

ISSUE 3  
JULY '99

\$2.00

# Hot Pies



## ANTHONY ROCCA AN ITALIAN MASTERPIECE

Digital image by Steve Dilleodi



the new fragrance  
from  
Clinton King

# Hot Pies

Splinter Publications  
PO Box 6046  
Collingwood North 3066

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Hot Pies will not be burdened by truth or fact in  
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we say to be factual you are mistaken. We do not  
set out to offend, but we understand that the free  
expression of opinion can infringe upon the  
sensitive egos of pampered primadonnas. If you  
choose to read this please don't believe it, loosen  
up and laugh. God knows with the season we face,  
if we don't laugh we're gonna cry.  
Oh yeah, some material may offend.

**Front Cover**

Michelangelo's Statue of David with Anthony's head on it



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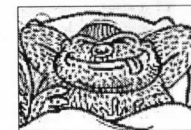
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# unknown sauces ...

## THE LOCKETT LOCKET

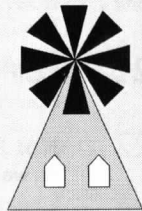
Whispers abound at League headquarters with speculation that the award for the highest goalscorer, the Coleman Medal, is about to undergo a name change. In honour of record goal scorer Tony Lockett, the Coleman Medal is to be renamed The Lockett Locket. Criticisms over the femininity of a broach-style locket have been responded to strongly. Says one unnamed League official: "If he had played for Collingwood we would have called it the Tony Trophy but since he achieved his record playing for woosie teams we created an award which reflects his softer side."

## DONUT KING CAREY

Despite being exposed as a male pattern baldness swooper by an over-zealous barber recently, Wayne Carey has stitched up an advertising deal with donut retailer, Donut King. The whingeing Kangaroo will have the word "Donut" added to the beginning of his name and be called Donut King Carey. Says manager Ricky Nixon: "He's got a shocking head and now that we can't hide his baldness anymore we just had to accept any advertising deal we could get." It is expected that within two years Carey's hairline shall form the perfect donut shape.

## THE RUMOUR MILL

Those of you who have been waiting for the AFL's first gay footballer to come out of the closet, put your seatbelts on. Hot Pies went under the covers to discover that an entire Melbourne-based AFL team is completely gay. Women and undersized adults have been used as a part of this bizarre cover-up posing as wives and small children of footballers. The AFL has chosen to go pubic on the issue as they see the gay audience as a potential new market. On hearing the news, Hot Pies rushed down to Sportsbet to find that Essendon and the Western Bulldogs had already shortened to firm odds-on equal favourites.

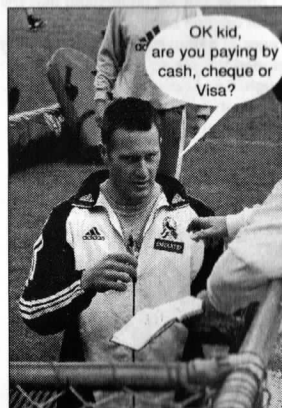


## WHO'S TAT IS THAT?

We go back to the legendary 1990 premiership ankle tat for this month's competition. If anybody can name the bloke who didn't get his ankle tattooed can they write into Hot Pies and tell us as we stalk Melbourne's streets for the full set (soon to be released in an exclusive Hot Pies poster).

**Who's tat is that?**  
**PO Box 99, Collingwood 3066**

*Last edition's answer was the great Kevin Grose. We had a number of correct answers which stumped us for a bit but in true Hot Pies tradition we made the rules up as we went along, put all the correct answers into a beanie and pulled out two winners (it had jackpotted from the first month). Congratulations to Well Endowed from Moonee Ponds and Garry Baker from Gardenvale who were our lucky winners. So enjoy your subscriptions guys.*



## RECENT RELEASES

An unnamed Collingwood player is the star of a new highlight video which has just hit the streets. Keen Pie fans should be able to find it in the Debra Byrne and Mimi Macpherson sections of their local video library. This twelve and a half minute production is a cracker which shows all the ups and downs and ins and outs of being a footballer in the 90s. Look out for the hard ball get ten minutes into the second half - it's a beauty.

## RULE CHANGES WE'D LIKE TO SEE #1

Inspired by Mike Sheahan's attention-grabbing efforts to leave a mark (actually make that a dirty stain) on the game, Hot Pies present . . . Instant De-Listings Soccer has its red card so we reckon the AFL should allow Clubs to trim their list mid-game. It would add to the drama of dragging players and provide the coach with a terrific way to vent their anger. Go on . . . admit it. How much better would you have felt if Shawry could have delisted Wild at the SCG the other week? After he "fell over" running into an open goal. Surely it was the last straw. Imagine the satisfaction if the runner came out and demanded jovial Jase to remove the hallowed black & white jumper, drop to his knees and repeat the famous words of Wayne & Garth declaring: "I'm not worthy, I'm not worthy!"

## ALL ABOARD THE HOT PIES BANDWAGON

The Hot Pies bandwagon is quickly filling up. And while young Eddie borrows our dietician and puzzle page jokes for his little TV show, *The Age* are also lending our lines (see pic right). Our Bucks interview was also taken verbatim and dropped into "Pssst" the other Sunday and this nice little mention was used as a curious endpiece to the Freo match report: "Within 10 minutes of the final siren yesterday, the MCG was all but empty. This was, neither emotionally or climatically, a day to linger and savor. Outside, a billboard read: "Hot Pies". Curiously, it was NOT advertising foodstuffs (as such, it would have breached the honesty in advertising regulations anyway). It was for a new Collingwood fanzine. It was sold out." The good news is there is plenty more Hot Pies to come.



**If you hear any good footy rumours please send them in to Hot Pies and we'll help spread 'em.**

## DOCKLANDS SCHMOCKLANDS PART III

The Docklands membership sweeteners just keep on coming. As another five thousand people with a lot of money (and little else) will get to see the Grand Final instead of me. This should be a major concern for all Pie supporters as this policy will take effect next year. The year destined to provide us with our 15th Flag. I wouldn't like to be the ticket girl at Lullie Street who tells me there aren't any tickets left after I've been sleeping outside the ground for three months. The thought of five thousand sushi-eating hatchback-driving, apartment-living, homeware-buying yuppies and their chunky arsed girlfriends seeing Collingwood win next year's Flag instead of me is perverse. Docklands memberships are destined to become yet another wanky outer-directed status symbol carried by people who cheapen everything they touch. The prohibitive and restrictive realities of Docklands are about to slap real footy fans in the face. That's why I'm thankful for Kevin Rose's decision to stay away from the whole Docklands concept. His decision was based upon what was best for us. A part of being a footy fan is going to the footy. Docklands will prove that to be a privilege and not a right. The future is scary.

