



Well the last Chairman's blog didn't make it to press (*until now – see page 5 – Ed.*). Here we are in Feb 2009 and I'll have another go. (This better make the Old Git, Sean, as this writing lark doesn't come easy to me.)

Best start with an update from the last 18 months: clearly, as I'm writing this, I'm still the chairman and was pleased to have a such a vote of confidence from the other committee and social members when I considered standing down in Nov 08 so thank you to all that offered your words of encouragement.

The committee has remained pretty much the same with a few sideways moves – various members swapping roles (sounds like Kynoch & Carman at tea break) and to date the meetings we have had have been productive and enjoyed by all including the ladies' dart team. I'd like to especially welcome Sarah Rutherford (wife of 'You ain't seen me!') to the committee as treasurer and I'm sure all her experience in financial matters will stand us in good stead.

The all-weather (apart from snow, apparently) surface has certainly made a marked improvement to the Thursday night training sessions. It is much more enjoyable to play on and kinder to the body than the previous surface, even more so now that slide tackles have been outlawed (I didn't think I'd ever be writing that in a positive manner). I'm sure being the local team and playing on the surface regularly can only help us for the tournament later in the year. The number of highly skilled players has been good of late with games of 10-a-side not being uncommon; this clearly helps finances and should keep the dreaded price increase at bay for a while.

Fund raising ventures in '08 were fantastic and the club bank account is looking quite healthy. The major noteworthy events were Big 10 (special thanks to Sam for utilising his rock band contacts to good effect); the barrow of booze on the day of the tournament raised a huge amount of money so thanks to John Day for leading the way on ticket sales helped by Chow and Gus; and the 100-ticket draw again did us proud and they are currently on sale again now with the final draw coinciding with the tournament evening do on June 13th. Also a quick thanks again to Ian Muncaster from Anglia Traffic Management for his support with providing new kits and training tops to smarten us up whilst playing.

As I've mentioned already the tournament is being held in June and I am awaiting confirmation from a team in Germany that would like to attend (4-2, 4-2, 4-2 etc etc) so that would be great if they can make it. It is also the 10th year celebrations for the Centre that day so there will be all the stalls throughout the day and a band in the evening so a real family day of entertainment to be had by all.

It is becoming tradition that the new year is met by the Vets' weight loss campaign and this year Dave Carman seems to be the one to put your money on and is currently on a diet of broccoli and spinach (excellent example of going green, Dave, but not so good for the carbon footprint, so Linda tells us). At the time of writing there are 2 weeks to go before the lucky winner swoops the money and shows everyone what a good bunch of mates we are and puts the whole lot behind the bar for one and all.

Whilst I mention having a pint or 2, the Birchanger away game is fast approaching and we have booked a bus to leave the centre at 9.00am on 8th March to return later that afternoon. This fixture is also becoming a tradition and is sponsored by Relate! Anyone wishing to put their husband/wife relationship to the test please feel free to come along, cost is £10 . . . bargain. Apparently there is actually a game to be played when we get there as well.

Well that's me for now and I look forward to seeing a full bus of vets for game above.

Cheers Blanco

THE DANGERS OF FACEBOOK EMERGE YET AGAIN

## Man Utd fan caught out in almighty Facebook sting by Liverpool fans

Facebook dumpee Michael Chopra or would-be closet racist Sam Deering can both vouch for the dangers posed by the social networking site. But there was nothing either of them could do to help Manchester United fan Stuart Slann who fell victim to a Facebook prank as hilarious as it was heartless, and as superb as it was psychotic!

Stuart had been on holiday to Mexico last November. Staying in the same resort were two Liverpool fans. Friendly banter was initially exchanged, but the Scousers soon grew tired of Stuart's endless boasting about United. The Liverpool fans also claim that Stuart was generally being a bit of a nuisance and that one man took a swing at him over a comment made to his wife.

One night the Scousers decided enough was enough and demanded that Stuart sing them a few Liverpool anthems. When Stuart refused, the drunken duo (both professional Cage Fighters, by the way) decided to throw their Manc adversary into the pool but in the words of one of them: "we threw him in the shallow end by mistake. I thought 'Shit we've killed him' because he just lay there motionless". As it turned out they had just done some damage to his ankle.

