

WINCHMORE HILL FOOTBALL CHAT

AUG
49



With Compliments

WINCHMORE HILL FOOTBALL CLUB

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Editorial

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Bl-oo-mp! What was that? Surely we've heard that sound somewhere before? Bl-oo-mp! There it is again; louder this time. Can it be man-made or is it some rare phenomenon of Nature taking place out there on the field? Cooler breezes have replaced the warmer ones of summer. September brings the last falling wickets with the first falling leaves and in the pavilion we also notice signs of a coming change. Bl-oo-mp! Again that sound, this time accompanied by a faint shout. We push our way through the tennis paraphernalia and, as we do so, the tattered, rather weary, notices on the board stir gently as we hurry past to the window. At first we can see little. (The dust from that car park, what an improvement when it's moved!) Then, up by the river, we make out several bodies punting a ball about and others trotting round the field, "limbering up." So that's it—football. The mystery is solved.

Once more will the pavilion echo to the tramp of studded feet. The skippers will cheerily greet their teams as they arrive, right to the last man—"where the heck have you been, kick-off's at 2.30 today"—and after the game will be heard the usual kindly enquiry "Just scraped home again, Alec?"

Yes, fellows, here we are once again on the threshold of another season and glad to be there. That is, we are unless things have not gone as planned and the "Chat" is a trifle late. These things do happen occasionally! However, be that as it may, the staff of the "Chat" (where is that boy?) join in wishing you all a triumphant and successful season. To those of you who do not play but merely stand and watch, may we say, "Good watching and let's be hearing from you."

Our congratulations to the first eleven on their last year's achievements in winning the Premier Division of the S.A.L. for the second year in succession and in reaching the semi-final of the A.F.A. Senior Cup. Our congratulations also to Alec Lambert on his success in his first season as Captain of the Club. May you have many more Alec.

The first eleven has a dual goal, once again, this year. Firstly, the winning of the league for the third time running and secondly, the A.F.A. Senior Cup. Aiming high? Certainly, Sir, and why not? In any case the staff of the "Chat" has always wanted a Cup-Final ticket and the A.F.A. Senior Cup with the "Hill" in the final would suit it down to the ground.

The aims of the second and third elevens are to bring off what they have so nearly achieved in recent years; their respective league championships. Not forgetting a "do" in the Cup. The fourth eleven hopes to improve its last year's league position. Who knows, this may be the fourth eleven's year? The fifth eleven has no league to win, no crown of honour, no pinnacle of achievement upon which the eyes of its members may be constantly fixed. Unless, of course, the bar profits touch a record "high"! However, there is a possibility that they may enter for a cup, if one can be found of the right size.

The proposed merger of the football club with the parent club, whereby the football club will no longer be a separate entity but will become a football section, is still, at the time of going to press, in the committee stage. Negotiations, including the re-drafting of rules, are in good hands and are progressing smoothly. It may well be that, by the time you read these words, the merger will be an accomplished fact but since the matter at the time of writing, is not yet settled, we do not propose to comment further. However, whatever the outcome, we feel sure that we shall all be playing, or watching, football at the "Hill" for many a long day to come.

THE LATE CHARLES J. BAKER.

The "Chat" wishes to express its deep regret at the death of Mr. Charles J. Baker, chairman of the Cricket Club in the years 1934 and 1946. Mr. Baker was for many years an ardent supporter of the Football Club and did much to foster good relations between the Football Club and the parent Club.

His kindly and lovable personality endeared him to all those who knew him, and in his death they, and the Club as a whole, have lost a good friend.

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1ST XI REPORT

"Yes," said Alec, leaning back and settling himself more comfortably on the pavilion veranda and casting a contemplative eye on the evening cricket match going on below. "Yes, a pretty good season, 1948-49, only one thing wrong really." "What was that?" I said, half-guessing the answer. "We lost that semi-final against Worthing," came the reply. I had guessed right, it was that. "Ah, well," I said "You won the league for the second year running and that's a little more than something, you know." "But to go back a little further, what about the matches after Christmas?" "Yes," said Alec, "January 1st, what an awful day that was." "Let me see, what did happen?" We flicked back through Jim's reports lying in front of us on the table and came to January 1st. "First eleven, no match," I announced. ("Awful?" I thought to myself, "Pretty good, I should say, no need to play with a hangover, no need to play in that awful hail-storm, no being late on account of the 'bus strike!" "First eleven boxed pretty clever that day in my opinion.") "What about the next week, Alec?" We flicked again. "Ah, yes, Old Reptonians," said Alec, "the first of our cup-ties, we won pretty comfortably 4-1." "Arthur Bailey, Les Lambert and Vic Haskell were outstanding and Ron Carter supplied some pretty good passes of which, I am sorry

to say, there had been rather a paucity in previous weeks." (I made a mental note. A paucity. Yes, I must certainly use that one in my fifth eleven reports. Only if necessary, of course. Perhaps to describe the goals against—or something like that). "However," said Alec, continuing, "that saw us into the third round." "Oh, well held, Sir!" "Well held? Oh, I see," I said; someone had bought it out on the cricket field. "Don't like to miss the cricket" he explained.

