

BAKER AND KELLY UNITED 97/98 SEASON

The all virtual Baker and Kelly United show

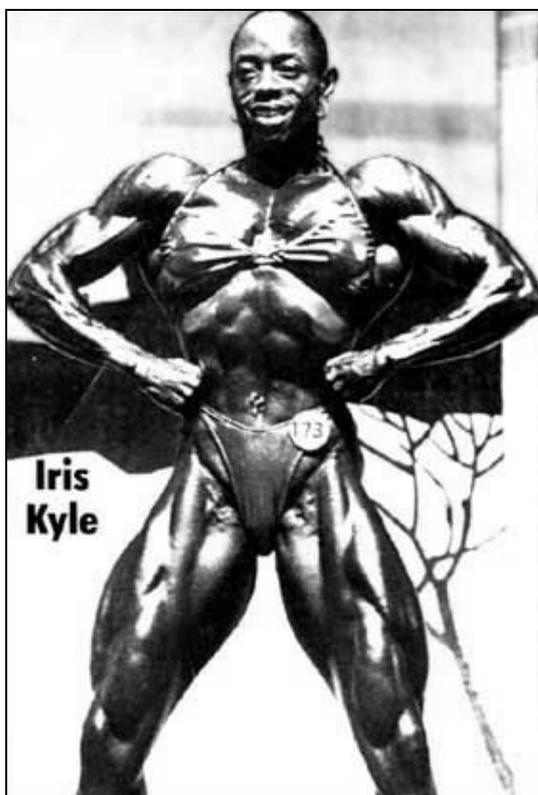


Peal of trumpets! Glare of spotlights! Welcome to Baker and Kelly United on the web! Yes, Talk Radio's top-rated football phone-in (on from 11.30 to 1pm and 5.30 to 7.30pm every Saturday on 1053 and 1089AM) is now gone virtual. Which means that all those of you who can't get through on the phone can relay your football experiences via the Net. It also allows you to post those pictures that normally get sent in to the show, that make Messrs Baker and Kelly laugh like drains... but no bugger else can see them! Here's this week's best stuff...



HARTSON DROWNS WELSH WORLD CUP SORROWS!

When we started our call for photos of footballers in advanced states of inebriation, little did we know that we'd be starting off with a Baker And Kelly/Football365 classic... So we are indebted to Paul Froggett of Luton for his astonishing picture of his friend, West Ham and Wales' John Hartson whacked out of his gourd at last year's Glastonbury festival. This "special rest" seems to have done the big man the power of good...



STRIKING STRIKER!

Sent in by Rod Davies of Llandrogan (pronounced Flan-dro-gan, the local team are nicknamed The Flans!) believes that he spotted the reason for Ian Wright's long absence from Arsenal's team in the pages of an American body building magazine. Seems the England World Cup hopeful has become... a woman... of sorts!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S THE INVASION OF THE EIGHTIES FOOTBALLERS!

And what have we here? Well, thanks to B&K listener and 365 reader Mark Reddish of Liverpool, we now know that in 1983, the good people at Rothmans decided that it would be a good idea to illustrate their round-up of the year with pen and ink drawings. Except they didn't bother to employ anyone who could actually draw! Hence these extraordinary images. Apparently inspired by Michael Jackson's Thriller video, these monstrous visions purport to represent the finest footballing talents of a generation. But just who are the scary quartet?



23 APRIL 98

SUPERSTITIONS

We asked people to phone to tell us about their football-related superstitions. L Lowry, a Sheffield Wednesday fan, manages to combine his (it could be a her, but read the pre-match ritual and it's clearly a bloke!) with one of our other current obsessions - footballers with breasts! "L" writes... "In the pre-match warm up I always watch the little mascot warm up with the team. If he scores past Big Boobs Pressman we will go on to win the game..." L Lowry

"ANY MORE PIE?"

Suppose we should explain this incredible, and incredibly popular, category, but 1) it's complicated and 2) we are extremely lazy men, and 3) we have to provide some sort of reward to those who listen to the show live on all-talking radio. Suffice to say we are still being inundated with "Any Mores...", some good, some bad, some worthy of the great Trevor Steeles himself... We're indebted to for this batch to Spanish Eddie, Matt M, North Bank Jim, Andy, Paul, and Ollie and we'll be publishing tons more as the days go by...

Tottenham Wing Wizard David Ginola... "Any more dives?"

Sir Winston Churchill... "Any more allies?"

Cilla Black... "Any more Surprise Surprise?"

Wendy Craig... "Any more Butterflies?"

Bonnie, the gangster... "Any more Clyde?"

Palace fans who think they're staying up... "Any more pigs might fly?"

Julius Caesar (the Roman geezer)... "Any more Ides?"

Matthew Kelly... "Any more Stars in their Eyes?"

Fairground coconut bloke... "Any more shy?"

ITV at the end of their World Cup coverage... "Any more Bri?"

Olive Oyl... "Any more Popeye?"

Bob Marley (who Danny (B) killed)... "Any more highs?"

Sandwich board bloke... "Any more End Is Nigh?"

Manchester United's title challenge... "Any more awry?"

Eric Morecombe... "Any more Wise?"

Action Man... "Any more Eagle Eyes?"

Fergie... "Any more thighs?"

Little children... "Any more beddy-byes?"

Paul Shane... "Any more Hi-de-hi?"

Salman Rushdie... "Any more hide?"

Tony Adams... "Any more offside?"

Tom Selleck... "Any more Magnum P. I.?"

Self assembly furniture without instructions... "Any more M. F. I.?"

A farmer... "Any more scythes?"

Another farmer... "Any more rye?"

The Jacksons... "Any more fives?"

George Graham to Dodgy Rune Hauge... "Any more bribes?"

Keep them coming, obviously.



ARSENAL IN WELL-HUNG PLAYER SHOCK!

No explanation needed. Just send us any headline that outlines incredible football stuff and we'll publish it. Thanks to Vicky McPhail of Renfrew for this sorry tale.

SEPARATED AT BIRTH



Send us your pictures of people you believe look like football folk... we'll set you on your way with this one: on the left, Italy's goalkeeper Gianluca Pagliuca; on the right, Football365's design guru "Rod" McLaren.

QUIZ ANSWERS:-

- Kevin Keegan
- Ian Rush
- Bryan Robson
- George Best

Send us your pictures, thoughts and knick-knacks, NOW!

Baker and Kelly United,
Talk Radio,
76 Oxford Street,
London,
W1N 0TR

or email us at bakerandkelly@football365.co.uk

ARM A NAG (GEDDIT?)

More utter laziness... Just feed football names into the anagram programme on your computer... Presto! Instant entertainment!...

Manchester United is an anagram of... Urine Detachments

David Ginola is an anagram of... Vagina Dildo

There must be millions of these. We must have them all! Get to it, techno folk...

FOOTBALL'S STRANGEST COLLECTIONS

Unsolicited, Andrew from Liverpool, clearly some kind of 20th Century genius, has sent us the first part of his new collection of... well, of catering related advertising from Goodison Park. This is the stuff!



Andrew wrote...

Everton win. Hurrah. Spurs for the drop!! This is an advertisement from the Everton catering division. There are hundreds of them adorning the Goodison walls and I intend to steal a new one each week. I am building a collection. The poster is huge so I have had to cut and paste, this has made it somewhat disjointed.

Andrew, Liverpool (Everton Forever)

Obviously, Andrew will be keeping us informed, and supplied with visuals, as his collection grows... Have you got something marvellous that you've got from a football ground? We really need to hear about it...

HIDDEN TRACKS

No big deal here. We just like CDs with hidden tracks (except The Stone Roses' rotten Second Coming and its ludicrous will-this-do? barrel organ rubbish thing)... We just want to know which ones have the incognito bits at the end.

Large Bloke from Cardiff (6' 4", freakishly tall and therefore too tall to qualify for the recent "oh, it's raining" game) says... "There's a hidden track on the World Party Album Bang!"

FOOTBALL JONAH

Am I the worlds biggest football Jonah? This is how it goes since moving to Liverpool... "In 95 I shared a flat with five Man Utd fans... result... they lost the FA Cup Final (& the Premiership). "In 96 I shared another flat with three Liverpool fans... result... they lost the FA Cup Final. "97 it was the turn of, yes you guessed, Middlesborough, but this time I really excelled myself, losing FA Cup, League Cup AND relegation. "Now for the best bit..... this year I am spreading it around. I'm sharing with a Man Utd fan (no league glory for them) and put a way those false moustaches you Geordie chaps, because My other flatmate is a Newcastle fan - inevitable FA Cup Final defeat? I have no doubts.

Gaz

PS: It's working against me too. I'm a Norwich fan.

"DO YOU WANT SOME?" HISTORICAL MYSTERY SOLVED

Dear Dannys

A couple of months ago you were wondering who was the ref who was miked up for a game on TV (the one where Tony Adams threatened someone with his war cry "do you want some?"). Well, Danny B, call yourself a Millwall fan? Because that's who it was, in the heady Div 1 days, vs Arsenal. "Quite a controversial game... noted most for the goal that wasn't allowed but should have been. Arsenal scored and the debate raged over whether the ball crossed the line, which it clearly did because (I think it was) Les Briley cleared it from the back of the the net! So far back, in fact, I think he got his foot caught in it...

"Arguments then ensued, led by, yes you've guessed it, Tony Adams. He called the ref a f****g cheat, to which the ref said "I might be a lot of things but I am not a cheat" in a ridiculous high pitched voice. The most hilarious thing was that the ref did not book Adams which you would not get away with on a Sunday morning. 'spect you're still wondering who said ref was. Well it was Fergies right hand man himself... David Ellerey.