You would think a possibly broken ankle could be considered revenge for a bit of mouthy Manc attitude, but this pair had other ideas. On their return to the UK they created a fake Facebook (or a Fakebook if you prefer) in the name of "Emma" and tracked down Stuart. In their own words, they "groomed" him for six weeks, starting with a bit of chit-chat and then in "the last two weeks I made him fall in love with me".

On 31 January it was time for Stuart and Emma to meet up for a bit of romance. Unfortunately for Sheffield-based Stuart it was a 10-hour drive to Emma's fictional home north of Aberdeen, but it would be worth it surely? The Scousers got a female friend to adopt a Scottish accent and reassure Stuart before he set off and explain that she would be in work until he arrived so she would only be able to text him.

During the journey, Emma texted Stuart complaining of boredom at work and requesting some saucy photos. He duly complied by sending a short video of himself sucking on a pink vibrator. The vibrator had apparently been the subject of much humour to the Scousers during the holiday since Stuart had taken it to Mexico despite travelling alone.

After eventually arriving in Aberdeen and waiting patiently at the deserted farm where she supposedly lived, Stuart rang Emma to see where she was. He was greeted at the other end of the phone by his two holiday 'chums'. Stuart was not best pleased and (one for the irony spotters) took solace in his Facebook updates! Unsurprisingly, his wife was not impressed either and has now left him.

## NEWS

### 100 CLUB

Vets 100 Club Tickets on sale now.

Contact Gus for your tickets, either for yourself or if are able to sell any – £10 each, with the first draw in the week commencing April 6. Draws are then made weekly until the last draw on tournament day. Weekly prize is £25. Prizes in the tenth and final draw are: £15, £35, £50, £75 and £100.

### UPCOMING GAMES

Two games currently arranged are:

8 March: Birchanger away – coach leaves Centre 9am

5 April: Swavesey away.

Contact Gary Miller (07792 851699/garymiller\_165@fsmail.net) if you want to play in either game.

### TOURNAMENT

Date of the tournament is JUNE 13. Contact Gary Miller (07792 851699/garymiller\_165@fsmail.net) if you want to play and Blanco if you are able to help on the day.

**Martin ‘Safe Hands’ Dollard pictured on a reunion last year with one of his former ship-mates.**



**Supporters react to their goalkeeper’s latest howler . . .**



**Some things never change . . .**



**Vets’ First Team deny that they rigged the 2007 tournament in their favour . . .**



**John Terry in double life shocker!**

“NHS is exploiting my life” – claims transsexual

A TRANSSEXUAL, angry at an NHS advertising campaign that depicts a man wearing makeup, says her lifestyle has been exploited for the sake of a poster.

Lucy Smith thinks the NHS should have been more sensitive to the transsexual community in Warrington when it developed a poster warning women drinkers they could end up looking like men.

“It’s hard enough living in Warrington without this,” said Lucy, a pre-op male to female transsexual.

“People see the posters on the bus and it draws attention to me sat there. I walk down the street and everyone’s looking or shouting,” she said.



A WOMAN scanned the guests at a party and spotted an attractive man standing alone. She approached him.

“My name is Carman,” she told him.

“That’s a beautiful name,” he replied. “Is it a family name?”

“No,” she replied. “I gave it to myself. It reflects the things I like most – a car and a man. What’s your name?”

The man said “B. J. Titsengolf”

# Last Summer's match v. Rod Stewart XI

Over Vets 2 (1) – 3 (1) Vagabonds Old Boys  
A. Carman  
Doggett

Epping Forest, Sunday July 13th

Starting XI: Smart;  
Blanchflower, Ecclestone,  
Adams, Clow; Parker,  
Warrington, Wilkinson, Dean;  
Carman A, Doggett.

