Winchmore Hill Football Chat



with Compliments

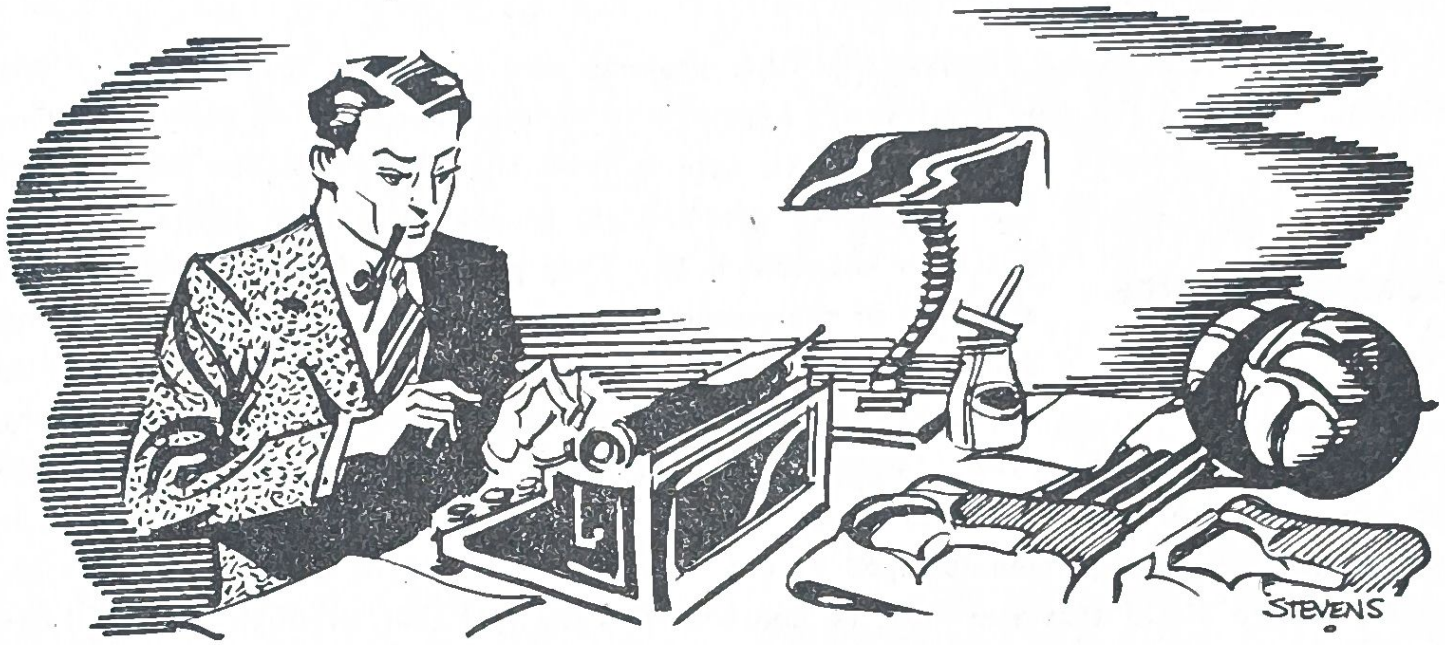
WINCHMORE HILL FOOTBALL CLUB

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Vol. 3 No. 1] *[October 1951.*

Editorial

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ONCE again we welcome a new football season. Once again will we hear the sound of leather upon leather and the loud and frenzied shouts of the crowd, so different from the more leisurely and barely partisan applause of the cricket spectators. Once again, too, will the pavilion echo to the tramp of boots and the cry of the sausage relentlessly held in the grip of the mash. Yes, all the old sounds will be back but before we enter upon this new season let us first take a quick glance back at the old. Last season Alec and his boys once again brought home the bacon in the shape of the League Championship and also went far in the A.F.A. Senior Cup. Congratulations and may they do as well or better this time. In football, as in most things, it is, however, tough at the top and we must always remember that nothing is so difficult as to stay where skill and hard work have taken one. It is probably true to say that one must be twice as good to stay there as to get there. We have, nevertheless, a conviction that the Hill can, in fact, be twice as good.

ON WITH THE NEW.

We have not, sad to relate, received any letters from readers of the "Chat" (as suggested in our last issue) except, of course, those sent to "Uncle Ben." We are a little hurt by this as, although we are not jealous of Uncle Ben, we are beginning to wonder if you still care. Also, we are beginning to wonder if you still read us.

EDITORIAL—*continued.*

We have, however, received via other channels odd comments, criticisms, etc., one of which concerns the new illustrations heading the various articles. The comment—nay, criticism—in this case is from the Ladies' Hockey Section (we just **knew** they would begin to nag us as soon as we let them get a hockey-stick in !). They point out that the little lasses at the head of their page, although no doubt of the right shape and glamour-appeal are, unfortunately, left-handed. And apparently at Hockey that just cannot be. Also they are wearing the wrong colours or, at least, the wrong " get-up." We apologise for these errors but must point out that they are, like the footballer in " Pen Portrait," merely symbolic. Also, there is not a hope of getting them changed at the moment. We just dare not ask ! And so, ladies, we are afraid that you must be content with the fact that although the said little lasses have not got everything, at least they have got **something.**

CORRESPONDENCE.

Many are the words which have been spoken and many the compliments which have been passed on various occasions, some official, some unofficial on the subject of club spirit. We all like to think that our own club spirit is good and it is a fact that few will dispute, that here at the Hill our club spirit is, indeed, good. But we of this column, are going to take our lives in our hands and say that we think it could be even better.

CLUB SPIRIT.