# Eddietorial

Welcome to the June edition of Hot Pies. We also take this opportunity to welcome the word "Win" to the Collingwood June vocabulary. It's good to have you back.

If you're reading Hot Pies purely for the laughs, you may as well flick to pages 16, 27 and 53 right now, because in case you've been hiding under a rock or stuck in the Punt Road sauna for two weeks you would be aware that there is going to be a change of coach at Vicky Park next year.

I'm sorry, but when you're talking about a club like Collingwood and a man like Tony Shaw there is much football to be talked about. The footy talketh starteth hereth.

As a player Tony Shaw will forever be one of my favourites. Tony was the cheeky gutsy talented rover type to a T. Anybody who didn't respect his on-field courage doesn't know the game.

His leadership, competitiveness and success was a source of great Magpie pride over a prolonged period. Tony's intangible qualities are reserved for men of greatness. Combine them with a superb football brain and you can understand our warm inner glow when Tony took over from Lethal.

The vision of hindsight is 20/20. When you look at the hurdles Shawry faced during his tenure, our win-loss ratio should be of no surprise. Bear these challenges in mind.

- working with a team structure that was little more than a patchwork of unfulfilled

talent, inconsistencies and past reputations.

- giving the flick to washed-up ex-teammates, friends and 1990 icons.

- being back-stabbed by Trent Hotton

Twenty-odd wins and fifty-something losses is a cruel yet unavoidable statistic. Whilst the word failure is dabbed at like Savlon on a haemorrhoid, I see things differently.

Throughout a frustrating and a difficult period a revolution has occurred.

Shawry's strength and integrity has led our team through the deepest of valleys and as his service comes to an end all his dedication, persistence, thought and devotion is beginning to bear fruit.

Our boys are cherry ripe to become the next big thing in football. Tony's legacy is to leave a team with a well-defined leadership structure bursting at the seams with exciting, enthusiastic and talented youngsters.

They give everything they've got and have come through adversity proud, tough and unified. There is now sound purpose and direction where once there was none.

As a coach you can only have two goals. One is to mould and shape a great team. The other is to achieve greatness.

By the time Tony clears his locker he will have achieved his first objective. It's a sad reality that somebody else will lead them to the other.

When that day comes I hope to get to shake Tony's hand - I'll thank him.

Ed.

# Letters

Guys,  
Just read issues 1 and 2 on the train on the way home from the Footscray game (which we shoulda won had pebbles kicked straight but thats another story) The Freo game was my first game back for a few weeks as I've just become a dad for the second time, as it was raining I drove to the ground and unfortunately had to drive past your faithful sellers standing in the rain as I entered the carpark so I thought I had missed issue 1, but to my surprise I was able to get both issues at Minotaur on my way to the Imperial for my pre match drink tonite. They made my train trip home bearable. Congrats on a great start, I reckon things can only get better from here. By the way I reckon the tatts have to belong to Kevin Grose. If your looking for more tatts - If my memory serves me correct David Twomey had a pretty good back job and Banksy's calves were pretty well full also.

Good luck,  
**Damien**  
XX??

PS: Hot Pies is crying out for a recipe column - unlimited opportunity there!

Hot Pies

It seems that the traditions in football have gone out the window these days, with footballers no longer going out on the piss after a Thursday night's training. I say this, as I witnessed 'The Prez' Clinton

King and Ben 'Col' Kinnear playing the pinnies at Knox Timezone the Thursday prior to the magnificent Round 8 win. What's happened to trying to pickup some horny football groupies at Melbourne's pubs and clubs, like The Burvale or The Depot?

**Traditionalist**  
Glen waverley

Dear Hot Pies,  
Yet another farce took place in Adelaide the other week. The blatant disregard for the skill and excellence of future Copeland trophy winner, captain/coach and President, Rupert Betheras was abundant.  
**Michael Schumacher**  
PS any chance of a Ron McKeown centrefold??

Dear Hot Pies  
Re: Player End of Season Trip Fundraisers  
A more ridiculous concept getting greedier with each round of collective bargaining. Why don't the players create a bit more street cred and have a fundraiser for a good cause - hell why not raise money for the betterment of the Club. With the base player payment now about \$50K and the average over \$100K it's nothing short of a frickin insult that players expect supporters to dip into their pocket for a two week piss up in Bali. What next, the Good Friday Player Welfare Appeal? Give that they may grow (richer)? The players want to be treated professionally and fair

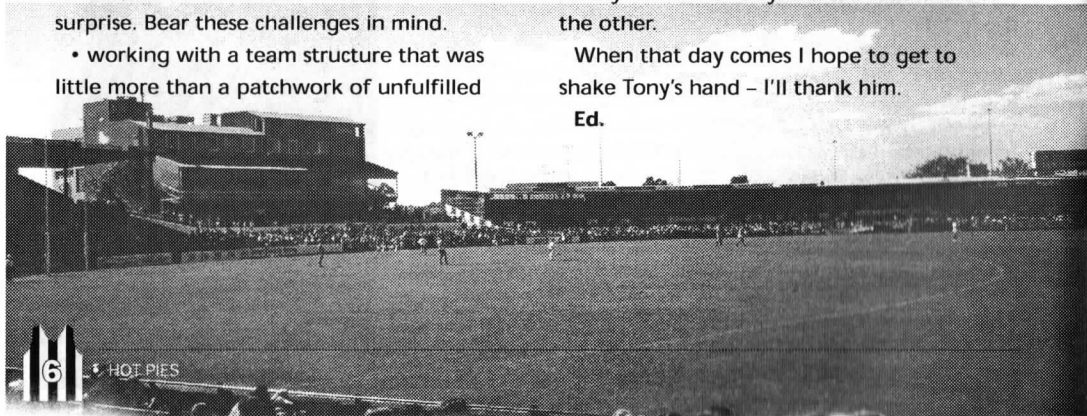
enough but welcome to the real world boys and pay for your own fricking holidays like everyone else on the planet!!!!

**Mo Kane**

Dear Pies,  
Because I don't follow football I've resorted to faking it big time so I can keep me mates. Sometimes I simply repeat what someone else says, eg: "Yeah, good to have Buckley back". Or I'll stare at the tele in the pub and pretend to get pissed off when somebody tries to speak to me ie: "I'm trying to watch the game mate - Do ya mind?" Lately I've even started throwing fits in order to avoid direct questions. Not only is this incredibly exhausting but I suspect some locals are catching on, eg: The dumpy guy behind the bar with the loud shirt and the mouth gives me a hard time "Hey mate, you should throw a fit on the ground, you'd probably kick a goal Ha Ha Ha Ha" etc. My time is running out. Please help.

