Winchmore Hill Football Chat

JUNE 54

WHFC

with Compliments



Editorial

Vol. 4 No.2 June 1954

YOU WILL be receiving your copy of the CHAT when thoughts of football are fading - revived but momentarily by the A.G.M. However, we feel that it is in many ways more satisfactory to issue the magazine to include reports and results up to the end of the season. It helps comment and avoids attempts - optimistic though they may be - to forecast events (always a dangerous procedure where football is concerned) and, what is far more important, allows the editorial more time to get the dear old thing into print!

OUR SECOND ISSUE.

Encouraged by your reception of our previous issue (No.1 of this volume) and the fact that it was a complete sell-out (naive, aren't we?), we are continuing to adhere to a similar layout this time as far as reports, articles etc., are concerned. We would, however, be much better pleased if more of you would come forward with contributions instead of our always having to rely on the "old firm" for our material. The skippers, themselves, would no doubt be grateful if one of their team-mates would be willing to assist them in their "Summing Up" by keeping some notes on the season's games. They would then not have

EDITORIAL - continued.

to wrack their poor brains (already overworked by adding up and accounting for all those half-crowns they collect - not to mention the fearful strain of who has the "kitty" and how much is left in it) trying to remember all those interesting and amusing events that were "just the thing" for the CHAT when they happened but which are so elusive when the time comes to record them. So - what about it chaps?

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A NEW THING has happened to us. Firmly esconced in our midst is now a band of mostly younger members who have not so far run the "confetti gauntlet". Some one has called them, in what must be admitted is a blinding flash of realistic simplicity amounting almost to genius, the "Bachelors".

THE BACHELORS

But they find more to do than just bacheling. They have, in fact, become quite a force in the Club. They help run our dances for us, organise all sorts of Club activities and do many of the jobs for which it is sometimes difficult to find volunteers and, well, generally make themselves useful. We must hasten to add, however, that they are <u>not</u> misogynists. Fraternising with the opposite sex <u>is</u> permitted as long as it does not interfere with more important duties - such as pint-shifting and singing in the bar!

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IF THE FOOTBALL season of 1953-4 has not been one of dazzling glory for the Hill, it has still been one of quiet all-round achievement. We may not have touched the heights but then, compensatorily, we have not plumbed the depths either. For the First XI, like Moses, have come fourth, the Second's first (our only bit of crowned glory), the Third's third (what more appropriate?), the Fourth's third (best ever?) and the Fifth's fourth (next year - the TOP!). The Sixth XI, had they been in a league, would probably have been about half way up the table(which is better than being underheath one - ask Trevor!) because they won two more games than they lost and one was drawn.

NO CROWN OF GLORY

EDITORIAL - continued.

While you are working this out may we take the opportunity of offering our sympathy to Charles Burrett and his Boys on the result of the Battle of Barnet. Truly, the luck was not with them on that fateful day. Although we have still to win the A.F.A. Senior Cup outright (there is a rumour going round that the A.F.A. are considering giving us a small replica for the Club appearing most times in the final without actually winning it!) there is, nevertheless, some consolation to be drawn from this. For we have still a peak to aim at, a summit to which we have not yet attained. The A.F.A. Senior Cup is our own particular Everest and whilst the achievement of that goal, when it comes, will indeed be sweet, it should be remembered that the real enjoyment is in the contest itself and not so much in the prize. For the joy of reaching the summit the second time can never be so great as the first. So Onward - and Up - the Hill!

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OF RECENT YEARS finance has loomed large in the affairs of the Club. In the past no one worried overmuch about whether we should be able to make ends meet. It was more or less taken for granted that, embezzlement and subsequent abscondence by the treasurer apart, we should. Certainly no one ever thought of producing a budget for the next financial year. A budget, moreover, that had been fine tooth-combed to a degree which would make any Chancellor of the Exchequer's efforts look like the office boy's stamp account. Yet that is the stringent and somewhat grim position today. Unless we skimp and scrape we just cannot meet our commitments.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY.