FOOTBALLING LOOKALIKES

Andy G sent us this extraordinary separated-at-birth thing, complete with a very tortured joke about Wolves manager mark McGee that we couldn't be bothered to publish. Clearly, Andy, it's a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Anyone got anymore? Or what?

28 APRIL 98

BAKER AND KELLY - REACHING OUT TO THE WORLD...

We're always looking to communicate with the rest of the world in their own tongue, so we were particularly pleased to receive the following from Andy in Dorset...

Hello my presenters,

As an A-level German student with nothing better to do, I have translated a number of football chants into German for you. Enjoy!!

1)
Who ate all the pies?
Who ate all the pies?
You fat bastard, you fat bastard!
You ate all the pies

And in German...

Wer ass alle Torten?
Wer ass alle Torten?
Sie dicker Bastard, Sie dicker Bastard!
Sie assen alle Torten

2)
There's only one Mel Machin
He's fat and he's balding
Walking along
Singing a song
Walking in a Machin wonderland

And in German...

Es gibt nur ein Mel Machin
Er ist dick und er ist bald
Gehen mit
Singen eines Liedes
Gehen in einem Machin Wunderland

3)
Red army, red army, red army

And in German...

Rote Armee, rote Armee, rote Armee

4)
You're not singing
You're not singing
You're not singing anymore
Oh, you're not singing anymore

And in German...

Sie singen nicht
Sie singen nicht
Sie singen nicht mehr
Oh, Sie singen nicht mehr

5)
[one for Danny Kelly, I don't think]

Can you hear the Tottenham sing?
No, no.
Can you hear the Tottenham sing?
No, no.
Can you hear the Tottenham sing?
I can't hear a fucking thing!

And in German...

Können Sie hören, dass das Tottenham singt?
Nein, nein.
Können Sie hören, dass das Tottenham singt?
Nein, nein.
Können Sie hören, dass das Tottenham singt?
Ich kann ein ficken Dinge nicht hören!

6)
Sing when you're winning
You only sing when you're winning
Sing when you're winning
You only sing when you're winning

And in German...

Singen Sie, wenn Sie gewinnen
Sie singen nur, wenn Sie gewinnen
Singen Sie, wenn Sie gewinnen
Sie singen nur, wenn Sie gewinnen

7)
You're shit, and you know you are
You're shit, and you know you are
You're shit, and you know you are
You're shit, and you know you are

And in German...

Sie sind sheiss, und Sie wissen, dass Sie sind
Sie sind sheiss, und Sie wissen, dass Sie sind
Sie sind sheiss, und Sie wissen, dass Sie sind
Sie sind sheiss, und Sie wissen, dass Sie sind

(I wonder if they sing any of these at the Wankdorf which, incidentally, means village of staggerers!!)

ANY MORE "ANY MORE PIES?"...

Is this the best "any more pies" ever or what?

John Wark and David Mellor... "Any more comparing size?"

Some more:

E. T... "Any more "antennae?"
Pol Pot... "Any more dies?"
Inspector Clouseau... "Any more disguise?"
O. J. Simpson, any more alibis?

Sam Drury

Alex Ferguson... "Any more time?"
Spike Milligan... "Any more rhyme?"
Harry Ramsden... "Any more fries?"
Edmund Hillary... "Any more climb?"

From wigg-p@kcs. org. uk

A piece of tuna... "Any more brine?"
Country music fans... "Any more Cline?"
Huckleberry Hound... "Any more Clementine?"
A complete coward... "Any more spine?"
Speaker Betty Boothroyd... "Any more ayes?"

From Rohan - gunatillake-r@kcs. org. uk

Radiohead... "Anymore High & Dry?"
Stonewash Jeans... "Anymore Dye?"
November 5th ... "Anymore Pennies For The Guy?"

Cheers, keep up the good work
Mark, Matt & Nobby, Wiltshire

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON... IN THE VICINITY OF SOME MEN WITH THEIR BOOTS ON...

We didn't ask for this but we seem to have moved on to stories about people dying while watching football. This is good. Try to keep them sensitive, like our first correspondent, Andy, who begins his letter with a statement you don't hear every day...

"Dear Danny and Danny,
Just thought you might be interested in a story about me and how I killed and OAP at a football match... " Now, would we be interested in such a thing? Oh, go on then... "The Incident in question took place in 1991 when I was 13 in a game between my 'mid table team' Derby and Bristol Rovers. I used to sit at the Old Baseball Ground on the front row in the paddock area for two reasons...
1) you got more of an atmosphere sitting almost on the pitch
2) I was on Telly every game, which for a young child was very exciting...

"Anyway, where I used to sit there was an old woman whose son used to bring her to the games. She was a nice old lady, not a bit dotty. She was well aware of the players playing, though not always sure about the colour of the shirts and could often also be heard using language you wouldn't associate with someone with her age.

On the game in question, as was often the case at that time, the ball was hoofed up in a 'clearance' attempt by our defence. This shot the ball up into the air toward the touchline on the half-way line. As it came down, me being the kid who always thought he could be the next Peter Shilton, tried to catch the ball. However I am no Peter Leslie Shilton and the ball went through my hands like liver in a bucket of oil, bouncing and hitting the old lady on the head on the way up from hitting her on the knee on the way down. Quickly realising what had happened, I sat down and tried to make out it was not anything to do with me, and indeed everyone around thought nothing of this until I heard her say that she was 'in agony'. At this point I managed to get a stewards' attention and she was taken away by her son.

I didn't see her ever again at a Derby match. And four years later it was in the Derby programme that she had died. It was all my fault."

That's almost too sad, even for this site. But if you know of anyone who's died at a football match, or watching football, or if you yourself have died at a football match, and are now back thanks to the kind of reincarnation in which both Glenn Hoddle and Mrs Eileen Drewery (the ex-publican whose name rhymes with "Brewery"!) apparently believe, do drop us a line...

THE CURSE OF THE SIX-AND-A-HALF INCHERS!!

Everyone's heard about the Match Of The Day credits curse (you know, how many of the players featured in the opening title are both fit and playing well?) Well, I have discovered another curse which now threatens to destroy England's hopes of winning the World Cup.

I shall start the story a couple of weeks before the end of last season. I was wandering around the shops in town when I happened across some new football figures. Not the life size Dennis Wise figures at an inch tall, but the new 6½ inch "Soccer Stars" figures. They had been released that season and were only available for a couple of players from each of the big clubs. There was only one Manchester Utd player left, Eric Cantona, who was having an indifferent season at the time. However I decided to purchase the said item. It then took up its rightful place on my bedroom windowsill. That is when the effects of the curse began...

Within a fortnight of purchase, Eric Cantona retired. This was not to bad, I thought: because he was king, the figure would still be good.

Fast forward to a few weeks before the start of the new season... I was again out shopping to pass away the boredom until the new season started, when what did I spy in a shop but the new "Soccer Stars" figures? But now there was a wide range of figures from different clubs. As Roy Keane had been given the captaincy of the club I decided that there was space for him on the windowsill. Within the month he was out for the rest of the season. This second incident confirmed my worst fears. And I decided that I would never buy another of these obviously cursed figures. Unfortunately the story does not end there...

One night after a few drinks I discussed my curse theory with a friend who happens to be a Liverpool supporter. He then used this information against me by buying me a Peter Schmeichel and a Ryan Giggs figure for my birthday. I returned the favour by buying him a Robbie Fowler figure. It was after this season was finished that I realised that the curse was not limited to Man Utd but had wider consequences! Below is a list of the players available at the start of this season, and what has happened to them...

Eric Cantona - Retired
Roy Keane - Cruciate Ligament
Ryan Giggs - Hamstring problems at important part of season
Peter Schmeichel - Worst season of career
Alan Shearer - Missed half season with ankle injury
Robbie Fowler - Cruciate Ligament
Tino Asprilla, Les Ferdinand - Changed club and injured
*Darren Anderton - Played 4 games this season
Ian Wright - Not Played since Christmas
Patric Berger - Not Played ... ever
David Seaman - Broken fingers and crashed car
*Gazza - Many different problems

The following have played, but not well...

Sol Campbell
Teddy Sheringham
Ole Solskjaer

The following are unaffected.... as yet...

Dennis Berkamp
David Beckham
Steve McManaman

* May not be solely to do with curse

That is a complete listing of all the models I have seen available. Only three out of 19 unaffected. This company must be stopped before any more damage is done.

P. S: If anybody knows where I could purchase a Teddy Sheringham model from I would be very grateful.

Man Utd Fan (original email lost, please re-mail so we can get your real name)

BENEATH THE VOLCANO... AND TRANMERE

Dear Dannii

Football In Obscure places...

I was on holiday in Malta the other week and decided to take a day trip to Sicily. Not a wise choice but anyway part of the trip entailed a visit to Mount Etna. As you would expect at tourist venues of this sort there were about a dozen souvenir shops all selling the usual tat. Many of them had for sale a number of football shirts and related memorabilia. One shop especially took my eye. There nestling in the midst of the expected shirts of the Italian giants, AC Milan, Inter Juve and Lazio was an Oldham Athletic shirt dating from the Joe Royle era.

I have two questions: how and why?

Another example of the corporatisation of football. Sunderland recently played Tranmere at Prenton Park. On the electronic noticeboard there flashed regularly throughout the match a warning - only flags bought at the official club shop could be brought into the grounds. Allowing only food purchased within the ground to be consumed on the premises is one thing, but this is corporate greed of a more pernicious nature.

Keep up the good work - you're the best thing on radio.
Keith Jeffrey Huddersfield

Actually Keith, the recent short-list for the Sony Prizes, the Oscars of radio, show that, in the opinion of the radio establishment, we are very far from being "the best thing on radio", as you so kindly suggest. Indeed, we are not even on the shortlist for Best Radio Phone-In. For your info, the nominations are...