It was a bit hard. A beautiful summer evening had followed a day in which we had had the first shower of rain for nearly three weeks and football did seem a bit far away. But I stuck to my guns. The report just had to be written soon. "At Norbury, drizzling rain . . . miserable conditions . . . **Westminster Bank**" read Alec. "Ah, yes, we won 4-1, that was the day we moved Les to centre-forward from inside-right and he scored a hat-trick." "But more surprising was the other goal which was scored by Norman Haslam at right-half." "It was from a long shot and surprised Norman as much as any of us." "He doesn't usually do that sort of thing, you know." "The team was working well at that time." "Of course, the heavy ground suited us but the team as a whole were playing good constructive football." "After all, by that time, we had resumed our rightful place at the top of the table," said Alec modestly.

"You had a friendly against **Hendon Reserves** the following week, at home," I said. "What were they like, different class of football?" "They're in the Athenian League, aren't they?" "Yes," replied Alec, "it was a good game, exhibition stuff." "We lost 2-1." "Braithwaite scored our only goal after Arthur Bailey had had a hard drive stopped by the Hendon goalkeeper." "They gave a good exhibition in the bar afterwards too, good types, they wanted to come again but we couldn't fit them in." He looked at the score-board. "Draw," he said. The cricketers were coming in.

"January 29th, away to **Alexandra Park**, drew 1-1," I read, rather hastily. "A fair result from teams lying first and second in the league," said Alec. "It was a bad surface, overcome surprisingly well by the players." "Gus Gowers had a good game until, unfortunately, injured, but he was O.K. for the following week."

"Ah, yes," I said, "the following week." "**Lockheed Leamington**, the Hill won 5-0, I saw all of that game, and what a game!" "The team were on top that day, no doubt about that," said Alec, "but had Lockheed scored the first goal, who knows, it might well have been a different story." "Of course, their arrival on the ground was impressive." "Very impressive." "All those charabancs, all those supporters and the way they alighted from the coach and went straight out to inspect the pitch to see if it was to their liking was, well—impressive." "Our chaps were definitely impressed." "Here is a team, they said to themselves, which comes all that way with charabancs of supporters and goes out and inspects the pitch like that, very impressive." "They then went out and won 5-0." Alec paused, perhaps to let this sink in and then continued, "This was Cup-Tie football at its best." "All the atmosphere was there and everybody keyed up to concert pitch." "So different from a league game." "The team were outstanding to a man, from Peters in goal to Les at centre-forward." "Oh yes," I said, cutting in, "Les got three that day; he had a great game but actually it was Arthur Bailey who scored the all-important first goal." "Yes," said Alec, "and Vic Haskell also scored a good one, but the team as a whole won the game and not any one particular individual." "They all fitted in and—one final point—the loquaciousness of Les was conspicuous by its absence." "Which brings us," I said, "to the 12th February."

"Yes," said Alec, "after the Lord Mayor's Show came the match against **Lloyds Bank**. We were lucky to win 1-0 and many people said Lloyds Bank should certainly have had a point." But there, it is only goals win matches and I must say the goal was a peach." "Les scored it, late in the second half from a pass by Gus Gowers." "And what a beautiful pass it was too," I said, "I saw that match and I'll remember that pass for many a day."

"It's a funny thing," continued Alec, "but against really strong opposition the team often shone, but when faced with what, on paper, appeared to be a less difficult proposition, they frequently became scarcely more than mediocre."

"The game the week after was at Perivale against **Ealing Association**, and the 'Hill' won 2-1." "The conditions were not too good and an injury to Jack Pearl called for a re-organisation of the defence." "However, we gained two valuable points although Ealing certainly did not let us have things all our own way by any means." "And so," I said, "to the 4th Round of the A.F.A. Senior Cup, played at Norbury against **Barclays Bank** on February 26th."

"In which Winchmore Hill made Club history by winning 1-0 and thus qualifying for the Semi-final for the first time," quoted Alec from Jim's reports. "Although the Hill had not previously lost to Barclays in the league, Barclay's Cup record was a good one and we knew we should have to pull out our best to win," said Alec. "Well, the 'Hill' rose to the occasion and, although an injury to Haslam in the second half caused a re-arrangement, we managed to hold on to our one-goal lead." "The goal came in the 32nd minute of the first half when Gus slipped an accurate pass inside the back to Haskell who squared it across the goal." "Les, who had slightly over-run the pass, turned quickly and outwitted the defence by hooking the ball over his head into the far corner of the net. And that was that." "And so," I said, "You scraped home again and very nicely too."

"I see you lost the next week at Catford against the **Wanderers** by 2-1." "Yes, the 'Hill' scored first, but Catford levelled just before half time and, following a penalty against Denis Wade, deputising for the injured Haslam, which Peters saved brilliantly, Catford went ahead from the resultant corner."

"The following week on the 12th March we played our local rivals, **Norsemen**, for the first time and were extremely gratified to win 2-0 on our own ground." "The defence played well, Ernie Wiseman playing his usual sound, first time game and the rest of the defence, including Avent at right-half and Bill Brookes and Jack Pearl at back, formed a barrier to goal that the Norsemen found difficult to pierce." "I see from the report," I said, "that a certain Alec Lambert also gave a fine display." "Presumably all part of the impenetrable barrier?" "Jim's reports," said Alec, "are invariably models of accuracy from which the truth shines like a light." "And afterwards, I take it, a good time was had by all?" I asked. "Yes," said Alec, "we had the usual quiet evening we always have when the Norsemen visit us." "Caffrey, Steele and Company and the other Vikings gave, as always, of their best."

