we go again

The last 25 years have been a roller coaster ride for Latics fans and for the last few years, the cycle of promotion and you could definitely be excused for feeling like you've been stuck on a loop-the-loop for the last few years. There was some hope that 2019 would break that cycle with a feeling that Latics, particularly with Nick Powell and Reece James in the side might be finally good enough for a season of mid-table mediocrity. They did their best to scupper that though, with injuries and negative tactics taking their toll, until Latics finally woke-up in a no-hope game against champions elect (at the time) Leeds and put a gap between them and the relegation places.

The moment of the year didn't happen on the pitch that day though, but on the three days leading up to the game as the third Walk4Joseph wound its way from Wigan to Leeds. This might not have been the first (the walk to Horwich in 2014 holds that honour) or the biggest (the walk to Fleetwood in 2018 had more than 100 people on it) but it was the longest (at 58 miles) and most arduous (it's very hilly in those parts). These walks, in aid of Joseph's Goal, showed just what can happen when football fans pull together. Over the years, hundreds of fans have raised tens of thousands of pounds for a great cause that's close to all our hearts and have made a real difference in the search of a cure for NKH. It's that spirit that typifies us as Latics fans, we have our differences, but we know we can pull together when it matters. These were the good times let's not forget it in the dark times.

• NeillRimmersPerm

Him... Her...

You were working as a waitress in the Cottage Loaf when I met you.
You offered me your hot meat pies and sausage rolls
Your cheese & onion pasties too.

Now nine months later on you've got a baby on the way
Breast feeding should be easy for you
But don't forget you need to get your figure back,
Or no more rumpy pumpy for you.

Don't Don't you want me?
Don't you want me big white baps they're soft and fresh and oh so tasty
Don't Don't you want me?
Don't you want me Cornish Pasty with it's nice and flaky pastry

I've lost my urge for sex,
I feel a nervous wreck
Oh pull yersel together, brace thi'sen I'm coming for you.

Don't you want me meat pies, Don't you want me chunky steak. . .
Don't you want me pasties, Don't you want me chicken bake. . .

I was working as a waitress in the Cottage Loaf, that much is true.
But even then I knew I'd find a much better job
That was until along came you.
The nine months we have had have been such good times
Oooh I love you.
But now I think it's just about time we got wed
I'll make an honest man of you.

Come Come and get me.
You know you really want to ...come over here and take me
Oh Do I have to
I think I've put me back out,,,no stay there, now you can't make me

Why do we have to wed
I'd rather be in bed
Ooh what a good idea, come on, we'll go and rock the bedroom

Don't you want me meat pies, Don't you want me chunky steak. . .
Don't you want me pasties, Don't you want me chicken bake. . .

I'm going to have your baby I'm going to have yoooooooouuu
I'd rather have a pork pie And then I'll have a pooooooooohh

(Together) We're going to have a baby

• Moonay

Field of Dreams

In the spirit of educating the young people who buy this mag (and yes if you're reading this that means both of you) what follows is a whimsical look at the peculiar pastimes and obscure sports that once graced Springfield Park, our much loved spiritual home. By the way, if *you are* reading this and *you are* a youth then consider yourself among the elite of your peers. Seriously, in an era when barely anyone under 25 can drag their head up from a screen more than two minutes, if you've taken the effort to bother an old man on a bridge to pay for this and then physically read it, then well done, there is hope for you yet. And just to validate that, if the words of a 45 year old transport planner called Martin aren't enough to prove how cool you are, then I think it's time for us all to give up and go home.



So let us begin. Oh and by the way, I started to write this from memory so please ignore the tangled timeline. Also, I mostly filled in the gaps by referring to the fantastic website at springfieldparkmemorial.weebly.com. For anyone who hasn't come across it before I urge you to have a look, it's truly excellent.

Freestyle BMX. That definitely happened. I know this because I remember being stood in the car park wearing an itchy grey jumper, most likely from Burton's. An awkward beanpole of a boy, I gaped in awe as the brave riders table topped majestically through the air. Years later I would go and see a Red Bull X-treme Sports event in Manchester, making what I saw that day look like a bunch of idiots showing off in an alley.

MONSTER TRUCKS!!! This also happened and if I remember rightly on the very same day as **BMX FEST!!!** Not much to report other than a bunch of giant wheeled vehicles bouncing about acting all crass and American ... and me still in my itchy jumper.