For example, after the game we pride ourselves on the hospitality we offer to our guests and to the social atmosphere we create by entertaining them in the bar by our presence, our conversation and, last but not least, by the liquid refreshment that we pour into them. Now, although this may be held by some to be primarily the Skipper's job, it should not be left entirely to him—or to him and a few of the " hard core "—to " do the honours." The rest of the team should rally round and assist. It is an unfortunate fact that many are the " bods " that, having played their game, eaten their tea and (we hope) paid their half-crown, slink silently away into the night and are, until the next week, seen no more. Now this is a pity. It is a pity for several reasons too lengthy to go into here. But what we would like to see is **every** man staying behind, **even if for only half an hour.** Since football ends so comparatively early we feel that it must be a pressing engagement indeed which demands that one cannot spare even this modest time before leaving. So here's to seeing you all after the game. And er—incidentally, we are drinking " Black and Tan " now.

CLUB DANCE.

The Club are holding a dance at the " Cambridge," Gt. Cambridge Road, N.18, on November 29th, 1951, and it is hoped that members will give their full support.

It is not often, nowadays, that we run a "full-blown " dance, as it were, and since these occasions have become so few and far between we feel that members should strive not to miss this event.

Tickets may be obtained from members of the Entertainments Committee for the extremely economical figure of 4s. 6d. inclusive of refreshments.

There will also be a similar dance at the same place on February 1st, 1952.



THE SKIPPERS SUM UP

"WELL," said Alec Lambert, "it had to come in the end. We lost to Norsemen 3-1 at home and that ended a long run of victories against that Club. It was time they had a win anyway."

It was indeed a black day for the Hill, because four other sides also lost to the Norsemen that day, only the 3rds registering a win—and they were playing someone else! However, all's well that ends well and the **FIRST XI** once again brought off the League Championship. It is interesting to note, however, that it was eventually on goal average only, that the Hill topped the table. In fact, had Catford Wanderers scored three more goals during the course of the season or, what is more potent, had the three disallowed goals in their last game against Barclays been allowed to stand, then there would have been not only the rare occurrence of a tie but the unique spectacle of two clubs with exactly the same record. Here are the final positions :—

					GOALS		
	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against	P.
Winchmore Hill	20	10	6	4	44	25	26
Catford Wanderers	20	10	6	4	41	25	26

"For the second time since the war the Hill reached the Semi-final of the A.F.A. Senior Cup," said Alec, contemplatively sipping his beer and leaning back in his chair, "and although we lost 5-2 to H.M.S. Excellent, the first half was probably one of the team's best displays of the season." It was certainly exciting enough, anyway, as I myself could vouch for, having seen the game, but although Alec strove manfully and Ian Bedford turned out an extremely good performance, the sailors, led by one of the best and fastest centre-forwards the Hill have had to contend with for a long time, were definitely the better side in the second half. The Hill, however, gave a good account of themselves in the celebrations after the game, and were seen off on the coach with full Naval honours.

"The best performance of the team was probably in beating Newhaven, 2-1, away, in a friendly on Easter Monday," said Alec, in answer to my query. "It was in this game that Ian Bedford played himself into the side, and on his subsequent form looks like staying there."

Of the other forwards, Alec considered that Ron Carter, who returned to the Club at the end of the previous season, had not had, perhaps, such a good season as had been hoped for. However, despite a certain patchiness he was still the best choice for the inside-forward position, which says a lot for Ron when really in form. Les Lambert, at centre-forward, had also not really struck the form of previous years but injuries may have unsettled him and although he had missed several games had still found the net on sixteen occasions. Vic "Hernie" Haskell, when fit, had treated us to some electrifying runs down the wing and we understand that the "Vet" has patched up the trouble and Vic is already in full training for the coming season. "Yes," said Alec, "as a matter of fact,

I've seen her." Charlie Burrett, whether on the left-wing or at back, has been good and when on the wing the number of times he has shown opposing defenders a clean pair of heels has not been entirely due to cleaning his boots regularly. Arthur Bailey, at inside or outside-forward has lent his services to the forward line as effectively and gracefully as he has leant on the bar after the game. Tony King, on his several appearances has been brilliant in patches but is inclined to be excitable and would do well to cultivate a little more steadiness.

The defence has reason to be proud of its performance for only 34 goals were conceded in 29 matches, five of these being against H.M.S. Excellent. Alec finished the season well ; Ernie Wiseman, barring the odd miskick, has had a good sterling season and is still one of the best centre-halves in the League, and Norman Haslam, although perhaps not as good as in previous years, has put in a tremendous amount of skilful work.

Jack Pearl, slowing up a little but still first choice for Club and League, Bill Brooks and latterly Burrett, backed by Johnny (" I'm retiring next year ") Peters in goal have been the core of a defence which has conceded fewer goals than any team in the Division bar the Norsemen.

" It sounds like a lot of criticism," said Alec, " but the spirit is good and on results the Hill can still claim to be as sound as ever." " Anything else of note ?" I asked. Alec pondered. " Yes," he said, " we overcame the Carshalton bogey, both games played away. Which reminds me, Carshalton took a free kick and on Johnny Peters' express request I moved in order to let him see the ball." " What happened ?" I asked. " It went straight into the net." Alec grinned, drained his beer and disappeared into the night to watch the big fight on T.V.

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The doings of the **SECOND XI** were related to the Official Scrivener, not by the skipper, as is the usual custom, but by another prominent member of the side. A departure from precedent, this, but we hope it will work out all right. A high level decision was taken not to reveal the narrator's name, not to protect him from the reprisals of his team mates, but because he had already used up his ration of publicity since the football club was nationalized, and we really hadn't the cheek to mention him again by name. So the Nameless One talked with unaccustomed loquacity while the Scrivener, with his usual industry, scrivened.

If anybody had read our last report it would have been remembered that mention was made of that unhappy day, March 3rd, when five of our sides were beaten by the Norsemen. The Reserves were particularly unfortunate on that occasion as shortly after the game had started Roy Morgan was hurt and, after limping about on the wing for a while, had to leave the field. This handicap was too much against the sort of opposition provided by the Norsemen, who won the game by 4-0. This set-back appears to have been the start of one of those inexplicable bad patches that overcome every team now and again, and it was not until six weeks later that the Reserves won another game.

