

WINCHMORE HILL FOOTBALL CHAT



With Compliments

WINCHMORE HILL FOOTBALL CLUB

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Editorial

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TO begin with, and better late than never, may the Editor and his Staff (yes, we really have a staff now), wish all of our readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and moreover, a peaceful one too. With the clouds of war, if not actually overhead, at least

THE NEW YEAR.

on the horizon, we realise even more keenly than ever just what we have at stake. Our homes and families come first in our thoughts, of course. But our Club is also one of those things which, we are sure, fills quite an important place in our hearts.

It is, perhaps, not until they are in jeopardy that we really begin to appreciate them to the full. When they are not in danger we are possibly rather inclined to take them for granted.

In face of this then, may we express the hope that we shall be playing on the Hill ground for many a season to come.

If it is with these sober thoughts that we welcome the second half of the century, it is certainly not our intention that the first "Chat" of the new decade shall be by any

BRIGHTENING-UP CAMPAIGN.

means gloomy. On the contrary we are, with this issue, launching out on a new "Brightening-up Campaign." This, we wish to state, is not directly connected with any other campaign of a similar nature which might be going on parallel with, although

not in opposition to, our own. We trust the sponsor of this other, and admittedly prior campaign will not think it cheek on our part to begin one ourselves.

EDITORIAL—continued.

In this issue you will find one or two new features which we hope you will like ; or on the other hand you may think there are some items which could do with improvement or even be cut out altogether. In any case we should like

CORRESPONDENCE.

you to write in and tell us what you think about the "Chat." We should welcome any suggestions you have to make and also any comments on other matters relating to the Club. Here is an opportunity to air your views and put forward any points which you think should be raised. Interesting items or amusing anecdotes about football can be sent in a letter or an article.

In this issue, for the first time, is a report on the activities of the Ladies' Hockey Section. We welcome the ladies and feel sure all our readers will be interested in what

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they have to say. If such terms as "Bully-Off," "Sticks," and the exact whereabouts of the 25 yard line puzzle some of our male readers, just ask Bill Bedford. It shouldn't cost you more than a pint. Or better still, ask one of the ladies, although we don't guarantee it will be any less expensive !

We should like to welcome, albeit somewhat belatedly, the new Chairman of the football club, Gus Gowers. Gus needs no introduction to any of you. You all know him well and we know he will fulfil his duties as Chairman in the same capable manner as he has in the past filled other positions in the Club.

OUR NEW CHAIRMAN.

To our departing Chairman, Les Brown, who is of course, still a member of the Football Committee, we say many thanks, Les, for doing a grand job. Perhaps only those who have served on the Committee know just what an efficient and popular Chairman Les was.

While we have such men to serve us we can feel confident that the Club is in good hands. Thanks, Les, and good luck Gus.

It had been hoped that an Easter Tour could have been arranged this year but, despite the endeavours of our Secretary, this has not been possible. He tells us, however, that the outlook for Easter next year is very much more hopeful. The Club has had offers from Wimborne and Ilminster, and a tour could be arranged in either district. We understand that the mention of Wimborne may stir memories in the minds of some of our older pre-war members.

EASTER TOUR.



THE SKIPPERS SUM UP

IN answer to my query as to what he considered was the best performance of the First XI up to the end of January, Alec suggested that it was probably the defeat of Barclay's Bank 5-1, away. "Contrary to previous occasions against Barclay's, the team by good, constructive play really got on top in this match," said Alec, "and ran out worthy winners in the most decisive victory we have had against the Bank side for a long time."

"What other occasion stands out this season?" I said. "There was the Boxing Day game against Dennis Wade's University XI," said Alec, "which earned us a narrow win by the only goal scored." I was glad he mentioned that next as it seems we had been inadvertently lax in past "Chats" in not even giving Dennis and his boys a mention. Quite unintentional, we assure our readers because this game has become one of the highlights of the season. "And the scorer of the goal," I said, "that would be" "Yes," said Alec, "Les, assisted by a centre from Tony King, imported from the Second XI for the occasion." Dennis Wade had been compelled to watch from the touchline as he had been laid up previous to the match with an injury to his leg. "The University XI contained some good players and put in some good moves," continued Alec, "but they suffered perhaps from not having played together before as a team."

"At the beginning of the season," said Alec, "we had to experiment to a certain extent, especially with the forward line. Les has been out through injury and it is really during the past few weeks that the side has reached peak form. The return of Ron Carter at the end of last season and the improvement of Arthur Bailey, now playing at inside-left, has solved our inside-forward problem. With Charlie Burrett and Vic Haskell on the wings the forward line, injuries apart, seems fairly settled at the moment." Which, I thought, probably accounts for the fact that the Selection Committee finishes its business on Monday evenings so early now.

"In the defence, Bill Brooks has shown improved judgment, especially in his tackling," Alec went on, "and by laying off until the right moment, has become far more difficult to beat."

"Jack Pearl, at right-back, is still up to his usual standard and continues to be picked for representative games. Which reminds me," said our Skipper, "there is another member of the defence who might well be given a chance in that direction, Norman Haslam. He has been overlooked consistently by the League and the A.F.A. possibly because he has been unlucky in not shining on those occasions when the talent scouts have been present."

"What about Johnny Peters," I said, "he still seems as sound as ever, is he still talking about this season being his Swan Song?" "No," replied Alec, "not at the moment; that will probably crop up later." Johnny, as you may know, has been going to retire for several seasons now but somehow he is always there again at the beginning

of each fresh season. Perhaps it's his retiring nature or perhaps he doesn't like to give up before his cap is worn out. "And Ernie Wiseman," I said, "still the force of old, no miskicks or anything?" "No," said Alec, "although Bill Swan of Brentham might give you an argument about that." It seems that Ernie had "followed through" and connected somewhat forcibly with the Brentham forward's body in the home game on Jan. 27th. "I played the ball," he said afterwards, "no foul there." Bill Swan was under the impression that it was he that Ernie played. "What about the Lamberts?" I asked, "Les been getting any passes lately?" "He's scored 13 goals to date and he's only been playing regularly since November," said his brother. "And Alec?" I asked, "anything to declare?" "Oh no," said Alec modestly, "only that the half back line has really been the main strength of the side." That ought to do, I thought.

"Well," I said, "what of the League and Cup?" "We have once again assumed our rightful place in the league table," said Alec "and, having been displaced, Norsemen may find it difficult to climb back. Catford Wanderers on the other hand, although 5 points behind, have three games in hand. And of course, we have played both our games with them. So it's up to the others to carve them up for us."

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SECOND XI.

Ian Bedford, nailed by the editorial board after a long wait while he finished his training—keen, fit types these reserves—said he could only give us ten minutes as he was expecting an urgent summons to Australia. Asked for his views on the most memorable game of the season to date, he showed astonishing modesty in selecting the first round of the A.F.A. Junior Cup in which his team was soundly clouted by Beckenham by 6-0. He pondered for a moment and then recalled that Gus Gowers was playing on the left wing that day. In answer to our interested queries, however, he decided in fairness that the two facts were in no way connected. The team, in fact, played well, and paradoxically enough the defence particularly, with Bernard Avent and MacMeikan outstanding. Beckenham were kept down to a single goal lead at half-time, and the addition of five more in the second half was due rather to the excellence of the Beckenham side than to any disjointedness on the part of the Hill. And indeed, the team's record for the first half of the season amply justifies the skipper's optimism.