Blaster Bill must have been on a mission that year because as well as **MONSTER TRUCKS!!!** and **BMX FEST!!!** those of us who braved the elements were treated to a proper (for Latics) organised (for Latics) **Fireworks Display!** In my nostalgic mind, thousands of us stood transfixed as professional pyrotechnics fizzed and swooshed impressively from the Shevington end, whereas in reality it was probably dozens, and they probably didn't.

These days the closest we get to a cycling event at the DW is some poor unfortunate trying to get his bike (and shopping) across the metal bridge straight after a match but back in the day it was where it all began. In 1897 **Track Cycling** became the first event to take place at Springfield Park and for the next twenty odd years this and **Athletics** were as commonplace as football. Throw in a failed attempt at the **Long Distance Pedestrian World Record** and it seemed to be all going on.

Wrestling was big too with crowds we'd be proud of now turning up to see such brilliantly named acts as Burgy Ben and 'Dirty' Jack Pye!

The only other one I could come up with (thanks to Mudhutter royalty Tony Topping) was **Police Dog Displays**, which he assures me definitely happened. Given his reputation, I did suggest he was maybe confusing this memory with actually being chased by a Police dog but he was adamant he wasn't. And then there was this ...

Picture the scene ... It's Kingston, Jamaica. It's the summer of 2021. It's high noon, the sun beats down and yet in scenes reminiscent of the 1988 Winter Olympics the normally bustling streets lay empty. In the slums, entire communities crowd into bars to huddle around black and white TV's while those at home strain to hear far distant voices through the crackle of a wireless. Yet this is no Cool Runnings.

Six thousand miles due east in Beirut it's breakfast time. Prayers are hastily completed before a crowd of thousands convene on the city's one green space. Men, women and children jostle for a prized place in front of one enormous screen, a buzz of communal excitement elevating the masses beyond irritation or ire.

But just what is it that so enthuses these two proud nations, nay the world ?! What single monumental event connects us all in a way so universally important? An event that will surely still be whispered on the lips of future generations a hundred years from now?



Leigh Sports Village, England --- Jamaica v Lebanon ---
THE RUGBY LEAGUE WORLD CUP!

Yet it wasn't always like this.

It's hard to believe but the all-encompassing global juggernaut that is English rugby league came from humble beginnings. A century before better men than us came up with a Tri-Nations Competition that involved four teams, little Wigan Rugby, now surely the global icons of world sport had the blatant audacity to borrow **our** Springfield Park. OK it was thirty years before we were invented but now you're just nit picking.

So let's go back in time for a moment and imagine ...

The year is 1901. In Ye Olde Ball and Boot, stout, low-browed locals pile through the doors for pre-match pints. Much hilarity is had at the plight of the local soccer-ball team, Wigan United, who are struggling in the league and struggling to fill their fancy new ground. What they fail to mention is that the rugby team's crowds are equally poor (but it's fine as Maurice and his magic abacus will conveniently add a few on before it appears in the Post & Chronicle.)

Just prior to kick off a handful of ardent fans make their way out of the pub and off to the ground, and yet the majority remain. Why may you ask? The ground is but a few fathoms away, and the price on the gate a mere two shillings. "TWO SHILLINGS!?" they cry. "We can't afford that!" "I've got a gangrenous leg you know and I can't work!" states one as he sinks his eight pint of the day.

The tension builds as they wait for updates but the pies help, lots and lots of lovely pies. Sure enough forty minutes later a panting, red faced boy bursts through the door with a telegram ...

“42 NIL to Wigan STOP It’s a real humdinger! STOP Easily twenty thousand on STOP” before barrelling back out of the door again to catch the second half.

On Monday, the Post & Chronicle celebrates the occasion with an eight page pull out and a front page splash. Wigan United get two columns somewhere in the back and the scandal about two Wigan Rugby players punching a bar keep and doing snuff in Ye Crofters is conveniently forgotten.

(Oh and Springfield Borough played there too.)

• Steadies No. 1



Pre-Coronavirus at the DW stadium



**Post Coronavirus with social
distancing measures**

2032



Those with a keen eye will be aware of the significance of that year, and now the reality is, that with time passing by, it is a mere twelve years away.

It is just a year, a point in time in the future but on the 27th August 2032, it will be a hundred years since Wigan Athletic played their first ever football match. The club was actually formed 88 years ago in May. Of course, we are behind the curve compared to many other clubs. However, most other clubs haven't had the fractious history and local challenges, yes let's call them challenges, that simply don't exist in most other towns. Lest us forget that

it was only a couple of decades ago that it looked like Wigan Athletic could go the same way as Wigan Borough, Wigan County, Wigan Town and Wigan United.