**Faker**

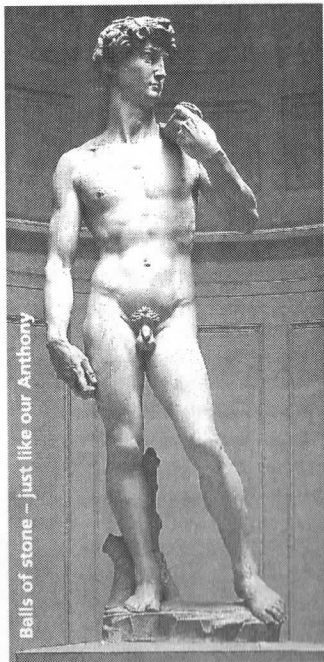
Dear Faker,  
Please do not let a lack of football knowledge prevent you from speaking with authority about the game. It didn't stop Channel Seven's Graham Cornes, ex-North nancy-boy and Adelaide git, after slugging the umps all week then stated that Rupert B was a "bit" unlucky in the dying seconds of the Crows game. Shut up Cornesy and go back to selling used cars.



# Anthony

## AN ITALIAN MASTERPIECE

In what has been a bleak season for Pie supporters there has been one ray of sunshine which has warmed our winter hearts. The form of Anthony Rocca. Hot Pies went in search of the secrets behind Anthony's form reversal and this is what we made up.



Bells of stone - just like our Anthony

**Hot Pies:** Anthony, how do you rate your performances so far this year?

**Anthony Rocca:** I've been a fair dinkum absolute star, maaate.

**HP:** Was there anything different about your pre-season this year?

**AR:** Yeah, maaate. I tried this new thing called jogging, I did lots of that. I was also mentored by the great Dermot Brereton. Dermie taught me what it takes to be a champion.

**HP:** What did Dermot teach you?

**AR:** Dermot taught me that if I wanted to be a centre half forward on the field I had to look and act like one off the field. So he lent me his Ferrari, threw on a Versace number, got into a punch-up at Crown and I'm currently pushing a Sale of the Century model. It's fantastic, maaate.

**HP:** Does this explain your form reversal?

**AR:** No way, maaate. The real reason is Momma said that if I didn't play any



# Rocca

good this year she wouldn't cook for me no more. I know they say football is a serious game but until Momma threatened to stop feeding me I didn't realise just how serious it really is.

**HP:** Does it make difficult to pull chicks, when you live with your mother.

**AR:** Listen pal. I'm Anthony Rocca, maate, I only pull the best chicks, anyway let's get off mothers because I just got off yours.

**HP:** Sorry Anthony, how do you feel about Tony Shaw not being coach next year?

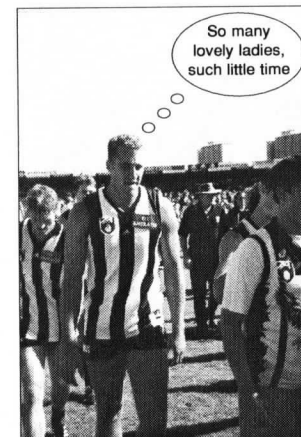
**AR:** I'm rapt. It means no more training, no more early morning swims and all that stuff. I've always said footy clubs don't need coaches.

**HP:** Hang on. Just because Tony isn't going to be there doesn't mean there won't be a coach next year. They're going to replace him with somebody else.

**AR:** Are you sure about that . . . Aww gee, in that case I guess I'm going to miss the little fella.

**HP:** You've played on some of the biggest names, who do you think is the best player going around?

**AR:** Without a doubt it would have to be Carey. Pushes back hard, always gives 100%, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth efforts, hard ball gets, she's definitely the best.



**HP:** What do you mean, "She"?

**AR:** Yeeeah, Mariah Carey, I played on her during her last tour.

**HP:** Are women the only thing you think about?

**AR:** Yeeppp! Women, food and footy. That's all there is to life, maaate.

Keep up the good work, Ants.

## Anna Rocca's Pasta Pomodoro

- 2 onions, chopped
- 4 cloves garlic, crushed
- 2 medium carrots, grated
- 4 sticks celery, finely chopped
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 1.5kg ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped
- 4 tablespoons tomato paste
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 3 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
- 1kg spaghetti

salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Cook the onion, garlic, carrot and celery in oil in a large lidded pan until soft.

Add the wine and boil until reduced to half.

Add the tomatoes, tomato paste, sugar, salt and pepper. Bring to the boil, reduce heat, cook uncovered for about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally, adding a little water if the sauce becomes dry.

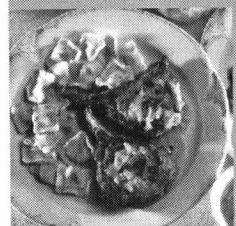
Stir in the parsley.

Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water for ten minutes. Drain and servewith the sauce.

Preparation time 15 minutes  
Cooking time 35 minutes

Serves 8 (or Anthony and Sav)

Next month Brad Rowe's Tofu Burgers on a bed of saffron rice, followed by more genuine recipes contributed by good Collingwood



people past and present. Food for thought.

# Popping the cherry

It is a medical fact that Collingwood fans have never suffered from short term memory loss. Our history is our bread and butter. So to honour some of our great memories we are inviting YOU the reader to write in with your golden moments. **Greg Baum** travels back in time to his days as a knee-high whippersnapper and relives for us his first time.

I well remember the first time I saw the football at Victoria Park. It was mid-way through the third quarter of a Collingwood v. Carlton match in the late 60s.

It was tumbling end over end on a true course through the Yarra Falls goals.

Presumably, it was kicked by Peter McKenna, though I can be no surer now than I was then.

My mate and I, both eight or nine years old, watched it, transfixed, until it disappeared into a knot of wildly cheering people standing on the concrete roof of a toilet block.

It was the first time we had seen the ball for the day, and it would be the last. Not that we cared. We were at the football, at what I already understood was a shrine of the game, and that was good enough.

My mate's father took us. I wore a Collingwood jumper – no guernseys then – handknitted for me by my grandmother.

The ground was shorter then, with more room behind the outer goals. On match days, that did not mean more space, just bigger crowds.

My mate and I, jammed against his father at about the height of his hip, didn't have a chance. My mate's dad lifted me up momentarily at the start of the match so that I could see McKenna and Wes Lofts bump shoulders lightly as they took up their positions.

I booed loudly and heartily at Lofts in a way that caused me to blush years later when I became a football reporter and met Mr Lofts for the first time.

So it was that my mate and I heard the football, smelled the football, felt the football, but did not see it. We followed the ebbs and flows of the game through the roars of the crowd.

We scuffed our shoes in the dirt of the terraces, wrinkled our noses at the smell of beer and sometimes held our ears against the din. Above all, we hoped.

By listening intently to the remarks around us, we marked off the goals in our Footy Record, though I cannot swear we got them all right.

For nearly a quarter, we puzzled over references, vile and venerable, to a Carlton player whose name we simply could not find in the Record. Surge? Surj? Sirj? Search?