No one wants to raise subscriptions any more than can possibly be helped. There is, in any case, an old economic law known as the Law of Diminishing Returns. Briefly, this says that if taxation (Club subs.) is raised beyond a certain point the effect is to lower the return in terms of cash. Economically, it is far better to meet growing expenditure out of production. As we do not produce anything (except a few players that cannot, unfortunately, be flogged on the transfer market) the only way is by Special Efforts. We have run several quite recently one of which was the Whit Monday fete held on the ground. This was to a great extent a Tennis Section effort, although all sections helped, but it lights the way to further efforts which will and must be made in the future. So we shall be needing your help!



THE SKIPPERS SUM UP

THE FIRST ELEVEN

NO SEASON IN WHICH the 1st. XI is successful in reaching the final of the A.F.A. Senior Cup can ever be called an indifferent one and yet, looking at it from the league point of view, the season 1953-4 was just that.

At no time did the side really look like taking command of the league as it has done in the not-so-long-ago, and as far as we and our informant could remember, as we sat scratching our heads and pondering over a pint and this report (in that order) in the bar one evening, at no time either, did we top the table. (We are open to correction here; but if we are wrong, we are not <u>far</u> wrong).

The final league position was fourth. But 22 games produced only 23 points and we finished, in fact, 9 points below the top club (A.P.) and only 8 points above the club at the bottom. (Carshalton).

The season began with an evening friendly match against Broomfield which was drawn. A very good social evening followed and we are rather sorry that Broomfield's application to join the league was not accepted. The first league game against Merton at home, was won 2-1 but the comfortable feeling of two points in the bag soon dissolved the next week when the side, on safari to Carshalton, lost their unbeaten record 0-2. This game saw Charlie Burrett at centre-half since Wiseman was on the injured list, and Len Harper made his debut at outside-right where he played well enough to secure his inclusion the next week and eventually to become a regular member of the side. The team, however, was not at its best. Two more points came the next week from Midland Bank at home but the week after at Catford was little short of disastrous. All went well up to half time, the Hill scoring first, but then Catford equalised. After the interval the team came out fighting (oxygen?) but gradually faded (must have been nitrogen). Bailey was concussed, Burrett injured and the side were struggling with

only nine men. With five minutes to go Catford scored twice. Yet all honour to the Hill for holding out so long.

Against Old Parkonians (won 4-0) Burrett, the utility man, was at outside left where he proved too fast for the opposing back. Wiseman returned to the side, Metson came in at outside right and Harper went to inside right. Felton took on a new lease of life at right half and has become a worthy successor to Norman Haslam.

The season was going not too badly after all and we had picked up ten points out of the first fourteen. However, as so often happens, the advent of the Cup seemed to affect league chances and points became harder to collect. Still, the team was settling down, and the old brigade of Pearl and Wiseman, now joined by Bernard Avent and Ron Howe with a newcomer, Stacey, in goal (with, as previously mentioned, Howard at R. half) was still a formidable enough defence to cope with even the best of the opposition. In the latter part of the season Bill Kebbell came in as goalkeeper and played remarkably well.

In the Cup H.M.S. Collingwood were beaten; Sillhill were beaten; and on Feb. 13th. Old Bealonians were beaten in what must surely be the highest scoring game in which the 1st XI have ever taken part. The final result was 10-5 and when the news came through on the "Jungle Telegraph" as we sat sipping our beer in the early evening we could scarce believe our ears. But there it was. Arthur Bailey notched five and the rest were shared out amongst the others. The defence, on the other hand, also staged their own carnival, letting in goals on the basis of one for two.

Of the forwards, during the season, Ian Bedford was playing better than ever and holding the line together like a reef-knot. His absence, subsequently, caused long sessions on the selection committee. Harper had proved more useful at inside forward and always dangerous in front of goal. Arthur ("Concussion") Bailey led the line with all his old skill, although at times troubled by injury, and whilst he could not always be the architect of victory, as in the affair of the ten golden goals, at least he was never the sexton of defeat. Vic Haskell and Ron Carter adapted themselves well on occasion in new positions and Denis Metson came to look upon the O-right position as his own. Various members of the Second XI came to our assistance when required. Once again our thanks go to "Serg".