The reasons why those clubs fell by the wayside is equally murky, if you dig around a bit into the history. Although to be honest the themes are mostly consistent with the treatment that Wigan Athletic suffered in the late eighties and early nineties at the hands of others, many of whom whose job it was to support and protect their community football club, yet often seemed to do the exact opposite. Many of whom were clambering over each other ten years later, albeit some through gritted teeth, to congratulate Wigan Athletic, as it made an unlikely ascension into the Premier League.

For many misguided football fans, and indeed sports fans, history seems to equate to trophies. Those who choose a team to support in order to maximise their bragging rights rather than adopt a little humility and look around their community and think about where their support could have the greatest impact. Yet every football club has a unique history and it is very often the struggles and adversity they face that really bring the colour into the archives. As it goes, we've been lucky enough to have quite a bit of success as well, but nobody got into supporting Wigan Athletic to take the easy option.

Make no mistake, the greatest achievement of all that Wigan Athletic FC has done is surviving. I don't have the wordcount to document the challenges this club has faced, from formation to trying to become established in the league, to financial difficulties and some draconian treatment from the local authorities, all twisting the knife when a helping hand was needed. Triumphant through all that, with more than a little help from a certain white haired white knight in recent times, needs celebrating.

It needs remembering and celebrating every time we take to the pitch, whenever that next might be. Now that Dave Whelan has cut his ties, of course, the future is uncertain once more. And to be fair, both the subtle and overt obstacles that once stood in the way of Wigan Athletic are now less of a concern.

It is of course, the money that has flowed into football, that has perhaps steam rolled any past perception that having a thriving little club in the town might not be desirable. We are established and playing in one of the biggest leagues in the world, bringing the footfall of three hundred thousand people into the town over the course of nine months.

Thankfully most football fans seem to enjoy our pie shops and pubs and famous hospitality

with good spirits these days compared to the bad old days of smashing things up.

Yet money is also the biggest threat to our existence, as it is to every football club's existence. And when I look at our current custodianship, I can only revert to the same question that goes through my head all the time "what's in it for them". I can't answer that of course. Yet without their financial support we have no football club. Let's be clear, this isn't an isolated scenario: there isn't a club in the Championship who don't have an owner with deep pockets, it is a pre-requisite of owning a football club now.

To return to the perennial question as to where I think we will be in ten years' time and with the expectation of a Bruce Forsyth type 'higher and lower' response, I would tend to believe we would be lower but I'd be happy with that, so long as we are still in the game. If there's one thing that I hope people have learnt during these strange times, it is that, yes of course, results are important. But they aren't the be all and end all. Having a football club to watch is what matters, a place to spend your Saturday afternoon.

Whatever society emerges outside the other end of COVID-19 will undoubtedly be very different, and indeed football and sport you'd like to think will be very different. Everywhere, business models are being adapted, reviewed and amended and I'd like to think football will do the same. I'm not holding my breath though as the rumours won't go away that Premier League football will recommence in just a few weeks. Apparently, it will be good for the morale of the country.

I tell you what will be good for my morale: people not dying. Everything else can wait.

Including my beloved Wigan Athletic. So long as we have a football club to watch in one year, five years, ten years and yes, twelve years' time, then we have something to celebrate and be thankful for, through good times and bad.

Cheers (virtually),

• Jimmy

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Tales From the Minster

The National League is littered (terrible choice of phrase!) with clubs whom Wigan Athletic used to lock horns with on a regular basis. We caught up with just one of them to find out just what the hell happened.

York City is one such club, currently playing and sitting on top of the National League North and probably wondering what happens next. Mudhutter spoke to City fan, Dean Wade, for an update:



To drop to the sixth tier, as a former league club, suggests something must have gone badly wrong somewhere. Is it easy to pinpoint what that is?

Most York fans look to the managerial appointment of Jackie McNamara back in 2015 as the main reason for our tragic demise. We were in the lower reaches of League Two & needed a strong, experienced manager to bring some stability to the team, keep us in the league & build on from there.

McNamara wanted to achieve this with a team of his own making and in doing so let good, experienced players leave & replaced them with utter dross. We were awful & were relegated to the National League soon after. McNamara was replaced by Gary Mills, who had previously got us back in the league in 2012.

Unfortunately, things didn't improve much & on the final day of the 2016/17 season, York were relegated again to the National League North to play regional football.

You are top of the league currently, has there been any indication what happens next given the current pandemic?

At the time of writing nothing has been confirmed yet. A null & void season is still a possibility. Kings Lynn are currently in second place with games in hand and will go up as league leaders should the average points per game system be chosen. Obviously I would prefer the current positions to stand & see York go up as champions.

