Winchmore Hill Football Chat



with Compliments



Editorial

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Vol. 4 No. 1 March 1953

AT LAST we place before our patient and long-suffering readers (or should we say that it is a long time since they suffered?) a new number of the CHAT. New in more ways than one. As you gaze in some degree of amazement or incredulity or even indignation - according to your mood or temperament - at the somewhat austere and humble publication which Jim Ferraby (or the postman) has thrust into your eager hands, we feel that you may be wondering just - 'What the Dickens is this?'.

THE NEW CHAT.

The bitter truth is that the CHAT, like so many other luxuries in these days of retrenchment and financial stress, has had to draw in its horns and cut its suit according to its cloth.

Having so magnificently mixed our metaphors, just to show that we have lost none of our old touch, we would hasten to state that, unlike the snail, we intend to proceed apace. For one advantage of the era into which we are now entering is that it should (the operative word is should) take less time to get the darn thing into print. Or should we say Roneotype?

EDITORIAL - continued.

Whichever it is we trust that our readers will bear with us in these difficult times and may we express the hope (dim as it may appear at the moment) that it will not be long before we are able, once again, to present the CHAT in its old, familiar and more lavish form. For when that time comes it will mean that the Club, itself, has turned the financial corner.

EVERYTHING NEW! As well as a new CHAT we have a new groundsman. The latter is not, of course, an economy measure except, perhaps, in an indirect way. He is, however, far from being a luxury; he is a necessity.

A ground such as ours, with its large playing surfaces and five Sections, four for outdoor games (do not misunderstand us - the indoor Section is for Table Tennis) requires a deal of looking after. For several years 'Steve' valiantly carried on, working like a Trojan and loyal to the last, but the task was too much for one man, backed only by assistants who seemed to come and go like the tide on the seashore. Indeed, it was not right that a Club such as ours should not have a Head Groundsman and now 'Steve' is happy to play second fiddle to 'Mac' (don't ask us his full name - you will call him 'Mac', no doubt, so it does not really matter; in any case we can't spell it!).

THE NEW GROUNDSMAN.

'Mac' comes to us from the North, Lancashire, we think, although he is no Lancastrian, and what he does not know about groundsmanship is not worth the beer that's left in our glass on Saturday night; and, believe us, that's not much!

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SINCE WE HAVE mentioned two things which are new we might as well add a third: the new house.

Having obtained a new groundsman it was felt that it was only proper that he should be put in a new house; possibly

EDITORIAL - continued.

on the principle that one should not put new wine into old bottles. Seriously, though, the erection of the new house, which has been planned for many a long day, is now well past the initial stage. A licence to build (that 'Holy Grail' of modern times) has been granted, builders have been contacted and, at the time of writing, the ground is being cleared so that the footings may be dug. We are assured that, once started, the building of the house should not take long. By the way, we have just realised that all along we have been calling the groundsman's new residence a house; in actual fact, it is to be a bungalow. Quite safe not to have a first floor in this area as there is never any flooding. But wait - come to think of it, a couple of seasons ago on the third pitch ...???

THE NEW HOUSE

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AT EASTER the Club repeated the tour which was so successful last season and in the same area, namely, Wimborne. Matches were arranged for Friday (Longfleet St. Mary's), Saturday (Wimborne and Reserves - two games) and on the Monday (Verwood).

A party of 38, including 25 players, travelled by coach, car and train and once again the flag (whose pyjamas was it this time?) flew bravely from the shrinking flagpole of the Griffin Hotel. The overflow was accommodated at the 'Crown'.

A certain member of the 1st. XI. who, we hear, was getting married the previous Monday planned to finish his honeymoon at Wimborne. He may even have played - at the moment we have not heard. To him and his bride we wish the best of luck - this is indeed the spirit that made England great!

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THE SKIPPERS SUM UP



FIRST ELEVEN.

Since there has been no issue of the CHAT for some time, perhaps we may be forgiven for delving back into the past history of last season and recounting briefly some of the events which took place towards the end of that period.

It is not only that in 1951 - 52 the Hill made Club history by reaching the final of the A.F.A. Senior Cup and, also, for the first time, ran an Easter Tour which was, incidentally, a great success, but that even then, certain changes were beginning to take place that were to affect the composition of the side in the following, and now present, season.

At the end of last season the 1st. Xl. were succeeding almost better than ever before. Despite the fact that Norseman had been impertinent enough to dispute our leadership of the league and, in fact, had held the premier position for some time, it was obvious that a late challenge could displace them and our bid for the "double" of Cup and League (that war on two fronts that has spelt disaster to so many previous aspirants) was not so dangerous as it might otherwise have been since our most serious rivals were themselves deeply involved in both.

As we all know now, the honours were divided and, even if our greater hope had been for the Cup, at least the consolation of winning the league again did much to dispell the gloom. Indeed, the fact that we did not win the Cup was only a failure by comparison; being runners-up was an achievement of which we were justly proud.

Perhaps the most outstanding game, in its way, had been the one against Letchworth where the team took such a hammering and yet emerged victors, 3-2. The last game of the season against Barclays was also somewhat extraordinary, as well as fateful, insofar as the team played the worst game of the season but still managed to win. This victory gave to the Hill, once more, the Championship of the League.

Of the players, themselves, it seemed likely that the newcomers were in to stay. Wilson, promoted from the 3rd. XI. on the retirement of Johnny Peters, was a real find. He has continued to improve with experience of top S.A.L. football and has the fearlessness and judgment that mark the class goalkeeper. Ian Bedford was fast becoming all that an inside forward should be and it was difficult to realise that he had been unable to hold his place in the First team earlier in the season before. The "Old Guard" were mostly playing as well as ever and though it was appreciated that Anno Domini would one day take its toll one could not quite visualise who their successors would be.

At the A.G.M. in June, 1952, Charlie Burrett was elected Skipper of the Club. Alec Lambert, who had led the Club through part, at least, of its most successful phase (a phase which, we hope, is by no means ended), is to be congratulated on the achievements of which he must have many happy memories; and, more personally, on the great contribution he made to the upholding of S.A.L. standards both on the field and off.

Through a somewhat unfortunate chain of circumstances, the Club this season has lost the services of both Alec and his brother Les. This, linked with the inability to find a "natural" outside-left together with the non-availability through injury of other key players has led, during the opening months of the season, to a certain amount of re-shuffling in the senior elevens. It is felt now, however, that we have moulded a strong team, as the later matches have proved.