They got off well to a good start when they beat Old Brentwoods in a friendly match by 8-1 on the Essex County Cricket Ground. This happy beginning was aptly celebrated by a convivial evening—the first of many, to judge from Ian's happy smile of reminiscence which frequently recurred during our talk.

Two more friendly fixtures, against Northern Poly. when Tony King had a particularly good game at centre forward, and against Hampstead Garden Suburb, where the two wingers, Harris and Gordon (Unorthodox) Hays were outstanding in a somewhat scratch XI, were won 4-1 and 5-2 respectively. In all, a happy augury for the season.

And indeed, it has so far been a very successful season. Up to the time we talked to Ian, the XI had been beaten only once in a league match, when they lost at Catford by 5-2. It is unfortunate that, as we go to press, the shadow of the disasters of Black Saturday, March 3rd, has scarcely had time to lift. It was on that day, it may be remembered, that the Reserves, in common with four other sides, suffered defeat at the hands of the Norsemen, and our mood as we write these lines is a little chastened. However there is always a silver lining somewhere if we look for it and it undoubtedly dispels the mood of sombre reflection when we remember that that same March 3rd was the day that Archie got his hair cut.

The first meeting with the Norsemen, which was drawn 2-2, was made notable by a great exhibition of goalkeeping by Bill Kebbell who withstood some very heavy pressure and kept out practically everything the visiting forwards slammed at him. Other outstanding memories are Colin Dennis's three goals on a snow covered ground against Lloyds Bank, helped by Tony King's scheming, and the irrepressible Archie Cheek's performances against Beckenham and Crouch End Vampires, while probably the best form of the team as a whole was shown in the unfinished game against Barclay's Bank, league leaders at the time, which was abandoned owing to fog, with the Hill leading 3-1 twenty minutes from time.

The Reserve Eleven is a happy blend of youth and experience, the youth supplied by a very young forward line, and the experience by those stalwarts Gus Gowers, as steady as ever, and a rejuvenated Bill Kebbell in goal, whose return strengthened the defence considerably. The defence has settled down admirably after a shaky start. There are in fact more good players in defence than there are positions, a healthy state from the club's point of view, though it makes selection an extremely difficult matter. There have been fewer calls on the 2nd XI to fill vacancies in the 1st than there were last year, while reserves from the 3rd XI have all given very valuable service when called upon. The forwards have settled down to a close, short passing game which was most effective in the early part of the season, though there was a slight deterioration after Christmas. This may have been the result of a tendency to over-elaborate, a fault which can so easily arise from the close game. The all-important middle of the field is usually successfully dominated, though occasionally, as in the Catford game, midfield play is too square and lacks progression. The outside-left position has caused some difficulty and is at present admirably filled by Jimmy Bryce, normally a wing-half.

The new members of the team have settled in well, on and off the field. Tony King, who has played for Enfield Reserves, is a Cricket member and therefore not new to the Club. At either outside-right or centre-forward he supplies plenty of energy and dash. Off the field he has now overcome the acute shyness from which he is believed to have suffered at first. Roy Morgan, at wing half, is another great asset and was in terrific form early in the season. Howard Felton, a nippy inside-forward is another new regular member of the team who holds the ball and distributes it thoughtfully. And of course there is Archie Cheek, known to certain opponents for some obscure reason as "That b—— man with the busby." Irrepressible both on and off the field, he is a real worker.

Of the Old Guard, MacMeikan is kicking as well as ever, and Gus is his old self. Tom Ackland has played consistently well at centre-half since his promotion from the 3rd XI, and Bernard Avent, a tower of strength in defence, keeps a fatherly eye on Tony King's enthusiasm. Colin Dennis in the forward line, though occasionally a little lacking in punch, has a net-splitting shot which is a constant menace to opposing goalkeepers.

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The Skippers of the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th teams were gathered together in the bar of the Hill pavilion to discuss the season's performances of their various teams and there was your faithful scribe all set to take down what they had to say in his own particular brand of shorthand. This consists of hastily scribbled notes which are always difficult and generally impossible to decipher afterwards. Which may account for some of those "printer's errors" we hear about. There we sat then, me with my pencil at the "ready" and around me, jostling for the best position near the fire, Don Ashby and the rest nowhere. Don sat down and the fire immediately became blotted out. It was like an eclipse. After loud expostulations from the rest of the field, Don gingerly moved his chair back a few inches and the meeting—or should we call it "Press Conference"—ah well, perhaps you're right; the meeting began.

The **THIRD XI**, apparently, as its own particular claim to fame, had beaten each of the four top sides in the league, (they had beaten themselves, someone interjected—I thought this was a little unkind but could understand it as it came from a member of a certain rival eleven) but on the other hand had failed to win against some of the bottom teams. On being asked the reason for this, Don said the only explanation he could think of was that the side reacted according to the type of opposition it met.

The beating of Catford 6-0 away, and the victory against Pinner in the A.F.A. Minor Cup 5-4 after being three times behind, were probably the most outstanding performances to date this season. To add to that, Norsemen fell 4-1 on their own ground, and A.P. were defeated 3-1. "This was the first time for three years that A.P. had been defeated by us twice in one season," said Don, scratching his head and concentrating on the past, "at least, I think so, speaking from memory." After reflection, Don seemed fairly sure this was right, but we apologise if by any chance we may be doing someone an injustice.

One rather extraordinary feature of the games this season has been that at least five matches have been won after being a goal down in the first 15 minutes. Which says something for the fighting spirit of the Third XI, they certainly don't seem to get downhearted when they're a goal in arrears. Rather, it seems to spur them on to greater efforts.

In the game against Old Stationers a rather amusing incident took place. The referee warned two of the players. Not amusing? A serious matter? Well, so should I have said, but listen to Don Ashby's account of what happened. "Jack Fricker," said Don, "saw what he thought to be a deliberate handling of the ball by an opponent. 'Hands' said Jack, and he didn't whisper. 'You wouldn't appeal for that, would you old chap?' said one of the Old Stationers players. 'I ruddy well would you know,' said Jack." It was then that the referee came over and warned them.

The forward line, with the accent on youth, has been more consistently on target than last season, and had scored 44 goals up to 27th Jan. The defence has been good, (26 goals against in 17 games), but on occasion has had some unaccountable lapses when goals have been conceded without there appearing to be any particular reason for it.

"How about the new members," I asked. "There's Wilson in goal," said Don. "Shows promise, is always ready to come out, and handles the ball cleanly." Ignoring a remark that this last was because he, Wilson, wore gloves, Don continued, "Dennis Metson at inside-right also shows promise. His ball control is good and his final passes sound. He will also probably improve with added strength and experience as he grows older. Tom Ackland at centre-half has shown considerable improvement and has made the Second XI of recent weeks. Bernard Thompson, Tudor Williams at right-back, and Don Ashby are all playing well up to standard, and Don says that other members of the Club including even some of the First XI can no longer point the finger of scorn and murmur "adiposity" lest the retort be "well, what about you chum?" Which argument as you may well see, carries some weight. Arthur Elmer's constructiveness at centre-forward is worthy of mention. There are many who think he is filling the position better than it has been since the war. We mean the last war, of course.

