

Peter Commandeur knows a gobbymouthed coach when he sees one -- and he has seen (and heard) one in Paul "Motormouth" Marshall, the very loud voice of football at Central United. Here he tells it like it is in...

Marshall Lore

Brucey. From Petey. Tight son, tight! Go, Sticky! Superb son, superb!

Have you been (un)lucky enough to hear Central coach Paul Marshall in full flight this season?

I'm still laughing 24 hours later. What an original. What a voice, what a true idiosyncratic 100 per cent nutter!

This amazing character is a breath of fresh air (or rather an aural bombardment of high-decibel hot air) on the sideline compared to the bland anonymous sameness of most of the national league coaches seen this year.

During the Christchurch City-Central match at Garrick Park, Marshall amazed the crowd with an almost uninterrupted barrage of instructions, comments and complaints at very high volume from beginning to end.

The only relief the poor spectators (an understandably subdued bunch at lowly City's home ground) got was the 15 minutes at half time. Most of the seating at Garrick Park is arranged either side of the coaches' dugouts, so there was no escape from the torrent of verbiage.

Several City supporters who started the match near the Central bench departed for other sections of the ground

by the end of the first half, including one chap in a wheelchair who muttered about being "bloody deafened" as he wheeled himself past us.

Some comments from the crowd: "What a weirdo". "Shut up." "Are all your players deaf or something."

I found it to be the most entertaining performance in my life – apart from when opposing coaches have been sent from the ground for foul language in Nelson or Christchurch.

Paul Marshall's performance was so unique and his choice of language so idiosyncratic that I transcribed a few minutes from the middle of each half.

A full transcript covering the entire 90 minutes would take up the whole Sitter! but parents can rest assured that it's family entertainment. Amazingly, the man doesn't

swear at all.

Imagine comedian Mel Smith playing a very LOUD coach with verbal diarrhoea, but a very Kiwi accent, fond of childish nicknames, very passionate and excitable, even when nothing much is happening, but working himself into hysterics when there is some action.

And as per usual with very LOUD coaches, his players let him do all the



talking, being a very timid bunch who hardly say anything.

So here we go (yelled at a constantly loud volume, but even louder at the end of each phrase, with only two pauses every 45 minutes...

Hawkey, Sticky. Tight. Tight! Tight! TIGHTER ON HIM SON! Go on, son. FIRE! STICKY! REFEREE! REFEREE! Awww. THE OTHER WAY! Well done Bruiser! HOLD! HOLD! UNLUCKY! Shape! Shape! TIGHT BRUISER! REFEREE! REFEREE! [Two minutes silence after City score on 33 minutes).

Well played Hawkey! Get in the box, Banksy. UNLUCKY SON! UNLUCKY SON! [Even instructing the ball boy:] Give him the ball son! Go on, son, DO HIM! GO STICKY! [Josh Stick, No 24.] UNLUCKY MIRO, GOOD TRY! UNLUCKY BANKSY! WELL DONE BRUCE HILL! Feet! Feet! Feet! Hold! Hold! Hold!

Second half: Come on, we've seen what he's like! GET ON TOP OF HIM!

BANKSY! Do better with the ball! LET'S ENCOURAGE ONE ANOTHER! Come on Hawkey, YOU'RE IN ON YOUR OWN! WHERE'S THE MARKING? Push on, push on, PUSH ON, GLEN. We've got to put the challenge in there! WIN THOSE! Don't let it bounce! SQUEEZE THEM IN! HERE IT IS! No it's not. Come on, let's bury ourselves here! GLEN, GLEN, GLEN, GLEN! YES! YES! YES! Get stuck in! TUCK IN STICKY! Superb. GET TIGHT STICKY! Superb work, Bruiser! Sticky, that's superb defending, son! CONCENTRATE! THINK! NOTHING SILLY! DISCIPLINE! DISCIPLINE! Nothing silly, Geg. NOTHING SILLY, GREG! [Greg Uhlmann on as a second half sub and obviously the on-field nutter of the team, liable to lose his head.] MAKE SURE GREG UHLMANN STAYS OUT OF IT!

[Uhlmann to his coach sheepishly: "I was only trying to be a peace-maker boss, honest!" after rushing the length of the field to get involved in a scrap.]

Capping stunt

New Zealand's long-serving soccer players have finally had their efforts recognised. Past and present players with over 50 international appearances were presented with a specially made cap showing the number of games and the years they played at Centre Circle's Celebration of Soccer functions in Auckland, Wellington, and Christchurch on August 15. It's staggering to think that until now we've had no recognition for international duty -- and still don't for diamonds such as Bobby Almond, who had the misfortune to earn just 49 caps. But there you go, that's life at soccer's final frontier.

Here's list of those who qualified for a cap: Steve Sumner, 105 appearances, Brian Turner (102), Duncan Cole (92), Adrian Elrick (91), Michael McGarry (87), Ceri Evans (85), Tony Sibley (85), Ricki Herbert (83), Grant Turner (71), Malcolm Dunford (68), Clint Gosling (68), Allan Boath (65), Ken Cresswell (64), Dave Taylor (64), Chris Zoricich (62), Vaughan Coveny (59), Chris Jackson (59), Robert Ironside (56), Rodger Gray (54), Danny Halligan (53), Darren McClennan (53), Wendy Sharpe.