6-0-6 With David Mellor (BBC Radio Five Live)
The Armchair Fisherman (BBC Radio Four)
Rambling With Rodway: The Walk And Talk Show (Radio Kirklees)
No Punches Pulled (with Lorraine Chase and Keith Chegwin) (Radio Mersey)

TREVOR STEELES RESTS EASY IN HIS BED...

"Jokes"

Why will Liverpool never win the league?
Because they keep scoring Owen goals.

Why will Peter Beardsley never play in Scotland?
Because he's afraid of the Bells (Scottish Premier).

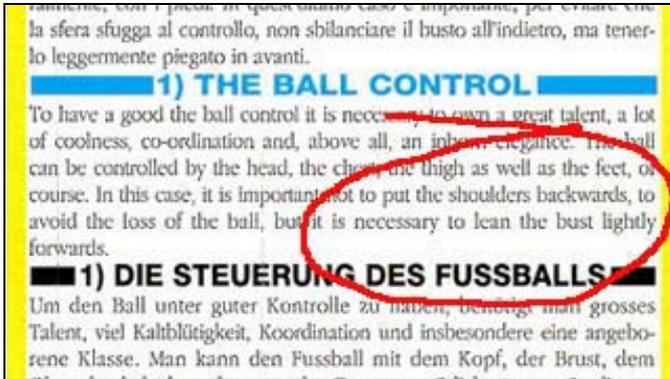
From Sam

FOOTBALLERS WITH BREASTS... SLIGHT RETURN (1)

Danny/Danny

After buying a 'Match France98 Lucky Bag' last Saturday, I was disappointed to find it contained, only an A4 sized badly printed (double vision) wall chart, a small flat strip of Formica (bubble gum) and a paper packet containing a game of football caps. It was whilst reading the instructions for the latter that I noticed a reference to footballers with breasts. Please read the instructions on the attached picture of the card.

Love the show, John Newcombe



FOOTBALLERS WITH BREASTS... SLIGHT RETURN (2)

Hi!

This e-mail combines a couple of your topics, namely John Hartson's breasts and the fact that West Ham have no kit sponsor. "This made me think that it would be a good idea that every West Ham player should have an individual sponsor on their kit, and I have now found a photo (included with this e-mail) of John Hartson modelling his individually sponsored West Ham shirt. I hope you like it!



ANDREW HANLEY, Dorset

PS: John Hartson filling his bra with toilet roll... "Any more ply?"

IT'S GRIMSBY, UP NORTH...

I would like to nominate Grimsby Town as the meanest club in the country. Last season I went to Grimsby's last game of the season - at home to Southend. The game and the result was immaterial compared to what I had experienced and witnessed at the tea bar at half time and after the game. "At half time I went to the tea bar to get myself a hot dog. When I asked for onions on my hot-dog the woman behind the counter pointed at dispenser on the counter. It was a dried onion dispenser! You had to turn a handle and out fell a sprinkling of dried onions!! I mean, who's ever heard of dried onions on a hot dog. However, even meaner was to come. At the end of the game, my girlfriend went to ladies which was opposite the entrance to the players dressing room and lounge. As I waited for her return, I noticed a couple of the Southend players come out of the Visitors changing room and head for the players lounge. I didn't think anything of this until I heard the steward at the players' lounge door asking for an entrance fee to the lounge!! The reply I heard from one of the Southend players was "but I haven't got any change!

Now I know times are hard for Grimsby especially since they were relegated that day but to charge the visiting players and entrance fee to the Grimsby Town Players lounge??!!

Cheers "Charlie"

15 MAY 98

AN APOLOGY... AND A JOB OPPORTUNITY

First of all, an apology. We know that this site hasn't been updated for what seems an eternity, maybe even ein thousand jares, but we have been simply inundated with emails. So much so, that we can't keep up with it. If anyone wants to become our web person, we need to hear from them. The successful applicant will fulfil the following criteria...

1. They will understand all aspects of the show (this has a double advantage; they'll be good at sorting out all the stuff sent to the web site, and they'll be able to tell the two Dannys what it's all about at the same time).

2. They will want to help us keep this site up to date and funny by pulling out all the best stuff from the mountains of Low Grade Entertainment we receive.

3. They must be prepared to do this onerous task for frankly paltry expenses, at least initially, because Danny B has spent all of his vast personal fortune on financing an experimental new kind of car, powered entirely by the gasses collected in obscure corners of public houses at closing time, and Danny K paid for Talk Radio's World Cup flannels out of his own pocket. If you're interested in being that person, who will receive the title Grand Cyclops Of The Baker And Kelly Pages, please contact us at bakerandkelly@football365.co.uk - Thanks.

AHOY-HOY!! ANY MORE SPIES?

Dear Dans,

Be careful, spies may be amongst you.

I know the BBC are desperately trying to compete with you, but little did I know that they would stoop so low as to nick material off of your own web site.

There I was Wednesday night, after listening to their commentary on the Arsenal match, when some football phone-in or other came on afterwards. I left it on while I finished what I was doing when I heard the most astonishing thing - someone had supposedly sent them a letter, which couldn't be read out, and what should it be but the anagrams of David Ginola and Bruce Grobbelaar that are on your website. Having just picked my way through it that day, I identified the crime immediately.

Dean J.

JAAP STAM TO THROW OFF HIS MENTAL CHAINS!!

Dear D&D,

Didn't Manchester United's new defensive dynamo Jaap Stam used to be Howard Jones' eccentric dancer?

Othniel Smith, Cardiff

SHOPPING WITH THE MISSUS (A BIT LIKE DAVID PLATT)

On Saturdays after Millwall home games I go with the missus to M&S where she does her staff shopping, this takes from 6.00pm to about 7.15pm so I get uninterrupted airplay of your show while sitting in the car waiting for her... then we drive home from Moorgate to Beckton, I always avoid the Limehouse link so I don't miss any of the show...

Anyway... while sitting at the lights at Limehouse, Any More Pies came on... My wife has not got a clue what it is all about... I was creating up, tears in my eyes punching the steering wheel etc (it's hearing Baker laughing so much that sets me off) I look round to see the driver of the car next to me staring at me as if I were mental!!

Maybe I am, but I thought it was Brilliant again. Maybe you should bring out a car sticker "Any More Pies"

Look forward to Saturday

Steve Alison

No, of course we won't be doing car stickers Steve. It's already enough that people everywhere are ankle-deep in Baker and Kelly tea towels, the oven gloves having run out around Christmas. No, the real reason for printing your letter is to throw the tiffar aloft in celebration of the Limehouse Link. For those of you unfamiliar with the carriageways of east London, the Limehouse link is a largely underground road built about five years ago to try and prevent the A13 grinding to a halt. Three things must ye know about the Link...

1. the statuary that covers the western entrance of the tunnel is among the most unattractive in Europe... metal gulls that look like they've been disturbed and scattered by the sudden appearance of John Hartson;
2. From the inside, the tunnel is just like the launch tube from Battlestar Galactica;
3. Best of all, the Link is the most expensive piece of road ever constructed, anywhere on God's green earth. The road, much of it built by relatives of Danny K, cost one million of your English pounds per yard !! The only thing in Christendom know to cost more is Gordon Taylor in his role as head of the PFA.

WORLD CUP BROCCOLI (PART 378)

Did you know that Sainsbury's farm assured quality raw minced beef carries a sticker that says "ideal football feast". Yum Yum.

From Alex Smith in Plymouth

WORLD CUP BROCCOLI (PART 379)

WORLD CUP MADNESS
hits ALPEN WINDOWS

Our Managing Director, Kevin Tindall is so carried away by England's success in reaching the World Cup Finals, he's promised that ...

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FOOTBALLERS IN THE PUB VERY VERY SOON AFTER THE MATCH

Well hello there Mr. Danny's

After listening to your radio show last week, I feel that I can beat the tale of the Tranmere player who was in the pub 10 minutes after the final whistle. During the university holidays, I work behind the bar at my club, Kidderminster Harriers. On one Wednesday evening during about three weeks ago I was working at a midweek cup game. At full time the score was one each and so extra time was played. About 10 minutes before full time one of Kidderminster's strikers, who had been playing, Kim Casey (a veritable legend in his youth-now about 35) came in and ordered a pint, had a sip and then went back out to watch the final 5 minutes leaving his beverage waiting for him so he wouldn't have to wait and queue when the match finished. I feel that this comfortably beats that Tranny amateur by at least 20 minutes.

Lots of love & kisses,

Jon Hall

PIES

Invertebrate animal to God - any more pines?
Max Graves - Any more By?
Tom Jones - Any more Why why why?
Mathematicians - Any more Pi?
More Mathematicians - Any more Radii?
Jeff Goldblum - Any more Fly?
Surviving Beatles - Any more Lucy in the Sky?
Mad magazine readers - Any more Spy vs Spy? World Cup Gazza - Any more Wye Aye?
Gremlins - Any more Mogwai?
Homer Simpson - Any more Floorpie?
The Family Stone - Any more Sly?
Hungry Spiders - Any more Jeff Goldblum?

Martin Whelan
Dublin.

Ahoyhoy Boys,
By the way, this whole pie thing's starting to get a bit embarrassing: I went home for the big Easter dinner with the family and old family friends etc, and my mother made the mistake of asking if anyone wanted... "Any more pie?". My sister and I ended up having to leave the room to compose ourselves. She still hasn't quite appreciated the whole joy of the Trevor Steele phenomenon though (".. but that isn't actually funny... " etc).

Regards, Your Emailer,

Emma

3. 14159265358979323846264338327950288419716
93993751058209749445923078164 0628620899862
803482534211707: Any more pi?

God, maths departments are soul destroying.

Gareth Owen
Dept. Of Maths.
Manchester University.

Dear Dannels
Whilst whiling away a bored hour or three, we came up with the following 'any more pie?' jokes.