"And the team as a whole?" I asked. "Has shown a good spirit on the field," said Don, "but has tended to vanish away early into the night, after the game." "Must be something to do with the 'accent on youth,'" I said, "many are courting, perhaps?"

This seemed as good a point as any at which to leave the 3rd team and turning to O. G. Peacock, I enquired as to the fortunes of the 4th XI.



The **FOURTH XI** it seemed, and according to Jack who in the absence of Ernie Watson was prepared to do his best to boost the old team as far as he thought we would swallow the story, had been having a better time of it this season than last. True the start had been somewhat disastrous but after only gaining 1 point from 7 games the team had remained unbeaten for 9 games on the trot. A truly remarkable volte-face, and ample reward for shock tactics by Watson and his boys, in the current games both ohm and away.

A 1-0 victory against Midland Bank, at the time league leaders, and two 6-0 wins against Old Parkonians and Old West. Citizens, seemed to be the best efforts so far this season. The best individual display, picked out with difficulty from so many others, was probably Wilson's goalkeeping against Midland Bank, when with only nine men to start with and ten for the rest of the game he kept the score down to only one goal against. His play no doubt gave confidence to the defence and although the match was lost by this one goal it was largely due to Wilson that it was by no more.

A casual "been scoring any goals lately, Jack?" brought forth the story of one that Peacock scored for the team. This against the Vampires. Coming up for a corner Jack surprised everyone, including himself, by scoring with a neat header—or was it a deft left? I really forget and my notes I'm afraid don't help me—anyway who cares—it was a goal, one in the credit column.

One day, playing on a heavy ground with a ball to match, a particularly lusty kick from one of the players laid out the referee, standing too close. On being revived his first words were not the standard "Where am I?" but the more thoughtful "Where's the whistle?" Fortunately, it was found without any internal operations and play continued. Wilson has been replaced by Nathan David in goal and in this respect the 4th XI consider themselves indeed fortunate. They did not expect to find such an able substitute, one in fact, who appears to be as good or almost as good (we mustn't challenge too closely the Selection Committee's choice!) as his predecessor. In attack, the inimitable and ageless Phil Manners and Ted Barrett are still there, weaving their way to goal as well as they have ever wove.

Ken Bain, known affectionately by many a non-de-plume, including Squire So-and-So and Baron de Banger, has both led and sped as well as fed the attack from several positions in the forward line. He is also in the unique position of having fed them off the field as well as on. And few players, I should imagine could say that. A new member, Crawley; note, a new member, not a new town, has made several appearances for the fourth eleven at inside-forward. A bit of a wanderer is Crawley, in fact, "one never knows where one will find his red hair," says Jack Peacock, ignoring Tudor William's remark that it might be found on his head. At left full-back, partnering Skipper Ernie Watson, has appeared a new member, Johnny Hall, recently promoted from the 5th XI. From the look of it and barring accidents, Johnny is there to stay, at least so far as demotion is concerned. Whether he will in time progress further is in the lap of the gods—and the feet of the said Johnny Hall.

The slanderous insinuations heard around from time to time that there are two types of player in the Fourth XI—good ones, and those with cars—have, of course, no foundation in fact. However, it is quite true that the Fourth XI certainly does have a large number of players who own, or whose parents own, cars. This, besides making the transportation of players to and from away games a matter of considerable comfort, speed and the saving of railway fares, has also, no doubt, given rise to the side having lately become known as the "Millionairos Team."

The attack has been good at times and at times not so good. The Barrett, Manners wing has, of course, as usual, been operating with a great deal of its old smooth efficiency, but inevitable changes (that so familiar phrase) have not helped in the forming and retention of a settled combination in attack. The defence, apart from a mild tendency to panic after conceding a goal, have been playing well, and obviously, in view of the results achieved in the last nine games played, the team as a whole are now a very much better side than they were. They are now somewhere around fourth in the league. If they keep it up they will improve even on that. In view of Ernie Watson's retirement from the playing strength after this season, it would be nice if the 4th XI could win their league. It would be nice anyway.

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The **FIFTH XI** have entered this season, upon a new phase in their football career. Having left behind them their nursery days of friendly fixtures, they have emerged from this sheltered soccer existence into the hard and bitter struggle of league football. Or as one wag has put it—"we used to play pointless friendlies, now, we play 'pointless' league games!" In actual fact we hasten to assure our fans and supporters, the side has managed to collect a fair number of points, and, at the time of writing, are fourth in the league.

If we were asked to say what has been the best performance of the team this season, so far, we should probably point to the game at home against Cuaco, in which we avenged a previous defeat by winning by no less a margin than 8-2. This amazing goal rush was followed a fortnight later by another reversal of a previous defeat, this time at the expense of our friends Barclays, the Bankers, 4-1, and also at home. We don't really account for this apparent superiority on our own mud-heap, (and it has become just that in recent weeks!), by the added encouragement afforded to the players by the shouts of our spectator. It is more likely that the thought of the look of scorn on Alec's face, if we lose, when we meet him in the bar after the game (especially if his team has scraped home again), is enough to spur us on to victory. Or it may be just luck.

One very unusual occurrence took place on our visit to Ealing Assoc'n. Owing to an administrative mix-up no referee turned up, and the usual frantic hunt, accompanied by fruitless 'phone calls, resulted in a poor innocent spectator being roped in to fill the gap. He took the field dressed in his ordinary clothes, trousers tucked in socks and what appeared to be a new pair of "Piccadilly Creepers," on a surface just about playable. Mud inches thick. I asked him as we lined up for the kick-off if he had refereed before and he said "No," but he had played once or twice. This, I thought, should be good. No one was more surprised than I therefore, when he proceeded to take complete and adequate charge of the game, keeping well up with the play, and making no mistakes at all.

Everyone voted after the game, that he had done extremely well, including awarding us a penalty (which of course, we missed), and he received the usual reward of the standard referee's fee which all agreed he thoroughly deserved. It probably defrayed the expense of a new pair of shoes, anyway.

A 14-1 defeat of Old Stationers at home must have made us too confident, because when we played the return match on their ground, we only drew 4-4, after being 3 goals up. There have been one or two similar cases of this sort this season, quite inexplicable.

The team as a whole have played well this season and the old spirit has been well in evidence. Tony Chapman, although perhaps not in quite the same devastating form as last year, has still managed to notch the most goals for us, and a new player, Knight, has shown a great deal of promise at inside-left. Fisher, at half-back, has been playing consistently well, and hovers on the verge of the 4th XI. Aubrey Gleed, returned to us from behind the "Iron Curtain," has shown good form, especially at left-half, where his heading of the ball is immaculate. Except, of course, when he was unfortunate enough to sustain concussion, and having pleaded with all and sundry that on no account must he head the ball (Doctor's orders), Ray Fisher thoughtlessly, from a throw-in, pitched the ball squarely and accurately straight on to Aubrey's head. Ray was very sorry about that but not so sorry, we feel, as Aubrey.

Dennis French, at inside-right, has been a useful and constructive forward, although at times given to over-loquaciousness. We must admit, in all truth, that he has not been alone in this, and though we realise that it is probably only the result of over-keenness on the part of those players guilty in this respect, we do advise a little more "ush" in future.