Before the game, all the talk had been of whether or not he would play or whether he would even turn up. In the end our fears were allayed as Dave Carman arrived to board the coach with the rest of us. And so we headed off to the UK home of Sir Roderick Stewart of Epping for a game which, for some mysterious reason, had attracted a lot more interest amongst the membership than a wintry Sunday morning game against the likes of Fenstanton or Hemingford. On the coach were those deemed able to play for the Old Gits – the main qualification being not Over residency or even age, but the possession of a nickname, preferably ending in 'O'. Thus were Blanco, Wilko, Deano and Stevo joined by Crunch, Smarty, Beer Bitch, Sam-the-Sponge, Honest John, Andicar, Doggy, Lozzer, Chow and a bunch of lesser mortals not yet blessed with a soubriquet.

Our sponsor Ian Muncaster had very generously supplied a specially printed set of commemorative leopard-print thongs in honour of the great man and it was agreed that, at the end of the match, these should be thrown to the crowd.

Pre-match preparations and rituals are always instructive: whilst Vagabonds players were receiving warm-up massages from Sir Rod's personal trainer, several Vets took the opportunity to top up their nicotine content. Changing facilities were basic – a converted stable, although even the word 'converted' is stretching it a bit, with just two showers for the away team. Needless to say the home team's facilities contrasted sharply with those of the visitors: where we had cold stone floor, they had carpeting, where their walls were adorned with all manner of Celtic and other football memorabilia, ours were bare and stark. Still, we have a camaraderie which the likes of Chelsea and Man U ("I'm not even getting out of bed for less than £120k a week") can only dream about.

The pitch was a five minute walk from the changing stables, down a fairly steep track alongside the house. And what an immaculate pitch it was. Almost perfectly flat and lushly green, it looked as though it had never been played on. Even the goalposts and nets appeared to have only just been unwrapped and put up. The only slightly jarring note was provided by a small collection of battered and weather-beaten plastic garden chairs near the halfway line on the far side of the pitch, alongside a couple of tatty park benches. Presumably left there and forgotten by the groundsman who had no doubt meant to throw them in a skip at some point, they contrasted sharply with a pair of smart,

arched, perspex dugouts on the opposite touchline. A nice touch, we thought, most considerate, home and away covered dugouts, so we put all our gear in one of them and the players began warming up in one of the goalmouths. After fifteen minutes or so, a couple

reaction was a push on his opponent of which Dick Emery's 'Ooh you are awful' character would have been proud. Luckily the referee managed to calm things down and the game got under way again.

A few minutes later and, following a slick



of WAGs came down the hill and told us to move from the dugout as both of them were reserved for Sir Rod's team and entourage: our 'dugout' was in fact the motley collection of benches and garden chairs opposite. "When it rains, we're nice and dry and can watch you getting wet", as one of them pointed out. A few minutes later, the opposition players started to come down and informed the warming-up Vets that they had to warm up at the other end, as the near end was reserved for Rod's team. So the lads dutifully tugged their forelocks and ambled away.

And so the game began, with Rod still on his way from Devon. His brother was running the line on our side of the pitch and a very likeable, affable bloke he was: he gleefully informed us soon after Rod's arrival that Rod had been delayed due to a prang in his Ferrari. "It was Rod's fault – he drove into an American tourist's car," he said before adding sheepishly "Don't say anything to him as he'll know it was me who told you."

The game started in lively fashion (or as lively as you can get at our age) with Joe Warrington and Wilko getting stuck in, in midfield and Crunch orchestrating things as only he can, from the back (sample to Gus: "I don't need you out here scratching your arse".) Andy and Colin soon struck up a typical Vets' understanding up front when Andy was released down the right wing and pinged an excellent cross into the box – unfortunately to a spot Colin had been occupying several seconds earlier. Minutes later the Vets had their first serious attempt on goal when Wilko picked up a loose ball outside the box and unleashed a shot from 18 yards, which was comfortably saved by the Vagabonds' keeper. After the early tussles and skirmishes the game threatened to take a darker turn when a Vagabond launched as nasty and vicious a challenge as this reporter has seen in a Vets' game on Simon Ecclestone as he was clearing the ball upfield from just inside his own half. Much indignation ensued from the Vets' side of the pitch as Dave Carman, sprained ankle or no sprained ankle, decided this was a match he may have to take part in after all. Simon's