OK let's wind back a bit. I first went to watch Latics at York in the 80's. I think we were near the top and you were near the bottom but you won 3-1 with some monster up front called Ian Helliwell scoring a hat trick, ring any bells? I also remember George Courtney was ref as he got dog's abuse!

The one game that sticks in my mind against Wigan back in the 80's was around January 1985. We'd just drawn Liverpool at home in the 5th round of the FA Cup and any home fans that attended were given a voucher that supposedly guaranteed them a cup match ticket. Around 10,500 York fans turned up & got a voucher. The next day the club announced they only had around 9,000 tickets to sell. Typical York.

Both ends were uncovered but Bootham Crescent was still very picturesque, with

the wooden fences and impressive main stand. It was done up soon after, so what is like nowadays?

A roof was eventually put on the home terrace but the away end is still open to the elements. It will always be beautiful to me but Bootham Crescent has certainly seen better days. The ground has suffered neglect mainly through managed decline. With a new stadium on the horizon, the club have tried to keep repair costs and general maintenance to the bare minimum for some time now.

The ground will eventually be sold to a local building company where it will be flattened & replaced with housing.

Kit Kat Stadium. Discuss.

Hmm, the name doesn't exactly conjure up images of a fortress of invincibility or cauldron of hate does it? The Nestle factory (once upon a time Rowntrees) is just down the road. When the wind blows in the right direction the smell of chocolate often wafts over the terraces. If it blows the other way, you get a faint whiff of disinfectant from the nearby Hospital.

And now I believe that you are moving to a new ground? Tell us how that has come about.

It's a long complicated story, involving some dodgy shithouse chairmen & turncoat directors operating some nasty cloak & dagger methods, which in turn saw the club lose its' assets including Bootham Crescent. We kind of got the ground back eventually but at a high cost. The new community stadium is owned by the local council. The club will pay rent to the council, as will the local rugby league club, who will also play there.

Are you looking forward to the move or is it quite a reluctant step?

The new stadium is on the outskirts of the city & smack in the middle of a retail park. Car parking is already a joke around there with people using the nearby cinema, swimming pool, restaurants & shops etc so add to that a few thousand football fans on a Saturday afternoon & it will be complete bedlam.

I totally understand that the revenue streams available through the hospitality facilities will help the clubs finances etc & the amenities & toilets will be a step up from the disgraceful latrines at Bootham Crescent but it will certainly be a wrench to leave the old place.

OK, looking back a bit. What do you consider to be your glory days in terms of the best period to be a York City fan? Both historically and from your time watching them?

Historically we got to the FA Cup Semi-Final in 1955 beating Blackpool & Spurs along the way & were narrowly beaten by Newcastle Utd in a replay. The true glory days were probably the early to mid 1970's. York reached the old second division and played the likes of Aston Villa & Manchester Utd. In my time, we won the 1983/84 Canon League Division Four Championship becoming the first club to amass over 100 points

in a season.

That team also knocked Arsenal out of the cup & took Liverpool to FA Cup replays in both 1985 & 1986. The early 90's saw a decent promotion winning team too & beating Manchester Utd 3-0 at Old Trafford in the League Cup in 1995 was a surreal night.

You had some proper decent players back in the day, Keith Walwyn, John Byrne and Marco Gabbiadini, who was always a thorn in our side for yourselves and at Sunderland?

Big Keith is my all-time favourite York City player. Utterly fearless. His aerial challenges would see him, the ball, the goalkeeper & at least one defender end up in the back of the net. John Byrne had wonderful natural ability. He would go around players with ease whereas Keith wasn't arsed, he'd just go through them. Marco is a local hero. Great goalscorer. I believe nowadays he runs a hotel not far from Bootham Crescent.



What is the culture like in terms of fanzines, podcasts, independent supporters groups and such?

For a club in the sixth tier, the fan culture is quite healthy. There are even a couple of supporter groups in France & Holland. The best known fanzine is called Y- Front. Produced in association with the Cliffe

Minstermen supporters group & is named after the popular Y Front shirts worn by York in the seventies.

New Frontiers is a long running York fanzine produced by the 'York City South' London supporters group. There are several decent York podcasts on the go too such as The Shippo Podcast & York Hospital Ball podcast.

I must mention Tony Cole, who is a York fan and keen photographer. Tony documents York fans alongside the final days of Bootham Crescent on his @yorktone twitter page. His excellent book, 'Home End' is certainly worth a look too.