Yul Brynner - any more King and I?
David Mellor - any more size? (and John Wark for that matter)
Pigs - any more sty?
Adolf Hitler - any more Heil?
Adolf Hitler - any more testi?
B&Q - any more DIY?
Grim Reaper - any more scythe?
King Harold - any more one in the eye?
Monica Seles - any more knives?
Ian Hislop - any more Private Eye?
Mr and Mrs Fawkes - any more Guy?
Angle - any more tri?
Peterborough Utd. - any more Barry Fry?
Dani Behr - any more guys?
Joan of Arc - any more fry?
Elvis - any more fries?

Arthur C Clarke - any more Thais?
Roberto Carlos - any more thigh?
Marc Almond - any more guys?
Marc Overmars - any more guys?
Alex Ferguson - any more whine?
Tony Adams - any more dry?
US Army - any more GIs?
Big Ben - any more chime?
World War 2 films - any more Ernest Borgnine?
Cheese - any more chives?
Deaf people - any more sign?
Pacific Ocean - any more brine?
Poets - any more rhyme?
Misers - any more mine?
Marcel Marceau - any more mime?
Conifers - any more pine?
22 divided by 7 - any more pi?
Circles - any more radii?
Wimbledon FC - any more Stuart Castledine?
Peter Beardsley's face - any more fine?
Germany - any more Rhine?
Turkish football - any more Galatasaray?
JR Hartley - any more fly?
nosy neighbours - any more pry?
Fat bastard - any more dine?
Grapes - any more vine?
Hugh Grant - any more Divine?
God - any more divine?
Sun - any more shine?
Hue - any more Cry?
End of the world - any more nigh?
Egotists - any more I?
Gazza - any more fog on the Tyne?
Gordon's gin - any more dry?
Henry VIII - any more brides?
Boy racer - any more XR3i?
KGB - any more spy?
Ken Hom - any more stir fry?
Preparation H - any more piles?
David James/ Mark Draper - any more hair dye?
Franken - any more stein?
Reason - any more rhyme Ben How

Dear Dan and Dan,
over the last few weeks i've noticed the formation of some kind of
bandwagon, and i feel that now is the time to hop-aboard:

Michelin Man - any more tyres?
Shannon Tweed - any more sigh?
Channel 4 - any more "Pork Pie"?
Bob Marley (R. I. P.) - some woman; any cry?
David Mellor - any more Hiiiiiiiiiiii?
Peterborough United - any more Fry?
Besandwich-boarded doom-merchant - any more nigh?
Tabloid press - any more Di?
"All the young dudes" - any more Kookai?
Ming the merciless - any more Sire?
Mark Morrison - any more time?
Belittling types - any more trivialise?
Graeme Scumbag Lasso - any more me, myself and I?
Gordon Taylor - any more salary(!)?
People down Martin's street (king of broadcasting) - any more Sky?
Mark Draper - any more peroxide?
Satan - any more flies?
Spice Girls - any more trite?
Number 3 - any more prime?
Andy Bell - any more Ride?
Vanessa Feltz - any more wide?
Ian Fleming - any more spy?
Your old (brilliant) Radio 1 show - any more Clive?
U-boats - any more dive?
Very repetitive criminal - any more "modus operandi"?
Silent street performer - any more mime?
Mike Walker - any more skip-hire?
Ole Gunnar Solskjaer - any more school choir?

Please could you send me a Talk Radio tea-towel? (60 HIGH STREET,
HEIGHINGTON, LINCOLN, LN4 1JS).

Thanks a lot, your show's great and 365 rules!

DER DEUTSCHE PIES

Dear Danny and Danny, Here are my submissions for the any more pies
category. Also included is a German translation for each. I am a lower
sixth German A-level student, and if you ever need anything to do with
the German language, just let me know. I could even be your resident
German speaker, if you needed one.

Cyclops- any more eyes?
gibt es noch mehr Augen?
McDonalds staff- any more fries?
gibt es noch mehr Pommes Frites?
King Henry VIII- any more wives?
gibt es noch mehr Frauen?
Customs officers- any more excise?
gibt es noch mehr Verbrauchssteuer?
Jürgen Klinsmann- any more dives?
gibt es noch mehr Kopfsprünge?
MI5- any more spies?
gibt es noch mehr Spione?

Yours, Stephen Edmonds

DER, ERM, POLISH PIES ('EI' AND 'AJ' ARE, APPARENTLY PRONOUNCED "EYE" IN POLISH. OTHERWISE THIS WON'T WORK)

And now, some Polish ones...

Kury - wiecej jaj? (translated = chicken - any more eggs?)
Rok - wiecej Maj? (year - any more May?)
Pan Bog - wiecej Raj? (God - any more heaven?)
Piotr Nowak - wiecej graj? (Piotr Nowak - any more play?)
Andrzej Juskowiak - wiecej sie staraj? (Andrzej Juskowiak - any more
try?)
Deszcz - wiecej laj? (rain - any more pour?)
Polska - wiecej piekny kraj? (Poland - any more beautiful country?)

Apologies if any of these have already been broadcast, or are crap, but
we think that we are both witty and original.

Yours Marek Citko and Marco "the original pie-eater" Gabbiadini

PIES (EARLY SEVENTIES SOUL)

Marvin Gaye: Any more flying high?
Marvin Gaye: Any more friendly sky?
Curtis Mayfield: Any more SuperFly?
The Family Stone: Any more Sly?

From Jonny Boy

A SINGLE ANAGRAM

Teddy Sheringham - He'd shag dirty men

From Marc in Kent

POSH!!

Dear Danny's

Last year, at Charlton vs Oxford in the 1st division, my cousin (an oxford
fan) heard another Oxford fan shout out "Oh come on Oxford stop
playing so Blasé"

Bye

William Vaughan

P. S. I saw on your site that you called a man who was 6'4" abnormally
tall, well I am 6'5" and to me he is a dwarf. By the way it has just
started raining.



WHERE ARE THEY NOW? JEFF ASTLE

West Bromwich Albion and England His Vocation Is Cleaning, He Hates Pies, But Admits To A Liking For 'Various Functions'

Jeff Astle was born on May 13, 1942 and signed as a professional with Notts County in October of 1959. After making 103 appearances for the East Midlands club he moved to West Brom in September of 1964, where he made his name as an instinctive striker. In nine years at the Hawthorns, he netted 137 goals in 290 league appearances and became an England international in the process. Unfortunately, he had been remembered for missing a sitter in England's crucial game against Brazil in the 1970 World Cup in Mexico, until Baggies fan Frank Skinner coaxed Astle away from his window-cleaning business to appear on the football comedy show Fantasy Football. Now he's most famous for having been castigated on Talk Radio's Baker And Kelly United for turning up to a function as an after-dinner speaker and only stopping eating to ask: 'Any more pie?'

All this stuff about pies is totally untrue. I hate pies. I never eat pies. I don't care what's in 'em, I just don't like them. Someone's been telling porkies. The truth is that I did attend an event at The Hawthorns one evening and I hadn't eaten a thing since I'd left home at the crack of dawn that morning, I hadn't had the time. So, when I sat down to relax at this event I had a sandwich or two. Or three or four. Or perhaps even five or six. But no pies. Definitely no pies. I didn't just sit there eating all night either. I did my share of the talking, I always do.

There's also another rumour going round that my wife Lorraine nicked someone's prize draw ticket and won. That's not true, either. A long-standing West Brom fan asked us if we would help celebrate his birthday by joining his party for a meal at the Hawthorns, arranged to coincide with a home game. During the time there, someone came round selling draw tickets. He bought some and gave a couple to Lorraine. She didn't really want them and she left them on the table. When we were about to leave the table, he told her not to forget the tickets and to put them in her bag. She put them in her bag and then forgot about them. When the draw was made our host looked at his tickets and realised that he was one number out. He told Lorraine to look at hers and sure enough she had a winner worth about £750. She tried to give it back to him, but he insisted that it was hers so she had to go onto the pitch and collect the prize. When it was later mentioned on radio that she had made off with someone's winning ticket she was furious, and so was our host. Hopefully that's cleared that up.

He remains a Baggies fan and rarely misses one of the supporters' club events - especially if there's any free food going.

1 JUNE 98

HERE BEGINS A NEW ERA

THE GRAND CYCLOPS HAS ARRIVED Welcome one and all. This is you're Grand Cyclops speaking. I'd like to start my reign by announcing my intention to update this page twice weekly!

Anyway, My Surfers, please keep the e-mails flowing and enjoy the site.

SCOUTING

Dear bhoys,
I was listening to your show on Saturday when the guy who was pretending to be a Standard Liege scout was on. It reminded me of something that happened just over 2 years ago. I used to work for Celtic pools as a canvasser. One spring Sunday lunchtime myself and another canvasser, Willie Tennant were going to canvass in the barmulloch area of Glasgow. It was slightly early so when we got there we stopped and decided to kill some time by watching a game of football that was going on. It was I would say a game between probably under 12s or 13s. It was quite a good game, but after about 5 minutes the ball went out for a shy and one of the players asked coach "who are they watching" and glanced over at us. The coach replied "I don't know but it could be you". We were mystified until it dawned on us. Let me explain the Celtic pools uniform consists of club blazer, trousers, shirt and tie. To cap it all as true tims we were wearing umbro manager jackets. Meanwhile on the pitch 22 players had suddenly decided to forget all about teamwork and went for glory. 30 yard shots, attempting to dribble by an entire team, you name it. We then decided to milk it. Pointing to players, nodding our heads in an approving manner. It was great to see. When we left we wondered if they told their dads that a scout from celtic was watching them that day.

John Allison Glasgow

NAMES THAT ARE GREAT TO SAY

A few weeks back you had lists of names that are great to say.