Arthur Bailey has blossomed into a centre-forward of the "Bentley" class and has scored as many goals with his head as with his feet. His 30 yard drive at Ealing, though, will long be remembered. Howard Felton has at least proved himself the footballer we knew he could be and with Ian on the other side we have a dangerous attack. The flanks are adequately cared for by Haskell and Burrett whose speed belies their age (not their joint age, of course!).

The defence, as always, centres around "Rock of Ages" Wiseman and, if penetrated, there still remains the "babe" of the team, Wilson, to break opposing forwards' hearts- Glyn, of the sure hands and hawk-like dive.

Avent, at left back, not a newcomer by any means but for the first time a regular, has quickly settled down and has followed the example of Jack Pearl, another perpetual.

Last, but not least, the "fountains" that feed our attacks and wash out those of our opponents - Loader, Carter and Haslam - with Ernie, form a tireless and forceful middle line. Unfortunately we have recently lost Alan through pressure of studies but Carter has proved as good a half back as he is a scheming forward.

Latterly in the season we would pick out two games in particular upon which to remark. The first, and our best win to date, was against H.M.S. Excellent in the replay following a drawn game at Portsmouth. Our victory came in a hard, tough game which left us exhausted but jubilant. The annual Boxing Day game against Dennis Wade's Xl. was won comfortably against what appeared to be a strongish side on paper.

We are now looking forward to the final stages of the Cup and if we can overcome Histon in the semi-final the long-hoped for achievement of winning this coveted trophy may yet be ours.

Our chances in the League Championship are not bright at the moment. Catford have a very good lead and up to now are the only team to record a double victory against us. But we will keep going as the unexpected has happened before and should our rivals crack we may yet be there at the end.

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SECOND ELEVEN.

It has long been a tenet of the football game that the final success of your First Eleven must lie in the strength of your Reserves. Few teams can hope to get through a season without at least injuries or loss of players through other reasons and this season perhaps more than in others our Reserve team has been called upon to fill positions in the First Xl. The latter have reached the final of the A.F.A. Senior Cup and although it must be admitted that their league position could be better the play of the team of recent weeks is extremely heartening. The Cup, we hope, may yet be theirs. Our congratulations go to Bernard Avent and Howard Felton who have gained regular places in the senior side and the latter have also called upon Roy Morgan, Reg Saw, Ron Howe, Jimmy Bryce and Bernard Thompson - thus proving that sterling reserves are sometimes more useful than dollar ones!

But if the 1st Xl. must rely on their Reserves in time of need, so too must we on the 3rd. Xl. Our ackowledgements go to the latter for supplying us with players of the calibre of John Potter, David Callwood, David Williams, Bernard Thompson, Peter Pizey, Julian Williams, John Hall, Ian Macmeikan, Jack Peacock, Cyril Hatch and Lees-Whitehead. The temptation to add "and Uncle Tom Ackland and all" must be overcome since Tom has long been a tower of strength in the 2nd. Xl. Tom, unfortunately, has been injured for some time now but we all hope that it will not be long before this grand player returns. The team misses him very much for everyone agrees he is head and shoulders above the rest!

With the exception of two games - Crouch End Vampires (H) and Lensbury (A), although neither game was actually lost - the team played extremely well to the turn of the year, when with the burden of injuries and essential changes in the forward line, the standard fell off a little (does no-one else have these difficulties?). As so often happens the Cup games brought out our best form.

The journey to Nottingham to play Magdala Amateurs in the second round of the Junior Cup provided the team and supporters with a pleasant outing and a 5-0 win. That the victory should have been so complete is particularly praiseworthy

since a visit was paid before the game to that famous hostelry of Crusader fame - "The Trip to Jerusalem". (This edifice of old-time drinking is built right into the hill upon which Nottingham Castle stands and, if our memory serves us aright, the ceilings are pretty low. We trust Long Tom Ackland managed to get in without having to crawl on his knees; a procedure which might well have caused some comment since, although customers might on occasion depart in such a fashion, it is unusual for them to enter like this and especially at that time of day. Ed.).

Subsequently in the Cup victories have been recorded against Lensbury, 5-0 (A), Old Buckwellians, 2-0 (H) - the first game being abandoned owing to fog - and Board of Trade, 4-2. If one is quick at arithmetic one can see at a glance that this is no less than 16 goals for and only 2 against. Without wishing to write down in any way the performances of any of the forwards (a bouquet, incidentally, to Julian Williams for his 3 goals against B.O.T.), we would like to mention the humdinger which Bernard Avent slammed in from 40 yards against Lensbury. Perhaps the best of our efforts was in beating Catford, 2-1 (A) on October 11th. Catford are always difficult to beat (they are now top of the league) especially on their own ground but do not ask Gus Gowers how we did it because he was suffering from slight concussion and played the second half from memory!

Looking back over the matches played to date one remembers the excellent goal scored by John Potter in his first game for the Reserves, against Ealing; the commanding wing-half play in the Midland Bank match (H); the defence-splitting passes of Reg. Saw at Nottingham; the toughness of the Civil Service game won by the odd goal, 2-1 (H); the frustration of the fog-bound journey to Lensbury and the consolation of the 5-0 win against them the week after.

One remembers, too, the outstanding play of Freddie Macadam against Old Buckwellians; a couple of first-class saves by Bill Kebbell against the Vampires and the uncomfortable afternoon that Peter Pizey gave the Catford left back in the former's first game for the Reserves.

Gus Gowers, who relinquished the Captaincy at an early stage,

was called upon once again to skipper and has done so for the greater part of the season.

To that cheery and ever-present ministering angel of the bucket and sponge, Jim Perry, we offer, once again, our thanks. May his hypodermic syringe never fail!

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THIRD ELEVEN.

The 3rd. Xl. once the most exclusive team in the Club, has this year broken wide open. Thirty three different players have so far graced its ranks - that possibly is why it is known as the 3rd. Xl. - providing an endless supply of two-footed players to the higher sides, and a resting place for jaded "Reserves"!

Giving the team some sort of continuity there is Jack Peacock at centre half; strong tackling and quick on the turn, has been a great strength to the defence. In goal, we have been very fortunate to have Lees-Whitehead and "Mo" Harvey-both having put up some first-class performances. The quality of the goalkeeping can be judged by the fact that Jack's pass-backs have found the net on only one occasion this season. The selection committee have not known which way to interpret this, and both "Lee" and Jack have had games in the Reserves.