How were we, boys from the outer suburbs, to know the rather exotic Christian name of 1. Silvagni, S?

I cannot remember now whether the Magpies won or lost, though it was then a matter of life and death.

I do remember that Len Thompson took a strong mark over John Nicholls, because there was a picture of it on the back page of *The Age* which I traced and colored it in in arts class the next week.

More than anything else, I remember the feeling that I had been initiated into Victoria Park.

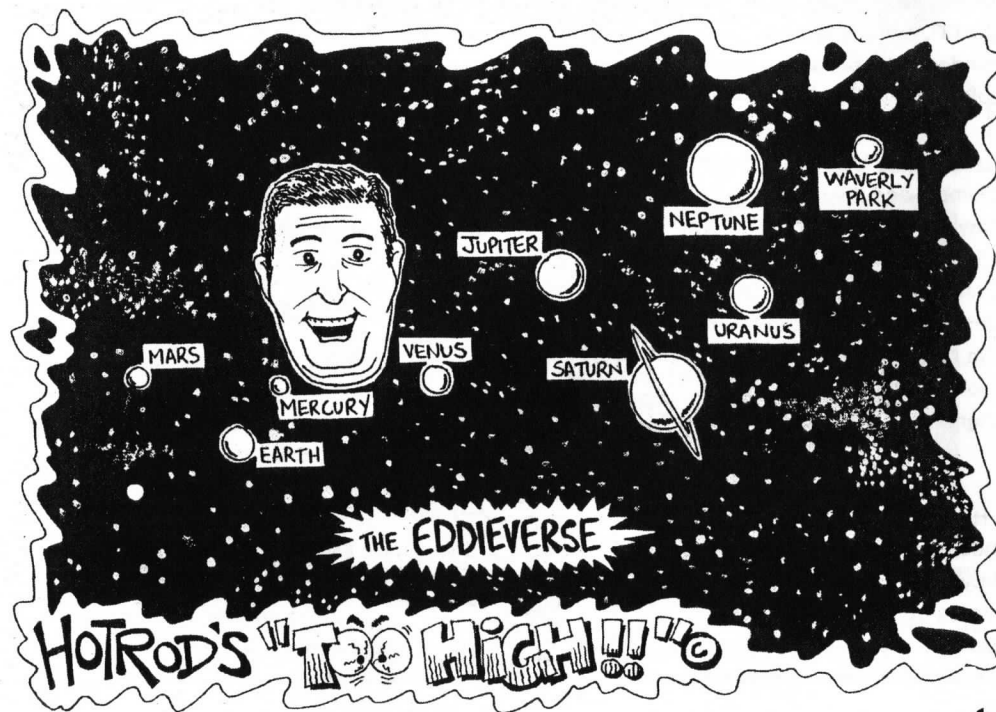
I was to go back there countless more times over the years, to the outer, the members' reserve, the press box, the clubrooms, sometimes the president's room, and on that unforgettable night in 1990, the stage that was a seventh heaven.

Though I came to recognise the ground for what it was, ageing, outdated and dilapidated, I never lost the feeling that it was a field of dreams. I grew older, taller and wiser to the ways of football, but never so wise as to give up on the game's fantasies.

The first time I went to Victoria Park, I couldn't see the football at all. Later, I could see it, but only through one eye. I still haven't got around to two.

For the final edition of the year *golden moments* will try and publish as many great Vicky Park memories as possible. We will take story length articles, anecdotes, photographs and everything in between.

Simply email them to [hotpies2000@hotmail.com](mailto:hotpies2000@hotmail.com) (make attention to "golden moments") or send them to **golden moments, PO Box 6046, Collingwood North 3066**. The best story will win a subscription to Hot Pies for the 2000 season and a Hot Pies t-shirt. Professional journo's are excluded from winning but may still contribute.



# Can the plan to ban the can

## Hot Pies spies defy AFL lies

by Hot Pies political correspondent Cowpatti Hotrodi

If we cast our minds back a few weeks, much was made of the infamous "Can Throwing Incident" during the match against West Coast at Victoria Park.

Collingwood FC were quick to can the can. There was even talk to ban the can! Both the CFC and AFL went to great lengths to condemn the behaviour and weed out the culprit.

### Sham

After hasty inquiries 73 year old retired plumber and dual amputee Robert Harvey Easyball was charged.

Since then Easyball has been jossed in the street and ostracised by the Black & White community. Even his local fish and chip shop has begun over-cooking his dim sims! Such is the stigma attached to this crime.

### Clever

However, Hot Pies has discovered independent evidence that clears Easyball of any wrong doing.

International beer can inertia expert and chuckologist, Dr Hans Clapping has tabled a report not

only dismissing Easyball as the suspect, but claiming there was in fact a second "chucker". The second can most likely thrown from the brown muddy knoll to the right not the left of the scoreboard.

Clapping claims that it is highly unlikely by the inaccuracy of the projectiles and the fact that the cans contained only beer that they were thrown by Magpie fans.

He believes that with the lack of a cross wind, low humidity and a glacial target like the cuddly Cummings to aim at, both cans were thrown deliberately wide of their target.

When you link this to the fact that former West Coast serial killer John Worsfold was at the ground coupled with his constant bleating over the years about having to play at Vic Park, it is not hard to smell a rat.

### Cheeky

When confronted by these findings an AFL source said: "We've just swept the whole matter under the carpet with the salary cap scandal."

Sadly the news came all too late for Easyball, who, while under AFL 'protection' worked as creative consultant on 'Live and Kicking'. He has never been heard of since!



WEST COAST FULL FORWARD SCOT CUMMINGS

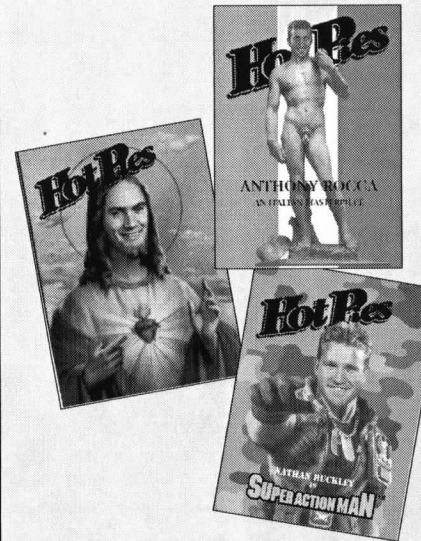
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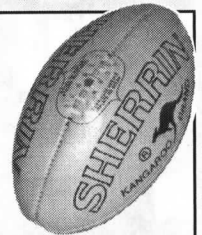
**Ben McAuliffe**  
PO Box 6046  
Collingwood North 3066  
Melbourne VIC



## Win a Tommy!

Subscribe to **Hot Pies** up to the end of August and you go in the draw to win a genuine Sherrin footy. The winner will be announced in the Round 22 special Vic Park edition.