THE SKIPPERS SUM UP (Contd.)

THE SECOND ELEVEN

To win the championship of one's league is always an achievement. It brings gladness to the hearts of the side concerned and a corresponding honour to the Club in general. It is particularly satisfactory to the 2nd. XI this last season since we were the only team in the Club to win their league. In fact we are feeling a little smug about it.

The first game was away at Merton, in the blazing glory of October. The side played extremely well in its opening match and Harper, a new member, played at inside forward and was subsequently promoted to the 1st. XI. The one fly in the ointment was the unfortunate injury to David Callwood after only a few minutes play. He remained on the injured list for some months. A disastrous coincidence occurred only a bare fortnight afterwards. Peter Pizey, playing on the right wing against Midland Bank, sustained an injury which has kept him out of football ever since.

New wingers having been found (albeit, taking the field shaking slightly in their boots at the thought of the fate that had met their predecessors), the team continued by winning against Catford Wandrs. at home, 4-0. This result was particularly encouraging in view of the fact that we were due to meet them in the Cup a fortnight afterwards. However, despite this psychological advantage we lost the Cup game 2-1, owing, possibly to team changes.

Depressed by defeat so early in the Cup and, possibly, by the deplorable state of the ground at Pinner the next week, we found ourselves 3 goals down in 12 minutes. We rallied but failed to win, the final score being 5-3. This bad spell continued against C.E.V. the following week when the best we could do was to draw 2-2. However, losing a point was not the worst thing to happen in this game. An irresistable force in the shape of Macmeikan met an immovable object in the form of Loader's nose and the result was that Alan suffered a break in his nasal organ which put him out of action for weeks. This was the third and last disaster.

Out of the 22 league games played, 14 were won and 2 drawn. This gave us a total of 30 points and a goal average of 62 for

and 29 against. This was better than that of Pinner who also finished up with the same number of points.

In addition to Denis Metson and Len Harper gaining promotion to the 1st XI, Bill Kebbell, Archie Cheek, Tom Ackland, Jimmy Bryce, "Paddy" Wilson, David Williams and Bernard Thompson all strengthened the senior team in key games. Apart from this the "regulars" of the side: Ian Macmeikan, Bill Brooks, Alan Loader, Stan Bell, Julian Williams, and Bill Bailey all contributed to the team's eventual success. A promising newcomer, Geoff. Jenkin, played several games in the forward line and should prove a useful asset to the Club. Another promising youngster, Vic Haskell, made many appearances for us but eventually failed to hold his place in the side and was relegated to the 1st XI.

The defence was perhaps fortunate in having fewer changes than usual in its composition compared with previous seasons and this may account for the fact that it was not until Jan. 9th. that a goal was conceded in a home game. However, the success of the side was not by any means due entirely to the solid defence. The forwards played forceful and attractive football, scoring 62 goals in league games, a feat only exceeded by one other Club.

Our thanks go once again to Jim Perry and congratulations on his silver anniversary.

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THE THIRD ELEVEN

Our start to the 1953-4 season was nothing short of sensational - the first five league games, including away wins over Catford and Borough Poly, producing 10 points.

We therefore felt pretty good when we went over to Brentham for the first round of the Minor Cup. The formidable half-back line of Stan Bell, Tom Ackland and Archie Cheek got us right on top from the start, but the forward line hit an all-time low. It didn't seem possible to miss so many chances in one game. Only a last minute Wilsher-Bailey goal earned us a 1-1 draw and a replay at home. However, we had the nucleus of a very fine choir in the side, and an excellent evening of cultural song ensued - what a pity Tom was not with

THE SKIPPERS SUM UP - Contd.

us on more occasions!