move down the right with several quick interchanges, the Vagabonds had the ball in the Vets' net. Luckily Rod's brother was in the right spot to flag for offside. The Vagabonds continued to probe and were awarded a free-kick on the corner of the penalty area when Blanco was adjudged to have fouled; a well-struck shot missed the far post. The teams continued to trade chances with a fine shot from Vagabonds' Rod look-alike midfielder flying past Smarty's post being matched minutes later by a 30-yarder from Joe being similarly off-target. Likewise the corner count remained even: a Vagabonds effort being well cleared by Simon and an Over effort being well-scuffed by Loz. This resulted in a Vagabonds break which ended with the game's best chance so far being put into the side netting.

Rod turned up just in time to see the Vets take the lead on 20 minutes. A Wilko pass found Andy on the halfway line. He put the ball down the line for the tireless Colin to run on to. Belying his years, Andy made a great run into the box to meet Colin's perfectly weighted cross and slotted home at the near post from six yards, under pressure from the centre-back. One-nil to the Vets and the vast throng of supporters and substitutes occupying the tatty garden chairs celebrated.

After half an hour Coach Carman made his first changes: Deano and Gus being brought off and Mike Little and Taggy going on. This was soon followed by a classic Vets-level moment. The Vagabonds had managed to work the ball into the box for one of their strikers to find himself free and unmarked six yards out. With the ball at an awkward height and Smarty at his mercy, he had to make a quick decision whether to play it with foot or head. Deciding on the header option, he stooped, but found his body no longer supple enough for such manoeuvres and, in geriatric slow-motion, simply toppled over on to the ball, allowing Smarty to gather easily. The Vets then created two good chances of their own. First Taggy made a break and shot just over the bar, then a move involving Wilko, Taggy and Andy saw Colin just beaten to a cross by the goalkeeper. An indication of the heat as



well as the decent pace the game was being played at, was the fact that within ten minutes of coming on, Mike had to be replaced by Nick Uttridge at left back.

Just before half-time, the Vagabonds equalised. Their fourth corner of the game was

didn't have long to wait. The merest hint of a brush past his left shoulder saw our hero not content to just fall over, but to dive with such breathtaking style and grace that we could only cheer heartily from the touchline before all agreeing on the score: a 9.5 – up there with

*Gary Miller struggles to keep up with a speedy Vets attack*

did well to tip the ball against the far post, but the ball was played back in. As he went to play the ball away, he was clearly pushed in the back



*The dugouts – no prizes for guessing which ones are for the home team!*



only half cleared and a cross back into the box to the far post found a player unmarked who looped a header back across goal and in at the back post. One-all at half-time.

Coach Carman rang the changes in the interval and sent on Steve Rawlinson, Gary Miller and Honest John for Gus, Joe and Loz, opting not to split up the Crunch-Simon partnership at the back or the Andy-Colin pairing up front, who were looking lively against a fairly slow Vagabonds defence. Nick moved to right-back, allowing Honest John to play on his preferred left side. The second half started with Rod having produced a megaphone to allow him to encourage his team a little more vociferously than he had so far managed.

Rarely does a Vets' 11-a-side game pass without at least one great Taggy diving moment and, once the second half got under way, we

crunching tackle from Nick released Taggy who managed to stay on his feet long enough to execute a sharp one-two with Andy before shooting just over the bar. The Vagabonds started to move the ball around a bit better in the second half and had created two good shooting opportunities before they controversially took the lead. A move down their left led to the ball being played into the box. Smarty

Taggy's best. As Woody once said to Buzz Lightyear – falling with style.

The introduction of Gary Miller down the right had certainly given the Vagabonds' defence something else to think about and we continued to create chances. Simon went on a strong run from within his own penalty area before feeding the ball out to Gary on the right wing whose first time cross was only inches too high for Andy. Minutes later a

by an attacker and the ball was tapped in for the Vagabonds second goal.