Vorn Connor from Collingwood (no joke) was picked out of the hat from some sixty committed Hot Pies subscribers and won Tommy number one.



## Have your say

For articles, ideas, letters to the editor or any other contributions email them all to us at:

**hotpies2000@hotmail.com**

or by post at:

**PO Box 6046,  
Collingwood North 3066**

**Hot Pies is available outside the grounds and now at the following places:**  
Minotaur, Bourke Street, City; Polyester Books, Brunswick Street, Fitzroy;  
Melbourne Sports Books, 9 Elizabeth Street, City; The Melbourne Barber Shop, LaTrobe Street, City;  
The Napier Hotel, Moor Street, Fitzroy – back copies are also available at Hot Pies HQ.

**MAGPIE LEGEND**



**Shawry**



SCG ROUND 10 – MONDAY JUNE 6

**COLLINGWOOD**

0.1 6.5 11.8 14.10 **94**

Goals: Sav 4, Brown 3, Lane 2, Patto, Rupert, Jacotine, Burns, Wild

Best: Bucks, Sav, Rupert, Willo, Burnside

**SYDNEY**

5.4 9.7 15.10 22.13 **145**

HOT PIES' BEST ON GROUND:

Nathan Buckley



REPORT BY THE JASON CILIA

MCG ROUND 11 – MONDAY JUNE 14

**COLLINGWOOD**

2.4 5.7 8.9 11.12 **78**

Goals: Lane, S. Rocca 4, Fuller, Betheras, Brown

Best: Lane, Monky, Sav, Cisco, Godden

**MELBOURNE**

3.1 6.8 10.9 13.11 **89**

HOT PIES' BEST ON GROUND:

Tyson Lane



REPORT BY THE CONDUIT

If anybody thought that State of origin was shite, then they obviously haven't seen a game of football at the SCG. Especially when we lose. Collingwood started as slow as Diesel Williams letting Sydney get the early lead. At the end of the first quarter it happened. The Fat Boy broke Nuts' 62 year old goalkicking record by wobbling through his 1300th major (enough said about the whole subject considering the fact that he wasn't wearing black and white). The second quarter was one of the Pies' best all season. They did everything right except continue that form into the rest of the game. At half-time (or as Sydney fans call it second quarter time) there was some hope of a victory – too bad it didn't happen.

Overall, another loss to a team that simply didn't deserve to win because they weren't Collingwood. Rupert Betheras put in a great game chasing hard all day, laying some great tackles and being an inspiration to all the youngsters in the team. Bucks was perfect, Rowdy was ever reliable in the forward line but it just wasn't enough to beat the Tony Locket Football Club.

Highlights:

- VB on sale at the ground
- Savoloy's first game back
- Buckley, Brown & Burns – brilliant as usual
- Watching security guards and coppers shit bricks when Lockett broke the record

It was like deja vu. Only unlike deja vu I knew where I'd seen it before. Vicky Park. The MCG. On the TV. When we've dug a big hole and buried this season in it, the epitaph on the tombstone will read: gave 100% but lacked talent. The same script was played out at the G against the Dees. And yet it was unbelievably frustrating in the same way as an episode of NYPD Blue, it ground slowly to an inevitable finish. It was even more frustrating because the Dees were so insipid. You've heard it before I know but they were crap and we should have beaten them. As the stat sheet will attest we dominated most of the day but scratched around for goals, kicked too many points (Sav!) and allowed the Dees to run the ball down the ground or whip it out of the centre for quick goals that erased all our good hard grafting. We kept our noses in front all day only to hear piss-weak Dee supporters find some voice when the Silvertails finally got to the lead in the last quarter. We rallied before the siren with a couple of goals but naturally fell short of the four points.

Highlights:

- Tyson Lane's Daicoseque goal in the first quarter when we were squandering opportunities.
- Rup Betheras' screamer over Jeff White on half forward.
- Seeing the two Gavins having a dip and showing the young blokes

FOOTY PARK ROUND 12 – SAT JUNE 19

**COLLINGWOOD**

4.2 8.6 11.7 14.10 **94**

Goals: Sav 3, Rupert 2, Lane 2, Brown 2, Tarrant, Cisco, Jacotine, Bucks, Lockyer

Best: M

**ADELAIDE**

3.5 8.6 10.12 14.15 **99**

HOT PIES' BEST ON GROUND:

Tyson Lane



REPORT BY HOTROD

The truncated televised version of the Adelaide game presented us with an apocalyptic scene. Bucks hobbling up the player's race, Willo with a crook ankle and Monky with a crook heel. Somehow we were in front, but like the Titanic listing badly. So what can you say about a game that saw a legitimate mark inside the goal square disallowed in favour of an unwarranted free kick to an Adelaide schmuck with 30 seconds to go and a kick the difference. We wuz robbed. Not even a Pakistani cricket umpire dismissing yet another LBW appeal against Javed Miandad on the sub-continent could have produced a more parochial decision. Lindy Chamberlain did time for a crime she did not commit. Yet as I write, umpire McKenzie walks the streets a free man. Bad luck Rupert. We already love you and you could have achieved the one thing we all dream about – winning a game for the Pies off your own boot. It's OK, I'm sure there will be a next time.

VFL PARK ROUND 13 – SAT JUNE 26

**COLLINGWOOD**

2.3 5.6 11.10 15.13 **103**

Goals: Brown, Tarrant 4, Sav 2, Wasley, Pebbles, Richo, Bucks, Rupert

Best: Ki

**ST KILDA**

5.4 8.6 10.9 11.16 **82**

HOT PIES' BEST ON GROUND:

Rupert Betheras



REPORT BY JT & HOTROD

I knew we were in for a big day early in the first quarter when Pebbles and Bubba Hall went at it toe to toe. It was Hall who left the ground under the blood-rule. The signs were there that it was going to be a good day.

Our turnaround started in the third quarter with Pebbles at CHF. I don't know which Wakelin was on him but now they both have beards it's like watching twin Craig Starceviches. The Killer Bees – Burns, Bucks, Brown and Betheras – teamed up with Mr T (Chris Tarrant) to bodyslam Timmy's Toyboys. Joffa's four quarter performance as surrogate motivational speaker lifted our boys to a stout and resolute final quarter triumph. It's been a bitter year but days like today make it seem all worthwhile.