In the replay we cantered home winners by 6 goals to 2 - Bill Bailey scoring the lot! Not that Bill is normally greedy, but this seemed a personal duel with Bernard Thompson who, leading the Reserves on the adjoining pitch, was busy putting 10 goals in Crouch End Vampires net.

Meanwhile eleven spartans under Johnny Hall had been to Cuffley to dig a point out of the A.P. mud; it was noted that the rota was applied with great skill this week!

Merton, in the 3rd round of the Cup, were soundly beaten at home by 5 goals to 1 - (played on the 1st team pitch - a rare treat for the Hill supporters!) George Wilsher took two excellent scoring chances, and Frank Thompson put in a great game at left half despite sustaining a knee injury that was to keep him out of action for most of the season.

And so we went on to Dec. 19th unbeaten in Cup or League games and feeling that it couldn't last. It didn't. Carshalton beat us 1-0 at home in a very scrappy game, and this was followed by a couple of good hidings from Lensbury 5-1 away and Catford 3-2 at home.

Our League hopes thus dimmed we became even more Cup-conscious. Fourth round opponents O. Latymerians were overcome 4-1 after a dour struggle at Hounslow, and we saw some good football from Geoff Jenkin in his first game for the side. Laurie Jay, now our regular 'keeper', handled well and showed that with a little more thrust to gain possession of the ball in the area, he will be a great asset in future seasons.

We were very glad to have Alan Loader back in action for the quarter final against Walpole Athletic, and both he and Stan Bell at wing halves played very strongly. David Callwood, recovered from his rib injury, opened the scoring with a grand shot, and Bryan Felton and Bill Bailey (2) notched goals to put us into the semi-final. Bill at this stage earned a place with the 2nd XI, and we feel that a lot of the success of the team was prompted by his enthusiasm and good shooting - we were sorry he had to go!

Somehow or other we extracted full points from the League games against Norsemen 1-0 (thanks to C.A. Burrett - a promising lad), Crouch End Vamps 2-1, and O. Parkonians 3-2; but the form was not very convincing.

The semi-final draw was, of all teams, Catford Wanderers. Perfect conditions at the Pearl Assurance ground produced a first half of fast, open football, and we should have established a good lead by half time. David Callwood scored twice, but Catford levelled with goals from their right wing that were a little lucky, and we turned round 2-2. The strength of the Catford halves soon became apparent, however, and their two wingers were given a first class service of the ball. Within ten minutes of the restart Catford were 2 goals up, both headed home from place kicks from their left wing, and under ever-increasing pressure we were well and truly beaten in the end by 7 goals to 2. This very strong Catford side did in fact complete the Cup and League double for the second successive year, and we do congratulate them.

It was too late now to turn to the league with any great hopes, but there were one or two highlights - we cantered to 5-0 and 4-0 wins in a 2-game episode at Cuaco, when a rejuvenated John Hackett popped in five goals during the afternoon and Derek Englefield opened his account with 2 excellent goals. Wins over A.P. 5-4 at home, and Boro Poly 2-0 away were not classics, but in both games the team showed great spirit after sustaining injuries and it was particularly satisfying to take 4 points off Boro this season - the first time for many years.

No summary of the 3rd XI would be complete without mention of John Badkin, who in his first season with the Club has established himself not only as a very strong and accomplished footballer but as an excellent club-man in every way.

Trips to "Collins" were more frequent this year, and never failed to stimulate .... Jack Peacock again failed to score, which surely underlines the high standard of goalkeeping in the Club.

And so we finished the season empty handed as far as honours go, but with the same enthusiasm and team spirit the prospects for 1954-5 must surely be very bright.

THE FOURTH ELEVEN



The 4th. XI, continuing the improvement which began in the previous season, finished third in the League, this probably being our best effort since the war.

Owing to our fixture list being as usual an extremely full one, we had to play our first League game as early as 26th September. However, lack of practice proved no handicap, for we beat Old Westminster Cits. 7-0, a very satisfactory start. A new member, John Badkin, made his first appearance for the side but was soon promoted to the 3rd. XI.