What is the support like for YCFC within the town? Is there lots of local pride or do you suffer like a lot of places do with lower league sides where people prefer to watch Premier League football on the telly?

During the good times, interest & local pride increases slightly, as you would expect, but during the more recent lean years, it seems people do tend to drift towards the attraction of the Premier League, either watching games at home or in the pub.

Presumably, there are also a lot of Leeds fans knocking about?

Unfortunately, yes. I work with quite a few. Very annoying people to be around when LUFC are in their ascendancy but it's fucking hilarious to observe them when the club are on the slide.

How important is league football to the city? What sort of crowds are you pulling in?

York has never really been what you would call a big football City. The club has spent most of its existence in the lower league divisions where during the good times of the 80's & 90's, our attendances averaged between 4,000 & 5,000. Currently we have a loyal hardcore of 2,000 fans. The average home gate last season was around 2,800.

How are you fixed financially as a club these days? Do you have decent owners and do they put their hands in their pockets? Do they need to in order to keep you going?

The club is joint owned by local businessman Jason McGill (75%) & the York City supporters Trust (25%). They rarely see eye to eye & communication between the trust and the club's board is relatively poor.

Mr McGill believes the trust should give him their 25% share as a thank you for the amount of money he has put into the club to keep it running as a full time professional outfit.

The trust, along with a large majority of York supporters, believe Mr McGill has made several poor management appointments & approved too many player contracts that paid out ridiculous wages at this level.

Not that we have any particular desire to go back there ourselves but what's the best thing about being in non league football compared to the Football League?

In general I've found most non-league clubs to be down to earth friendly places often run by volunteers. Most have adjoining social clubs, which are very welcoming offering cheap ale and good food at decent prices. Which is quite important, of course, to your average tight fisted Yorkshireman.

Go on, tell us your best away days and why?

In our first season, in the National League North, the first away day was at Bradford Park Avenue. Their average home attendance is usually around the 350-400 mark. York took 850 fans that day. They treated us like royalty. It was August, red hot & they put a beer tent on for us. We won 5-0.

To be honest I was in & out of the beer tent that much, I can't remember much after the third goal went in. Darlington is usually a good away trip. The ground they play at these days isn't up to much but like us they have a decent following at this level and going back to the late seventies & early eighties there's always been a bit of niggles between our clubs.

A welcoming social club is all well & good but occasionally it does make a pleasant change to have segregation & be given a police escort back to the railway station accompanied by local rum youths on the opposite side of the road actively lobbing things & advising you to 'stick yer Yorkshire puddings up yer arse' etc.

What's the worst thing(s) about non league football?

Some grounds are very basic with poor pitches and are quite often in the middle of bloody nowhere with the nearest pub usually miles away. Some clubs only have a small

away following too which makes for a poor atmosphere.

York has a reputation as a fine place for eating and drinking, can you sell it to us? Or would you rather not as it's already full of pesky tourists clogging up the place?

There are some great pubs & places to eat especially just off the beaten track & down the side streets away from the stag & hen parties that frequent the main city centre nowadays. Please do visit & explore. Bootham Crescent is just a short walk away from some great pubs, bars & the railway station. As it's built on the outskirts of the City, the new stadium can't really offer any of this.

Tell us about your current team and manager. Who are the stars and how do you set up to play football?

Our current manager is the former Newcastle & Everton midfielder, Steve Watson. Big Steve has been with us for around 15 months now and is doing great things. A tough, no-nonsense Geordie he likes to play both out from the back & also down the flanks. Experienced full back Steve McNulty is the captain & leads by example.

Forward Alex Kempster is starting to make a name for himself & could be a player to watch out for in the future.

There must be some right kickers knocking about at step six though, who are the biggest brutes you've come up against in your league?

Our own Steve McNulty is probably the biggest lad in the league but what surprised me in dropping down the leagues was the fitness levels among most of the part time clubs. York are still a professional full time club but a lot of the lads in the part time teams we come up against really do look after themselves.

The cup competitions: FA Trophy, FA Vase (?), FA Cup qualifying rounds even. Are they the highlight of your season or a pointless distraction?

We've won the FA Trophy a couple of times. Going to Wembley is a good day out but when the attendance is below 20,000, the atmosphere in that vast stadium can be a bit naff. I'd sooner see the Trophy & Vase finals played at Villa Park, Goodison or even your own DW Stadium.

I love the FA Cup. The preliminary rounds can take you to some interesting places. Last season we played at Irlam FC who really looked after us with a beer tent and a Bengali street food stall. In the next round we went to Buxton & it was the complete opposite.