Highlights:

- The Unofficial Cheer Squad
- Superboot Chris Tarrant
- Rupert's after match interviews

MATCH REPORT RATINGS



GOAL FEST



CRAP



NO IDEA



CORKER



INJURY

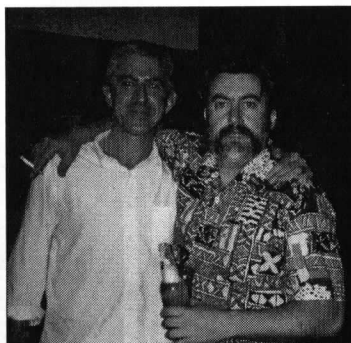
Hotrod's full reports can be seen on his website, *Extreme Black and White* at the following address: <http://www.alphalink.com.au/~hotrod/extreme.html>



**GROG.**



**GRUB.**



**... and two grunters.**

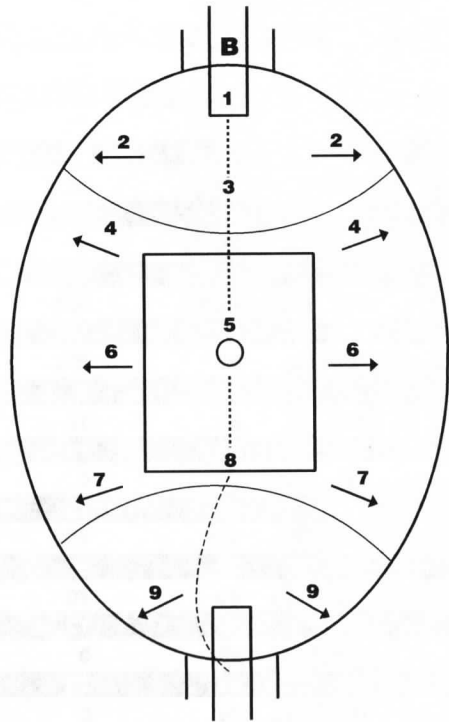
# the playing list

1	Damien Monkhorst	21/08/69	203cm	108kg	192 games
2	Mark Orchard	02/04/76	172	72	53
3	Mark Richardson	31/10/72	193	93	84
5	Nathan Buckley	26/07/72	186	91	125
6	Stephen Patterson	04/01/71	175	72	29
7	Michael Gardiner	22/03/78	197	92	1
8	Ricky Olarenschaw	01/02/73	182	80	77
9	Glenn Freeborn	06/02/73	180	77	55
10	Paul Williams	03/04/73	177	81	151
11	Brad Fuller	08/03/78	176	75	13
12	Andrew Schauble	17/11/76	192	90	66
13	Jamie Tape	05/04/74	188	89	82
14	Shane Watson	17/02/74	185	80	130
15	Bradley Smith	07/07/77	201	102	0
16	James Wasley	19/07/79	183	78	5
17	Scott Burns	23/12/74	178	75	70
18	Lee Walker	07/02/73	197	97	16
19	Nick Davis	30/03/80	182	76	0
20	Chris Tarrant	18/12/80	191	82	11
21	Brent Tuckey	27/03/79	191	83	3
22	Jason Wild	10/02/76	182	78	62
23	Anthony Rocca	15/03/77	193	102	56
24	Tarkyn Lockyer	30/10/77	176	76	0
25	Cameron Venables	29/10/75	193	88	0
26	Gavin Brown	25/09/67	183	84	220
27	Alex McDonald	13/02/70	186	82	103
28	Gavin Crossisca	15/09/68	188	89	224
30	Ben Kinnear	27/02/79	192	88	5
32	Paul Licuria	04/01/78	180	83	10
33	Tyson Lane	25/03/76	179	84	19
34	Brad Osborne	19/06/80	183	72	0
35	Simon Prestigiaco	31/01/78	189	86	28
36	Saverio Rocca	20/11/73	194	106	132
38	Craig Jacotine	21/06/80	177	76	0
39	Scott Crow	18/12/73	179	80	70
40	Clinton King	24/03/78	179	70	17
41	Damien Adkins	09/03/81	178	66	0
43	Luke Godden	21/09/78	180	80	23
44	Heath Scotland	21/07/80	181	76	0
45	Troy Kirwen	20/12/79	190	85	0
47	Craig Anderson	21/10/79	172	72	0
48	Mal Michael	24/06/77	190	88	29
49	Rupert Betheras	23/11/75	183	81	7

# Collingwood's Secret Play Handbook

When that piddley excuse for a footballer Trent Hotton left the club two years ago he took with him not only a bad hairstyle and dubious consumption patterns, but also intellectual property that had the capacity to change the course of history as we know it. The Collingwood Set-Play handbook. In its time the most sophisticated and well thought out collection of football tactics ever devised. In return for two slabs and a Celine Dion video Hot Pies has obtained excerpts from this highly sensitive document.

## SET-PLAY No. 69 "The Fellatio Marinara Play"



1. After an opposition point has been scored Bucks takes the kick-in.
2. All players lead out deep towards the pockets and GET OUT OF THE WAY.
3. Buckley plays-on from Full Back and maintains possession.
4. Players across the half back line shepherd a path for Bucks and GET OUT OF HIS WAY.
5. Buckley maintains possession through backline and runs the ball out of defence.
6. Players in the midfield area, GET OUT OF BUCKS WAY
7. Half Forwards: GET OUT OF BUCKS WAY.
8. Bucks runs the ball to half forward and has a shot.
9. Full Forwards either; shepherd the ball through the goals and clap your hands above your head until the television camera leaves you or, provide a dummy lead out wide and watch the ball go through, then run the length of the field to pat Bucks on the bum.

### Notes:

- At no time is any another player other than Bucks to touch the ball.
- Remember to keep out of Bucks way at all times.

# COLLINGWOOD CONNECTIONS

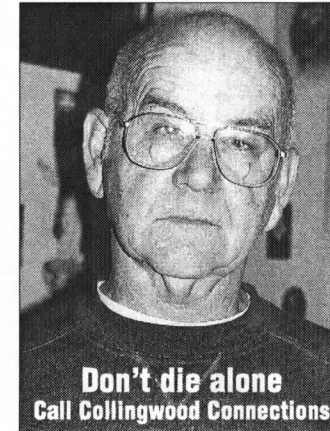
For the times when the team you barrack for is more important than what you look like. Don't sit on the bench when it comes to love. Send your entries to Collingwood Connections, PO Box 6046, Collingwood North 3066\*

## Desperate males

- **Male wishing to meet** a serious bitch who'll know what to do with me. I'm very rich and need a girl who will know how to spend the fruits of my hard labour.
- **Are you 36-42**, like Jefferson Airplane, Cats, motor racing, HP Sauce, Auntie Jack and KT-26s? Then you're strange and should call me.
- **Single unemployed male** seeks unemployed female to watch telly all day with, drop DSS forms off together and combine shopper dockets and love.
- **Former Hawthorn forward** likes prancing and mincing up and down in the forward line, but dislikes passing inside 50. Looking for a man in white who will give me gifts, ie. shots at goal and Brownlow votes, in exchange for sexual favours.