Against Ealing we won again, once more by a solid margin, this time 5-1. Unfortunately, Tudor Williams was injured and was unable to play again for some time afterwards. It was also in this game that Jim Brennan made his debut for the side, and for the Club, and has become a regular member of the team. His experience has been a valuable asset in blending the forward line into a useful attacking force.

The first game that we lost was against Cuaco at home, by 1-3. This was a game in which, territorially, we had far more of the play, but a couple of defensive mistakes cost us two goals. Sid Lansbury, at R-back, opened his account for the season with a beautifully placed header into his own goal which had Ken Bain completely beat. Sid, however, cannot be blamed for the defeat because, apart from this one lapse, he played a good game.

At Midland Bank the following week we drew 2-2. This game saw the re-appearance of Tom Ackland, back after a long absence through injury, and it looked as if he would regain all his old form.

Of the remaining games, the most outstanding, perhaps, was that against Catford when we won a hard-fought game 3-2. Owing to the late arrival of one of the team we played with 10 men for the first 15 minutes. The return match we lost 4-0. An interesting feature of this latter occasion was the re-appearance of Gus Gowers, making a come-back at L-back. Against Boro Poly, away, we lost 1-3 and at home drew 3-3. We seldom seem to get many points out of Boro who are always a tough proposition. Sadly, both games against Norsemen were lost; 1-3 at home and 0-4 away.

By January the "cry-offs" were reaching their seasonal peak. On the 23rd of this month, of the team picked at selection on the Monday, only four remained when the Saturday arrived and not all of them were in their original positions! And yet, in spite of this, we still managed to win 5-2 (versus Ealing).

Of the team itself during the season, Jim Brennan, as already mentioned, has been outstanding. John Hackett, before being promoted to the 3rd XI scored many of the side's goals, from centre-forward. Several younger members have played regularly in the side for the first time: D. Carter, M. Jannoy, P. Hattrel and R. Cox all showed promise and Engelfield gained promotion to the 3rd XI. L. Moore at L-back played well and proved a useful partner to Sid Lansbury who continues to play as well, if not better, than ever!

We were sorry to lose Jim Trew who moved out of the district towards the end of the season. Harris, a veritable tower of strength, played some whirlwind games at R-half. Sarl played regularly at C-half in the opening matches and Manners until he was injured in January, played his usual steady game at L-half. Ironically, it was Ted Barrett, of the old firm of Barrett and Manners, who came in to replace Phil when the latter dropped out.

Ken Bain, who skippered the side regularly throughout the season, decided to vacate his old position on the wing and to play in goal where, he felt, he could be more reasonably certain of seeing something of the ball!

The defence, as can be seen from the goal record of 49 against in 28 games, was pretty sound and the attack which scored 87 goals is to be congratulated on its average of just over 3 goals per game.

The team spirit continues to improve and we are looking forward to the new season with the re-constituted League now in two sections, and the "Novets" Cup being run by the A.F.A. for the first time. This is open to 4th and 5th XIs and the Club has entered both sides. We hope that we meet each other in the final!

THE SKIPPERS SUM UP - Contd.

THE FIFTH ELEVEN

The 5th XI with 112 goals to their credit, over 30 more than any other XI, and with 18 victories out of 26 games, can look back on a season not only successful but also very enjoyable.

That we did not win our section of the S.A.L. was due largely (we are afraid that it has to be said once again) to the operation of the rota system. After winning our first five games, of which four were league games, we suffered our first reverse against Boro Poly in which game, however, the Hill had the distinction of being the first side to score a goal against Boro Poly in that Club's sixth league game of the season.

On several occasions the team had the assistance of senior players, including our first XI centre half, who made a welcome re-appearance in our home engagement with Boro Polytechnic.

When our fixture secretary runs out of S.A.L. sides we play the Old Boys' teams, and in only one of these eight fixtures did the eleven fail to win. In two of these games double figures were reached and on another occasion nine goals were scored without reply.