This is not quite as bad as it sounds, however, for the next two fixtures were called off before, on March 31st, the side was surprisingly beaten at home by Lloyds Bank. This was a fixture to which everyone had looked forward with some confidence, having won the away match comfortably. But in the last two minutes Lloyds scored the only goal of the match. I enquired if the Nameless One could account for this unexpected defeat. He could. Placing the tips of his fingers together and casting his gaze ceiling-wards he considered, and at length observed judiciously, "Well, as a matter of fact, we all played like a lot of . . . . . ." Fair comment.

A two-goal lead against Westminster Bank on April 14th looked promising, but again the points proved elusive. The Bank scored, and then shortly afterwards Archie Cheek's arm got in the way of the ball, an incident which evoked both comment and suggestion from the spectators, and the referee, after a long pause (presumably spent in listening to Archie), awarded a penalty. Two all. After the game Macmeikan, a know-ledgeable sort of chap who has Been Around, decided that what was needed was a bit of morale-raising, and took his colleagues off to a sinister club in Soho where morale was duly raised.

Furthermore it stayed raised. At least for a week. Against Boro' Poly on April 17th, with the help of Ian Bedford who by now was normally a first-team player, and of Vic Haskell, having a try-out after an injury, the Hill won by 4-0, Vic and Ian sharing the goals.

Against Crouch End Vampires once again it was the old story of a good start and then a fade-out. Jimmy Bryce provided the good start with a cracking goal from outside-left. Ian, playing again, headed the second one and then trouble started. Bill Kebbell was shaken by a collision in the goal-mouth and Bernard Avent began to have trouble in holding a young and exceptionally nippy outside-left. (They **have** to be nippy to cause Bernard trouble). Anyway the score crept up to two each, and after some ding-dong scoring, the Vamps won 4-3.

But to finish the season the Reserves, on the usual hard pitch and with the usual light ball, and with Norman Haslam, Frankie Thompson and Ernie Wiseman (this time playing at centre-forward so that he could see what a piece of cake it is playing centre-half)—you know, we've almost got in a muddle with this sentence but it'll turn out all right, don't worry—beat Barclays Bank thus completing a double over Barclays in addition to those already scored over Lensbury and Boro' Poly. Whew!

And so they finished in an honourable position in the League—third—and have every reason to congratulate themselves on a good season. Apart from the usual difficulties of team-changes, the team had to face added trouble in a series of changes of captaincy. Freddie MacAdam started the season as skipper, but unfortunately had a spell of illness and Ian Bedford took over. Then Ian became a regular first-team player (and well did he deserve it, we remember his performance at Worthing) and the captaincy passed to Gus and then to various members of the side, including goalkeeper Bill Kebbell. It is im-possible to comment on individuals in a side where every man played his part so well; certainly we felt there was nothing to add to the comments made in our last issue (that saves a bit of space, doesn't it John?). But stay—we must, on the instructions of the Nameless One, say how well Jimmy Bryce filled various positions including that of outside-left, a position to which he was unaccustomed. And while we're at it, one more, Bernard Avent. Steady, consistent and constructive, Bernard had a very good season. And there we really will leave it.

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The **THIRD XI,** after an exciting finish to the season, won the Championship of their Division, as did the First XI theirs, on goal average. Here are the final positions :—

						GOALS		
	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against	P.
Winchmore Hill	22	13	6	3	55	25	32
Alexandra Park	22	15	2	5	72	36	32

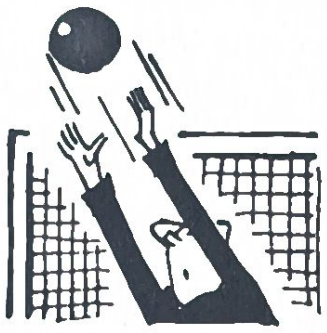
A.P. who were runners-up, were only just pipped on the post, as the story of the last few games will show. The Hill had two games to play and A.P. had three. A.P. were two points ahead and this is what happened. Winchmore Hill played A.P. and won 1-0, A. Elmer scoring in the last few minutes of the game. Again the Hill played, on the following Monday, this time against Midland Bank and won 2-1. Meanwhile A.P. had failed against Boro' Poly. and the two points they gained against Kew Assn. were not enough as the Hill's goal average was better. An excellent performance and we congratulate Don Ashby and his boys on their win.

The defence were very sound in the last eight league games, only seven goals being scored against them. During this period the attack scored twenty-two and it was this strong finish which, more than anything, brought home the bacon. The attack has greatly improved this season, as a comparison of the goals scored will show (last season 35-33, this season 55-25). The top goal-scorer was J. Fricker with twelve goals, and Don Ashby tells us that Jack has gone to live in Canada and will be working for the Hudson Bay Co. A great loss to the Third XI. Whether or not Jack will be able to keep up his football is doubtful and does not depend, as the team wag has put it, on his using a bicycle pump and connector. However, no doubt Jack will find other sport to occupy him such as, for instance, shooting bears, or even a line if he gets the chance.

Denis Metson with nine goals to his credit comes next on the list and this we feel is a particularly good effort as Denis has been unable to play in all the games owing to military service. (Others, of course, find the rota has the same effect). There have been other goal-scorers but we think Don Ashby's two should get a mention since Don plays at left-back and doesn't see a lot of the goal at the other end. The opposition don't see a lot of the goal at Don's end either, if Don is standing in front of it but we won't say any more about that because we feel the subject is getting a bit thin. (We meant to use this crack about Bill Williams but it seems to fit in here just as well and anyway they can both consider themselves to have been done now). For the first of Don's two goals he enlisted an accomplice in the person of Julian Williams. Don crashed over the ball into the goalmouth and Julian, no doubt acting according to a pre-conceived fiddle, unsighted the goalkeeper and the ball fell into the net. The other effort was while Don was playing on the left-wing after being injured. Kicking the ball stiffly from a stationary position, rather, we imagine, like one of those footballers in the penny-in-the-slot machines called " game of football " on the pier at the seaside, Don was surprised to see the ball enter the net making the score sheet show : Ashby 1. Arthur Elmer gave extra life to the forward line at centre-forward and occasionally inside-left and was supported by the ceaseless hard work of trojan Bernard Thompson. Glyn Wilson has been really excellent in goal and the team as a whole (sorry we can't mention you all) has shown first-class team spirit all through.