The Vets' equalised less than a minute later. Once again good work from Gary on the right resulted in a ball into the box and, following a tussle for the ball between Andy and a defender, Colin found himself unmarked six yards out and he lashed the ball into the roof of the net; his celebration was reminiscent of Alan Sunderland's at Wembley in 1979 when he scored the winner against Man U.

Seventeen minutes into the second half we got a good insight into Coach Carman's motivational skills when he sent Chow on for Honest John. "What are you like at left back, Chow?" he asked. "OK", came the reply. "Don't fuck it up then", says Dave. Minutes later Joe was brought back on for Wilko as both teams continued to carve out chances, looking for the winner. Vagabonds had a shot cleared off the goal-line and, at the other end, Andy hit the post following more good work from Colin. An



excellent Steve cross from the left was met by a defender just ahead of Gary, who, minutes later, had a great shot from twenty yards well saved by the goalkeeper. Then Paul Kynoch, on for Andy, flicked a ball inside for Colin to shoot just wide. Vagabonds then created a clear break down the middle and their striker, forced wide on the edge of the box by an advancing Smarty, somehow managed to hit the post with the goal at his mercy.

The winning goal came ten minutes from the end when Vagabonds were awarded a free kick on the corner of the box on their right side. The ball was hooked in over the wall and

continued towards the goal where it dipped sharply to elude Smarty. Three-two down and Coach Carman decided to throw everything at the opposition in search of an equaliser. Albert came on for Nick, Loz on for Chow and Andy on for Colin. Taggy was badly fouled twenty yards out and for the first time Sam the Sponge was called on to administer some TLC. Steve stepped up to take the resultant free kick and with his trusty, golden left foot he beat the wall with a superb strike, which their keeper just managed to tip over the bar. That turned out to be our last chance as, with the Vagabonds three-two up, the referee decided he shouldn't risk any

added time, if he wanted to be invited back chez Rod any time soon.

An excellent game, great to watch with many chances for both teams and some superb football played by both sides. We left the pitch knowing we'd given a good account of ourselves and many of the players lined up to have their shirts signed by Rod. The day would then be topped off by the legend dipping his famously short arms into his equally-famous long pockets in the pub afterwards, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it? Would it f—!!



## THAT ORIGINAL CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN REPRODUCED BELOW IN FULL FOR THE FIRST TIME

### **The Future is now!**

NEW CHAIRMAN BLANCO WRITES FOR THE OLD GIT

It seems rather uncanny that 3 years ago, in a drunken speech made on the bus travelling home from the Carlton Palmers awards, I claimed and rather loudly shouted in Oliver Reed style "I am the future of Over vets!".

Well now, after being on the committee for 3 years I've been voted in as Chairman and I'll give it a good go. The committee has changed somewhat as well this year, with some positions being shuffled around amongst existing members and some new faces, most notably, Sam Heneker, joining us as well, which is good.

I would like to say as well what a great job Taggy did in his year as Chairman. He did a lot of work behind the scenes although whatever I say he will be remembered for his awards speech with satellite links that didn't work and no one getting the correct awards. King St in Cambridge has far too many pubs for such a lightweight as Tag and I only hope the last vodka consumed in the Radegund Pub does not have the same effect on me as it did poor old Taggy.

I think 2008 will be a good year for the Vets on and off the pitch (weather permitting) as we already have five 11-a-side friendlies to play and two that need re-scheduling from 2007. Once the all-weather surface has been upgraded to, what has become a local buzz word, "G3", then I'm sure the Thursday night numbers will increase as well, as I'm led to believe it is a much more forgiving surface and kinder to those with aches and pains brought on during the more mature years. Sadly though, you'll have to travel further afield to see Dave Carman and Loz grunting in a Monica Seles style, as there will be no tennis.

Off the pitch, the annual 7-a-side tournament has already been booked for early June, with an evening's entertainment as well (not sure what yet but the hall has been booked to keep the Coventry masses happy). We have also booked the local and much loved band 'Big 10' who seemed to leave a smile on Over's face after the carnival as a fund raiser for the club on March 28.

Cheers Blanco