The season was also successful from the point of view of the weather and in no case was it necessary to abandon a game. Even in the fog at Beckenham the defence could almost see their forwards scoring, after their disappearance into the gloom when loud cheers sent back tidings of success!

In connection with those many enjoyable evenings and successes on the field special mention should be made of Alan Bacon whose tremendous energy (not to mention capacity) contributed to many a successful Saturday. The team also remembers with pleasure the consistently fine performances and the great team work of Norman Ratcliff, Eric Clinch, Michael Shalders and M. Lack.

Aubrey Gleed skippered the side for the whole season, playing usually at L-half - with an occasional game at pivot. We look forward to the new season and to the new Cup competition which has been awaited so eagerly and for so long. The fixture secretary is pleased as it means one more date he hasn't to fill!

THE CLUB SUPPER

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT that the Winchmore Hill Club supper has become the most popular and successful event of the Hill social calendar. Every year, when we sit down to table, we pack into what seems to be an even smaller small space, and the time is undoubtedly coming when forms instead of chairs will have to be used and all members of over a certain width excluded! All this is to say that the Club is as lively and well supported as ever and, indeed this past season having seen the membership increase, the night of Friday, 30th April showed an even greater number of playing members present at this annual function.

It goes without saying, that anybody who is anybody is present at the supper. The directors and senior shareholders are there to a man. The "professional diners-out" representing club or association (distance no object, prepared to go anywhere) are there too, drinking hard in the cause of sport. An atmosphere of goodwill and bonhomie pervades the air and the aroma of Corona (as well as the whiff of the woodbine) mingles pungently with it. On this night of nights everyone is in a good humour and even old so-and-so is actually seen to buy someone a drink.

In the preliminary limbering-up in the bar, before the proceedings proper, many old faces are seen. Players of yesteryear, meeting again after a long interval, are busy renewing acquaintance and recalling the days when football, Sir, was football, and not the namby-pamby business it has degenerated into today. Before the evening is over this point is to be made again, in one of the speeches, but for the moment old What's-his-name is prodding old Thingummybob in his ample waistcoat and saying "Look here, old man, you know very well if they'd had old so-and-so (he names an old stalwart of other days) in the forward line they'd have won the Cup ..... The remainder is lost in the Toastmaster's call to us to take our places at table and we file slowly in whilst the inevitable latecomers are pleading desperately for a drink at the bar.

The hall is once more a magnificent array. The organisers have done us proud and everything is beautifully set out. Soon we are eating an excellent meal interrupted occasionally by someone wanting to drink a toast with someone else because he is wearing the Club tie or because he skippered the 5th. XI

THE CLUB SUPPER (Contd.)

in the Boer War or something. Anyway it does not make any difference on our table. It would take more than a few toasts to stop us when we have our heads in the old nosebag. A steady, right and left hand eating motion is in progress with the elbows following nicely through. Satisfied at last we lean back contentedly to listen to the speeches.

This year Eric Birch, an old Hill player from the rough and tough Tory days of S.A.L. soccer, is proposing the toast of the Club. And who better? For Eric, who is an M.B.E. (Mud, Blood and Energy) comes from the days when players nailed on their shorts and kissed their wives goodbye before going on the field. Eric is very kind to the footballers of today for he admits that they are nearly as good as when he was playing. The true status of a Club, he says, is founded, not so much on its capacity to win matches but rather on the spirit in which the game is played. In this respect the Club's reputation stands high. Enthusiastic and whole-hearted players are backed by an efficient and hard-working body of officers. We glance over at the officers' hard working bodies and note that most of them seem to be thriving on it. Few, if any, are wasting away to a shadow. We once again rivet our attention on the speaker. He is telling us that his disappointment at the Club not winning the A.F.A. Cup is not caused by the fact that there would not be a trophy in the pavilion, but because a team of whole-hearted triers was just not able to find its form.