There must be many wingers around who will agree that Johnny Hall and Macmeikan are a very, very solid pair of backs, and these two must take a large slice of credit for preserving a somewhat noteworthy goal average in our 9 home games of 31 goals to 3. When the occasion has demanded more fire-power in the front line, Mac has frequently unleashed salvos from as little as 35 yards - one screamer from the right wing will long be remembered by a Brentham goalie who had the temerity to offer resistance.

Brian Felton, the only one to play exclusively for the 3rd. Xl., has added a lot more thrust to his game and put in some good work at inside/left as well as on the wing. Combining tireless energy with a fine sense of positional play, Bernard Thompson continued from last season's sparkling form at centre forward, and in November gained very well-earned promotion to the Reserves and, later, the 1st. Xl.... Congratulations, Bernard.



THE SKIPPERS SUM UP - continued.

John Hackett, quickly settled in the Club, has taken over in the middle and leads the line really well. Very strong in the air, John is already the team's top scorer.

In the Minor Cup we got off to a cracking start, beating Northern Poly 6-0 (Hackett 4) and followed this up with a 4-0 win over Cuaco. Southgate Olympic in the next round were beaten very convincingly 5-0, David Williams scoring a fine hat-trick; this proved to be his undoing and he was smartly relegated to the 2nd. XI. Cup dreams, however, came to an end at Catford - a terrific struggle ending in us going down 2-1. Our league fixture with them a fortnight later produced a 1-1 draw, and these two games were probably the keenest of the season.

Over at Midland Bank we had to lend Frank Thompson to the 1st. XI. but the "10 men" played exceedingly well to fully deserve a 2-2 draw. It was thought necessary at this stage to boost up morale a little, and all unattached types made off to "Collins" in the evening - binoculars at the ready - to see "??!!". Thus stimulated, we went on to beat Ealing 3-2 and Old Latymers 2-0.

On last minute calls, places have been very creditably filled at wing half by Pat Reynolds and Ted Barratt, Spencer Peckham in goal and the inimitable "Eggs" Bacon on the wing.

The enthusiasm of all those who have played with the "Thirds", together with a real endeavour to play good football, has produced, both on and off the field, the right team spirit, and the prospect of finishing the season in a blaze of glory.

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FOURTH ELEVEN.

Losing three of the first four games played with a goal tally of 7 for and 14 against, it looked as though the 4th. XI. were in for another season as the Cinderella team of the Club. However, November 1st. brought a change in the side's play and fortune. Since then 23 out of a possible 32 points have been won, the only games lost being those against Carshalton, Midland Bank and Boro' Poly (and Norsemen - played by 5ths) The game against Carshalton was notable for the fact that, due

to injury, the Hill were forced to play with ten men for 30 minutes. This, against one of our strongest opponents, proved too much, and the final score of 2-0 against was, in its way, quite a feat.

This has been a grand run of success, well earned by the spirit in which games have been played, whether by regular fourth eleven players or lads up from the Fifth. During these successes several players have been outstanding in certain games, but the backbone of the side has remained the same, namely: Lack, Lansbury, Sarl, Manners, Clark and Pat (Rota) Reynolds. Peter Pizey and John Hackett have both been elevated to higher elevens with equal success. George Wilsher having been converted to centre forward has played with great enthusiasm.

November 15th saw Don Ashby making one of his rare but welcome appearances at the Hill and helping in a 2-0 win over Cuaco. The Borough Poly game on January 3rd. was the toughest of all; both sides fought with everything (almost) to get on top, but not until 15 minutes from the end did we see a goal, which came from a penalty awarded for "hands" against the Poly. This goal spurred on the Hill, who sneaked another just before the end, via Mike Furze. Borough having been league leaders for most of the season, made this effort so much the more praiseworthy.

The following week saw another needle match at Ealing where the Hill, with several changes in the side found themselves 3-1 down after 40 minutes. By dogged persistence, however, on an extremely heavy pitch, the team recovered and ran out worthy winners by 4-3. Two regulars deserving special mention in this game are Phil Manners and G. Wilsher.

December 13th brought the return game with Crouch End Vampires and revenge was taken for a defeat in the first game of the season. This was Nobby Clark's match, with a hat-trick at the end, Wilsher also scored two and brought the score to 5-0. January 31st. at Midland Bank saw Archie Cheek making a return to football, but after a good first half was lame after the interval. This proved to be good publicity for the "Bachelors Club". Conditions during this game were the worst

of the season, bitterly cold and a gale made the final whistle a very welcome sound. Eric Clinch, a newcomer to the side, played very well and staked a claim for a regular place.

The return game with Boro. Poly proved disastrous, the side going down 5-0 at Herne Hill - we could never match our opponents' speed into the tackle. One very bright feature of this game was the form of Romaine, a lad promoted from the 5th. Xl. His perseverance when the side were 5-0 down was about to be rewarded when he was brought down very heavily in front of goal. The resulting penalty was, needless to say, blazed over.

Alexandra Park came to the Paulin Ground on 28th February for the return game, but went away empty handed. G.Wilsher in bright form, scored 3 and Nobby notched another.

At the time of writing, G. Wilsher is leading scorer with 13 goals, Nobby Clark 6 and J.Hackett 5.

(SINCE the person concerned is obviously too modest to say it himself, at least in print, the Editorial wishes to apprise its readers of the following facts:

The return to the Club of Stan (Tinker) Bell after a few seasons of what was obviously premature retirement, and his subsequent Captaincy of the 4th. Xl. has undoubtedly had more than a little to do with the sudden and extremely welcome improvement in the fortunes of that team. We say, this without wishing in any way to belittle the efforts of the rest of the side for Stan appears to exercise a control over his team-mates which can be likened only to that of a fatherly Sergeant Major, and it is even rumoured that he can exercise this control even from the touch line whence an unfortunate injury for a time confined him. We refuse to believe, however, the extravagant story that he can turn on the 'fluence while playing with another side - and on another ground many miles away'. It appears to be a fact, nevertheless, that a team, once having acquired the right spirit and been rigourously drilled into the proper conduct, can move successfully into battle even without physical presence of its leader! (See Bell's "Order of Battle", Appendix V).

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FIFTH ELEVEN.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals For	Agst.	Pts.
League	17	7	3	7	36	45	17
Friendlies	6	3	-	3	17	19	-

A glance at the 5th. XI's results to date (up to and including March 7th) will show that the team has had a very fifty-fifty season. Judging by results alone it must be admitted that the team is not, perhaps, the force it was of yore. Two seasons ago we were runners-up in the league and last year finished fifth. In two games at least, circumstances beyond our control deprived us of any real chance of winning the points. However, we do not wish to make excuses and, indeed, we cannot blame Dame Fortune unduly for our falling-off in success compared with previous seasons, as most of us will freely concede that the team is not as strong as it was.