We scored late on to win & some of their fans weren't happy & it all got a bit moody.

What are your hopes for the next few years for York City once / if football gets back to normality?

Like a lot of clubs survival is the main thing with regard to how this pandemic affects things in the near future. To be back playing in the football league for our centenary in 2022 would feel very special.

With thanks to Dean Wade @YCSP84

Wallgate Bridge



How many times have I travelled beneath your metal wings and tiled walls? I was born in Billinge but nurtured in Wallgate with its myriad rows of terraced houses and cobbled streets. Corners held shops tightly to the ground selling everything from balls of wool that your Mam knitted with every night, while she watched a television with a 12 inch screen and two channels. People knew your name and asked you how your Mam and Dad were as you queued up in the Off Licence for the families Sunday

night treat, Dandelion and Burdock and packets of crisps with little blue packets of salt inside. One unforgettable night, my dad found a voucher inside his bag of crisps and we had won a big tin full of crisps! My sister and I ran back to the shop and carried our prize home triumphantly.

Sometimes Mam preferred a triangle of cheese with crackers and a couple of silver skin onions. Chip shops would give you a portion of scratching's wrapped in newspaper for free. Lampposts' hung so low you could swing on them as they guided you back home with a full stomach.

But on the other side of that Wallgate Bridge lay an exciting place that hardly anyone lived in. Train stations, we had two, cinemas, we had five, shops that sold toys, toffees, books, comics and countless pubs that sold dreams in pint size glasses. I crossed under that tiled thoroughfare from an infant to an adult and I was always excited and expectant at the possibilities it presented.

My first childhood sweetheart was Gillian Hitchin she lived two doors away from me in Yates Street Wallgate. We vowed to get married when we were old enough and on Saturdays we would cross the divide between home and dreams and wander round the big stores that were lit like liners moored in the docks. Here we would pick our furnishings for our future home:

A comfy rose patterned couch for two,

Yellow curtains that the sun would stream through,

An oven for when we learned to cook,

Some shelves to hold our Famous Five books

Our shopping trips would be inevitably cut short by a stiff shop assistant asking us to leave and hand in hand we would sadly walk under that tiled bridge to our little street with its smoky chimneys and warm hearths. A kiss on the cheek and a promise to see each other tomorrow when we came home from junior school.

I love you Wallgate Bridge long may you stay in my life x

- **Tony Topping**

F**cking Facebook F**cking Lists

Music

'I've been nominated by <insert name> to list the 10 albums that influenced my taste in music...'

Really? Well, tell them thanks, but please fuck off. We really don't need to see what drivel you've listened to since the seventies.

And the ones who tagged you aren't interested in what your favourite albums are either. They really don't give a toss. They've only done this because they're music nonces, who wants to boast that they were into early Motown before it was even known as Motown, and pretend that they listen to a rare Peruvian Prog-Rock band while they're preparing their mung bean salad.

'Day 6: This album by Muddy Waters really resonated with me as a teenager, and his raining-down-Delta-beatitude style echoed the heartbreak I was experiencing as a young man...' writes white middle aged call-centre supervisor, Barry, from Hindley.

Press-Ups

'I've been nominated by <insert name> to do the 25 press-up challenge for 25 days to raise awareness of mental health'

Oh, cheers. I wasn't aware of mental health, but having seen Dave doing press-ups for the past month in his muscle vest, I'm now fully aware of it - especially the type of issues associated with a midlife crisis.

Let's be honest, Dave and his mates don't care about mental health, they're doing it because they enrolled at one of the Heaven v Hell gyms in January and they want people to see what they now see when they flex each morning in their slightly flattering, full length mirrors.

'Watch me. In a vest. I can do press-ups.'

Now, each time I log onto Facebook, I'm met with Dave grunting with his sweaty forty-something baldy head and hairy shoulders going up and down for a couple of minutes - meaning I've had a sickening insight into what his wife's had to endure for the past twenty years.

Kids Sport

'If your child plays <insert sport> post some photos and tag 5 other parents...'

No, don't.

All fucking year I've had to endure photos of snotty nosed little Teddy-Ray in his sports glasses and ill-fitting football kit, forcing a smile at the side of a pitch.

He doesn't want to be there. He fucking hates football. He wants to dress up like his sister and dance on Tik Tok (don't get me started on that....). But, because you were

shite at football, and you're trying to live all your dreams through him, it's only going to end in massive disappointment when he announces he's more into dance theatre.

Women

'To raise awareness of beautiful women around the world, post a photo of yourself and tag 10 of your beautiful friends...'