Now it is the turn of Alec Cooper, our Chairman, to respond and he begins by offering congratulations to Southgate Olympic on winning the Cup. The league record has not been quite so good but nevertheless all of the teams would finish in strong positions. After praising the leadership of the individual captains, Alec says that one of the most encouraging features has been the number of keen young players with pressing claims for consideration as senior team members. With difficulty people like Ken Bain, John Spence and Aubrey Gleed are restrained from taking a bow and Alec goes on to thank his fellow officers for their loyal co-operation.

The traditional toast "Absent Friends" is drunk at nine o'clock.

THE CLUB SUPPER (Contd.)

Ian Bedford, best known as the son of Bill Bedford, the famous Winchmore Hill bowls player, keeps us continuously amused in his welcome to the guests. We have always thought this a difficult speech to make because it is so "bitty" and requires no end of research but Ian maintains an informal manner throughout and tells his funny story which is about the A.F.A. official who thought that Cambridge was half-way between Histon and Winchmore Hill.

Mr. Kingston, Hon. Sec. of the A.F.A. who must like us because he has given up several other enticing invitations to club dinners to be present, replies and tells a wonderful anecdote about the way in which the press can mis-represent what you say. We noticed that the members of the local press present laughed heartily at this but did not subsequently represent or mis-represent the story. On reflection, perhaps they had a good reason.

Ken Bain, who succeeded Sid Kynaston, so that the latter can have his supper in peace for once, makes an admirable toastmaster but Sid still has the compering of the entertainment to do which he does in his usual smooth style. The comedy pair are good and raise plenty of laughs although we miss the unofficial turn by Bill Earle of the Norsemen - which we have come to expect as part of the proceedings.

And so at last it is time to pack up and go home once more. As we do so we wonder if the suppers are still as good as they used to be and if there is still the same zest as in the days of yore. We open the door to go out and something round and hard crunches against the framework just missing our head by inches. We decide there is and dodge smartly and rapidly out into the night.

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PEN PORTRAITS - Contd. from page 26.

It is some time now since Aubrey returned from abroad. About one and a half football seasons. I suppose one day he will be posted abroad again (to some fantastic place, no doubt) - and off he will go into the blue once more. But until such time we hope to have the use of his trusty left foot in the 5th. XI. Not to mention his even trustier head!

EASTER TOUR (Contd. from page 36)

on Sunday. A farewell lunch took place at the London Hotel for those staying there, with the tables set out in style and afterwards the entire party joined forces at the Antelope. With Ron Howe and Michael Pryke supplying the music the early afternoon soon became rich with the sound of song. Choirmaster Ackland led the singing in his deep nut brown voice, towering above the community like the base pipe of an organ. A move was made at half past two up to the dance hall upstairs where it was felt the sounds of jollification would not reach the street. Your scribe, abandoning for once his pencil and paper, went through his song and dance act (and, incidentally, nearly through the stage as well) which only shows what he can do when he lets his hair down.

Amid scenes of the greatest bonhomie the party boarded the coach, some of them going through the door and straight out through the roof again. The coach at last proceeded on its way up the high street of Poole and the local populace, amazed beyond mere words, could only stand and stare.

And so we left the sunny shores and dreaming boys of Poole; perhaps to return again some day in the far distant future (next year?). The afternoon was spent at Christchurch where the river scene provided a picture of sunshine and sparkling water. A trip on the river in the "Skylark" supplied a pleasant, if rather chilly, end to the afternoon's walk and then back to the coach again for our return home.

Owing to an administrative mix-up, Potter's party arrived 40 minutes late, but they took the whole thing very calmly and were not at all upset when informed of the fact. The final stage of the journey now commenced and the only thing to worry about was where to stop on the way back. Some said soon, some said late, but in the end the driver settled the whole thing for us by simply pulling in at a pull-up when he felt thirsty.

As we reached the home hunting grounds, one by one the braves melted into the night. Sadly, the tour, like all good things, was coming to an end. Tired but contented the last of the Hill-men left the coach and made tracks for his wigwam. The Easter Tour was over.



A GREAT DAY FOR THE PARISH!