The team recently had a celebration with a show in town and a meal to follow at which twelve of the regular players turned up. A visit was paid to a certain sinister club, previously mentioned in these notes, but of the proceedings there we have no definite information. It does appear, however, that the team got away without actually sustaining any losses.

And so ended another success story. May there be many more to follow.



The **FOURTH XI** feel it a pity that another Chat should be issued for 1950-51, as this season concluded with a similar run of defeats as at the beginning. In fairness to ourselves let us blame the wonderful English climate, for although the sun shone at the beginning and end of the season a sticky patch in the middle was our downfall. In truth a fine run of wins was marred by a total of seven cancellations through flooded pitches, after which the team found it hard to settle down again. We were fortunate in having a similar team nearly every week, and always the side gave their best with full ninety-minutes efforts, but odd goal defeats seemed inevitable. We do claim one distinction however, that in many games we managed to score first, and now think it would have been a good idea to have had Jack Peacock back from the Third XI, and then perhaps our opponents would have been first in the lead, and maybe we should have won. In success or defeat the team always took it well, naturally we were disappointed at our bad luck, but the Fourth XI were not only rich in motor cars, but also in humour, team spirit and bar spirit, and one can say it was almost a pleasure to lose.

It is difficult to select anyone in the side as being better or worse than the rest, as a fair standard was maintained by all, especially those who were on occasions ' promoted ' from the Fifth eleven. One almost concludes that there is little difference between Fourth and Fifth, or is that wishful thinking on the part of us ' aged ' ones, who will grace the Fifth next season. If praise is due to anyone then surely Morton Harvey (Rabbit) deserves that honour for brilliant and daring goalkeeping, and he can safely be classed among the best 'keepers in the club, and could be entrusted between the sticks for the First eleven at any date. In sporting circles it is not customary to mention the worst player, but this time we make the exception, and feel that at least once during the season each one of us has had that distinction.

It is equally hard to single out any particular game, but maybe the ' double ' against Carshalton was the hardest in more than one sense. Playing two games, each of an hour's duration, is tiring work at any time, but versus a team of Carshalton's strength it is a great effort. Indeed two matches were played in the best of spirits, plus plenty of ' beef,' and our opponents gained the upper hand by winning the first 1-0, and holding us to a draw in the second. We say ' holding us ' as we had nearly all the second game and lost a goal lead through an unfortunate penalty decision for hands late in the game. We finished the season **9th or 10th** in a league of fifteen, with a total of 23 points from 28 games, (15 points being obtained in a nine week period in mid-season with a goal average of 31-11), and a final goal average of 53-64.

Our editor has suggested a few remarks re prospects for next season, so once again we are confronted with a difficulty, and the first thing that comes to mind is that the **Fifth XI** should be extra strong next year with us aged ones gracing its ranks. (At one particular game the aggregate age of six of the team totalled 217 years, after which we daren't ask the ages of the other five). To think of next season is an almost impossible task, but if the team spirit continues as it has this season then much can be hoped for, so may we look forward to greater success, and bigger and better motor cars.

The **FIFTH XI** finished their first season of league football as runners-up to their local rivals, the Norsemen. The final positions were as follows :—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	GOALS For	Against	P.
Norsemen	18	14	3	1	64	30	31
Winchmore Hill	18	8	4	6	66	42	20

It is interesting to note the final position of the bottom team,

	P.	W.	D.	L.	GOALS For	Against	P.
Kew Assn.	18	3	4	11	26	66	10

from which it can be seen that more points separated us from the Champions than from the last-placed Club. While we offer our congratulations to Wimberley and his boys on such a convincing win we draw a spark of consolation from the fact that we at least scored more goals—just !

The play of the team as a whole was usually quite good despite some extraordinary lapses against sides which were easy on paper but turned out more difficult on grass. The attack, if one goes by the goal average, appears to have been the best in the division, and although statistics are liable to be misleading, since a few games were won by large margins, it is certainly true that we usually managed to find the net several times in each match.

The defence, once again if one goes by goal average alone, does not seem to have been so tight as might be desired, despite the presence of Sid Lansbury and Aubrey Gleed. There has been a regrettable tendency, however, for goalkeepers in the lower elevens to suddenly develop a desire to play out which may have had something to do with it. Not, we hasten to add, while they should have been keeping goal.

We were all pleased to welcome back our old friend " Vee " Page who had been rusticating in Norfolk for so long. (Definition—Rusticating : drinking " Rustics " in country pubs). He returned round about the time of the floods and even if he did not quite get back his old form until perhaps the last game against Kew, when he notched a couple of useful goals, it was nice to see that streamlined body streaking goalwards, sleeves flapping behind like the wings of a jet-propelled butterfly. We are saddened, therefore, that we shall be losing him shortly as he has been called to Higher Things. Schoolmaster Page is shortly to become Headmaster Page and we feel that so far as football with the Fifth XI is concerned he has probably had his **Chips.** We heartily congratulate him on his promotion, however, and we have extracted a promise from him that he will look us up occasionally when he is up this way. Sometime perhaps when he is in town ordering a new gross of canes !

The game against Alexandra Park, away, was played on a semi-waterlogged pitch, and was marred by the fact that A.P. were several men short. A 5-0 win for the Hill therefore, was nothing to shout about. In fact, Merryman and his boys did well to keep the score down as low as this. If this was an unlucky day for A.P. it was indeed an unlucky day for " Vee " and I, for we not only took the wrong turning leaving the A.P. clubhouse and landed ourselves down a blind road (road, forsooth !), but " Vee's " hearse choose this moment to break down. We spent a desperate evening attempting to have the remains removed for decent burial while the halcyon minutes of Saturday night drinking time ticked inexorably by. Nor were matters improved when, at last, having reached the Club and flung ourselves wild-eyed and with parched and cracking lips at the bar, we were dismayed to find that that edifice of vertical drinking, that oasis which for so many long and tortured hours we had held before us in our mind's eye, was nothing but a mirage, since it was about to shut. The " Iron Curtain " slammed callously down, barely missing our feeble and trembling hands. A memory, dear readers, over which both " Vee " and I would like to draw, not a veil, but a heavy blanket.