A new goalkeeper, Harvey, has made several appearances for the 5th XI, and we all agree he is no rabbit. In fact, with Nathan David, the 4th goalkeeper, now electing to play out, we fear that we may be receiving an offer shortly. In fact, one or two "feelers" have been put out already.

Cancellations apart, we have had quite a good season so far, and hope that when the tide has receded on the third pitch we may have as enjoyable a finish.

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The **SIXTH XI**, operating for the first time this season, has a reasonably good record to report. Last season two elevens of similar strength, the 5th XI and the Extra 5th XI, were formed, and played friendly games only. With the advent of a league for 5th XI's, the sixth team has now become the last outpost of the Hill, so to speak. Nevertheless, and despite the full fury of the Rota, much enthusiastic, and at times not unskilful, football has been enjoyed.

Just about the best feat of the 6th XI was to beat Boro' Poly. away 5-3. The Poly. 6th XI have a strong, heavy defence, yet our boys managed to pierce it no less than five times. Then again, Westminster Bank were beaten on their own ground 4-2, which score in no way reflects the superiority of the Hill side who had at least 80 per cent. of the play.

The two games against Barclays Bank were noteworthy for a rather unusual and similar occurrence on both occasions. Sweeping down the field, straight from the kick-off, the forwards scored inside 30 seconds without any member of the opposing side, not even the goalkeeper, having touched the ball. This happened in both games and a victory for the Hill was the outcome each time.

The team has produced a marked improvement during past weeks and now shows a degree of combination above average. The defence, however, would do better to indulge in more first-time kicking, and the attack in more first-time shooting. As one wag has put it, "the forwards' boots seem to be loaded with lead—they should shoot—and get rid of it!" Nevertheless, ball control and passing has been good.

Of the new members, Barry Stroud, at inside-left, positions himself well and his heading is good ; he will be a useful forward when his shooting improves. Trevor Watson has ball-control but, like so many others with this advantage, must learn to part with the ball quicker. Ratcliff, who used to play for the Hill during the war, played in goal until recent weeks, when he decided that he was getting too hemmed in between the sticks and has now sought the wide open spaces in the defence. Well, perhaps that's rather ambiguous, but what we mean is that he's playing out now.

Don Hays, at left-back, appears fairly frequently for the 6th XI when not dropped to the 5th's. Rumour has it that when his brother Gordon is not playing Don wears his shirt. Before giving it to him, we understand Gordon gives him strict instructions to keep it clean. Young, an outside-right, who invariably finds himself playing on the left, having once been weak enough to consent to do so, is energetic and should do well with experience.

Barsham's kicking is good, although at times a little erratic. His positioning could be improved. Gordon Littleford, at right-half, like a tiger in the tackle, is always there, a great tryer. "Eggs" Bacon, when on the right-wing, is a useful player and puts the ball over extremely well. He could, however, do with a little more thrust.

The team is fortunate indeed to have as its skipper, Cyril Madley, who lends experience and steadiness to the forward line. Cyril also has a shot in his locker, for which the team has often been grateful. The side has a good fighting spirit, and being a goal down does not put it off. Sometimes the team finds itself in the position of fielding no fewer than three goalkeepers. To avoid congestion in the goal two of them, Sid Cooper and Ratcliff, play out ; this gives Peckham, the real goalie, more room.



Without doubt the 6th XI has talent, and will provide useful players for the higher elevens in seasons to come. Meanwhile the game is the thing, and, as we gather together round the two jugs of beer in the bar afterwards, we tell ourselves that the result is of secondary importance. And so it is—although it's still important.

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THE LEWES GAME.

"IT'S a goal, it's in, well done Hill, good old Norman." The shouts of the home spectators rang round the Paulin ground as Norman Haslam ran back up the field almost smothered by the joyful congratulations and back-slaps of his team-mates. Thrill had followed upon thrill as the Winchmore Hill 1st XI piled on the pressure in the second half of their A.F.A. Senior Cup match against Lewes on Saturday, February 24th.

Just prior to this goal and leading up to it, Ernie Wiseman had hit the post from a free-kick with a sizzling, scorching, low drive that will be the talk of the Hill for many a day to come. The ball rebounded; Charlie Burrett fastened on to it like a housewife on to the meat ration; the ball came to Norman; a highish, dropping, twisting, deceptive shot which whipped into the top right hand corner of the net, and the Hill had scored that all-important first goal which means so much in a cup-tie.

Inspired by this goal, the Hill really turned on the heat, and once again came a goal. This time from Vic Haskell, and to him must go full marks for his anticipation in following-up after his shot from an oblique angle had been pushed out by Brett, in the Lewes' goal. He pounced on the ball and pushed it home to put the Hill two up, and fifteen minutes to play. Both sides slowed up, exhausted by super-efforts on almost a sea of mud.

To Lewes, a grand sporting side, must go our sympathy. Theirs was the first half, no doubt about that. A grand shot was foiled by an even grander save by Peters who also later got his face in the way of Beards' shot and the net. This had been preceded by what was a tragedy for the Sussex County League side. A penalty, awarded for hands, by referee John Edwards, was taken by Frank Clasen—and he put it high and safe over the bar! The sigh of relief could be felt, as well as heard, all over the Hill ground. Johnny Peters, by the way, remembers nothing of what happened between being knocked out by the ball in his face and after the interval. Well, we can tell you Johnny, you played a grand game—it must have been from memory!

Gathered in the tightly packed bar after the game, we heard that Norsemen had beaten London University. Much speculation followed as to whether it would be a good thing or a bad thing to be drawn against them in the semi-final. We know now, of course, that it will have to be in the final! The Old Players Evening, which had been arranged to coincide with this match, brought to the Hill many of the heroes of yesteryear. Many no doubt were the stories told of those good old days when, Sir, football was football. 'Pass inside the back, pass outside the back? Why, damme, Sir, we used to pass right through the back!' And so on into the night.

Altogether a memorable occasion. Most of us were able to see the match. Our games had been scratched, owing to ground conditions. Ah well!—it's an ill wind

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HOCKEY



THIS is the first time that the Hockey members have been honoured by an invitation to contribute to the 'Football Chat.' Why the invitation has been so long forthcoming is not clear since who, in the opinion of gentlemen in general and footballers in particular, are more qualified to contribute to any chat than the lady members of the Club? After all, there is not much difference between football and hockey, except that, in the latter, a hard ball is used, the players are trusted with weapons, and the game is played on the cricket pitch—if nobody is looking!

Since the recent war the Hockey Section has had to rebuild from scratch. Margaret Ellis was practically the only link with the pre-war Hockey Club and it was she who set things moving again in 1947. She captained the team in its first post-war season and has been responsible for arranging all the fixtures up to now. With the re-organization of the main Club last year, Margaret was elected the first Chairman of the Hockey Section, and when she moved away from London just after Christmas, the Section lost a valuable administrator and an enthusiastic champion on the Management Committee.

The standard of play in the newly re-formed Section improved rapidly during the first three seasons. Last season the 1st XI lost only two of 18 matches played, and the 2nd XI lost only three of their 20. It became clear last year, that if the standard was to be further improved, experience against stronger opposition was needed, and that a 3rd XI would be required to provide adequate reserve strength.