## desperate and insecure females seeking males

- **Big, bold and beautiful woman** looking for a caring, compassionate loving small framed man aged 30 to 45 and fertile. I'm 34 y.o. never married with five children seeking a permanent relationship. My favorite things are Collingwood, cuddles, nights at home making babies, family life and the annual outing. So if you appreciate a vivacious reproducer give me a call.
- **I have everything** a man could want, except you. I can't continue like this for much longer not knowing where you are. I thought I



**Don't die alone  
Call Collingwood Connections**

saw you the other day but when I turned around you were gone. Pick-up the phone and call me quickly.

- **Lady 62 seeks a man** who will be nice to me, because I'm sick of being treated like a doormat. A nice kind gent who'll take me as I am, a barbiturate popping soapie junkie who never cooks but dials home deliveries and shops from the telly while knitting Collingwood beanies.

## Male seeking females

- **Agrophobic male** seeks claustrophobic female
- **Artist, body-painter, poet, gentle cowboy, well-travelled, Celtic sole, part-time actor, avid hacky-sack fan** seeks creative sexy, slim, straight-talkin' Steiner school teacher to make felt toys with.
- **Well-off and well-endowed guy**, own house and car but a complete wanker. Searching for a lady for good times and cleaning my house and car.

• **36.y.o drug dealer** is looking for the sort of women who won't pig out on my gear and steal me cash. She also needs to know how to handle the cops and users, in return you'll be well rewarded. No first timers.

• **Greek male**, with tight pants, and a hairy body, enjoys chocolate shops and has a fascination for back doors. I like ouzo, collingwood, and ladies who'll punch from behind. I'm an attractive male (I think) who's willing to keep the ladies warm this winter. No desperado's.

• **38.y.o. handyman/gardener** wants a woman who is missing the manly touch around her home. I'll tighten your faucets, oil your creaking doors, turn your garden bed and brake your boredom.

## Confused?

- **One dte, male**, vgsoh, biw's, ofp, snag, n/s, s/s, 6'2", 68kg, 30+, sob seeks fem asap
- **Anorexic bi-female** looking for slim bi-fem, must be under 30 kilos. Bulemics need not apply.
- **Male 58y, mild diabetic** loves sexy lingerie, kissing, cuddling and pleasing ladies. My wife does not like sex at all. I am clean, discreet and disease free. Please send photo. Wife does not know about ad.
- **Cross-dressing male** sought by open-minded 33yo guy who wants to suck his mates in at the local footy club at an upcoming pie night.

\* Successful connections charged at \$50 or two slabs.



# The joy of being hated

**Poff leaves all the fatboy hype behind and gets to the heart of Nuts and the essence of all of us.**

My old man took an unconventional approach to indoctrinating his kids into the Magpie faith.

"Get off the ground Morwood. You're shithouse," he'd roar.

Week in, week out, we'd witness Dad endure the pain (and occasionally the pleasure) of being a passionate Collingwood supporter.

It was the kind of passion that took him to Grand Finals in 1966, 1970, 1977 (twice), 1979, 1980 and 1981.

But by the time 1990 came around, he simply didn't care. His love for the team had slowly turned to disinterest.

He was sick of the losses, the lack of discipline, the infighting and, finally, Shane Morwood.

Sometime in the mid-1980s he traded in his black and white scarf (and some pretty high blood pressure) for a set of golf clubs.

On October 6, 1990, Dad was as far from the MCG as humanly possible. As Tony Shaw held aloft the Cup, my old man was standing (as if by divine choice) on the 18th at St Andrewis in Scotland. His disinterest in all things black and white was complete.

So you can imagine my surprise when the old man recently handed me an article about Gordon "Nuts" Coventry (top nickname that).

The article was published as part of the Pluggger 1300 euphoria. It detailed the heroic efforts of the former record-holder.

*Those Magpies were so classy and so cheeky that opposition teams learned to genuinely loathe them.*

Get your mind around these statistics:

- Coventry kicked his 1299 goals in 306 games over 18 seasons (an average of 4.25 goals per game).
- He booted a record 112 goals in 31 finals.
- He led the Magpies goalkicking every year from 1922 to 1937.
- He was the first player to kick a hundred goals in a season – 124 in 1929.
- He kicked four centuries in an era of muddy grounds, dirty defenders and a limited, 18-game home-and-away season.
- He kicked nine goals in the 1928 grand final – the second of four consecutive Magpie premierships.

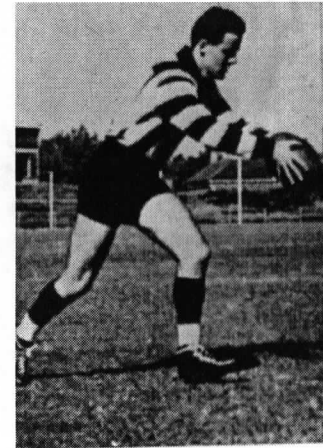
Coventry was the focal point of a team that dominated the League and changed the way Victorians looked at football in general – and how they looked at Collingwood in particular.

My father never saw Nuts play, but his old man did. You see, my Grandfather grew up in Valiant Street, Abbotsford, and he loved the Magpies.

As Dad showed me the article about Nuts, he told me of how my Grandad talked of the great Magpies of the 1920s and 30s.

It's the kind of oral history that's necessary when explaining a period of football that doesn't exist in film archives or on the shelves of video libraries.

My Grandfather reckoned that during this period, the



Collingwood team was so skilful that they used to taunt the opposition. He made it sound like going to see the Harlem Globetrotters.

Those Magpies were so classy and so cheeky that opposition teams learned to genuinely loathe them.

It was this period that also gave birth to the tradition of opposition supporters truly hating Collingwood.

It's a tradition that has defined the lives of three generations of the Collingwood faithful, who have happily endured the baptism of schoolyard bruises.

Just recently, I've been fearing that the tradition is dying. Opposition supporters are starting to be charitable about the Pies – and it shits me to death.

I'll throttle the next person that tells me (in a condescending tone of voice) that Collingwood has been "a bit unlucky lately".

Sure, we can probably blame the national competition for this softening attitude (Adelaide and West Coast are now bigger targets than the Pies), but we should not accept it.

Collingwood has got to concentrate on being hated again and the only way of achieving that is becoming fearsome and unbeatable again.

God forbid that we should leave a world for our children (and our children's children), where barracking for Collingwood doesn't get you beaten up in the schoolyard at lunchtime.