"The next two weeks I see you were without a game," I said. "Yes," said Alec, "it was unfortunate, but at least, no-one could get injured before the Cup Semi-final and we did get in a practice match the week before."

And so to Lewes for the day of days; the A.F.A. Cup Semi-final against **Worthing**. I was fortunate enough to accompany the team along with over a hundred supporters of

the "Hill." The ground at the "Dripping Pan" at Lewes was a sight for sore eyes. Beautiful green turf in a picturesque setting, the ground forming a natural bowl. Here again the "Cup-tie atmosphere." The year before, at Cambridge, the "Hill" had been beaten but far from disgraced and Worthing we all felt might be good but they were, well—not Cambridge. So it was with high hope in our hearts that we approached this match. When Vic Haskell headed through from a pass squared across the goal by A. Bailey in the 8th minute, every "Hill" hat went high in the air. Worthing were shaken. Make no mistake about that. Badly shaken. There was a deal of shaky passes and hasty kicks from the ranks of the opposition which showed only too well that the "Hill" had got them rattled. The Worthing forwards had few opportunities at this stage but towards the end of the first half Peters was given no chance with one fired in at close range to equalise the score in the 33rd minute. Heartened, Worthing pressed but were fortunate to take the lead when Ernie Wiseman, although playing the game of his life, just failed to reach a high ball and the outside-left shot low into the far corner of the net. After a strong start in the second half the "Hill" fell away after Worthing notched their third goal 15 minutes from the resumption. Now took place a battle between the Worthing attack and the "Hill" defence. We held out but never did it seem likely that the Hill would pull up or even score again. And so we wait for another year for that elusive final.

Just four days later, on Wednesday evening April 6th, the "Hill" beat **Civil Service** 1-0 at home and so made certain of the S.A.L. Championship for the second successive year. The conditions were bad, the pitch was bad and alas—the play was not too good either. However, a penalty goal taken by A. Bailey gave us the points and so sealed the fate of the championship. That was the one bright spot that day. The Budget News had just come through and we scarcely felt like cheering.

An anti-climax was the "Hill's" game against **Norsemen** played at Beckenham on 11th April. We lost 2-0, Norsemen thus gaining their revenge for the earlier defeat. A depleted "Hill" side could not get going or develop enough thrust to get on terms.

Looking back on the season from the veranda of the Club Pavilion, Alec felt that the football was definitely improving, not only in the "Hill," but in other clubs. The struggle yet to come will be harder; the goals (in all senses of the word) more difficult to achieve. But the Cup, that shining pinnacle of A.F.A. endeavour, must surely one day be ours—or we die in the attempt—with our boots on!

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2ND XI REPORT

Between January 1st and April 4th fourteen league matches were played, seven won, four drawn, and three lost. The only other game played was a Cup match. This was against **Cambridge Town Reserves** in the fifth round of the A.F.A. Junior Cup and against a much superior side the "Hill" lost by 7 goals to 1.

The Cambridge side put on a three goal lead in the first half and notched four more in the second. F. Bailey scored for the Hill in the closing minutes and some consolation may be gained from the fact that this was the first goal scored against Cambridge up to that stage in the Competition.

In the League, the side did not maintain the pre-Christmas promise. A second defeat by **Catford Wanderers** at Catford and an unaccountable defeat by **Ealing Association**, then bottom of the League, at home, lost valuable points and cost the Reserves

the Championship. This was won by Catford Wanderers, the "Hill" being runners-up for the second year in succession.

The New Year began well with a good victory against **A.P.** by 3-2 followed up by the defeat of **Norsemen**, at home, by 1-0. This was maintained by victories over **Brentham** and **Westminster Bank** and a draw with **Merton**. Then came a defeat at home by **Civil Service**. The "Hill" were back to winning form against **Barclays Bank** the following week and then came two draws, the first against **Norsemen** and the second against **Lensbury**, a side well down the table. A further draw against **A.P.** on 26th March was followed by full points from the remaining two games of the season, **Brentham Reserves** 4-1 and **Merton Reserves** 1-0.

The failure of the Reserves' bid to win the League was due, probably, to their inability to take their chances in what should have been the easier matches. Although to come second in the League is no mean achievement and the side played well, especially in the first half of the season, it did not give that impression of superiority which must be looked for in League champions.

Changes in the side were made towards the end of the season for various reasons but Bill Keble retained his place in goal throughout. Bill normally played a sound game except for one or two occasions when a mistake cost us a goal. Ian McMeikin at left back was quite sound, but his judgment of the right moment to go in to the tackle could be improved. He was troubled by a bad ankle towards the end of the season and was replaced by Don Ashby. Don's positional play was as good as ever but his manoeuvrability has been impaired by a tendency towards adiposity. (Don, I should look into this, it may be libellous! ED.)

The right-back position was Bernard Avent's own, and he acquitted himself very well, being selected for the 1st XI on one or two occasions. Meyer at left-half, McAdam at centre-half and Hatch at right-half formed a good workman-like half-back line combining well together to provide a link between the back division and the strangely unsuccessful forward line. B. Thompson usually filled the outside-left position and often proved to be the best forward on view; a real trier.