If this story of the hard and bitter conditions under which S.A.L. football is played does not tear at your heart-strings then let me tell you the story of :—

THE GREAT ROBBERY
(or The Crime at Kew)

'Twas on an April afternoon when we were playing Kew,
This heinous act was then commit, it stirred up quite a stew,
It was the last, the final game which I recall we drew,
But while we played a dastard crime was planned.

When off the field and to our changing-room we made our way,
We found the door half-open and our clothes in disarray,
" Ay ! Ay !" said Vee, " some rotten tyke has made off with me pay !"
And consternation spread throughout the land.

A hurried check-up then ensued to find what we had lost,
A watch, some keys, odd sums of cash, we reckoned up the cost,
They'd even pinched a fountain pen (Who cares ? The nib was crossed !),
When came the news they'd caught the robber band.

From every lip the question came ' how had this thing been done ?'
And thick and fast the rumours flew until the truth was won,
The barman on his bicycle had copped them on the run,
And stayed the villains' flight with honest hand.

The villains then turned out to be not prison-hardened lags,
But stripling youths of summers few—hardly in long bags,
We thought this was the end of it, we didn't know the snags,
Until the LAW arrived in manner grand.

Interrogations then began and statements taken down,
And Aubrey didn't mind until informed by P.C. Brown,
His front door keys were wanted as exhibits for the Crown,
And then his ire was well and truly fanned.

Nor yet was this the end of it, the fat was in the fire,
More statements at the " Station " then, the law did yet require,
The upshot of it was they whipped them in the " Black Maria,"
The victims then were well and truly " vanned."

At long, long last they did return, (they nearly had to walk),
And, gathered in the bar, engaged in endless legal talk,
A sadly chastened lot because their goods were still " in baulk,"
Required by law upon the witness stand.

Nor did they get them back until one day in sheer despair,
Aubrey went and fetched them (yes, he even paid the fare),
So, the moral of this is lock up your cash and **Take More Care,**
Or you'll be victims of the robber's hand.

Which only goes to show the dangers and the hazards under which we play.

So much for the old season, now let us ' on with the new.' May 1951/52 see the Fifth XI at the top of the league. After all, if the First XI can do it . . . Well, I mean . . .

So long, chaps.

The **SIXTH XI** had few matches during the latter part of the season owing to cancellations, mostly due to the weather.

Reckoning from Black Saturday, with which the reader will by now have become familiar, the Sixth XI played four games only. Passing lightly over the debacle against the Norsemen (lost 7-1) when Gordon Littleford was tried at centre-forward and was therefore fortunate in having at least a negative alibi, we come to the following week when the pendulum swung rapidly in the opposite direction and Lensbury were drilled to the tune of 7-1. This helped to revive the team's morale as well as to level up the goal average, and the two games following on so closely together, relieved (?) a series of games which had mostly been decided by the odd goal.

Talking of odd goals there was that one that a Hill defender (he shall remain nameless—we can't remember who it was, anyway), cracked in against his own side in the Ealing Assn. match. This decided matters as it was 2-2 at the time, but on second thoughts it was only odd because that sort of thing hadn't happened very often before—except, of course in other elevens.

We asked our informant if there had been the usual team changes in the last few games and were surprised to learn that there had been relatively few. A new player, Byham, was welcomed into the side and promises well. There are weaknesses in the defence and the forward line could do with more thrust at times although on examining the record we see they scored 54 goals in 18 games, an average, if our arithmetic does not fail us, of 3 goals per match, which does not seem so dusty.

Here is the record :—

P.	W.	D.	L.	GOALS For	Against
18	8	0	10	54	66



Our informant felt that a leavening of older players would be invaluable in the side (don't worry chum, you'll be getting them !), in order to act as a steadying influence and bring along the younger and more inexperienced player.

All in all, and bad weather apart, not at all a bad season and here's to the next one.

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HOCKEY



THE invitation to contribute to ' Football Chat ' has been repeated, so the last contribution, which was also the first, seems to have filled the bill. The Hockey Club is indeed grateful for the opportunity of making its deeds known more widely to the membership and, perhaps, to correct in the minds of some, any impression that Women's Hockey is not to be taken seriously. The Hockey members are striving to get the name of the Winchmore Hill Club as well known and respected in the Women's Hockey world as it already is in regard to Cricket and Football. That it is succeeding will become apparent to anyone who is not already too bored to read on.

First, at risk of being told not to be cheeky little girls, the attention of the Editor is respectfully drawn to the snappy little drawings gracing the heading to the Hockey notes in the last issue. The appearance of the young things depicted there is reminiscent of the pictures of those glamorous lovelies who advertise sports wear and equipment ; they don't look as though they ever played for Winchmore Hill ! Judging from remarks overheard on the hockey touchline before the football matches start, the shapes are right. But . . . the ladies concerned are not depicted in the Club uniform, so carefully described in the article to which they attract the eye. What is more, they appear to be left-handed —a state of affairs not allowed in hockey. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you can persuade your artist to provide some new pictures.

These notes must perforce be confined to last season's results and the events of the close season, since the last effusion appeared near the end of last season and contained a summary of hockey events since the war up to that time. As to results, first let plain figures speak for themselves :—

				Goals	
	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
First XI	15	10	3	2	48	22
Second XI	15	10	2	3	67	25
Third XI	14	9	—	5	76	46
'A' XI	4	2	1	1	16	4
Middlesex Inter-Club Tournament	5	4	1	—	6	0
Southend Easter Tournament	4	3	—	1	11	4

It is interesting to note that both First XI and Second XI teams lost the same number of games as last season. Neither team, however, played quite as many games, due to the abnormal number of games which had to be scratched because of the dreadful weather. The First XI lost 5 games through the weather and the Second had 6 games cancelled. The new Third XI were even more unlucky ; 8 of their games had to be called off.