One reason for this may be the fact that we have been unable to find inside forwards who are capable of holding the ball and distributing it effectively; on such occasions as we have been lucky enough to find players to capably fill these positions the team has done well, but owing to our being unable to retain these players for even the length of time it has been possible to do in the past there has been little continuity in this respect.

The effects of the rota (which, like the poor, contrives always to be with us) seems this season to have been unduly severe upon the 5th and 6th. XI's. Every week about half the team is altered from that of the week before - and the remainder are playing in different positions. Having got this annual moan off our chests, let us express the hope that one day some genius will discover a means of overcoming this difficulty, but until then we must, it seems, suffer this apparently necessary evil with fortitude.

Lest it be thought that the 5th. XI. has in any way lost the team spirit which (like every other team) it has always congratulated itself upon possessing or that there has been a sense of gloom pervading our activities let us say straight away, that this is far from the case. It has always been our

opinion, as has been stated before, that the game's the thing and the session in the bar afterwards is what we really play for. It must be added, of course, that in these hard times and especially in the case of the youngsters the sessions have not, perhaps, been so fully attended or so protracted as in days gone by. However, there is still the "hard core" of veterans who appear to be prepared to pledge everything but their football kit in order to indulge in one of their favourite pastimes.

As to the games, themselves, the season was opened auspiciously enough with a victory over Crouch End Vampires, 2-1 at Woodside Park. Unfortunately, the next four games, one luckily a friendly, were lost, but after this rather disastrous period the team pulled up its socks (except for those members whose footwear seems to be perpetually round their ankles) and no further games were lost until - yes, you've guessed it - until we met the Norsemen on Dec. 27th, and went down 1-4 at home. This was one of the games when the aforementioned circumstances beyond our control, left us with a team which was merely a shadow of its real self. Owing to the postponement of matches due to the fog on Dec 6th, when our game against Norsemen was abandoned in the second half when we were leading 2-0 and looked like winning (shame) it was decided by the management that the 4th. X1 should play two leagues games on the same day. The 5th. X1. proper, played Norsemen Nomads (Veterans) who proved too good for them and the tattered remnants, despite a heroic struggle, lost their own replayed league game 0 2. While on the subject, we will deal with the other occasion when "we wuz robbed". This was the game, at home, against C.E.V. and owing, this time, to the machinations of the Postal Authorities, who for some inexplicable reason, failed to deliver no less than three members cards, we turned out only 8 men. Fortunately, Archie Chock, who was to have refereed, played for us and made it 9. It has been pointed out that, although Archie was not in training, this made it virtually 10, which matched the Vampires' 10, as they were also a man short - and therefore we have no cause for complaint. Be that as it may, the incident, like the proverbial ill wind, blew some good, for Archie, no doubt enthralled by his re-contact with a game he should never have left, decided to un-hang his boots and

re-join the Club.

Undoubtedly the most satisfactory game of the season was against Ealing Association, at that time league leaders and undefeated for goodness knows how long, when we emerged victors by the princely total of 4-0. In fairness to our old friend Ray Ackery and his boys, it must be stated that they played a man short but even that could not entirely rob us of our smug satisfaction at the result. An example, this, of unintentional gamesmanship taking effect. The "Flurry" - a psychological state of mind induced by the late arrival of several of their players and, as mentioned, the non-arrival of one of them - was, no doubt, in part, responsible for the loss of Ealing's coveted record.

Apart from the game against the Vampires when we had our alibis, we have only lost one league game since the turn of the year, and that was against Old Parkonians, (A). At one time in this game we were actually leading 3-2, only, eventually, to lose 5-3.

On Feb. 5th our friend, Aubrey Gleed, arrived home from behind the "Iron Curtain", and on the Saturday, Frb 7th, he was playing for the 5ths against A.P., a game which we drew 3-3. He certainly lost no time in getting back into the swim and maintains that the one thing that he really came back for was to play football again before he gets too old. Judging by his efforts on the field and in the bar afterwards he should be a fixture for a long time yet.

New members have flooded into the team in a continuous stream this season and Skipper John Spence has welcomed to his brood the following players : Cole, Ashley, Bateman, Lindsey, Pizey, Boon, Moore, Carter, Marskell and Clinch. Our apologies go to any one we have inadvertently left out and, incidentally, to any one whose name we have spelt wrongly.

The games, as always, have not been without incident. One remembers the eeriness of the fog in the abandoned game against Norsemen, when by some freak of Nature, one end of the pitch was foggier than the other - if both ends had been as clear as one end - Oh, well, never mind .... One remembers, too, and tries to forget, the dreadful, chilling downpour in the replay

a fortnight later when most of the players were really too frozen to worry about the result (at least, not until afterwards!); and, to a lesser extent, the effects of the gale in the game at Barnet against O. Stationers when the ball was off the pitch as much as on.

Two very pleasant friendlies have been played in recent weeks against Alleyn Old Boys and Old Brentwoods. By a happy chance (?) enough cars were available on both occasions to provide transport for the majority of players who would otherwise have had a long journey by train or bus. Geoff Barker now knows that it takes more than half an hour to get to Brentwood even in a Daimler.

As to the players, the performance of Brian Flower at centre half has been promising; Tod Barratt, converted to wing half, has found a new lease of life; Norman Ratcliff at back or centre half is as steady and reliable as ever; Moore at right back improves with every match and Jay in goal has played several really good games. Gordon Littleford is a much improved player, and Cyril Madley and "Eggs" Bacon, while with us, made as effective a left wing as we have had for some time. E.F. Williams, at half back, is a forceful player, and on the occasions when Ken Bain has turned out for us he has shown that, even if the years have slowed him up, much of the old skill is still there.

The 5th. XI. have been fortunate in that, although there seems to be a dearth of outside lefts in the Club as a whole, they have had two "naturals". When Cyril Madley was spirited away to "higher service" Boon filled his place and did so very effectively. Fuller, who has become something of a "utility" player of late, has good control but must learn to part with the ball quicker and Romaine, we hear, is playing very well with the 4th. XI. Those two should develop into useful footballers with experience.

All in all, a pleasant season, not unduly marred by the weather which has been cold but mainly dry -- except, of course, that there is really no such thing as a completely "dry" season in the 5ths. ask the "hard core".