This season there has been quite an influx of keen young players, and it has been possible, although on occasions only just, to field three teams regularly. Some of the newcomers have won their places in the first XI and two of the four members of the Section who went forward for Middlesex County Trials were new members. The improvement in the standard of play which became particularly noticeable last year, has been well maintained, and even with the stronger fixtures that have been introduced the first XI has to-date lost only one match, and that by the odd goal. Clubs of the repute of Chiswick II and Snaresbrook were faced with some trepidation (on our part—not by them!) but good team work all round enabled us to beat them decisively. Both the 2nd and 3rd XI's have also won the majority of their matches.

The value of the policy of building up reserve strength has been amply justified, for the 1st XI has not been without its share of casualties. Margaret Ward, Captain of the Section for the third consecutive season, was unfit to play at all until just before Christmas. Maggie's drive, her flair for being in the right place at the right time and her vocal encouragement to the forwards were badly missed. In her absence the team was led (some might say driven) by Marjorie Cullingford. Margaret Coleman, our star left-half, unfortunately broke her ankle at practice early in the season, and Joyce Clements, a newcomer of great promise, contracted trouble with a knee at the trials and has not yet been able to turn out. For each of these crocks reserves were brought up from the junior sides and the match results by themselves testify that they by no means let the side down. In fact, it looks as though the crocks, when they are fit again, will have to fight to get back their places.

The present composition of the 1st XI is perhaps an example of an ideal combination of the enthusiasm of youth and the stability of experience (kind word for age). The forwards are all youngsters with plenty of dash and, it seems, sometimes forget that they need to have the ball with them in order to score goals. It has been known for 'Dick' Turpin to be swept into the goal instead of the ball!

The defence, 'mothered' by Olive Hancock, are the (comparatively) old staggers whose heads often save their feet, but who usually manage to turn up at the scene of trouble in the nick of time. Seriously though, the forwards could do with one rather more experienced head to weld together their individual skill.

The substantially increased membership has encouraged the organising of a number of social events. Most important of these, perhaps, was the showing of the new Women's Hockey instructional film (in colour) in the Club Pavilion. A full turnout of members and an enthusiastic crowd from nearby clubs and schools filled the Pavilion. After the film, refreshments were served, and a Hockey 'Brains Trust' did their best to satisfy the enquiries showered upon them. It was a very jolly and instructive evening. Just before Christmas the Annual Party was held. Nearly all the members turned up and after an excellent dinner had been served, the girls let their hair down and indulged in a number of energetic games.

Before the season started properly, there were two novel 'do's.' One hesitates to call them games, but they were definitely social. The Tennis Section challenged the Hockey Section to a Tennis Match and this was accepted subject to a return match at Hockey between the two Sections. Unfortunately it turned out wet on the evening of the Tennis Match, but Table Tennis was played instead. The weather did not have any adverse effect on the feed that had been arranged or on the appetites of those concerned. The return game of Hockey was very keen and enjoyable, even if somewhat unorthodox. The game was made the excuse for another spread in the Pavilion.

The introduction of the 3rd XI this season has, of course, necessitated the laying out of another pitch. Another excellent one was just fitted in on the other side of the cricket square, although it is a bit narrow, and has had to be placed at a slight angle to the other pitch. Some weeks, with four Hockey teams at home, the dressing rooms have been more than somewhat crowded. Fortunately the Management Committee have been able to arrange for additional racks and hooks, which have been arranged to divide off the space in a convenient way to prevent the teams getting mixed up.

The new Hockey Section uniform is now being worn by nearly all members, and it has been the subject of considerable comment, both at home and away. The introduction of long-sleeved white shirts and the club tie to be worn with purple shorts and stockings excited controversy in the Section when first mooted, but it seems now generally conceded that the turn-out is very smart. It is at least a bit more cheerful than the football rig-out, disrespectfully known locally as that of 'Undertakers United!'

So much for an outline of the Hockey Section's development to date. If it continues to flourish as it is now, look out footballers! We shall be on the other side of the Pavilion before you know it!

BACK UP THE HILL

MY return to these parts after an absence of a mere twelve months or so, coincided with a dilemma. The dilemma was one that John Spence was in, and concerned the next issue of the "Chat." John was in this dilemma, it seemed, indeed he was practically on its horns, because nobody would write any articles, the captains had gone on strike and refused to write any reports and it looked as if the next issue would have to consist of an Editorial of fifteen pages and a picture of Bill Williams. Or it may have been a one-page Editorial and a fifteen-page picture of Bill Williams. I forget. Anyway, it was a dilemma.

Then I returned, and John, remembering that he had pulled a fast one on me before, unblushingly suggested I should write an article called "First Impressions." I was firm about this and pointed out that I had already done so. John bought me another half-pint, swiftly entered a pint in the Editorial Expenses Account, and said airily, well never mind, make it "Second Impressions." Now I was mildly surprised at his eagerness, because my first contribution to the "Chat" had occasioned a sharpish exchange between us on the subject of the construction of some of my sentences. No verbs in some of them, apparently. Such, however, was the present extremity that he was prepared to overlook earlier shortcomings.

But I remained adamant in the face of John's insistence. After all, from what I could see, little had changed and I had no cause to revise my first impressions of the Club. The same happy spirit of cheerful conviviality on the playing pitch and of determination and earnest endeavour in the bar was immediately in evidence. Indeed it was not easy to realise that one had ever been away.

Of course there were signs that Time had not stood still. Aubrey Gleed had returned from foreign parts and was wearing a funny coat. Archie Cheek had blotted his copy-book to such an extent that he had been relegated from the Fourth to the Second XI. O. G. Peacock, too, was suffering from a temporary loss of form and was, one heard, scoring fewer goals this year. The Selection Committee had apparently used its loaf and infused a bit of youth and vigour into the Fourth XI forward line in the shape of Ken Bain. The Management Committee had looked about them and regretfully decided that the mud-bath beauty treatment that had for so long been a feature of the Football Season had not been a conspicuous success and had had the plumbers in. Oh yes, and a Sixth XI had been formed, thank heaven.

There was the usual crop of rumours too. And the more fantastic the rumour, the more persistently it circulated. One of the most laughable, I remember, was to the effect that the Ladies' Hockey Section, having acquired a second pitch and a third team, were now going to have a page in the "Chat"!

But all these things were mere ripples on the surface. Fundamentally there had been no real change. The vital issues remained unaffected. Alec and his boys—the same boys—were still scraping home, an occasional paucity of goals being happily balanced by a frequent plethora of beer. Phil Manners was as versatile as ever. Gussy was still drinking spirituous liquor for his cold. It was a persistent cold and he had been trying to shake it off for three years. Out in the lounge—lounge forsooth!—the Three Graces still waited patiently of a Saturday night while their lords and masters, the Three Disgraces, discussed matters of high moment in the inner sanctum. And if the Fifth XI had been taken down from the corner of the bar for dusting, they had been so carefully replaced that no-one would know they had ever been moved.

Moreover we spent Boxing Day having the traditional bash—humorously called a “friendly fixture”—at the Norsemen, in preparation for the even sterner stuff of the New Year’s Eve festivities at the Hill. And then one knew one really was back home again, from the moment that Tony Bath’s rugged features popped, surmounted by a damn silly paper hat, through the serving hatch, to the time much later on when Alec Cooper—well and truly plastered, poor chap—and that other elder statesman from Another Place, Cliff Topping, were heard doggedly pursuing their favourite topic from the point where they left off last year. Namely that S.A.L. soccer is Not What It Was. Of course one realised that in the days when these two were jovially biting lumps out of each other they were so tough that they used to nail their shorts on, but gently easing the muscles still bruised from that Boxing Day encounter, one wondered Perhaps Tradition, like the rest of us, has gone creaky at the joints and can only make the Fifth XI these days.