Here's a World cup XI to listen out for in the Summer

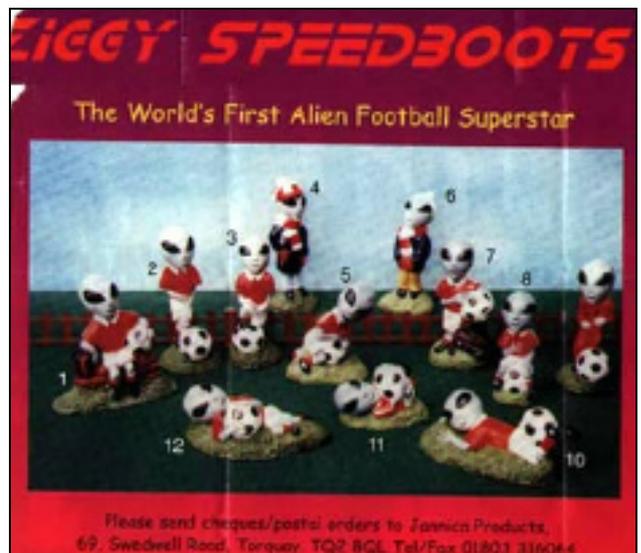
Erik Boye (Denmark)
Rigobert Song (Cameroon)
Pablo Paz (Paraguay)
Francisco Arce (Paraguay)
Bart de Roover (Belgium)
Joseph-Desire Job (Cameroon)
Freddy Rincon (Colombia)
Georgi Donkov (Bulgaria)
Fredri Bobic (Germany)
Uche Okechukwu (Nigeria)
and Nino Bule (Croatia)

and of course the manager is... S. Korea's Cha Bum Kun

I've been John Edwards from Wrexham. Good night.

ZIGGY SPEEDBOOTS AND THE CASH-IN FROM MARS

Don't ask me where this came from, but I guess it was inevitable.



DEATH AT FOOTBALL

Hi Danny & Danny

I was listening to the show this morning and someone phoned up about a bloke dying at a Portsmouth game... well I can beat that! I was watching a FA cup second round replay about 4 years ago (Bristol Rovers v. Luton Town) and two fans died of heart attacks just before kick-off, delaying the start of the match by 10 minutes. They were lucky really, because it was a terrible game.

Steve Gregory

END OF SEASON SHENANIGANS

Dear Dannels,

At this time of year, talk inevitably turns to teams (not like Cov) lying down to help another (not like Eve) out of a spot of bother. However any such tale of dubious integrity is small beer compared to the goings on in the Irish league at the end of the 94/95 season. Let me paint the picture for you. In the summer of 1993 it was decided to split the 16 Irish league teams into 2 divisions of 8. (N. Ireland being at this stage the only country in the known world with no promotion and relegation between it's top 4 leagues). To effect the split, it was decided that the 8 teams with the best combined places (i.e. 6th + 8th is better than 15th +1st) over the next 2 seasons would qualify for the new "premiership". Everyone was happy with this and the clubs voted it in. However as the end of the second season approached, the realisation dawned that the IFA (Irish Farce Association) had got themselves into another fine mess. With one match left the situation was this. 7 places in the premiership were decided. The last one was between Coleraine (10th +6th), and Bangor (6th +10th). If this status quo remained, Coleraine would get the place, having got more points over the 2 seasons. For Bangor, it appeared the game was up. They were 5 points behind the team in front, so they couldn't improve. Their only hope was for Coleraine to slip up on the last day, and the team behind them (Ards) to win. As luck would have it the fixture list placed Bangor's fate back into their own hands by pairing them with Ards on the last day. Cue the most ridiculous game of football ever. Bangor (desperate to loose to stay up) against Ards (Bangor's bitter rivals, desperate to loose to send Bangor down). It was a hard fought battle, but in the end Bangor's determination shone through and they lost 0-2. Sure enough, Coleraine slipped up, letting Ards get ahead of them, and letting Bangor into the premiership. Just to rub salt in the wound the whole 2 tier system had

been Coleraine's idea and had the split been decided on points, instead of places, they would have had the 5th best record. Since that black day, justice has been done. Coleraine gained promotion at the first attempt by 22 points, and qualified for Europe the next season. Bangor, however were relegated at the first attempt, never to be seen again. This is only one in an endless string of IFA cock ups. I'm sure there is a video to be made out of it, Mr. Baker. Unfortunately the IFA only pay in peanuts.

Regards Glen Richardson

RIVALRY, WHAT RIVALRY?

(AKA, What Amanda DeCadinet saw)



FANCY A GAME OF CARDS?

90 Minutes Magazine, we thank you.





6 JUNE 98

THE DAY ARSENAL SAVED MY LIFE (NOT BY NICK HORNBY OR PAUL MERSON)

Dear Danny's,
I see that your doing a deaths at football matches item, and felt I had to tell you about the time that Arsenal saved my life: I'm not JUST In the Autumn of 1991, I went inter-railing for a month. During the first week I went to Vienna, arriving at 7am and spending about 15 hours walking around trying to find anywhere to stay - every hostel or hotel being fully booked. Deciding to take an overnight sleeper, I spotted a MacDonald's on the walk to the station, and was amazed to see it was packed with Arsenal fans. Having not seen the European Cup draw, I did not realise that the Arse were in town, with the effect that no-one wanted a scruffy Englander who could be a football hooligan staying in their hotel. So I left town, vowing to try and get to Arsenal's next away match. Some weeks later I was in Nice, and got chatting to an American girl on the beach. She was heading for Paris on that evening's train. We ended up going for some food, and were getting on fine. I was heading in no particular direction, and was contemplating the option of Paris. On the way to the railway station, I bought an English newspaper, and saw that Arsenal were playing the next round against Benfica five days later. that... Tough choice: the girl or the match. So I went to Lisbon, she went to Paris, and her train ended up with another train sitting on top of it, with about 20 people dead. I don't know whether or not she survived, but all the casualties were apparently in the buffet carriage, where any self respecting English traveller drinks away three-quarters of any long-distance journey.

To Arsenal I owe my life!

Matthew Campbell

Stevenage

The Arse just can't seem to do anything wrong since the good Herr Doktor Wenger took speccy control. And on the other hand - big deal! Surely dozens of B&K folk have had their lives saved by the great game. You really need to email or write and tell us about The Day Bradford park Avenue Saved My Life!

**"MY MUM'S MAD!"...
THE RETURN OF OUR VERY FAVOURITE CATEGORY**

Dear Danny and Danny,
Just a quick note to let you know of my mum Pat Carabine (size five foot in her heyday, now aged 67, probably about 4 foot 10). My brother, Hugh, (a keen football player in his youth generally fancied himself as England's home grown George Best until he discovered girl friends at about age 17) used to play for Manchester Boys in the mid 70's. My mum used to go to every match with him. One match (a cup final of some sort or another - sorry can't remember the exact details) my brother was playing absolutely crap (aged 11) and my mum was getting more and more frustrated until she charged down the length of the touchline and started screaming at the manager of the said Manchester Boys, "GET HIM OFF, TAKE HIM OFF HE'S PLAYING BLOODY RUBBISH."

Now I ask you, where does team loyalties end and family loyalties begin? Actually thinking about it I now wonder whether my brother's football career was not cut short by the onset of hormones and delights in the female flesh, but rather by the high standards set for him by my dear old ma.

She's still a staunch United fan, still an honest woman, still prepared to tell it like it is, even at the expense of crushing a young child's dream of making it to the big time.

(Incidentally, the manager took no notice of the screaming midget harridan and kept the young Carabine on).

I love the shows. My brother-in-law tapes them all so, if I miss one on the day, I can catch up.

Best wishes

Trish Carabine

We, of course, never tire of tales of insane relatives, particularly when they're written by ladies whose names are very similar to those of guns. Is your dad loco? Or is your name adjacent to that of a firearm? We need to hear from you.

ACTUNG!! GOTT IN HIMMELL!! ICI LE TRANSLATION DE LES TROIS LIONS... C'EST UN PEU MAGNIFIQUE!!

Hello boys,
Inspired by Andy from Dorset's translation into German of popular chants, I thought it might not be such a bad idea to translate the "unofficial" "World" "Cup" "anthem", "Three Lions" into French, so we can sing it at the Stade Du Billet-Allocation-Fracas in a month or so's time. Possessing no discernible grasp of the Gaelic tongue, however, I put my PC and Internet connection to good use at <http://babelfish.altavista.digital.com/cgi-bin/translate?>, a nifty service which will translate anything into its rough foreign equivalent. What's even more fun is translating the resultant French back into English to see exactly what it is you'd be singing. I'd have done "On Top Of The World" but who knows the lyrics? No one round here... So... Trois Lions (from England to France and back again)

(refrain) It comes to the house, it is to come from next... come football... So many jokes, thus much of tears,

But all these the " Oh thus approach " reduce to you during years. But I point out this implements by Moore and when marked Linekar

Police officer girdling the ball And dancing Nobby. (chorus) Three lions on a shirt, Jules Rimet always shining.

Thirty years of evil, not ever stopped dreaming me...

(couldn't remember the rest, try it for yourself)

Cheerio

Steve (Everton fan, relieved)

All interminglings and intermanglings of English and the "other" languages are welcomed. Alles ist gut, n'est pas mi amigos?

SEAMAN STAINES, MASTER BATES AND ALL THAT TV CARRY ON...