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(Continued on Page 28)



HOCKEY



IT IS SO LONG since we saw a copy of the CHAT that we had begun to wonder what had happened. Was it that our past effusions into print had killed it? Was it that it had gone 'underground'? - or was it that the sterner element at Ford's Grove kept it from 'the ladies'? Our doubts have only now been partially cleared by a new invitation to help in filling up those spaces left where the Editor has had to excise what the football captains really thought about those matches that should never have been lost....(Just one of those Old Editorial Customs, Ed.).

Once again we have been able to run three elevens this season, often only just. The end of last season saw a number of regular players depart. Some were lost to London, some to retirement and some to marriage. When we came to add up our strength last August we wondered .... dare we even arrange a full programme for two teams? Taking our courage in both hands and keeping our sticks crossed, we arranged a programme for three teams and hoped! Slowly, but surely, some new players came along and one or two old ones came back. By the middle of October, when the programme was due to start in earnest, we just managed to find enough to fill the three elevens.

The new recruits to the Club have proved more than worthy. More than one has had County experience and one would have had a 'Blue' - if it were not 'Blue for a Boy' only. The new blood has brought renewed strength and vigour to the Club. Once again the Club has provided Middlesex with two players for their 2nd. XI. and one, Sylvia Lowing, has also been playing in the County 1st. XI.

Up to the time of writing the 1st. XI. has had a very successful season. Of the 18 games played, 14 have been won, one drawn and only three lost. Goals for amount to 88 - nearly five a match - and 43 have been scored against us. For most of the

season, the Club has suffered from a lack of regular goalkeepers, and has had to impress anyone who could be persuaded to shelter behind a large pair of pads. (Perhaps the Football Section would swap a goalkeeper for an outside left? That is, if the Hockey Section has any outsides left - on second thoughts, better scrub the idea- it might lead to Sectional difficulties, Ed.) Fortunately, some youngsters have now been found who show great promise and we hope that we shall not have to worry about 'goalies' for many a season. The 1st. Xl. cannot blame the goalkeeping situation for any of the games they have lost. Two of the games were lost to stronger teams. The game against Highgate 1st. Xl. whose team contained only one player who was not either an International or a County player, was memorable. In the circumstances we think we did well to lose by no more than 1-5. More games of this class would provide experience of the greatest value. Although Chiswick 11 beat us in the second game, we had previously defeated them. For the return match it was apparent that they had strengthened their side in order to obtain their revenge. The other game lost was the home game with Lensbury. We had three quarters of the game but lost ... it was just one of those (off) days. We took ample revenge in the return game. We would not like the reader (assuming one can be found) to think that we are all that good. Frankly, much of the opposition is not as strong as we would like. Without going much further afield, entailing greater expense, it does not seem possible to strengthen the fixture list.

The SECOND Xl. have played 17 matches, of which they have won 12. Four have been lost and one drawn. They have scored 109 goals and have had 61 scored against them. In some cases they have run up quite tall scores but, as in the case of the 1st. Xl. they have not, until quite recently, had a regular goalkeeper. They have been led by Grace Murfitt, who has also been their most prolific goal scorer. Grace has now taken a job out of London and both her team and the Club will miss her, for she has been an inspiring Captain and a conscientious secretary.

The THIRD Xl. have been mothered through 14 games by Kay Harries. Her brood have only managed to win four matches and have drawn two. They are by no means discouraged, however, and are glad that so many of their team get chances

to show their worth in the higher sides.

It has been a feature of the season, and a very encouraging one, that there have been many opportunities for the reserves to show their paces. Without exception those given their chance to play in higher teams have done well, and since many of them are still youngsters, the future of the Club seems assured.

Much of the Club's high standing in London hockey is due to the excellent conditions under which we play. The beautiful pitches at Ford's Grove are the envy of other clubs and the County authorities have their eye on the 1st. Xl. pitch. At the beginning of the season, we were proud to have the second County trials played there and last season a Territorial match was played on the ground. We look forward to entertaining the New Zealand touring side next season. We would like to put in here a word of thanks to Mac and his boys for thier great help and interest - we even have our hockey balls painted for us now.

While on the subject of thanks, we must not forget the three 'wolves' (Bill Bedford, Stan Holford and Cynlais Harries) whowhistle after the girls every week - encouraged on the odd occasion by a critical husband or two. Our appreciation goes too, to Mrs. Welsford who cares for the 'inner woman'.

M.C.

* * * * * * *

BACK TO THE BOYS AGAIN.

<u>I.T. Classes.</u>

Early in the season arrangements were made for much needed mid-week training in the well-equipped gymnasium at Arnos School.

Under the enthusiastic instruction of Mr. Hinson about a dozen keen types have been along on Tuesday evenings to join in with Saracens and others for a really good work-out - with plenty of ball games to follow up the exercises, skipping and agility work. During the winter months this (together with the hot shower afterwards) has been a great

(Continued on page 32).



Uncle Ben's Corner

READERS are reminded that they may write in to Uncle Ben if they have any worries or troubles or need advice about anything connected with football or the Club. Uncle Ben will give them the benefit of his vast experience, absolutely free of charge. If they do not wish to sign their names they may use a non-de-plume or, in the event of their being unwilling to bare their souls in print, even incognito, Uncle Ben can be found most Saturday nights in the bar in "Black & Tan" Corner.

* * * *

DEAR UNCLE BEN,

I always enjoy my football at the Hill but, owing to my being on the short side, I do not enjoy the evening in the bar afterwards very much. Let me explain. When I say I am on the short side, I do not refer to the fact that I play for an eleven which sometimes only fields ten men. Nor do I mean that I am short of cash so that I cannot, like the other fellows, buy the Skipper the pint of beer which so helps to keep the team together if you see what I mean. No, I refer merely to my height, especially in relation to the height of the bar and to the height and size and strength of the people who are between me and it on Saturday nights. For the truth is, dear Uncle Ben, that it sometimes takes me so long to get to the bar and, having got there, so long to attract the attention of one of the barmen, that by the time I do get served half the evening has gone.

So, in desperation, I am seeking your help in the

hope that you may be able to suggest a way out of my difficulty.

Yours thirstily,

I.M.A. Shorthouse.

DEAR SHORTY,

I do indeed sympathise with you in your dilemma. I cannot say I have ever been in your unfortunate position myself, having had the good fortune during my playing days to be a tall, upstanding, broad-shouldered, fine handsome figure. But I do know what it is to be unable to attract the attention of the gentlemen behind the bar. In my days there were two of them and neither took any notice of thirsty customers; one was always at the far end of the bar having a pint or two with anyone who looked good for a pint or two, and the other was firmly wedged in the little serving hatch leering at the ladies in the lounge. This was annoying, but how much more annoying it must be for you, unable even to see the bar stewards.