While on the subject of weather, it is appropriate to pay tribute to the work of Steve on the ground. Without any doubt, but for his hard work and interest in the 'Girls' (don't get us wrong, Steve !), many more games at home would have had to be scratched. Thank you Steve !

Although the First XI has a lower for : against goal ratio, it can be fairly claimed that they had their most successful season to date, since the splendid record was achieved against much stronger opposition. The Second eleven also had a very good season and provided the First team with worthy reserves when needed. For its first season the Third XI can claim to have done well. The opposition from week to week has varied very much in strength. To obtain a full programme of suitable fixtures in a first season was not easy, but next season's matches generally should test their mettle better.

With a record to be proud of, there was an enthusiastic attendance at the Hockey Annual General Meeting which took place soon after the season's close. The exchanges at the meeting were somewhat more vigorous than is often the case on such occasions and the liveliness was reflected in the number of changes resulting from the elections. The Officers for the 1951/52 season are :—

Chairman and Fixture Secretary :	Gwen Crook.
Captain and Treasurer :	Jean Bedford.
Secretary :	Olive Hancock.
Team Secretary :	Margaret Coleman.
Committee Members :	Margaret Ward, Val Robbins and Grace Murfitt.

The Captains of the Second and Third XI's and the three Vice-Captains will be elected when the season starts.

At the meeting opportunity was taken to thank Mr. Bedford and Mr. Holford who had regularly umpired the First and Second XI matches respectively. Their services were most valuable and were appreciated by the Hill teams and their opponents alike. Mrs. Welsford and her ladies who arrange the hockey teas were also gratefully thanked.

The Club has had a hockey match during the summer. A new sports ground was opened in Chingford as part of their Festival of Britain celebrations and the West Essex Ladies Hockey Club specially invited the Hill to play an exhibition match with them as part of the ceremonies. The game was played on a bright, but fortunately cool, evening early in July before a large crowd, which included the Mayor and Mayoress of Chingford, officials of both clubs and representatives of the All England W.H.A. Both teams included by special request, two guest players from County and Territorial levels and the match was acclaimed as an excellent exhibition of the game. The Hill were full value for their 3-0 win, their team play proving too much for the more individual style of their opponents who were not allowed to get in a single shot at goal.

The All-England W.H.A have asked to be allowed to play one of their Territorial matches at Ford's Grove early in 1952. These games are between the County and International levels and are in the nature of trials from which the National XI is selected. Despite the slight slope on the First XI pitch the W.H.A. consider the playing surface to be one of the best in the South and they are anxious to stimulate interest in hockey in the district. The Management Committee have approved the application in principle and it now only remains to work out the details of what promises to be a great occasion for the Club.

In conclusion "The Girls" extend to the Footballers every good wish for a most successful season.

* * * *

THE CLUB SUPPER

IF you were to ask what is the shortest distance between two chairs (not that you would, but just supposing you did), we should unhesitatingly reply 'the distance between the chairs at the Winchmore Hill Football Club's Annual Supper.' Which is, of course, caused by the fact that this event is always so popular that it is only with difficulty that everybody is squeezed in.

The Club supper, which was held on a Friday as usual, (20th April) saw your faithful scribe once again on parade. The Supper is fixed approximately for this date every year on the assumption that by then the football programme will be complete. This year, however, owing to the floods coming once again to the Earth, the league games had not all been played and there were actually three sides involved in games the following day. The Fourth XI, Heaven help them, had to play two games in one afternoon, but let it be said to the everlasting credit of their representatives at the Supper that this fact in no way appeared to perturb them ; nor did it curb in any way their obvious enjoyment of the proceedings. In fact, their liquid laughter could be heard well into the night. The First XI too, had an important game against Carshalton due the day following. We know now that they drew that game. Had they lost it then they would have lost the League Championship with it.

But they, too, were in no mood to allow thoughts of the morrow to interfere with the evening's enjoyment. As usual, everything was well up to standard and the organization had laid on a first-class spread—a spread that was not marred even by Vee's elbows digging into my ribs or by the constant vigil necessary in keeping an eye on one's beer.

Toast-Master Kynaston (he's held that post for so long it should be his for keeps by now), set the ball rolling and the toasting became general. Our appetite satisfied and our thirst encouraged we sat back to listen to the speeches.

George Deacock, it had been hoped, was to have proposed the toast of the Club but he was, unfortunately, unable to attend. A pity as we, personally, have not heard George speak before and as he is an ex-player of those tough old Tory days of S.A.L. football we had been expecting a few amusing anecdotes. However, next year . . . . . .

Les Brown, it was, who proposed the toast in George's absence and he traced the Club's progress from early days, extolling the enthusiasm and sound spade work of the pioneers. Of the present-day stalwarts, Gus Gowers, The Three Musketeers (Jim Ferraby, " Guv " Welsford and our Bill), and Alec Lambert were all mentioned in despatches.

Replying, our Skipper recalled that Les Brown, our last Chairman, had been a member for thirty years and a player for twenty. (Fifty years—Gee !). Quite apart from its meetings with Norsemen (groans, cheers and catcalls), the Club had had a successful season. We had a good chance of finishing top of the league and had reached the final of the A.F.A. Senior Cup, where we were beaten by a fitter and more excellent side (H.M.S. Excellent). (This joke had to be made officially some time and now it's been made and—well, that's the end of it). The remainder of the sides were dealt with and Alec paid a tribute to the aforementioned musketeers and expressed the hope that the Club would continue to play A.F.A football the way it should be played. Which, it must be admitted, gives everyone plenty of scope.

" Proof of the unity which exists in the Club is provided by the number of football members who are also members of other sections," said Don Ashby, who proposed the toast of " The Guests." He welcomed representatives of the Cricket Club, including Eric Birch, the Vice Chairman.