No, it could truly be said that nothing of importance had changed. And so it was that in spite of all John’s blandishments, his entreaties and his half pints, I eventually made him see that it was pointless to ask me to write another article.

And of course I refused.

V.P.

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Uncle Ben's Corner

DEAR “Hill-men,”

I have been kindly allotted this space—my corner—I call it, it sounds so much cosier than anything else, don't you think? Well, I'm here to help you, all, or any of you who need advice about your football or anything else to do with the Club or its activities. The idea is that you should write in and tell me about any of your troubles and I will give you the benefit of my vast experience. Only there is just one thing—do keep it clean, men—remember this goes into print and it's not the same as being in the bar after the game. And remember, too, that on another page, Page (ah yes, this column will not be without its **Humour**) has said something about the Hockey Ladies will be reading the “Chat” in future—or did he say they won't, I really forget now—anyway, you see what I mean.

Well then, here is the first of your letters with my answers and please don't hold back in coming forward, if you wish to reach **your goal**! (There, you see the sort of high standard I have set myself? I do so hope I can keep it up). By the way, you may remain anonymous if you wish. Just give your team and position and the last time you played. Right? Here we go then.

Dear Uncle Ben,

I am a member of one of the Senior sides and have played regularly for several seasons without ever having been dropped from my team. But now, I am not quite so young as I was and I am getting just a little bit anxious. You see, it's my speed. In my position I need speed. I need it more than some of them, and so there they have the advantage.

There have been one or two remarks passed lately about my play. Nothing definitely hostile you know, but shouts from the touchline of, "Shake out the lead," and "there goes Corner Flag Charlie," can be a little worrying, even if one's name isn't Charlie. So I wondered if you could help, as I know you have a vast knowledge of the game and once played for Norsemen 5th XI.

Hoping you will be able to tell me what to do,

I am, Yours etc.,

"Worried."

Dear "Worried,"

You need have no fears about your loss of form. As you should know by now, the Selection Committee pay no attention to that. They intend to keep your team select. (Incidentally, that is why they are called the Selection Committee. Few people know this). As for the barracking to which you have been subjected, you have nothing to worry about at this stage. Words alone cannot hurt you. However, should the situation deteriorate, I suggest that when anywhere near the goal you start shooting, because if you stop they may start.

Yours etc.,

Uncle Ben.

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Dear Uncle Ben,

I played last year regularly for the 5th XI, and, although I say it myself, I did not do so bad. But this season the Club is running a 6th XI and there have been rumours of a 7th. I now find I am always picked for the 6th's whenever I am not on rota, despite the fact (everyone agrees) that my play is just as good as last year. Also there have been one or two remarks about "two left feet," although I always play on the right. As I am very keen on eventually making the First XI, I am wondering just what to do. I will do anything you suggest.

Yours etc.,

"Keen Member."

Dear "Keen Member,"

I am very sympathetic to your case, one of many I am afraid. You see there is, I am sorry to say, a great deal of jealousy in the Club, especially in the Senior elevens. They deliberately keep down the up-and-coming player, as he may one day displace them, if they don't look out.

There is one advantage though, about being on rota so much, at least it gives you a chance of watching a really first class game like, say, the Arsenal, or Winchmore Hill 5th XI.

By the way, I should not worry about the "two left feet" remarks. Some of the players get along quite well with only one foot—and that the left.

Yours etc.,

Uncle Ben.

Dear U.B.,

I want to ask your advice about a rather personal matter. At one of the dances held in the pavilion, I was getting on very nicely with one of the young Hockey ladies, and then, all of a sudden, I could not find her. I discovered afterwards, much to my chagrin, that she had been seen on the verandah with my Skipper. Now had it been anyone else, I should have objected strongly, especially as he is a married man with five children, but I did not like to as I felt he might get me dropped to a lower eleven if I did. Do you think I ought to have spoken up or is it best to let sleeping dogs lie?

Yours etc.,

"Quandary."

Dear "Quandary,"

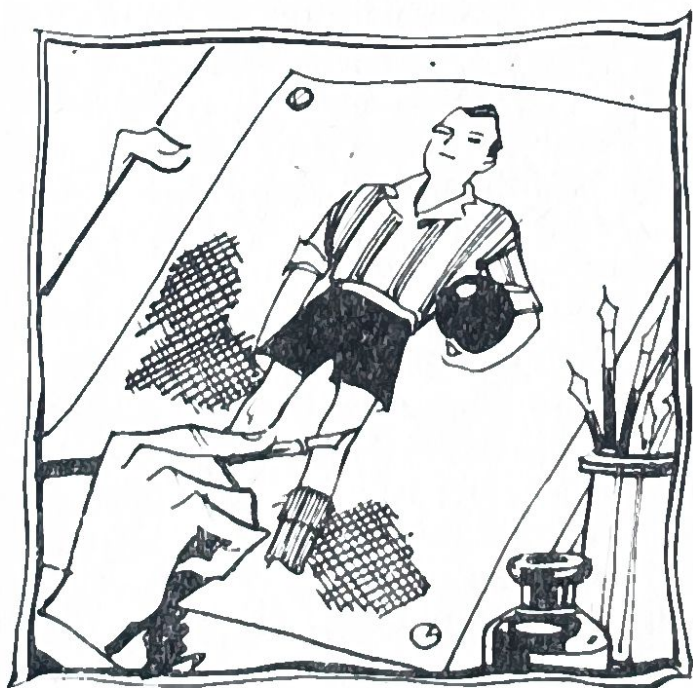
This is a rather delicate matter involving, as it does, more than football. In fact, it is really not quite cricket. I should not say anything now, however, just bide your time and when an opportunity occurs get your own back. One method would have been to empty a mug of water (don't waste beer) on top of him from the window above, but I don't really recommend this as there has been a certain amount of unpleasantness caused by that sort of thing at dances in the past. I should wait until he is not looking and drink his beer, or better still, fill his boots with water just before the game. Clean water, of course.

Good luck,

Yours etc.,

Uncle Ben.

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PEN PORTRAIT

Ron Carter

THERE is no doubt about it but Lancashire has provided some pretty useful additions to the World of Sport, despite what Jim Ferraby, being a Yorkshireman, might say to the contrary, and amongst them are plenty of good footballers. Ron Carter, for instance. You didn't know that Ron came from Lancashire? Well, to be quite honest, he didn't—but his parents did—and that makes him of good Lancashire stock, "strong in th'arm, weak in th'ead" as he himself puts it. Not that we have ever noticed any weakness in Ron's head or at least not in his heading.