There is only one way out. Cultivate the friendship of a big tall chap - the Fifth Eleven used to be full of them - and get him to allow you to climb on his shoulder (if he's in the Fifth Eleven, by eight o'clock he won't even know you're there) or possibly lift you up.

Alternatively, my dear Shorty, take a running jump ....

Your friend,

Uncle Ben.

* * * *

DEAR UNCLE BEN,

I very much enjoy my football with one of the Hill higher elevens (numerically speaking) and although I do not pretend to be an Alex James I think I do make my presence felt on the opposition. Unfortunately, however, one thing tends to mar the pleasure I obtain from the game nowadays. And that is, that when I find myself in possession of the ball I receive so much advice from the other players as to what to do with it that it completely puts me off. What so often happens is that instead of a neat pass or snap shot at goal I make a wild scoop resulting in even more advice from my colleagues as to what I should do.

If the advice were not so conflicting and sometimes, I am afraid, even abusive, it would not be so bad. As it is, it is just a muddle.

Perhaps you can suggest a remedy?

Yours nervously,

A. Scooper.

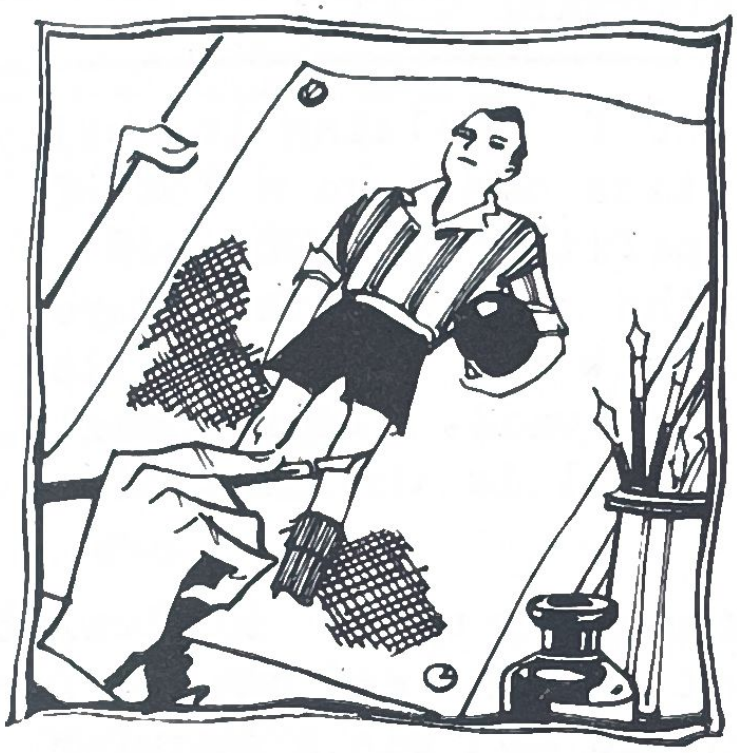
DEAR SCOOPER,

This, I fear, is the old vicious circle. The worse you are, the worse you get. However, do not despair. If tactful remonstrances with your fellow players such as "Shut your faces, you perishers" has no effect I suggest you wear earplugs. These can be of cotton-wool and if anyone notices them you can plead earache. The fact that you will not hear the referee's whistle either will not matter very much. It never has. The only snag is your curiosity as to what they are saying may be worse than actually being able to hear.

Anyway, keep plugging away.

Yours hopefully,

UNCLE BEN



PEN PORTRAITS

WILLIAM KEBBELL.

BILL WAS FINALLY run to earth in the bar and informed politely but firmly that it was our intention to "do" him in the next issue of the CHAT. When he got over the initial shock he assured us that he had led a very ordinary life, could not see how anyone could possibly be interested in it and suggested that it would be a good idea if we selected another and more suitable candidate. A pint did the trick, however, and a most searching interrogation, conducted through a screen of "Black & Tan" brought to light the following facts :-

He was born as long ago as 1910 at Godalming and played for that town in the Surrey Senior League, having previously represented Surrey Schoolboys. Bill was at this time playing in the forward line and when the family moved to Willesden in 1924 he was selected for Willesden Schoolboys and then London Schoolboys. During this period he was a member of Stonebridge Park, with whom he won a London Junior Cup Winner's medal. He joined Hendon Town in 1927 and remained with them for three years, playing in the London League. For the next six years no football but in 1939 he returned to Stonebridge Park and was eventually introduced to the "Hill" by Ernie Wiseman in 1944 at the age of thirty four. Bill was at that time very doubtful as to his ability to last the pace out in the field and decided to keep goal, skippering the 3rd. X1. in 1946 from that position. In 1947, he first played for the Reserves and has remained with that side ever since.

Bill has no startling formula for footballing longevity, but points out that a study of tactics can save a lot of aimless running about. For the benefit of the younger members he stresses the fact that the game starts before going on the field, does not finish at the final whistle and that Club spirit should always prevail. Incidentally, he firmly believes that A.F.A. football is the best class of football one can play.

As a cricketer, too, Bill has made his mark. He learnt the game on the Charterhouse School ground and played for Godalming. In 1938 he joined Ferndale and was a regular member of the side until joining the "Hill" in 1950 and scored his maiden century for us last year.

Bill has been very happily married since 1932, to a Norfolk girl and has a charming daughter of nineteen. One of our younger members has been hopefully referring to him as "dad" for some time, but Bill affects not to notice. By profession Bill is a hospital technician and at present lives at Primrose Hill. His hobbies include reading, music and rambling. His ambition is to coach a junior soccer side as he maintains that between the ages of 14 and 17 a natural brand of soccer is played which displays the game in its best light.

We wish Bill as many more seasons of active soccer at the "Hill" as he thinks he can manage and after that perhaps he may be able to realise his ambition by coaching our juniors. If he can infect them with just a little of his own enthusiasm then he will have done a good job.

* * * * * *

Note these dance dates.

In the pavilion on :-

25th May - Whit Monday.
2nd June - Coronation Day.
4th July - Groundsmens' Benefit.
3rd. August - Bank Holiday.
5th. September - N.Middx.
26th do. - End of Season dance.

* * * * * *

IAN MACMEIKAN.