Or, translated:

'Look boys and girls. Here's a photo that I'm really proud of, of me looking semi-fanciable, taken from an angle that doesn't show my double chin or fat neck. Please comment with "Wit-woo", "Looking good", or "Gorgeous Hun".'

She couldn't give a monkey's chuff about awareness of buuuuutiful wimmin, and she just wants to air her go-to profile picture again, and see what sort of hideous manifestations her mates Lisa and Helen try to pass off as 'fit'.

If you're a woman: resist. Don't fall into the trap. Because if you've not been contacted with a 'Have you seen the state of Gemma's skin in that photo?' message, then, guaranteed, they're all talking about you.

Fathering

'Thanks for the nomination <inset name>. Post a picture that makes you feel proud to be a father. Tag 10 other fathers...'

What's the point of this one? Every parent's Facebook page is crammed full of photos of school projects that mum or dad did, and shit day trips out to somewhere the kids didn't want go to.

There must be more happening here.

Like, is Susan restricting your visits again Mike?

Or have those rumours resurfaced from when you were a scout leader?

If not, why the need to show what a great, top-notch dad you are?

'Thanks for the nomination <insert name>, here's a photo of our Toby in my underground dungeon. I nominate Fred West...'

Coaches

'Post a photo of you and the team you're coaching. Then nominate five other coaches or donate £20 to a local charity...'

I presume the charity in question is for retired, boring bastard coaches who have fuck-all else to talk about these days?

Yes Michelle, we know you're a gymnastics coach because you never stop talking about it. And yes, we know your daughter has won every fucking medal, certificate, trophy, and rosette in the whole wide world.

And yes Michelle, we know you ‘Love this mad bunch to bits’, and how you are ‘So proud of each and every one of them’.

But please, no more photos of eye-shadow wearing teens in leotards. Please. My Facebook feed is now full of them and I can’t even look on my phone or laptop without feeling like Dave Lee Travis.

Please go back to posting photos of your salad lunches.

Holidays

‘Summer’s almost here! Post a holiday photo to get us all in the mood, and tag five of your friends who love going on holiday...’

It’s always the people who can post a photo of a holiday to Sandals, or a round-the-world P&O cruise, or a lama-trekking expedition during a gap year in the Andes who take part.

Never the couple whose favourite holiday was a fortnight of naked foam-wrestling with a couple from Norwich at a swingers hotel in Crete, or the lad who spent five days watching African sex-shows, eating Space-Cakes and chewing his own face off in Amsterdam.

Pets

‘Thanks for the nomination <insert name>. I love my <insert pet type> and know my friends do too. Post a photo of your <insert pet type> and tag five <insert pet type> owners’

I don’t want to see any more photos of your pink-ribbon wearing dog, or your horrible fucking cat.

‘Here’s my dog Shagger, eating his own shit again. What a little scamp he is’

‘This is a photo of Trevor my gerbil. If I grease him enough, he’ll fit down a tube and up my arse easily. Aww. Look at his little face’

Life is good

‘Life is good. Post a photo and tag ten of your friends to do the same’

Roughly translated, this means ‘I’ve exhausted all the kids, holidays, pet, and sports photos, so I’m just going to rake through the shite that’s left and post a photo of a squirrel on my bird table that I took a few years ago. It got three likes then. Hoping for more this time.’

Beer

‘Thanks for the nomination <insert name>, I’d like to nominate <insert name>.

You have 24 hours to post a video of yourself downing a pint’