Among an imposing list of visitors, many of whom Don Ashby greeted individually, were Alan Rae, " a Test match cricketer with the Club spirit," ; I. M. Sorenson, chairman of the S.A.L. ; L. J. Kingston, Hon. Secretary of the A.F.A. ; W. J. D. Weir (Westminster Bank), life vice-president of the A.F.A. and S.A.L. Committee man ; F. G. Coles, life vice-president of the A.F.A. ; J. D. (Ian) Bruce (C.E.V.), chairman of the Nemean League ; and last, but by no means least, our old friend Cliff Topping.

Replying on behalf of the guests, Denis Wade said that in A.F.A. football the score was of secondary importance as long as the game had been well fought. The splendid spirit which existed was engendered by the fact that the players were not, as in some classes of football, a type of member quite distinct from the officers, but instead were an integral part of the club. " In these days when money talks so much in some spheres of football, we must try to spread as much as possible the spirit of the A.F.A. game. I should like here to pay tribute to the splendid part Winchmore Hill have played in flying the A.F.A. flag high."

These then were the speeches ; admirably phrased and commendably short. No speech this time from the silver tongue of Gus Gowers. Gus was at last having a well-earned rest and enjoying the evening.

The entertainment was of the usual high order and a surprise item was the appearance of club member Billy Cunard who generously gave us a free show. I wish I could repeat some of the yarns he told here. Space (?) forbids ! However, should you meet me in the bar . . . . . .

Altogether a good evening and our thanks once again to the organisers and to the ladies, God Bless 'em !



Uncle Ben's Corner

DEAR Uncle Ben,

I have been a member of the Hill for quite a few years now, and had the honour of gracing the ranks of the First XI for many seasons. In those days I neither drank, smoked, or had anything to do with women, but now, having reached the age of 35, I find myself in the Fourth XI, and in danger of being dropped to the Fifth or Sixth.

Well, recently I tasted beer for the first time and cigarettes for the second time, and that only leaves one other vice (?) to be tasted, and I'm told that when that happens one may as well give up soccer. So Uncle Ben, would you please advise me on how to dispose of my football kit as I have only about another 35 years left, and I don't intend to waste them on the soccer field.

Yours etc.,

"In Haste."

Dear "In Haste,"

I have read your letter through carefully and there are several points upon which one could comment but you seem to have made up your mind pretty definitely and far be it from me to influence your decision. However, it does seem rather a pity after 35 years of abstemious habits and of playing football in a very high sphere (although I see you were just about to enter an even higher one) that, having built all this up, you should want to spend the remaining 35 years knocking it all down again. But that is for you. You ask me how to dispose of your kit. Well—the second best way would be to flog it to the "Guvnor" who would promptly flog it for twice as much to some poor innocent new member.

Heigho—Blue for a Boy!

Yours,

Uncle Ben.

* * * *

Dear Uncle Ben,

I have always enjoyed my Saturday soccer at the Hill but have always felt uncomfortable when in the dressing room both before and after the game. You see I have been brought up in a very strict way and just cannot tolerate the bad language and naughty jokes one hears when changing. Could you advise me as to the best course to take, or better still could you make arrangements for me to change in the hockey girls dressing-room?

Yours etc.,

"Abashed."

Dear " Abashed,"

I am amazed to hear that there is any bad language used or naughty jokes told in the Hill dressing-rooms either after the game or at any other time (any of the jokes any good, by the way ?). Of course, I know there have been occasions—for instance, when old " So-and-So " stepped under the shower and the water was red-hot—but that was excusable—just the stress of the moment.

No, I don't think your solution would be very practical as I believe the ladies' dressing-rooms are very crowded as it is and there just would not be room. It might lead to sectional difficulties too.

Also has it occurred to you that—well, never mind.

Yours thoughtfully,

Uncle Ben.

* * * *

Dear Uncle Ben,

I may not be as young as I was but then again I'm not as old as some and can still give the youngsters a run for their half-a-crown a game. I play for quite a high XI (there is only one higher—the Sixth) and still have a fair turn of speed, but it is very disconcerting sometimes when dashing down the wing to hear a shout from one of the kids, who seem to infest the ground these days, of " Come on Baldy," or some such ribaldry. I may not have as much hair as some of the glamour-pants, but I don't see why anyone should have to put up with that sort of thing. Can you suggest how we can have this nuisance stopped ?

Yours,

" Thin-on-top."

Dear Tufty,

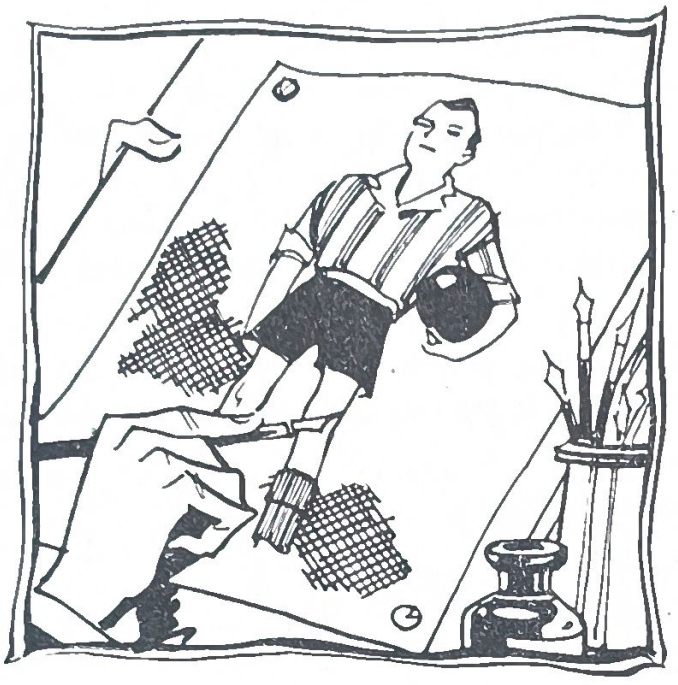
You know, your problem is one that is constantly recurring in my post-bag, and I am sure that many other players are experiencing the same difficulty. I think there are two courses open to you and I suggest that, as the matter is somewhat personal, you must decide for yourself. The two alternatives I suggest are these :—

(a) You may not know that the Club Suppliers are now supplying bowler hats for players who wish to make their bald pates less conspicuous. These are tastefully designed in the Club colours, with either ribbons or elastic bands to fit under the chin to give extra security. I am sure you would find that, if you wore one of these, there would be no further ribald comments from the line about your lack of hair.