THE FIRST THING one had to do before writing anything about a chap with a name like Macmeikan was to find out how to spell it. After consulting various bods. and getting a different version from each, the writer did what he should have done in the first place - asked Mac. Mac. is one of the few people who know.

The second thing to do was to ascertain his Christian name. People (men anyway) with a name beginning with Mac really do not need Christian names - no one ever uses them, even if they know them - except, perhaps, their mothers. And so it was that I realised with something of a shock that although I had known him for several years I did not know, or had forgotten by lack of use, his first (or mother's) name. It is, as you will see, Ian, and is spelt, simply enough, Ian; but the pronounciation (not quite so simple), is Ian. Having got all this ~~straight~~ (who says you have? Ed.), we will press on (the Ed. is all for <u>that</u>).

If you see an upstanding, handsome, debonair character, with well-built, muscular figure, dark wavy hair and a well-groomed appearance, up at the Club some time, it will probably be me - but it might be Mac. as this description could fit him too. Mac. has been with the Club since coming to Winchmore Hill, hot on the trail of an ice-cream cornet, in 1946. Mac must eventually have cornered the cornet because soon afterwards the Club became distinctly more ice-cream conscious and all and sundry at times could be seen quietly getting stuck-in to a "Mac-ice". Subsequently, however, Mac. cooled off ice-cream (it is rumoured some one pinched his barrow) and became sales manager for the Northern Machine Company - so if any of you know anyone who wants a Northern machine (one with a Scots accent) .....

When Mac. first came to the Club he played mainly for the 2nd. XI. Now it is more often the 3rds. but, as Mac himself puts it, "When 32 other players are injured I play in the 1st. XI. Mac. plays fullback, usually right, and is a powerful kicker a fearless tackler, and is claimed to be the strongest kicker of a dead ball in the Club. "Dead? Gee !

When Mac. kicks dat ball, it ain't doad, it's moidored!"

When summer comes around Mac. dons tighter pair of white shorts, puts on snugly-fitting tennis shirt and joins the fairies at the bottom of the Hill garden (i.e., the tennis courts). Here, Mac. is seen in a different role but still one in which he hits the ball pretty hard. One has the feeling, however, that Mac. does not take his tennis all that seriously. Indeed, he does not seem to take life in general, too much in earnest which, no doubt, comes of having a sense of humour and an ability to see things in their proper perspective. It may be, also, that Mac. knows how to relax when at play - something which certain poker-faced players might do well to note - and copy. By this, it is not meant that one should not always endeavour to give one's best in a match, especially when playing in a team, but there is a difference in the mental approach to games between one person and another. Mac. seems to have found the right one. I well remember one occasion when watching the Reserves playing a friendly against the Reserve team of a well-known amateur club, when an incident took place which might well have led to trouble had it been allowed to develop. Mac. with commendable alacrity made a cryptic comment (the exact words of which I forget) but it was just the right thing because it took the "edge" out of the atmosphere at once, and brought a smile to the faces of those concerned. There were no more incidents after that.

Mac. has a personality which is colourful and pleasant - and one which certainly cannot be ignored. Because they did not really know him some people were inclined,at first, to think Mac. was just a playboy. This is far from the truth. True, Mac. knows how to enjoy himself and has the means to do so but because he has "been around" and because he knows the passwords which can pierce the barricades of the West End night spots it does not mean that these people were, or are, right. Mac. has a sound philosophy and a razor-sharp mind that seldom misses a trick. He is not afraid to say what he thinks and has the courage of his convictions (as to how many convictions he has had we must hasten to state that, as far as we know, none. However, there was that recent car smash but should things turn out badly we promise to visit him occasionally

or enclose a file in a loaf of bread!)

By the way, I forgot to tell you where Mac, was born - it was Streatham - land of clubs (so you see the influence was there right from the start). He went to Streatham Grammar School which he left a few years before the war, having taught them all he knew. In 1938 (you will perceive this is the over-popular flash-back) he joined the Territorial Army in the Royal Engineers but the record tells us little of his Army career. However, we won, although down at half time.

Mac. is still quite a boy compared with some of the bods. currently dragging the old corpse up and down, and so it is likely that he will be around on the football scene for some time yet. To use an expression from the land of his Scottish ancestors - 'Lang may his lum reek'.

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WHY BE AN EGG-TOP?
Do you get pestered by jokes about your thinning locks or do rude little boys shout remarks like "Have a go, baldy!" at you from the touchline? If so, try the
"SPENBAIN" CURE
for that fateful first falling which leads to being a
THIN-ON-TOP, PATCH-TOP
or
COMPLETE EGG-TOP.
BE WARNED! The "SPENBAIN" CURE CAN HELP YOU - NOW!
(Look what it did for us)
Sold in pint or quart bottles or on draught.

FIX THAT ACHE! STOP THAT PAIN!
Pay a visit to the
"SERG" SURGERY
No case too hopeless for "Doc" Serg. and his capable assistant Jimmy.
(If you have had your leg pulled Serg. will pull the other one to the same length).
COME TO THE MAN WHO PUT THE SERG. INTO MASSAGE!
If the body is still warm drag it in, we can revive it.
OUR MOTTO : DEAD OR ALIVE YOU PLAY SATURDAY!
(Massaged: from mass, meaning body, and-aged meaning aged.)

THE SKIPPERS SUM UP - continued.

SIXTH ELEVEN.

The 6th. Xl. is now in its third season and, being the junior side of the Club, each year sees many new members. Some of these pass quickly on to higher spheres and some, like the lady in the song "linger a little longer". The latter combine with the few 'old faithfuls' who remain to give continuity to the side and with their experience help to steady and develop the youngsters and lead them not only along the path to good football but instil into them the proper S.A.L. spirit.

The team acts, in this way, as a training ground for the younger up-and-coming player and also provides a haven for the older types who, in the evening of their football career, have been put out to grass in the calm and peaceful (?) meadows of friendly games, far away from the hurley-burley of league and cup. (As a matter of fact, the 6th. Xl. is not the only team of which this could fairly truthfully be said, Ed.). At least, the foregoing is the theory; in practice, it is sometimes far from the truth. The local 'Derby' against the Norsemen, for example.