To be truthful, Ron was born at Whetstone (that far-flung Postal District of the Empire), on May 3rd, 1921, so with a bit of rapid calculation you will see that he has just about "had" his twenties. Which, on average, should give him at least another ten years in the First XI. The Fifth's should get him about the turn of the Century. Moving gradually "Hillwards," Ron came to live in Southgate in 1934, and spent his remaining schooldays at that edifice of education, the Southgate County School. Here, his first recorded sporting activity was in the 220 yards at the school sports, and Ron claims the record—of being the only boy who ever entered and never finished the course—his shorts fell down! We can only hope that this was before the days of co-education, or, if not, that he managed to borrow some elastic, some pins or anyway some glue! Ron played regularly for his school First XI during the last two years at the "County" and just scraped into the Cricket First XI as a doubtful No. 11, and a desperation change bowler. When all else failed, and the batsmen were well set, Carter would be summoned to the skipper's side with the words, "Well, we've had it now, Ron, you may as well have a go." In case you are wondering just why he was included in the side at all, may we assure the reader that he was an extraordinary good fieldsman. Which was just as well. All this concentration on sport though, even if you forget the running (it was a long time before Ron could), was bound to mean that something else would suffer as a consequence.

It did.

Education.

However, Ron managed to scrape home (there's that phrase again) with a General Schools Certificate but a definitely "could do better" type. And then, schooldays over, Ron left to make his mark in (or on) the world. Some of the places where he made his mark were North Africa, Italy and Austria, but more of that later. Due to the requirements of H.M. Forces, and later the German Army, Ron is a much travelled man, but when he first started in the business world he travelled no further than a firm of paper maker's agents in the City. This job he held down until war broke out when he decided that the agent could find his own paper and Ron was off to be a soldier. In the Tank Corps. Here he learned to drive a tank through a wall and his instructor up it. But Ron must have become a good driver eventually, because he found his way in 1941 to North Africa, where you just had to be good. At driving, we mean. Ron was captured late the same year but did not stay a prisoner long. In just two weeks he was back with his unit again, having been released by Polish troops (or he may mean polished troops, in which case it must have been the Guards).

Then in June, 1942, Rommel, without consulting Ron—not even a postcard—started his drive, and this resulted in Ron's capture again. This was getting a little monotonous, so, feeling that he had made enough of a mark on N. Africa, and that it wasn't his lucky country anyway, Ron took a trip to Italy, where he had always really wanted to go. Here the view was nice enough except for all that barbed wire in front of it which was very irksome. Exactly what Ron did in Italy is not recorded, but you notice how much the "Eyeties" have improved their football since the war, does that give a clue? Tiring of Italy, Ron moved on to Austria where the view was very similar, and for the same reason as in Italy, just as irksome. Came the end of the war, and not a day too soon, and our Ron was released and put back into circulation. Demobbed June, 1946, Ron came home to the Brave New World, ready to take up life where he had left off, only to find that his old employer had the same idea, in so far as his salary was concerned. This was hardly what Ron had expected in the land fit for heroes, so declining gently, but firmly, and almost with tears in his eyes at such generosity Ron looked around elsewhere for work. This he found, as timekeeper on a building site. Was there any building going on in 1946? It's news to us—oh yes, we see it was only a building site. Well then. This job did not last long because, although the others were not too bad at keeping time,

Ron just could not. And it's no good being a timekeeper if you can't keep time, is it? No, it is not. Well then, once again. Looking round again, this time Ron beamed himself on a large film organization (Cecil B. de Mille? Cast of thousands?). Here he seems to have attained the rank of Acting, unpaid (practically) Accounts Clerk. You will notice all the characters in this organization had Rank. We have to tell you, dear readers, that this job, also, did not hold Ron for long. He had to eat, he says. Well, once again, then. Just when he was beginning to wonder if the country was really deserving of all this trouble to find a job, Ron took employment with a new firm starting up, and there he will still, if you are passing that way, be found. Ron is the Manager of the warehouse; he is in charge of the Transport and Despatch; he sells; he does the General Factotum, or rather, he is the General Factotum—and, furthermore, does anybody want to buy any packing-cases? No? Alright, you've had your chance.

But all this is all very well but what about Ron as a footballer? Well, on leaving school, Ron joined his Old Boys and at the ripe old age of 18 was talked into taking over the job of Secretary. World War II intervened just in time to prevent the world's worst fixture mix-up—to this day Ron slinks away in shame from all Old Boys, except Tony Bath, and you couldn't expect him to do that, could you? Shrink from a Bath, we mean. Ron first played for the Hill in 1937, but that was while he was still at school, of course. Someone had dropped out and Ron's brother, a member, filled in the gap with Ron. The 4th XI it was, and Ron scored a hat-trick, but was aggrieved to find, on consulting his P.G. Gazette, that they had credited the goals to a Mr. Deacock, Jnr. Then in 1946, Ron played regularly for the Club, for the First XI, until getting a trial for Chelsea, where he played for their Reserves until the end of the season. He left them, and in the next season played for Hendon Reserves (apart from two games in the First team), 1948 and 1949 back to the Hill, and in 1950 (that dreadful year for Ron), back to the wall. Canvey Island—you might as well say Devil's Island as far as Ron was concerned. Anyway, the gods relented and Ron was brought back from exile, to once again grace the Hill's First XI.

Ron's one boast, and we are sure he will be allowed one, is that in three seasons while actually at the Hill he has never missed a game—League or Cup. Or come to that a friendly either!

Ron has no hobbies as such, but he is happily married, and has three children to prove it! So, for hobbies, Ron has not much time. Let's hope that the boys will follow in father's footsteps, and one day the Hill may have a new inside-right on their books—Carter, Junior.

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THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL

MUCH has been written in the preceding "Chats" of the activities of members, both on the field of play and in the bar, plus the history of a few in "Pen Portraits," but we are wondering as to what happens to them when away from the Club. Having no way of answering this, other than by a personal inquisition, we have let our imagination (note singular, as we think as one) run riot in an effort to visualise our Clubfellows, not from Monday to Saturday, but on Sunday, the day after the soccer and drinking match.

Naturally our writings are confined to the more humorous, and not the obvious of our thoughts, and if any members can see themselves through our innuendoes (some veiled, some not so veiled) we are sure they will forgive us, as all characters in this are almost fictitious, and anything that does not resemble anyone living or otherwise, is purely an error on our part. (If any objections are raised, the name of our solicitors is posted in the dressing-room).

Where to start and who to start with is our first problem, and seeing that Sunday begins at 12.1 a.m. we prefer not to imagine our members between then and say, 6 a.m. So let us begin with the story of the red-headed young man who departed from Old Latymerian's at a very late hour, and was just in time to catch the last train from King's Cross to Grange Park, and who unfortunately fell asleep (so he says) on the way, to be awakened at Hertford North at about 3 in the morning. He was lucky though as the engine was to be run back to Wood Green, so back on the footplate he came, alighting at Grange Park at a very unearthly hour, and in a very unclean state. We are pleased to say he never repeated this act, as he now has a very nice wife to keep him in order. Good thing you had no moustache in those days, old chap, or else you would undoubtedly have had soot in your whiskers. He says, by the way, that he came to the conclusion after this exploit, that he would never have made an engine-driver as his eyes are not far enough apart to see out of those windows.

There is also another chap who, complete with pipe and blazer, managed to catch the last Piccadilly Line train to Cockfosters. He falls asleep too, only to be awakened at every station by kindly fellow travellers. He tells the story of the night he didn't sleep, but woke the sleepers. Evidently a navvy sat opposite to him complete with 'knee-irons' and a shovel, on to which his head slumped forward as he snored. At each station somebody gave him a nudge, 'I say, Manor House, old chap,' then, 'I say, Turnpike Lane, old chap,' but he just nodded his head, grunted and dozed off again. People were surprised when he refused Bounds Green—where could a navvy live they wondered—but, believe it or not, the answer was Cockfosters. (With apologies to all navvies, whether or not members of the W.H.F.C.).