(b) Your other course is to tackle the matter from its source. Small boys, you know, are only human, and we must be very careful how we treat them. Youth is a tender budding flower and it must at all costs be cherished and gently nurtured (any schoolmaster will tell you that). So use the psychological approach and reason with these little fellows. Offer a kindly and dignified rebuke, such as, " One more perishing squeak from you little perishers and I'll come and bash your perishing faces in," and I am sure you will find they will understand that they have hurt your feelings.

Yours hopefully,

Uncle Ben.



PEN PORTRAIT

Norman Haslam

HASLINGDEN (Lancs), our Reference Book told us, is a Cotton Town. At this curious piece of information we suspended our researches for a space and fell to ruminating. We were trying to visualise the remarkable aspect which a town of such quaint construction must present to the wondering visitor. We made a mental note that one day we must visit Haslingden and see for ourselves. But to continue. Near the church, added our Reference Book, a rare plague stone is preserved. We wondered what a plague stone might be, and ploughed resolutely on. E.C. Wed., we read with quickening interest, M.D. Thurs. and Sat.; pop. 14,540. And there our Reference Book let us down. For it made no mention that on May 7th, 1921, Haslingden's pop. was increased by one, and that the one was Norman Haslam.

The years passed and Norman, a sturdy lad of eleven, entered the local Grammar School where, during his seven years stay, he made a considerable contribution to the life of the school, both athletic and academic. To take these achievements in order of importance, he was awarded Colours for Athletics, Cricket and of course Soccer. He was Vice-Captain of Cricket and was selected to represent the Lancashire Grammar Schools at Soccer. He was made Head Prefect and his scholastic attainments included Matriculation at 15 and Inter B.Sc. at 17.

At this point Norman decided to take up an academic career and so in 1939 Haslamden lost its favourite son. To University College, London, only it had moved to Bangor by the time he got there, so he had some trouble in finding the place. In the intervals of reading Mathematics, in which he graduated with a B.Sc.(Hons) degree in 1941, Norman got in plenty of Soccer. He was awarded his College Colours after one year and spent his vacations playing for Bacup Borough in the Lancashire Combination. One of his most interesting experiences was representing the University of Wales in a match against Swansea Town. The University won 6-4 and Norman tells us that he was the only Englishman—he had become naturalised since leaving Lancashire—in the side that day. He played inside-left to George Edwards who was later to become a Welsh amateur international and then a full international. After his war service, in 1947, Norman returned to the University of London to complete his professional training as a teacher, and was able to put in half a season's football as a regular member of the University side

before going down. For this he was awarded a Half-Purple. (For the benefit of the uninitiated a " Purple " is London University's version of a " Blue " at certain provincial universities).

Norman's studies, like those of so many others, were interrupted by the War. He joined up in July, 1941 and after a concentrated Radar Course was commissioned Second Lieutenant R.A.O.C. in the branch which was later to become R.E.M.E. Posted to A.A. Command, he spent two somewhat depressing years in North West England until just before D-Day, when he was transferred to 7th Armoured Division. (Remember 7th Armoured ? They dressed up in corduroys and shook sand all over Normandy). And so Norman began a tour of Europe at the government's expense—France, Belgium, Holland, Germany—until he was demobilised in November, 1946.

After completing his studies Norman sought employment and, being a Lancastrian, he found it teaching Mathematics at Latymer's School. (During the writer's schooldays there was a widespread belief that interviews for appointment to Latymer's staff went something like this : " Were ta born i' Lancashire, Lad ?" " Ay, ah were." " Reet, give 'im t'job."). And so, being on Latymer's staff the logical next step was to follow in the footsteps of all Latymerians of the better type and join the Hill. This he did, but it seems difficult to believe that it was as recently as the 1948-9 season. For us Norman Haslam has already become an institution ; he quickly made himself one of us—in the bar and in committee (which is practically the same thing), as well as on the field. To characterise the play of a really good half-back as terrier-like is a platitude, and, knowing our Editor's abhorrence of the platitude, we have spent many an hour searching for an apt alternative ; but in vain. Norman's unflagging energy and determination are indeed terrier-like and no other description will do. And although Norman himself will tell you that he prefers the inside-forward positions, and although he was offered a trial for Burnley at outside-right, the fact that has so ably filled the position of right-half merely demonstrates the versatility of the born footballer. Ask Alec Cooper. Do you remember Norman's cracking goal against Lewes in the cup match ?

For the rest, Norman confesses himself happily married to Jean and the father of a bouncing half-back. He is an ideal club man. His summer hobby, apart from counting the weeks to the football season, and playing bridge, is sitting with his family watching the cricket at the Hill. Indeed he has been known to turn out on occasion, though only, he adds with characteristic modesty, when the side was " desperately short." Fortunately too, Jean is, as her husband puts it, " very tolerant of soccer," though we have our suspicions that this is an example of Lancastrian understatement and that Jean is really an enthusiast. After all, she comes from Lancashire too, doesn't she, or do our ears deceive us ?

DEATH OF ALEC HAYWARD

Members will be sad to hear of the death, on Sunday, 4th November last, of Alec Hayward, of the Cricket Club. Alec joined the Club just before the war and skippered the "A" side until he had to give up cricket owing to ill-health. He was related to Don Robertson, the Captain of the Cricket Club, of whom he was jokingly known as the uncle. In actual fact, he was the uncle of Don's wife.

Alec was a quiet sort of chap and very well liked ; he was a good skipper and a good cricketer and his many friends will mourn the early fall of his wicket. He was 42.

Our heartfelt condolences go out to his wife Nora, herself a well-known member of the Tennis Section, and his two daughters, Camella and Jennifer, aged 12 and 8.

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