Sid Hasemore, the skipper, nearly always played at inside-left and does not claim to have had a good season. He seems to have lost most of that promise he had for forward play a couple of years ago and has slowed down noticeably. Perhaps it would be better for him to drop back into defence in the future. Julian Williams proved a useful centre-forward and a grand opportunist who was on the brink of the first eleven later in the season.

Sid Braithwaite, a player from our old friends **Sherwood Amateurs**, played at inside-right and while showing himself to be a footballer of experience was inclined to be somewhat slow. Frank Ward normally filled the outside-right berth until later in the season when suffering from ill-health. He was a trier and, if it's not too "Irish," could be expected to do the unexpected. Other players who served the side well, were Potter, Attwood (last year's captain), T. Williams and F. Thompson.

To sum up, the season was quite successful, but some new blood, young if possible, is needed to replace the players who are slowing down from the advance of "Anno Domini" and—adiposity?

3RD XI REPORT

By comparison with the records of the 1st and 2nd XI's and their own performance of the previous season, the 3rd XI results in the 1948-49 season were a little disappointing. Nevertheless, they finished fifth of ten sides in the First Division of the S.A.L. 3rd XI section, and won four out of five friendlies played.

For those who like statistics, the final league table showed sixteen points from eighteen matches, with a goal average of 42-41, whilst of twenty-four games played in all, ten were won, four drawn and ten lost; the goal average being 63-52.

Leading goal scorer was Ron (or Reg?) Wickwar, with twenty. Ron, at centre-forward, became one of the most regular members of the side after his promotion from the 4th XI in November. David Williams, with twelve goals to his credit was another regular performer. Dave, easily the youngest member of the side, consistently displayed much highly attractive footwork, and a keen "football brain," proving himself to be a very promising young inside-forward.

Johnny Potter and Jack Fricker, who scored twelve and eight goals respectively, put up some very good performances for the side. Later in the season Jack was rather handicapped by injury, but Johnny fully justified his promotion to the 2nd XI. In his few appearances whilst on leave, Ian Bedford played some cool, constructive football, and scored one or two fine goals.

As can be seen from the record of goals for and against, the side's main weakness was in defence. This is perhaps difficult to explain, particularly as towards the end of the season both backs and the centre-half found themselves promoted to the 2nd XI where they acquitted themselves satisfactorily. The fault lay not so much with individuals as with lack of co-ordination, largely attributable, no doubt, to the numerous changes which perforce occurred from week to week. Many of the goals scored against the "Hill" left a strong "How did that happen?" feeling among the defenders.

Percy Attwood was seldom absent from the centre-half position until his departure to the 2nd XI in March, where he was joined by Tudor Williams and Don Ashby. Tudor, 4th XI captain and centre-half for most of the season, came into the thirds at right-back, with such success that his stay was very temporary. Don, after wandering round the defence for much of the season, and acting several times as deputy to Ken Bain in goal, eventually returned to his rightful position at left back. At wing-half on either flank Arthur Pemberton played consistently though unobtrusively well. Other frequent members of the defence were Jack (own goal) Peacock, at full back and latterly Geoff Barker, another ex-4th XI skipper, at right half.

The two most remarkable matches of the season were those against **Old Parkonians**, who finished at the foot of the league with only 2 points, which they gained at the "Hill's" expense. Both matches were played at the "Hill" as O.P.'s are groundless. In the first encounter, a badly disorganised "Hill" XI were deservedly beaten 3-1, after a display almost too bad to be true. Six weeks later **Old Parkonians**, unfortunately one man short, were beaten 10-1 in the return match, the result in no way flattering the "Hill's" superiority.

This was the extreme example of the inconsistency of the third, who after losing 5-2 at home to the inevitable **Norsemen**, only two weeks later, drew 1-1 in the away match with what had been regarded at a much weaker side.

It was after Christmas that the league results fell away badly. In a period of six weeks, only three points were gained. In this time sound defeats were inflicted by Catford Wanderers and Borough Poly, both to the tune of 4-1. Matches with Old Stationers and Crouch End Vampires were drawn and lost respectively after the "Hill" had led.

These failures were somewhat offset however, and prestige enhanced by three very good wins in friendly matches, two of them against local clubs, Mayfield and Southgate Olympic. Mayfield were beaten 7-1 in a game which brought four goals in the first half from David Williams, whilst a keen struggle with the Olympic ended 1-0 in our favour.

The side was skippered for most of the season by Don Ashby, who took over when Percy Attwood felt he should resign the post, owing to his inability to attend selection meetings. Percy, however, took over several times in Don's absence, and when both were away at the end of the season, Arthur Pemberton led the side.

Summing the season up, it must be said that although not as successful as might have been wished, the 3rd XI were a happy side whose successes and defeats were celebrated alike—in the bar.

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4TH XI REPORT

Judged solely by results, our season has been one of moderate success. Certainly, we might have done better—and of what XI might that not be said—and, equally certainly, we might have done a lot worse.