This is an event throughout the Club, no less with the 6th. Xl. than with the other sides. This year was no exception and the game on Dec. 6th, although almost washed out by fog (query: can a game be <u>washed out</u> by fog? - No matter, press on) was nevertheless played to a finish due mainly to the keeness of the contestants who were ready to start sharp at 2.15. The play ranged rapidly from end to end which must have made things difficult for the referee who, in this case, was none other than Glyn Wilson. Our thanks are due to him for officiating under such trying circumstances. According to those near enough to see and others fortunate enough to be equipped with radar, up to half-time two good goals were scored by the opposition and one by the Hill. After the interval, (not that there was one) the sixth's saw most of the play (which presumably comes under the heading of adapting themselves to the conditions) and scored two more to the Norsemens' one. The final score of 3-3 was considered a fair result and very satisfactory as this was the only Club game not abandoned that day.

The most dazzling victory so far was at home against Old Parkonians. Level 3-3 at half-time the Hill ran riot in the second half to win 9-5. This is really giving our spectator value for his money and if it's goals you want we've got 'em! By tactful play all forwards scored and also one of the half backs.

The game at Carshalton (the game we all so look forward to - turn left out of Hackbridge station and straight on for three miles!), although resulting in a 3-0 defeat, was memorable for the goalkeeping of Tony Brookman who deputised in this position at the last minute. The 6th. XI. entertained Guys Hospital on Feb. 7th. and, in spite of most of the side originally chosen going down with 'flu, those brought in played to such good effect, especially young David (Raich) Carter who scored three goals, that the Hill won a closely contested game 3-2.

The record of the team at the moment is as follows :-

				Goals	
P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Agst.
18	8	9	1	54	59

* * * *

FALSE CHESTS FOR MEN !

WEAR A "MAC" RUBBER TORSO !

Why be a weedy, stringy individual? You too, can be the envy of all - on the field or on the fiddle.

These magnificent suits are of two types - made to measure, of pure sorbo or inflatable rubber.

The sorbo type, put on before the game and massaged by "Serg" to give them that pink, natural look, or the inflatable type, pumped up by the groundsman - both come in two sizes - for the beanpole body or the "just plain hopeless".

BE THE ENVY OF THE FOOTBALL WORLD! YOU CANNOT BE A JANE RUSSELL BUT YOU CAN BE A "JOHN MUSCLE"!!!

* * * *

SOUTHERN AMATEUR FOOTBALL CHAT.

Senior Section.

League tables up to and including 14th March 1953.

Name of Club	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals For	Goals Agst.	Pts.
Division 1.							
Catford Wanderers	17	13	1	3	44	17	27
Norsemen	17	11	2	4	38	17	24
Midland Bank	16	11	-	5	33	23	22
Old Parkonians	14	8	5	1	30	12	21
Carshalton	16	8	2	6	22	26	18
Civil Service	17	7	2	8	26	32	16
Winchmore Hill	16	6	2	8	29	28	14
Merton	16	5	4	7	30	33	14
Lloyds Bank	12	5	2	5	20	23	12
Alexandra Park	17	4	2	11	29	40	10
Ealing Association	19	3	3	13	30	55	9
Westminster Bank	17	3	1	13	16	41	7

Reserve Section.

Division 1.							
Catford Wanderers	17	11	2	4	41	22	24
Civil Service	13	10	2	1	33	8	22
Norsemen	17	8	6	3	32	19	22
Winchmore Hill	18	8	4	6	36	32	20
Lensbury	18	8	3	7	34	38	19
Crouch End Vampires	16	7	4	5	35	26	18
Carshalton	17	6	3	8	24	30	15
Old Parkonians	17	5	3	9	35	38	13
Ealing Association	19	5	3	11	35	45	13
Midland Bank	15	5	2	8	33	40	12
Westminster Bank	15	4	3	8	29	48	11
Borough Polytechnic	14	2	3	9	26	47	7

* * * * * * *

Minor Section.

Name of Club.	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals For	Agst.	Pts.
Division 1. (Third Team Section).							
Borough Polytechnic	16	10	4	2	40	21	24
Catford Wanderers	14	9	4	1	43	18	22
Old Parkonians	17	10	2	5	54	43	22
Cuaco	16	9	2	5	51	34	20
Winchmore Hill	16	8	2	6	31	20	18
Norsemen	17	8	1	8	45	40	17
Crouch End Vampires	15	5	5	5	29	29	15
Ealing Association	16	7	-	9	39	49	14
Old Latymerians	17	4	4	9	36	45	12
Carshalton	15	3	5	7	25	27	11
Merton	15	4	2	9	27	53	10
Midland Bank	16	2	1	13	28	69	5
Division 1. (Fourth Team Section).							
Borough Polytechnic	20	16	2	2	59	26	34
Norsemen	22	14	4	4	74	38	32
Carshalton	22	15	1	6	77	42	31
Ealing Association	24	12	6	6	79	61	30
Catford Wanderers	22	12	3	7	59	40	27
Winchmore Hill	22	13	1	8	55	41	27
Cuaco	23	12	3	8	74	58	27
Crouch End Vampires	21	10	3	8	41	33	23
Old Parkonians	22	8	4	10	64	48	20
Midland Bank	22	8	4	10	52	59	20
Old Latymerians	23	8	3	12	53	59	19
Kew Association	23	7	1	15	45	80	15
Old Stationers	23	6	2	15	53	86	14
Old Westminster Cit	24	1	4	19	32	109	6
Alexandra Park	17	2	1	14	30	67	5

* * * * * * * *

Minor Section (continued).

Name of Club	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals For	Goals Agst.	Pts.
Division 11 (Fifth Team Section).							
Norsemen	16	13	2	1	70	17	28
Cuaco	18	10	3	5	66	43	23
Ealing Association	17	9	3	5	45	35	21
Old Parkonians	17	8	2	7	38	50	18
Winchmore Hill	18	7	4	7	36	44	18
Barclays Bank	18	7	3	8	40	43	17
Crouch End Vampires	16	5	6	5	44	29	16
Carshalton	17	6	3	8	53	49	15
Alexandra Park	15	5	2	8	35	50	12
Borough Polytechnic	17	4	1	12	28	37	9
Old Stationers	17	4	1	12	34	92	9

* * * * *

P.T. CLASSES - continued.

inducement to keep fit, and at the same time an opportunity to meet the chaps for a natter about the chances for Saturday.

It is hoped to continue these arrangements next season, and if enough - from any of the elevens - intend to come regularly, it may be possible to make up a class for the Hill only - with the accent more on soccer, head tennis, etc.

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(This is just one of the open spaces not used by our forwards this season).

WINCHMORE HILL FOOTBALL CLUB

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President : Miss I. PAULIN.

Hon. Secretary : J. FERRABY, 21, Ridge Road, Winchmore Hill, N.21.

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