After listening to your show I casually turned on the TV. As my daughter had been watching Nickelodeon the satellite was tuned to channel 46 which had mutated into the Comedy Channel. Mork and Mindy were on in an episode entitled 'To Tell the Truth'. The plot revolved around the landlord of the music shop trying to evict Mindy's Dad. The landlord's name was Arnold Wanker and his wife was called Annie. Hence the villain and his wife were both called A Wanker. Do I feel the hand of an ex-patriot Brit on the writing team? Even Paramount's Teletext recognised that there was a problem and claimed the W word didn't mean what we all know it means over here. A bit like the episode in Charlie's Angels where one of the girls is sent undercover in a Nunnery and in the final scenes where the rest of 'the gang' rush to her rescue find there way blocked by a herd of sheep. The immortal line 'Get the flock out of here' was uttered by the male leader of the girls. Forget Godfather, forget Deer Hunter.. that must be the best TV/movie line ever. This may not have much to do with football, but then it is the end of the season.

Simon Rooke

Baker And Kelly welcomes all kinds of stuff about TV, film and other Good Stuff. As for "forget The Godfather", we say just this...

DANNY BAKER ADDRESSES SOME BUM FROM THE NATIONAL PRESS:

"I understand. You found paradise in Wapping, had a good trade, made a good living. The police protected you; and there were courts of law. And you didn't need a friend of me. But uh, now you come to me and you say - "Fabio... give me justice. "... But you don't ask with respect. You don't offer friendship. You don't even think to call me Godfather. Instead, you come into my house on the day Paul Gascoigne is left out of the England squad, and you, uh, ask me to do murder... for money."

HE'S ALSO A PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLER:

1963

Keeping busy

BUD HOUGHTON, the Oxford United inside-right, will have a busy close season. During the freeze-up he started a window-cleaning business with Ron Atkinson, the Oxford right-half.

It proved a success and during the summer they will have more time to develop their side-line.

Houghton and Atkinson will even take their holiday together. They have planned to tour France by car with their families in July, and hope to stay in the Cannes district for a time.

If you know what any business that professional footballers do on the side, we want to know!

HEROIC DRUNKENNESS

Here's a fantastic little snippet of F. A. Cup history for you from the 1964/65 season. It's from a match between Wigan Athletic and Doncaster Rovers. Harry Lyon ended the season with 66 goals. "The game began with immediately thrilling end to end play with Latics looking the more dangerous team. Then in the 19th Minute, disaster, Harry was carried from the field on a stretcher with badly torn ankle ligaments in his left foot

Latics fought on while Doncaster slowly asserted their extra man Fifteen minutes after being carried off, Lyon came hobbling back on much fortified by pain killers and a quarter bottle of whisky and with his left foot giving a passable imitation of "the revenge of the mummy".

All 7,113 spectators stared in stunned amazement, who had rolled away the stone?

Minutes later it was Doncaster who looked stunned. The incredible "Lyon Heart" had headed Latics into the lead. Shortly afterwards Lyon smashed a second goal over the goalkeeper into the roof of the net with his injured left foot. He then proceeded to grab his hat trick with another header and although Doncaster got a late goal through Ogden, it was Harry Lyon's game. Comic books everywhere were fighting for his signature.

Unfortunately Lyon could not do it every time."

Philip Hewitt.

Obviously, being 11 years old I don't remember this event. But if you've experienced similar heroism we want to hear from you. "If you're any good, we'll put you on the radio".

FOOTBALLERS WEARING THEIR KITS OUTSIDE MATCHES

I've got a Judas twist on this category: footballers wearing other teams' colours in public. The other day, I saw Mr Vinnie Jones, illustrious captain for the heroic Welsh national team, strutting bullishly down Oxford Street, his gaze swivelling from side to side much in the manner of an "eagle eyes" Action Man. And perched on his head, in a shameless "yeah, wanna make something out of it?" kind of way, was a Wimbledon baseball hat. If QPR weren't such a nice, middle-class, family-friendly, BBC-approved kind of club, he'd be rocketed out of Shepherds Bush with a distress flare up his sorry pseudo- "welsh" butt.

REFUSED AUTOGRAPHS

A very public example, from the most famous footballer in the world. Rewind last Wednesday's UEFA Cup Final. The referee whistles for full time, and buck-toothed airport menace Ronaldo marches over to the touchline in front of the Inter Milan supporters, both fists aloft, shouting "Look at me! I'm Ronaldo! I'm the King Of The World!" Like Leonardo DiCaprio in Titanic. After a few seconds, a ten-year-old boy approaches him with a programme and a pen. The stubble-headed Bugs Bunny lookalike turns around whispers the Portuguese for "Tugboat off, sonny, I'm busy", then carries on larging it to the crowd: "Look at me! I'm Ronaldo! I'm the King Of The World!"

Simon Price

RAMON VEGA

We thought it was over, surely the Ramon Vega saga was finished... How we underestimated you!



And, as requested, on church walls:



JEFF ASTLE

In reaction to Mr Astle's PIE defence:

Jeff Astle: Any more lies?

Jeff Astle: Any more lies about pies?

Jeff Astle: Any more cries over lies about pies?

Jeff Astle: Any more lies about wives?

Jeff Astle: Any more lies about wives winning a prize?

Jeff Astle: Any more disguise of whereabouts of prize?

Steve Morenski

19 JUNE 98

FOOTBALLERS WHOSE NAMES ARE GREAT TO SAY

1ST TEAM

Gk Andoni Zubizarreta(Sp)

Def Alessandro Costacurta(It)
Rigobert Song (Cam)
Jaap Stam (Hol)
Celestine Babayaro(Nig)

Mid Zinedine Zidane(Fr)
Quinton Fortune(SA)
Heimo Pfeifenberger(Aus)
Danny Boffin(Bel)

Str Gabriel Batistuta(Arg)
Predrag Mijatovic(Yug)

Mgr Paulo Carpeggiani(Par)

RESERVES

Gk Donovan Ricketts(Jam)
Santiago Canizares(Sp)

Def Wolfgang Feiersinger(Aus)
Pablo Paz(Arg)

Mid Lebogang Morula(SA)
Tab Ramos(USA)
Doctor Khumalo(SA)
Motohiro Yamaguchi(Jap)
Freddy Rincon(Col)

Str Pierre van Hooijdonk(Hol)
Ole Gunnar Solskjaer(Nor)

Mgr Cha Bum Kun(SK)

What can I say... except perhaps remind you that there are 704 players in this world cup. we want MORE fantastic names

IT'S THE KEVIN KEEGAN COMEDY HOUR

Old Keggie Keegle is finding Comical Commentating hard going.... I know there are more gems out there, SEND THEM IN!

Dear Dannii,

I don't know if you saw the Italy-Chile match on ITV yesterday, but I feel that I must call for the head of Kevin Keegan. If he can give Herr Willikins the elbow for a series of substandard performances, then he himself must surely fall on his own sword. Why? Because in the match yesterday he came off with the worst "joke"/cliché in the history of world cup football. With Chile 2-1 up and the heavens opening - "Of course the weather favours the Chileans - doesn't it - I mean... it's a bit chilly."

Even by ITV standards that was pretty bad!

Yours,
Stuart Gilmore.

NEW CATEGORY : "I WAS TRAUMATISED BY A FOOTBALLER."

Geoff Hurst made me suffer horribly. When I was 18, I took a girlfriend to Geoff Hurst's pub (outside Stoke - a place called the Sheet Anchor. I

had forgotten that Geoff was proprietor, and was amazed to see my boyhood hero serving behind the bar, the only man to score a hat trick in a World Cup Final, etc. etc.

I told my girlfriend, and walked over with a grin to order our drinks. Geoff was at the far end of the bar talking to three or four regulars, and walked over to serve me. I turned around to my girlfriend and raised my eyebrows, mouthing "It's him!"

Geoff: Yeah?

Me: A sweet Martini and lemonade and a half of lager and lime please. (Well, I was 18, and if Geoff hadn't guessed that I was close to the age of refusal, he would be under no illusions now)

Geoff: Naah! Get out! I'm not serving you.

Me: (silence - mental agony - eyes boggle in sockets - wish for floor to open and consume me - great feeling of unworthiness)

Geoff turned on his heel and walked away. I actually could not physically move. If I had been able to, I realised that I did not know where I would move to. I had been refused serving in pubs before (I was a baby faced 18) but to be thus slapped aside by a colossus among men was more than I could bear. After what seemed like an age, Geoff turned back and came toward me. I expected the coup de grace,

Geoff: It's alright, just a joke, what was it you wanted?

Me: (Laughing nervously, like that little fella in Mad Max 2 when he's just severed his fingers trying to catch the razor bladed boomerang) Ha ha, ha ha, A sweet ha ha martini etc"

Anyone else out there been humiliated at the whim of one of their footballing heroes?? Call the Baker & Kelly emotional support and therapy hotline!

FOLLOWING ON FROM LAST WEEKS BIZZARE TV SIGHTINGS

Hi Dannys

On Married with Children, Peg Bundy's maiden name is also the "W" word and whenever his in-laws come to visit, Al Bundy always shouts out "Oh No! It's the Wankers from Wanker County"! Same ex-pat Brit scriptwriter?

Also, Gary Coleman (of course Arnold from Different Strokes) famously asked Buck Rogers whether he had "Bollocks up his evening" Does this explain what happened to Willis?

Cheers
DEAN WALLMAN

OF COURSE, FOOTBALLERS USED TO BE GENTLEMEN

Present day footballers may be too grand to give autographs but some of the heroes of yore were even more afraid for their dignity. There is a well documented anecdote of the great Dixie Dean who, caught short during a training session at the club's ground, "dropped his shorts and did his business in the centre circle". He then called over a nearby ballboy and, motioning towards the offending mound, said "Its your job to clean that up" and continued training. How times change, huh?

Clive B.

Any Fables of Footballers Folly, Frolicking or Fornication?? Send it in. (The more Alliteration, the better).