The mid-season report published in the last edition of the "Chat" referred to a certain diffidence on the part of the forwards in front of goal and to a frittering away of scoring chances. Looking back on the season, we find most encouraging evidence that this fault was overcome in no small measure. On only one occasion did the 4th eleven fail to score, while an average of three goals per match gave us the second highest "goals for" figure in the Club. The "goals against" column, however, tells a sadder story. More goals have been scored against the 4th eleven than against any of the other elevens. Indeed, our nearest rivals for this dubious honour have had sixteen fewer goals scored against them than we have.

Figures are, of course, notorious liars, and it is dangerous to push our conclusions in this direction, too far. Certainly it would be entirely unjust to blame the defence for our defeats. The real reason for a certain lack of consistency on our part is not far to seek. It is to be found in the constantly changing composition of the side. Some statistics here may be of interest. Thirty-four players have been included in the 4th eleven during the season; of these, Howard Bartley, Jock Muir, Paul Roberts and Jock Watson have each appeared in four different positions; we have had eight different centre-forwards, seven right-backs and seven centre-halves, while at no time did the same eleven take the field on two successive occasions. These figures may give some idea not only of our own difficulties in settling down as a side, but also of the vast amount of work that fell on the capable shoulders of team secretary, Bill Williams, during the season. For this chopping and changing among the lower elevens in the Club is inevitable; with three senior sides there were unceasing calls on us to fill occasional vacancies higher up, while some of us even achieved the distinction of an odd game with Spence's Specials.

Geoff Barker then followed Tudor Williams into the 3rd eleven and Ernie Watson became our captain. Shortly after his accession we had a most satisfactory win over our old friends and rivals, the **Norsemen**, whom we beat 4-2, the goals being shared, appropriately, by those regular contributors Phil Manners, John Pickard, Ted Barrett and Tony Chapman. After another good win by 6 goals to 2 over **Kew Association** we met **Trinity County Old Boys** in a friendly. After a very even first half an inexplicable period of defensive lapses in the second half enabled Max Penny and his Old Boys to score six goals in twenty minutes and eventually to beat us 8-2.

Our last fixture of the season was against the **Norsemen** on April 2nd, while the first eleven were doing battle down at Lewes. News of **Worthing's** victory was semaphored to us from the touchline while we were struggling hard to bring off a second victory over the local rivals. This news must have depressed us for, in spite of two beautifully taken goals by outside-left Wilsher, we were beaten after a most enjoyable game by 3 goals to 2. Much of the credit for the **Norsemen's** win must go to yet another old stager, John Bond who, at centre-half, played a magnificent game, much to the discomfiture of the present writer.

And so ended a season of ups and downs, fluctuating form and keenly fought games. We achieved an honourable league position and our season's record reads :

P. 25; W. 9; D. 5; L. 11. Goals for—74. Against—69. Let us forget the inquests and apply the acid test to the season's success. Did we enjoy our football and the friendly fraternisation in the evenings?

We did.

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5TH XI REPORT

The 5th eleven followed up their 9-0 net-shaking win against **Tansley** with another goal-glutted game against a **London Hospitals** eleven, this time on our home ground. Once more the victory went to the "Hill" by no less than 8 goals to nil. Tony Chapman suddenly shot into prominence (and the net) with five glorious well-taken goals. Pickard, Madley and Spence (penalty) almost apologetically scraped in one each. But with this mighty effort the bubble burst and the following weeks brought three losses in a row—to **Kew Association**, **Alexandra Park** and, believe it or not, **London Hospitals**. Fifth eleven, how could you? To lose to **London Hospitals** 4-0 after that magnificent 8-0 win! Was there really twelve goals difference or were London Hospitals playing their patients in the first match? Excuses? Well, of course, by this time injuries were as usual, rearing their ugly heads, and by the time the other elevens had taken their pick we were scraping the bottom of the barrel just a bit. Ask Bill Williams. (That telephone on Friday night!) However . . .

Of course, we did lose against **Kew Association**, at home on 29th January, by 4 goals to 3, but from being 4-1 down, we drew up to 4-3 and were pressing hard for the equaliser when the final whistle went. But were we exhausted? The team played itself to a standstill but showed a grand fighting spirit; I was proud of them that day. In fact, I was so enthusiastic, I almost drank 'Vee's' beer. Almost, I said. But of course, I would never do a thing like that. (One has to be so careful, these things get into print.)

Ah well, we lost to **A.P.** and we lost to **London Hospitals** and then, ray of light, we beat **Old Stationers** on February 19th by 7 goals to 2. How did we achieve this mighty recovery? Very simply. We borrowed a couple of schoolboys, Simpson (3) and Simons (2). (Not a word to Alec!) Our own John Pickard was there with a couple of goals, too. This victory helped a lot. Our morale restored, we beat **Trinity County O.B.** at home the following week 5-1, and only lost one of the remaining games to the end of the season. And which was that? Curse it! The one against the **Norsemen**. This was the return match for the Boxing Day fixture. Remember? Hangovers and hard surfaces. Yes they beat us 3-1 on our own mud-heap, 'Vee' just could not get through to score. Bernard Roberts popped one in—a consolation goal.

A soulless, uninspiring game against Tansley on March 5th ended 0-0. A shadow of the side that won 9-0 on our last visit. Even Sid Lansbury came up into the forward line to show the forwards how the defence could do it, but apart from shaking the bar with a mighty drive could make no more impression than the others.

The season ended with a game at Old Lyonians but although we won comfortably 5-0, the visit was disappointing. We looked for the good, bar-supporting types we remembered of yore, but they, alas, had vanished like the snows in summer.