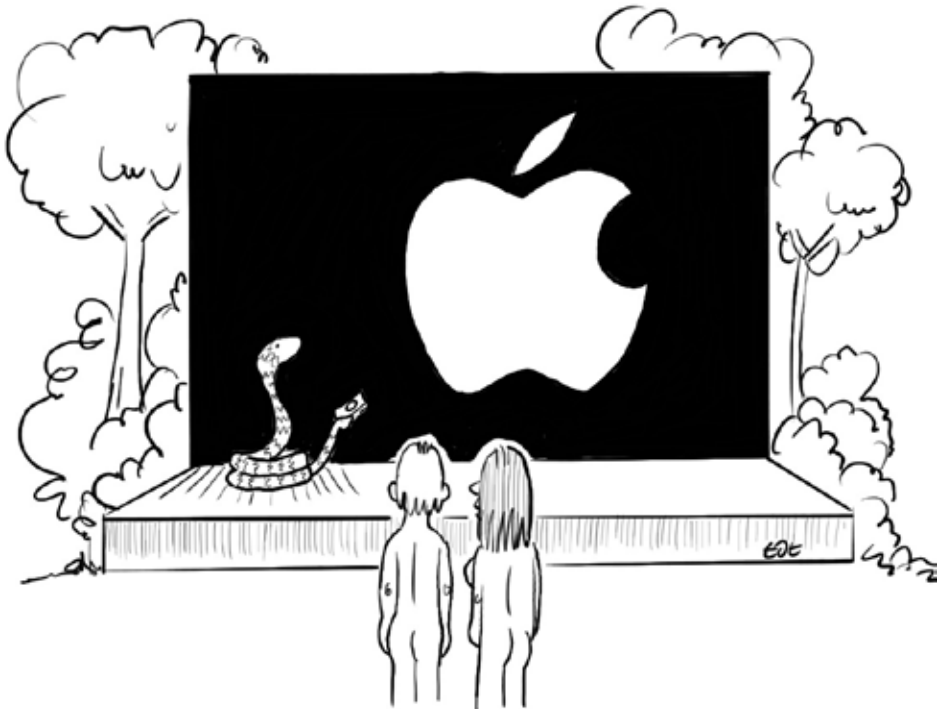
You’re a fat fucker Tony. You’re too fat to do the press-up thingy, and in fact, your

idea of exercise these days is a seventeen-stone deadlift of yourself off the bog each morning.

Your kids can't be arsed with you, you've no sporting past or present to boast of, you haven't left Wigan since 1984, so you're left with the only Facebook challenge you're up to: necking a pint of Carling.

And that's why your mates have nominated you: because, you're a fat fucker Tony.

- JonnyF



Adam, I'm tempted.

Isn't It Ironic?

Bought a house near the station
Don't know when I'll get a train again
Renewed my car insurance in March
Haven't driven it since then

Bought a season ticket at Christmas
Which I thought would be nice
Then they cancelled all the fixtures
After I watched them lose twice

Isn't it Ironic - don't you think?

It's like the strain almost every day
Of a massive work deadline
During the hottest ever May
And I finally accrue some savings
As work reduce my pay
Who would have thought? The friggers

I joined a gym and planned
To go everyday
Then the following week
It's daytime drinking and takeaway
Whinged about too many unexpected visitors
But since March I've had none
I got my first Sky Sports subscription
Now there's fuck all sport on

Isn't it Ironic - don't you think?

It's like the disdain that I felt everyday
With a stranger's cock pressed against my leg
On a packed morning train
I wanted to reach around
And inflict some pain
But now I'd ask if it got any bigger

Life has a funny way
Of kicking you in the arse
In the middle of May
When your mates are furloughed but for you there's no such luck

Life has a funny, funny way
Of saying to you 'Everything's okay'
When they're all tanned
And you're as white as fuck

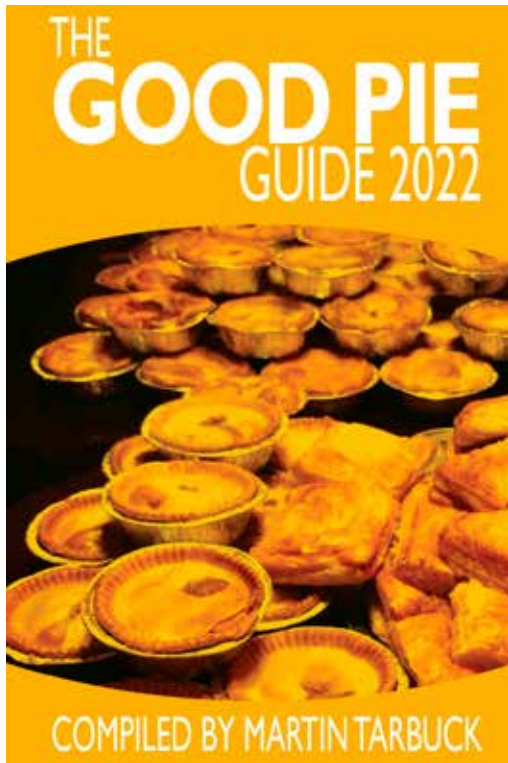
Always hated suburbia and all it entails
Now I'm shopping for pot plants and No More Nails
Never subscribed to domestia
But since lockdown, I said 'fuck it'
And now I've slowly been morphing into Hyacinth bastard Bucket

Isn't it ironic - don't you think?

It's like rain on the fucking day
That I'm finally off, and I want to sunbathe
For the rest of the week it's been hotter than Spain
But now of course...

Isn't it i-fucking-ronic

- Closet Latic



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