MORE FUN WITH TRANSLATORS

I saw how someone had managed to get a copy of the lyrics to 'Three Lions' and put it through a French translator and back to come up with an interesting result. Here is the same thing done for the World Cup song: 'Vindaloo' by Fat Les. It is translated into French then German and then back to English

The original: Vindaloo by fat Les

We are going to score one more than you
ENGLAND!, ENGLAND!, ENGLAND!, ENGLAND!
Knit one, pearl one, drop one, curl one
Me and my mum and my dad and my Gran are going to Waterloo
Me and my mum and my dad and my Gran and a bucket of Vindaloo.
VINDALOO, VINDALOO, VINDALOO

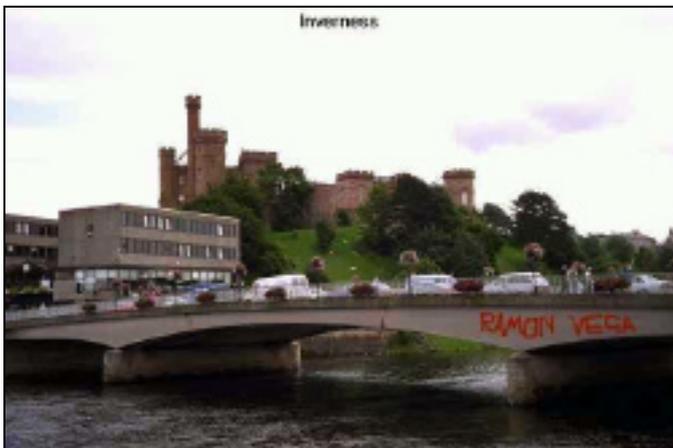
The new version translated: Vindaloo by in grease

We will mark more that you
ENGLAND! ENGLAND! ENGLAND! ENGLAND!
Knit one, the brave one, the fall one, the curve one
Me and mine mom and mine dad and my large one will sprinkle the loo
Me and mine mom and mine dad and my large one and the one position
of Vindaloo.
VINDALOO, VINDALOO, VINDALOO

David Alexander The Oxford United Supporter

The internet translator is an easy, cheap, and reliable source of material... So use it and make it GOOD

RAMON VEGA



Mr Vega just keeps leaving his autograph!!

JEFF ASTLES HISTORY LESSON

The PIErate, Barbarossa
King Luis the PIEth
Pope John the PIEth
Pope John the PIEteenth
PIEve of India
Pontious PIElate
Mythical windmill slayer, Don QUICHEote
King Richard the PIEonheart
PIE Fawkes
Thomas "any MORE pies"
Bearded Russian, PIEter the Great
PIEvan the Terrible
Attila the BUN

PLEASE.... SEND US MORE PIES (But make them good)

YOUR IRISONSIBLE ATTITUDE HAS CONSQUENCES YOU KNOW

Dear Dan and Dan,
I'd like to respond to one of your callers from a few weeks ago who confessed to stealing the old Pompey mascot, Nelson, from Fratton Park.

Do you realise how much anxiety this has caused in the Portsmouth area?? Let me explain, after the mascot was stolen our then chairman Terry Venables decided to replace Nelson with a giant caricature of himself, known to all as "El Tel".

As our season declined into an appalling relegation battle, and it emerged that the b*stard Venables was shaking every last penny out of our club, the poor bloke inside the mascot was subjected to a chorus of abuse from the Pompey faithful. The presence of the "fluffy" Venables was as bad for morale as parading a giant Bergkamp mascot at White Hart Lane or the Palace Eagle at Millwall.

A World Cup related story now. Pompey's Jamaican international Fitzroy Simpson was dropped for about seven consecutive games last season by our then manager Terry Fenwick. His removal from the team happened at about the same time a graffiti message on Fratton's Milton End told of an alleged incident between Simpson and Fenwick's wife (complete with diagram and slogan "she loves Jamaican ar'e!"). Draw your own conclusions.

Play Up Pompey! Nigel from Portsmouth.

27 JUNE 98

THE INTERNATIONAL FOOD AND DRINK XI

Yet more obscure teams for your delectation

Dear Dannies,
I couldn't find a current manager for this team, but I suppose Jeff Astle is the obvious choice.

German Adrian Burgos (Argentina)

Franck Leboeuf (France) Florin Prunea (Romania)

Dulio Da Vino (Mexico) Jurgen Kohler (Germany) Jan Heintze (Denmark)

Jamal Sellami (Morocco) Mark Fish (S. Africa) Dietmar Hammann (Germany)

Dan Eggen (Norway)

Youssef Chippo (Morocco)

All the best from Dave P.

THE INTERNET TRANSLATOR STRIKES AGAIN

Hi K. K. Bland Layer...

Having chuckled at the various translations which have been posted on the site, and having amused myself greatly with a few others ("Jerusalem" is pretty good English/French/English!), I thought I should mail you with the translation of the opening para of your 19 June web page... Just to remind, here's the original:

Welcome to Baker and Kelly United on the web! Yes, the planet's top-rated football phone-in (on from 11.30 to 1pm and 5.30 to 7.30pm every Saturday on 1053 and 1089AM TalkRadio) will be netting out across the wires to you at the speed of your modem as soon as is Dannily possible. Here's how to make contact with us:

Pretty decent wordsmithing, methinks. But how much better is the English to French and back through AltaVista's translation page. Ready...?

The welcome with Baker and the square stem of drive linked on the Web! Yes, football signal-rated of telephone planet (on 11.30 to 1pm and 5.30 with 7.30pm each Saturday on 1053 and 1089AM TalkRadio) will produce Net outside through wire with you at the speed of your modem as soon as is possible Dannily. Here how to make the contact with us:

The square stem of drive????????????? Who he??

Best wishes,
Richard Stoughton

HERE WE HAVE, IN FULL, THE LETTER FROM THE GOOD PEOPLE AT HOLLAND'S PIES:

Dear Danny and Danny,

I was pleased to hear that you liked the Hollandts Pies poster which my colleague sent. I'm sure that you will be amazed as we were, that we received hundreds of letters asking for copies of our "Evening Standard - World Cup '66" poster - thanks to your show. It's a good job we are selling plenty of pies, or you would have really screwed our budgets!

We were all amused at the Shire's Pies competition entry form which you were discussing last weekend. We were surprised that they would admit that only 200, 000 of their pies would be consumed during the World Cup.

Holland's sell over a million pies every week and supply over 2, 000 chip shops in the north west (plus supermarkets, Cash & Carries etc.)

While I am sure Shire's wilt have lots of entries to win one of 20 footballs, I have pleasure in enclosing an entry coupon to the Holland's "Great Football Giveaway" where the third prize is one of 500 tournament footballs!!

Anyway, the real reason for writing was not to have a pop at a lower division side but to show you our two new posters.



The enclosed are very much reduced in size, for your convenience. The actual posters that we are using in the campaign are 48 sheet street posters. (sorry but we don't have any of these posters to give away)

Over a hundred of these posters went up around Lancashire last week.

If either of you are every in Accrington, please call in for a pie.

Regards,

Ken Hodge
National Account Manager
Walter Holland & Sons

HALF ARSED WORLD CUP TIE-INS:

Industry periodicals are, in my opinion one of the great un-noticed sources of blatant beak-wetting.

Here's the evidence

- 1) Robbie Earle holds a word cup shaped bottle, whilst someone else holds a cheap football.
- 2) Are these meant to look appetising?



In my day it was just pies

Changing the subject now to, er, the World Cup.

Our old chums at Whistlestop have pushed the boundaries of footie merchandise mania yet further with a World Cup sandwich.

The fillings sound great: roast beef, stilton and lettuce, or roast chicken and stilton.

But the bread is not so appetising, because, to give it an England feel, it's been given a red, white and blue look.

The result looks like a cross between Tim Roth's blood-soaked shirt in Reservoir Dogs and something that's been in a student's fridge for a very long time.

Jamaican hold on World Cup

Still on a anything-about-football-will-do theme, Growers & Chateaux has launched a line of Cotes du Ventoux wines in replica World Cup bottles.

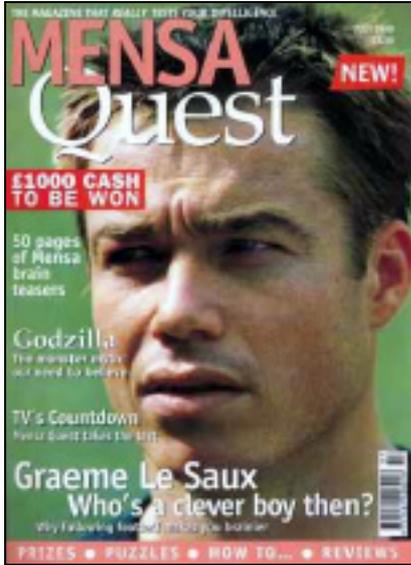
The photo-shoot budget was unable to stretch to Ronaldo, so Robbie Earle of Wimbledon and Jamaica had to do.

And a proper football also seemed out of the question, so a cheap plastic thing from the nearest petrol station had to do.

EVEN THE SMART-ARCES ARE IN ON THE ACT.

It seems that everyone's getting in on the act these days, even the entirely un-connected, "Mensa Quest" is crammed full of football crap. including a rather delicious feature about intellegent footballers! And who do you suppose their leading example is of a football intellectual is?

Any more Football Geneii??



Why certainly

Obviously the flood gates are now open for the deluge of Leighton Orient players with a GCE. We want to construct the world intellectual



XI, the team wick, in its spare time, debates the importance of the red spectrum of light in the realm of particle physics (or something).

Also, if you know of players who saound like they're clever then let us know. (Socrates and Leonardo instantly make Brazil the international team of boffins)

TREVOR STEELES

It's time to give Trevor Steeles to the world, the planets finest jokesmith and regular contributor to the nations top rated football phone-in show.

09/05/1998

ENGLAND NEWS!