'Vee' and I, staunchly supported by the fifth team to a man, stood in the bar and looked this way and that, like Moses of old, and saw no man—of Lyons. A pity. Our last game too. However, there was the trip to watch the A.F.A. semi-final against Worthing and the Club Supper to look forward to. And Alec's speech, thanks Alec, we don't really think so but what's our opinion against all those others? Good old "Scraper," the fifth humbly tender their congratulations to you and your team on scraping home again so very, very well.

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

MAY, 1949

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Club Pavilion on Friday, 27th May, and it is worthy of note, that once again attendance was substantially in excess of the previous year.

Mr. L. E. Brown was in the Chair and before the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, all present stood in silence to mark the passing, since the last meeting, of two of our vice-presidents, Messrs. C. J. Baker and J. G. W. Smith.

After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the adoption of the Committee's Report for season 1948-49 was proposed and seconded. The Chairman congratulated the 1st and 2nd elevens on their league and cup records and the 5th eleven on a successful initial season. The proposal was then carried unanimously.

The Report showed that the final results of the five elevens were :

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Goals against
1st XI ...	26	18	1	7	52	30
Reserves ...	27	15	6	6	47	37
3rd XI ...	24	10	4	10	63	52
4th XI ...	25	9	5	11	74	69
5th XI ...	23	12	1	10	78	53

The accounts were presented by the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. E. O. Welsford. The "Guvnor" was able to report a slight excess of income over expenditure but wisely deprecated any feeling of complacency in these days of high prices. This report was then carried unanimously.

The re-election of Miss I. Paulin as President was proposed from the Chair and carried unanimously, and the vice-presidents were re-elected en bloc.

Last year's officers were re-elected as follows :—

Chairman :	Mr. L. E. Brown.
Hon. Secretary :	Mr. J. Ferraby.
Hon. Team Secretary :	Mr. E. P. Williams.
Hon. Match Secretary :	Mr. L. J. W. Smith.
Hon. Treasurer :	Mr. E. O. Welsford.
Captain of the Club :	Mr. A. W. Lambert.
Hon. Auditor :	Mr. R. L. B. Guettier.

There are two changes in the Committee. Messrs. A. J. V. Page and J. Spence being the new members, the remainder being Messrs. D. W. Ashby, A. G. Cooper, S. J. Garbett, R. W. C. Gowers, and R. L. B. Guettier.

Arrangements for the season 1949-50 gave members the opportunity to air their views and any idea that the meeting would be over in record time was soon dispelled. Mr. Leslie Smith reported that all the league fixtures had been arranged and that a full programme of friendly matches for the 5th eleven is almost complete. He proposed that the 1st, 2nd and 3rd elevens be entered in the A.F.A. Senior, Junior and Minor Cups respectively. This was seconded by Mr. E. P. Williams and carried unanimously. A proposal by Mr. V. A. Haskell seconded by Mr. A. W. Lambert that the 1st eleven be entered in the Middlesex A.F.A. Senior Cup was negatived on the grounds that a long run in both Cup Competitions would inevitably mean congestion of fixtures at the end of the season. Discussions were lively, and a suggestion by Mr. J. Spence that the 5th eleven be entered in a suitable Cup Competition was supported by Mr. P. Barrett who further suggested that they also be entered in a league in season 1950-51. Mr. Gowers supported these suggestions and it was left to the Committee to investigate.

Mr. Welsford drew attention to the difficulty of financing the "Chat" and coaching from the proceeds of the Pontoon, but the meeting was loath to part with either, and Messrs. Gowers and A. W. Lambert appealed for support for the Committee in finding means to finance both.

A suggestion by Mr. A. W. Lambert that white shorts be adopted to relieve the somewhat sombre colours of the shirts was supported by Mr. Haskell who suggested a season's trial. This was agreed. Mr. J. Spence proposed that the Third Pitch be widened, Mr. L. J. W. Smith supported and the Committee was asked to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Barrett again made his appeal for regular attendance of non-playing members of the Selection Committee at the matches of the lower sides. A difficult matter this, but one which had general sympathy, and the Chairman promised that the Committee would give it every consideration.

The formation of a 6th eleven proved to be the last item discussed and opinion was much divided as to whether it should be a "Colts" eleven. It was finally agreed that it be left for further consideration by the Committee and with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman a most interesting meeting closed.

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THE CLUB SUPPER

The "Hill" held its Annual Club Supper in the pavilion on Friday, 8th April, 1949. It was well up to standard. In fact, I should say, well above. I arrived early; last year I arrived just before kick-off and barely had time to snatch a hasty "half" before the

"Take Post." This time I made sure of not making that mistake. It is a good thing I feel, to have a jar or two before the serious business of the evening commences. Not just because I'm thirsty ("thanks 'Vee,' mine's a pint"), but to get the "atmosphere" and to have a chat with the lads. Also it's difficult to imagine, unless one has experienced it, the wonderfully exhilarating feeling one has on the evening of this, the Club's best social event. However, we must not dally too long in the bar, and indeed, we are not allowed to. Comes the well-known voice of our old friend and toast-master for the evening, Sid Kynaston, "Gentlemen, supper is served," and in we troop.

