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PLEASE SCROLL DOWN FOR TEXT.
and hogg aka the pigman

Greetings, grapple fans. I hate to get all "I heart" 1979 on your ass but in this case it is simply unavoidable. Anyone cognisant in any way during the late 70s and early 80s shares a common memory of loved Saturday afternoons, when rain or shine leukaemia ruled out leaving the house; an experience as resilient of the era as white dog pee. Choppers, Sherbet Dips and all those other stand-up stand-bys. Saturday afternoon in the era of mullet: three channels meant watching World Of Sport on IT, presented by Dickie Davies (Des Lynam without the ladykiller charm), and its counterpart, wrestling. This was, of course, proper British wrestling. None of your WWF rubbish. Big block in tights called Mick and Pat, and, m, Kamio Nagasaki grunting and railing in a heap of cigarette smoke. The two towers of the game almost always topped the bill. Big Daddy and his never-quite-reliable Giant Haystacks, were bigger than Beckhams back then. Well, they certainly had more

It's no game
Stone cold in Dudley: who needs the WWF?

Photography by: routines to man.

HERO OF OUR TIME.

INTERVIEWED BY: MARK NOTTON.


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