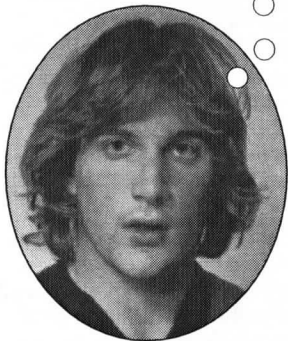
**Paul O'Farrell**



# Timmie Watson's Puzzle Page



I'm puzzled  
by this page



## TIC TAC TOE CHALLENGE

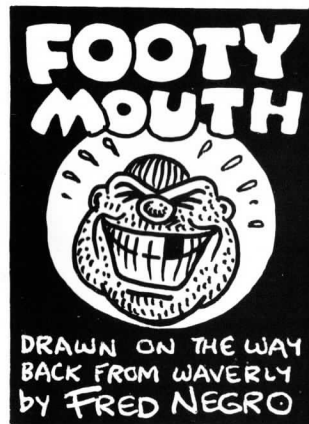
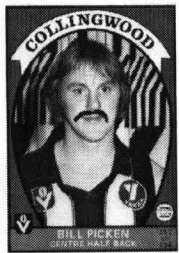
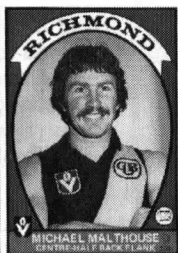
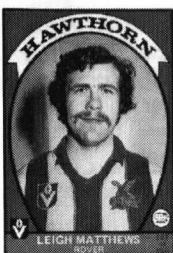


It's your go. You are X. Or O. It's up to you. Just do your best, that's all I'm asking of you. And remember, even when it looks like you've got the game won, it's not over until it's over.

X	O	X
O		O
X	O	X

## SPOT THE FAKE TASH

Facial hair was the IN thing in the 70s. Some players had it, some players only aspired to have it. See if you can spot the imposter.



WE LEFT WAVERLY  
JUBILANTLY SINGING..

THERE'S ONLY ONE  
RUPERT BETHERIS



BACK AT THE ESPY,  
WE WERE SO HAPPY  
EVEN THE ST. KILDA  
SUPPORTERS LOOKED ATTRACTIVE..



THE REST IS HISTORY.  
WE WON EVERY GAME  
FOR THE REST OF THE  
SEASON AND WITH A  
HUGE PERCENTAGE  
WIN OVER BRISBANE  
WE GOT IN 8TH SPOT..



AT HALF-TIME  
IN THE GRAND  
FINAL AGAINST  
ESSENDON  
WE WERE WORRIED..

100 POINTS DOWN



THEN THE MIGHTY PIES  
CLAWED BACK TO WITHIN  
A POINT WHEN PEBBLES  
MARKED IN THE CENTRE  
ON THE FINAL SIREN...



IT WAS THE LONGEST KICK  
WE'D EVER SEEN.. IT JUST  
KEPT GOING AND GOING  
UNTIL FINALLY IT WENT  
RIGHT THROUGH THE HIGH  
DIDDLE-DIDDLE AND THE  
PIES WON THE '99 FLAG!

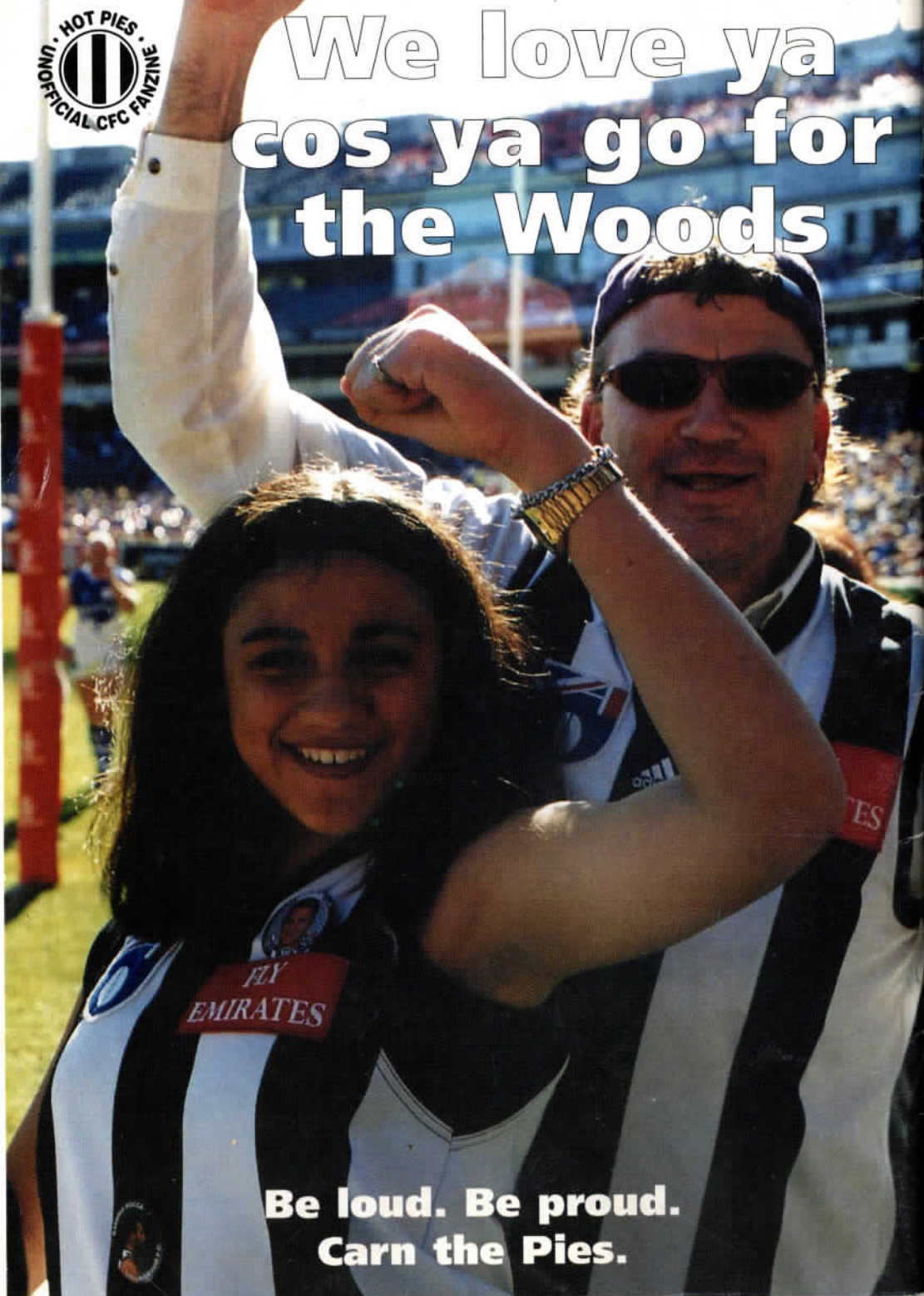


WAKE UP FOOTY!  
YOU'VE MESSSED THE  
SHEETS UP AGAIN!!





**We love ya  
cos ya go for  
the Woods**



**Be loud. Be proud.  
Carn the Pies.**