Once again the ladies, Mesdames Ferraby, Welsford, Williams, Randall, Bedford, Cooper, Gowers and Miss Stiles and the Supper Committee, Messrs. Sid Garbett, "Gov" Welsford and Sid Kynaston, have done us proud. The tables and lay-out are a picture and by clever re-arrangement (plus a recent alteration to the stage) even more seats have been fitted in than ever before. We take our places and the meal commences under the adept but unobtrusive chairmanship of Mr. Leslie Brown. An excellent menu of soup, cold chicken, salads, plus trifle and ice-cream is served quickly and efficiently by the ladies who were toasted and thanked by the Chairman and all the company. One of these ladies, by the way, has talents other than culinary. She composed a ditty of several verses which, based on the "Much Binding" tradition, was sung by Sid Kynaston and Co. (A mental note. I must contact her for the "Chat.")

We were happy to see amongst the company a group of well-known members of the Rowantree Club and a band of equally prominent members of the Selborne Bowling Club. When we get our own green perhaps we shall be seeing more of them. And so to the speeches. At a "Hill" supper the speeches are important. In fact, one feels that they are the supper. In any case we find them quite as palatable. Mr. H. S. Knight set the ball rolling by proposing "The Club." Space does not, unfortunately, permit recording all he said. Briefly then, he spoke of the importance of supporters from whom came many officers of the Club. A short résumé of the Club's history terminated with a mention of the first eleven's achievements in League and Cup. "In the later stages of the Cup," said Mr. Knight, "a slightly different type of football was encountered against which the fact of playing hard for ninety minutes was not enough. Tactics was not enough. There must be allied to these two a greater mastery of the ball." (Exactly, I felt, what I had been meaning to tell the fifth eleven for so long.)

Gus Gowers, "that magnificent club member"; his successor as Captain, Alec Lambert; Ernie Wiseman, "admirable service"; Hon. Secretary, Jim Ferraby "that jewel"; Hon. Treasurer E. O. ("Guv'nor") Welsford, "who has done so many things so many times for the club"; Hon. Team Secretary "Bill" Williams; life member "Tiger" L. J. Smith, who had been four years chairman of the club, were all mentioned in despatches. So also was Leslie Brown, now Chairman, who followed an illustrious line. Hon. Secretary prior to Jim Ferraby, and for a long time assistant editor of "The Chat," Leslie was also "rather well-known as a launderer," and had recently "achieved a notable success in the matter of combustion." At which, you may be sure we all laughed, Les. Brown not the least. And which, incidentally, shows you just how far these launder-chaps will go. The speaker concluded an admirable speech with an expression of his great pride in the Club.

Mr. Alec Lambert responded and said that the Club had enjoyed a very successful season despite losing twenty-four of last season's players. However, with new members, the Club had fielded five elevens throughout the season. As the fifth team was the Club's best (according to John Spence), Alec began with that side, which, we thought,

was a nice democratic gesture, and appreciatively, discussed each eleven's performances. Of the first team he warned the Club that its members were getting older, but with the addition of some "young blood" a first-rate result had been achieved this year. Continuing, Alec thanked the touch-line supporters but regretted that no-one had been selected for representative games from the North London Clubs, Alexandra Park, Norsemen or the "Hill."

Proposing "Our Guests" in a speech in his own inimitable style, Mr. R. W. C. Gowers heartily welcomed administrators, Mr. F. G. Coles and Mr. I. M. Sorensen, Vice-President and Vice-Chairman respectively of the A.F.A. Also welcomed were representatives of A.P., upon their Club's fiftieth anniversary. Cliff Topping (Norsemen) Gus described as tough, good-hearted and astute—the Viking at his best. In his Club there was no smoking after Wednesdays in special preparation for meetings with Winchmore Hill.

The speaker paid graceful compliment to A.F.A. referees John Edwards and "Bill" Chivers and to coach George Male, "a credit to his profession and to his Club—probably the finest of all professional Clubs." Thanks were also given to Sgts. Ambridge and Perry—very good and helpful friends. Mr. T. A. J. Bennett, Hon. Secretary of the parent Club, was credited by Gus with being "probably the most hard-working the parent club has ever had," which we all heartily applauded. Commendation, too, to Mr. Ron Vickery; keen and useful supporter of the football club, "generous in praise and ever tardy of criticism."

Brief reply was made by Mr. F. G. Coles who spoke of the easy and homely atmosphere at the "Hill." Even the referee knew when to start a game: if Gus Gowers was out, he knew it was time for the match to begin! At which sally the laughter was in buckets, not brackets.

Although some of us may have missed the broader humour of last year the entertainers were good value for money and how on earth Norman Major managed to whip Bert Randall's braces without his knowing it, beat Bert Randall, the company and me.

And so it came to an end, yet another of the "Hill's" Club Suppers. A fitting climax to a happy and successful season.

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PEN PORTRAIT

"BILL" WILLIAMS.

(Editor's note: Any resemblance between the character portrayed in this article and Williams, E.P., gentleman, is likely to be highly libellous!)