Let us now pass on to those who live by day, in preference to night-life. Let us imagine the hamlet of Winchmore Hill and its environs, at 7 a.m. on Sunday, not a soul to be seen. Once again all Club members have 'overdone it,' and forgotten to set the alarm in time for Church. Well, seeing no movement at 7 a.m., let us next choose the hour of 9 a.m. Although most members have 'turned over' again, at last four are up and about, in fact two are definitely out, but they are both mad, they go pushing bikes around the countryside every Sunday, and are a fairly common sight in Enfield Town at 9.30 a.m., in either plus fours or shorts. Naturally suggestions are made as to why they do this, varying from hints that they cannot afford a best suit, to utterances that each new issue of the "Police Gazette" comes out on Sunday (and the "News of the World" of course), complete with photographs. We are not certain whether they claim to be unphotogenic or unhygienic, but to go cycling all day Sunday they are, to say the least, lunatic.

What of the other two gents preparing themselves for the day. Well No. 1 gent is not arraying himself in his Sunday best, but strangely enough what must be his worst. You see he has an allotment, and as we all know, allotments have to be tended. His activities in this case are not so "Social" in nature as when he is up at the Club. So,—unshaven, and with a trilby hat on the back of his head, and an old sack under his arm, and in general, giving an appearance of the 'man who shot at Truman,' or as someone recently suggested, 'straight from the sewers of Vienna,' or even a South American type of Dick Barton, he goes in search of what is best for said veg. plot. He is fully aware that an hour previous the United and Express Dairy horses passed this way, and have made their usual deposits en route, thereby ensuring that on reaching his plot of land his sack is fairly brimming. (Strange Sunday occupation for a Civil servant don't you think?).

So on to the 4th member astir. We have to thank our spies for the following information as it is very hard to keep track of this gent among the milling throngs of Petticoat Lane. No, he doesn't possess a stall or a barrow there, but goes merely as a prospective buyer, and, we are informed, that he makes straight for the vendor of gents misfit overcoats, trilby hats, green check shirts and yellow gloves. Of course he denies this (so would we), but we feel sure he was the one who 'pipped' our best friend to a lovely woolly, buff-coloured overcoat the other Sunday. He always looks smart in his appearance, though perhaps a trifle Bohemian, but then he can't help having so much hair. Seeing how closely his dress resembles that of Max Miller, we suggest that in future he should be known as the Hill's own "Cheeky Chappie."

Assuming that by midday the remainder of Club members have left their beds just in time for lunch, we cast our mind (we think as one) once again to the mad cyclists. It is said that their lunch consists of a few cheese sandwiches, cheese cakes, and cocoa from a vacuum flask. This concoction is usually partaken of on the floor of a disused R.A.F. hut near Royston, whilst seated among straw, spiders, earwigs, 'steam tugs,' etc., and although seated Chinese fashion, they prefer their fingers to chopsticks. After lunch they proceed to annoy the peaceful countryfolk with pleasant abuse, and occasional calls of 'Up the O's,' as if countryfolk know who the 'O's' are, come to that who does? We believe that during the summer they pass the afternoon away by removing courting couples from haystacks, hedges, etc., in fact, anything but behaving like W.H.F.C. members. Yes, they must be 'round the bend.'

We now try to visualise a 'normal' club member at home to Sunday dinner. Our obvious choice here is a gent who advertises during his course of business those very old words, 'Families supplied daily,' and, knowing him to be an honest man, sincerely hope that he doesn't find this too exhausting. He once told us to refer to him as Squire So-and-So, hence we imagine his spread as one becoming of a man of such title, with silver candlesticks on the table, plus pieces of gold plate, upon which, one would find a mixture of socialist turkey, and 'B— J. Bangers,' recently renamed 'Webb's Wonders,' and labelled 'Dangerous, not to be held by hand,' or 'Light blue paper and retire immediately.' These are similar to the ones he supplies to the Club for Sausage and Mash. By the way, he recently noticed his dog's collar was missing, so if any member should catch his teeth on something, would they kindly return, etc., etc. This is followed by the usual sweet, possibly bread pudding, plain and jam (or marmalade), or a 'bit of duff,' all of which is served by the fair hand of the French maid, and is afterwards washed down (no, not the French maid) either with crème de menthe, Advocaat, methylated spirit, or mild and bitter. After this the master of the household follows the usual W.H.F.C. members' Sunday afternoon routine, by accompanying the dog on the mat for 2 or 3 hours 'kip.' Undoubtedly his good spouse does likewise, but the question remains, what does a French maid do on a Sunday afternoon? As the afternoon of sleep passes quickly, we find ourselves picturing the maid on duty again, this time in the kitchen, preparing for tea.

We see a good selection of Canvey cockles, Southend shrimps, and Whitstable winkles, the latter of which the squire prefers to extract from the shells personally, so that he can sniff each one before eating, thus ensuring that no doubtful ones should pass his uvula. (All this of course, when kippers are out of season). Celery is also a good favourite with 'his nibs,' not because he likes the taste, but that he finds the noise greatly assists in drowning the six o'clock news. (He drinks soup during the Epilogue).

Leaving the 'squire' in the bosom of his family, we return to our cyclists, who by this time are somewhere near Hertford, having, no doubt, visited their old school, the Herts Reformatory, during the afternoon. But their day has been profitable, as they are now well laden with apples, mushrooms, blackberries, chickens, turkeys, and anything else they could lay their hands on. Perhaps they are not so mad after all, but we do know they suffer occasionally from 'sorplasis.' They usually return with their loot about 10 p.m. making sure to enter the Metropolis well after dark, having pushed the pedals round for 70 or 80 miles. They say this works off the aches and pains of Saturday's game.

We have only been able to scan briefly the Sunday life of our dear Clubfellows, and in our efforts to reach a concluding point we have to admit that we haven't the faintest idea what happens to them on a Sunday evening. We certainly never see any of them, but then as we've said before, we don't return until after dark, and boys do we travel through Winchmore Hill to make certain they don't see us.

We hope you have enjoyed our little effort for the 'Chat,' and trust you will accept our apologies for leaving out such interesting items as of the elderly gent who always re-reads his Windmill Theatre programme over and over again on Sunday mornings, or of the younger gent who always has muffins for tea, or did he say crumpets? We have recently discovered that two eminent members of the Fifth XI, who (in one case anyway) have more hair on their moustaches than their heads, do, on many Sundays pass their time away by drowning worms in the River Lea. (This is a lie, it was Grovelands Park.—Ed.).

If by now you are still in doubt as to the authors of this nonsense, then we can only aid you by saying that we really are quite sane—ask Bill Williams.

M. & B.

DEATH OF SID MARTIN

All members and readers of the "Chat" will be sorry to hear of the death of Sid Martin. Even those of you who did not know Sid by name must have seen his cheery face round the ground on a Saturday as he took round the collecting box and extracted from the spectators the humble tanner or the nimble bob. In losing Sid the Club has lost a keen supporter, and we have lost a friend. We offer our heartfelt condolences to his wife and family in their loss.