Glen Hoddles faith healer is currently working on Paul Merson on his shooting. It's not working, WHY? HE KEEPS HITTING THE BAR!

Following recent exclusive George Michael news I can now reveal that several years ago George Michael had trials with Fulham F. C. HE'S BEEN A CRAVEN COTTAGER EVER SINCE!

HAVE YOU HEARD?

About the violent new film on street crime - Drugs and featuring a footballer with big tits? IT'S CALLED RESERVOIR JUGS

It's being translated into FRENCH - RESERVOIR FROGS

And DUTCH - RESERVOIR CLOGS

And a special north of England edition based in Blackpool (Home of the dirtiest ground) - RESERVOIR BOGS AKA - RESERVOIR LOGS

Stuntman for the footballer in the film was Peter (the cat) Bonetti - RESERVOIR MOGS

16/05/1998

Dannys

After leaving Celtic Wim (Vim) Jansen has been SCOURING Europe to prove he's no FLASH in the pan. He's decided on AJAX

In a JIF the fans said the move was BRILLOiant, and were looking forward to some DAZZling performances

23/05/1998

Dannys

As you know I work for a furniture retailer. Last Saturday I was momentarily distracted - for about 2 hours, listening to the cup final on the radio. During this time thieves took a 5'0" bed from a window display, climbing over 3'0" models to get to it. They must have been Arsenal supporters. Why? They were intent on getting the DOUBLE!

20/06/1998

Danny

Last week you raised the question what if world war II was decided by a penalty shootout?

The result:

England would have won.

Why?

Because Germanys captain (No. Nein) Adolf would have HITLER bar!

PS The Germans did beat the French in the semis after lots of territorial possession, their DeGaulle keeper was no problem.

27/06/1998

Dannys

Did you see the famous Pie Eater in France last week? He was shooting a film at a restaurant near your hotel. It's a new Terminator movie, His catchphrase? Astle le bistro baby!

World cup thought....

Should Iran have played with a Rushtie Goalie?

12 JULY 1998

Sadly this is the final weekend that the radio show is on for a while, but don't worry The worlds top rated football phone in show will be back when the season starts.... details here as soon as I get them. The web site will be updated whilst the show is off the air so keep the e-mails flowing.

Firstly... To wave goodbye to the world cup, I am proud to present:

FOOTBALL PLAYERS WHOSE NAMES SOUND LIKE THRASH AND DEATH METAL BANDS

Vidar Riseth
Naughty
Roar Strand
Helveg
DeWilde
Rickets
Worishima
Burns
Mondragon
Doctor Khumalo
Hassler
Suker (Pronounced Sucker)

And the world famous super-groups
Vital Fortune, and German Winter

Many thanks to Lee Maybury from Birmingham. (You can stop waving your lighters about now)

FOOTBALLERS POETRY:

From the Author of Gosh It's Tosh, we have this tribute to Mervyn Davis, former Welsh international rugby player: The first time in print since it was first published in the South Wales Echo:

15 stone and six foot five,
full of effort, skill and drive.
In every game he ran and ran,
Mervyn Davis was a man.

Pride of the lions, that was merv
I've even seen him jink and swerve.
A master of the oval ball,
and still the greatest of them all.

He roamed the field with great command,
till Wales had gained the upper hand.
A really brilliand number eight,
who always seamed to dominate.

Yes Merv it was who spread the fear,
in ruck and maul he had no pear.
Gareth, Gerrald, Phil and John,
but the one they all relied upon,
was the man in red with the giant frame
he gave his all in every game.

So at this stage we hope and prey,
that once again we'll see him play.
For if he's finished with the game,
our rugby team won't seam the same.

OK, Shaka Hislop (our favourite player ever) is a rocket scientist, and out friend Tosh is obviously a hugely gifted poet. If you know of any other footballer with intellectual diversities as good as these then let us know.

MORE TRANSLATIONAL TRIUMPHS

The opening lines of 'Don't come home too soon'. First from english to french and back english again..

Go thus there continue and make your the best
let all France have the whiskey on its breath
The world cannot still shake
but you could prove them that even the long false projectiles do it
From which just come to the house too early

And from Spanish:

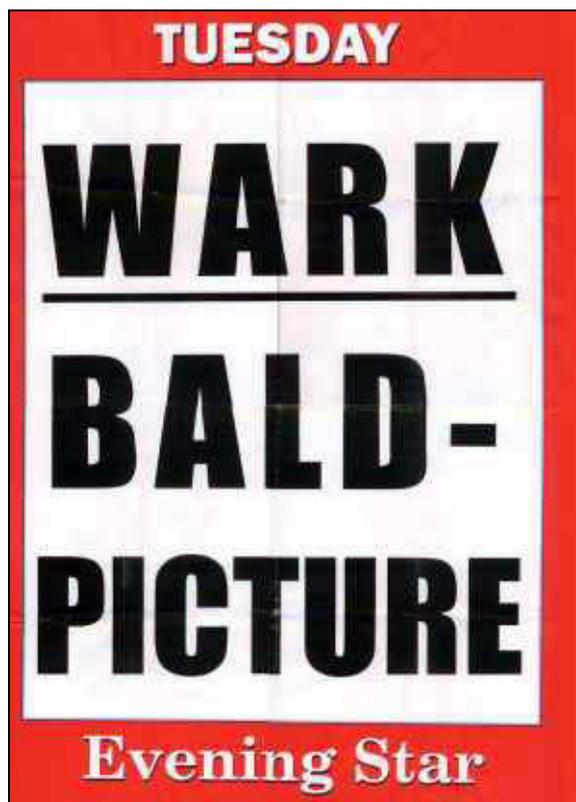
They go so it goes ignition and it does the its best one
let all France eat whiskey in its breathing
The world cannot still sacudarir
but you can be that she proves them
that even the incorrect long shots do it
Just he does not come home too much soon

... But of course we did come home too much soon....

LAZARUS..

I'm not sure how much mileage there is left in this category. If anyone has any more they'd better be pretty spectacular. Bald Footballers

Tragically, the letter which accompanies this marvellous A2 size poster has gone AWOL. If you know where it came from then please let us know.... we need the picture



OVER ZEALOUS REFEREES.

Dear Danny & Danny,
Having watched the mincing and prancing of players in the World Cup I would like to register to the nation my wholehearted disapproval of the 'rag dolly Anna' chicks that strut and preen like puffed up robin redbreasts atop a Yule log.

What they need is a referee like the one who must surely have been the lovechild of Clive Thomas and Blakey from On The Buses'. On this basis I would like to nominate 'The Most Officious Referee Ever' as a new category.

The scene was a blustery Saturday afternoon in December somewhere in the footballing capital of London, namely Acton. It was a London Old Boys league match in about Division 4 (West) between ourselves (Old Challoners) and Old Actonians (I think). Because the league made it clear that we were to play in a 'gentlemanly spirit' the boundaries between right and wrong were somewhat greyed. This led to a situation where you could get headbutted for tripping someone and be made to apologise and shake hands as well. Naturally games could get a little fraught when one side realised that the other was in fact made up of 'gentlemen' who said things like "We've all got to go to work on 'Monday mate" and took it upon themselves to kick seven Shades of crimson out of the 'gents'.

We, as usual, were getting kicked all over the park. The referee, as usual, was blind to the situation and paid no attention to gashed shins, bloody noses and wonky teeth. That is until one of our lads mentioned that he was not having the game of his life. "Over here, sonny!" he bellowed. He then gave a five minute lecture on how he didn't take

backchat from anyone. This was to prove prophetic. After letting one of the opposition batter our keeper into the post he booked the dazed half conscious goalie for complaining that he could no longer continue.

The match by this stage was dragging as player after player was lectured about how the ref didn't have to do it and there would be no game without him, etc, ad nauseam (when we all know refs have to do it as they have no mates and need to feel important).

We were getting hammered, but the piece de resistance came when the referee gave our striker offside. At this point a middle-aged man walking his dog by the pitch shouted "You've got to be joking ref?" The whistle blew and to our utter amazement he marched off the pitch and began lecturing the man on the sideline.

In retrospect I think the most amazing thing about this inadequate Hitler's soliloquy was that the man on the sideline stood head bowed and nodded mournfully throughout the whole thing.

The referee finished his diatribe with the brandish of a yellow card as the spectator shrugged his shoulders and walked off looking rather downcast. We lost the match heavily and afterwards the ref told our captain that he wouldn't put our keeper's booking through. He did not mention whether he included booking the spectator in his report.

I hope that you can find someone to beat this tale of tinpot Hitlerdom, as I can't stand refs (except for my Dad, but even he booked me). Keep up the good work, etc, etc,

Ian Staples, Chiswick.

MY GOOD GENTLEMEN

Marc Vivien Foe, the Cameroon player who Man Utd are set to sign, has been involved in a belter of a story. He broke his leg thus putting his big move on hold. However Mr Foe, the foemeister, the fohatollah, the rabbi foestein has turned his back on conventional medicine. On June 23, exactly a month after breaking his leg he is going to have the plaster removed. Then matters will be handled by the foemans witch doctor... it's good already but hold on... The witch doctor is going to bury Foes leg in the ground and surround it with fire. Thereafter he is going to rub the dried bones of hedgehogs on the wound. It seems that this will ensure a full recovery.

How cool would it be if Cameroon had a witch doctor on the bench instead of a physio?

Keep up the excellent work. I look forward to mooching in off the street the next time I'm down in London. The last time I did you gave me chocolates and bought me beer. David Mellor has never even offered.

Cheers

David Lee

PS This has nowt to do with anything but did you know that there is a community garden here in Glasgow called Banavie Gushet?

I realise that I'm just being wildly optimistic here, but I really want this story to be true..... come-on people, we need a second source. (replies bearing the phrase "tomato ketchup" will not be appreciated)