The light of day first saw E. P. Williams on 1st April, 1905, flickered a bit and then carried bravely on. The scene of this great event was Tottenham. Tottenham, 1905, was very different from the busy scene it presents to-day. Life was more leisured; the motor-car had, as yet, not intruded its pinking, pugnacious head upon the tranquillity of everyday life; the ladies and the gentlemen rode back and forth in their coaches and pairs and "Our Bill" crooned happily in his cot. It was in this slower and more measured atmosphere that Bill spent his childhood days, where he went to school and actually carried Doris' books or whether she helped him with his homework. (She does now, of course), but certain it is that these two knew each other then, although

they did not start "walking out" until schooldays were over. At least, that's their story!

Bill played wing-half as a lad and captained his school team. After he left school he played for a team composed mostly of old schoolfellows. No, he wasn't the team secretary. It was not until later that Bill gave up footballing on Saturday afternoons for telephoning on Friday nights!

Bill and Doris were married in 1930 and came to live at Winchmore Hill, in Ridge Road, that stronghold of so many club members; which was a lucky day for the "Hill," as we shall see. However, we were not to reap the benefit for some eight or nine years because, although Bill and Doris often used to come along and watch the cricket, it was not until 1938 that they became honorary members. It happened this-wise. "Guv'nor" Welsford, quietly talent-spotting, was strolling round the ground one summer's afternoon when he met Bill and Doris and, in the course of a friendly chat, suggested that they might like to join the Club. From cricket to football is an easy step at the "Hill," as we all know, especially if the "Guv'nor" is leading the way. So it was not surprising that before long Bill found himself on the committee—with some work to do. Probably not quite knowing how it had happened, as one or two others might possibly admit.

Came the war and football had to take a comparative back-seat. Bill stuck it in Civvy Street until 1942 but then he decided that the war had gone on long enough—Williams had better take a hand. So Bill joined Forces, this time with His Majesty's—not with Doris, and went with the 14th Army eventually to Rangoon. The story now enters upon a different phase. Bill in Battledress. Portos in all his glory, they say, those who saw, was not arrayed as was our Bill that day he emerged from the ejecting end of the Quartermaster's Stores. Boots gleaming, water-bottle at the high port and accoutrements all properly accoutred, Bill was ready for anything.

He got it.

India.

Into that mystic land of temples and tongas, durbars and dobey-boys, disappeared our William, to reappear only after four years of toil and —, especially the latter. Bill was in the Royal Corps of Signals (which maybe explains the signals you sometimes see Bill making in the bar or around the ground—it's only what he learned in the Army) and although at first only a small short in the circuit he later rose to the rank of Sergeant. He was with that part of the 14th Army cut off at Imphal. They were eventually relieved—very relieved, Bill says, and in March 1946, Sgt. Williams was demobbed from Penang, Sumatra and given a one-way ticket to Winchmore Hill.

After the war Bill worked for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation but last year switched to Darby and Co. of Birmingham, also in the same line of business, as their London and Home Counties representative. This entailed greater work and less time to spare for Club duties so in 1948-49 season the work of Team and Match Secretary, so ably carried out for the previous two years by Bill, was split into two separate appointments.

Bill has other accomplishments and fulfills other duties around the Club than those of Team Secretary. He is a member of that select and hard-working company, the bar-stewards. When on rota Bill pulls a nifty pint and always keeps his thumb out of the

mug. His cheery grin is always ready to break through that mock-severity which he often assumes and which is as transparent as Bill himself is not. Whether in the summer sunshine when quietly contemplating the flannelled scene upon the cricket field from the security of his deck-chair (not that any deck-chair could really feel secure with Bill sitting in it) or when winter's chilly breath blows less caressingly around that famous figure, regular visitors to the Paulin Ground will generally catch a glimpse of ex-Sgt. Williams somewhere around the perimeter (of the ground) and, indeed, many would feel their visit less complete if they did not.

If these rather sketchy, and, I fear, inadequate, words of mine give too poor a portrait of our Bill (although I trust not a too misleading one) then the reader must forgive me. I feel to paint the subject well and to do him full justice would require the touch of an artist far greater than I, in fact, it would be more within the scope of an "old master" painting on a broad canvas.

"What's that, Bill?" "You don't want a portrait, you want a pint?" "Right, Sir, that's a lot easier, coming right up!"

* * * *

STATISTICS

For those who like statistics or have forgotten to keep a record in their fixture cards during last season, the following may be of interest:—

Figures include League, Cup and Friendly Matches.

		Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For.	Against	Goal Average
1st XI	...	26	18	1	7	52	30	1.73
2nd XI	...	27	15	6	6	47	37	1.27
3rd XI	...	24	10	4	10	63	52	1.21
4th XI	...	25	9	5	11	74	69	1.07
5th XI	...	23	12	1	10	78	53	1.47

The leading goal-scorers were as follows:—

V. Page	-	22	D. French	-	15
R. Wickwar	-	20	D. Williams	-	12
L. Lambert	-	18	J. Potter	-	12
J. Spence	-	18	E. Barrett	-	11
J. Williams	-	15	Muir	-	10
J. Pickard	-	15	A. Chapman	-	10

Congratulations to 'Vee' Page on becoming top net-finder in his first season with the Club. Must be those second-hand boots—who did they belong to 'Vee,' Tommy Lawton? Congratulations also to Ron Wickwar, another new member, on being net-finder two. Les Lambert, we see, scraped in 18. Harder to get in the first eleven? Can't see that. Goals are the same size, aren't they, Les?