BUT NOT ALAS! FOR WINCHMORE HILL

YOU WOULD NOT think, would you, that you could be good enough to reach the final of any Cup competition three years running without winning it at least once. But you can, you know. You can. Ask Borrett. Borrett, in case the name is not familiar, is the Club skipper, or he was at the time of which I write. Before the final of the A.F.A. Senior Cup at Barnet on 10th April he was usually known as Burrett - Charles Burrett - but he apparently had his name changed for the occasion and now he is always reported in the local press, programmes etc., as Borrett. A sort of stage name, I suppose. (As everybody, except apparently, our fat-headed reporter, has realised, this was obviously a misprint - it should, of course, have been Birrett, Ed.)

As in the Amateur Cup this year, the two finalists came from districts only a stone's throw apart. So close, in fact, that standing in the one, you could almost spit into the other. Not that anyone in the Hill would think of committing such an ungentlemanly act, whatever he felt like at the result.

There is no doubt that Southgate Olympic are a useful side and on the day's play they deserved to win. But, on the other hand, it is also a fact that the Hill were definitely out of luck, both before and on the fateful afternoon. Firstly, of course, there was the injury to Ian Bedford which kept him out of the team and made the composition of the forward line so difficult without risking dangerous experiments. As everybody now knows, and as Howard Felton himself would probably agree, the decision to bring him up to inside forward from right half did not turn out to be a success. There is no guarantee, anyway, that any other move would have been successful. If, however, this re-shuffle was responsible, at least in part, for the balance of the Hill's attack being upset, it did not, fortunately, weaken the half-back line, for Archie Cheek, who replaced Howard, played an excellent game. On top of this Bill Kebbell's injury of the previous week had made his fitness suspect and it was decided that his inclusion could not be risked.

These, then were the disadvantages under which the Hill began their game on the Barnet F.C. ground on that brilliantly sunny Saturday afternoon in April. Yet if any of the side felt any doubts about their ability to win they certainly did not show them, for right from the start the Hill attacked, and in the first minute a Felton header rebounded off the crossbar. Charles was right on form and seemed to show no Cup nerves at all. He played a true Captain's game from the start and his distribution resulted in the attack getting into motion very quickly. The Hill's marksmanship, however, was not impressive, and it was at the other end where the danger developed. A speculative high shot by Eric Downes in the 28th minute eluded the clutching fingers of Morton Harvey and entered the goal over his head.

This greatly encouraged Olympic who put on the pressure in an endeavour to clinch matters. The Hill, however, fought back and Ron Howe twice gave the Olympic defence anxious moments with long shots.



It might be wearisome here to give a "blow by blow" account of the play that followed. It cannot be said by any stretch of the imagination that the Hill excelled themselves or played as they can, and have, played before in league or

(Contd. on Page 21)



HOCKEY



WE ARE PLEASED to record that the Hockey Section has had another successful season. Several new faces were welcomed at the beginning and as usual a few of our old members left, either because they moved from the district, got married or old age set in. However, in spite of a slightly different 1st XI from the previous season, we soon settled down to play some really good hockey as results have proved. During the whole of the season the first team only lost two games. One of these was against Lensbury, perhaps rather unluckily as we could not field a complete 1st XI; the other against Ealing who are a very strong club and have a membership somewhere in the region of 70. (On reflection I suspect that at least half their members were on the field at the time!) The 1st XI have scored a record number of goals, 114, and have conceded only 32. The 2nd. and 3rd. XI's have also played well, although towards the end of the season it became increasingly difficult to field three complete teams. On several occasions husbands and sweethearts were offered purple shorts and hockey sticks, not forgetting a book of rules, and were asked to help us out. I cannot imagine why our opponents were offended! (Obviously by the book of rules. How would you feel? Ed.)

Our good results throughout the season are attributed to the very well balanced team (in all respects) we have fielded this year and a fine team spirit which has existed. Our thanks to Marjorie Cullingford, our retiring Captain, who has done so much to raise our standards.

Fairly soon after the commencement of this season we introduced a rota system as we felt that those members who had been playing for the 3rd. XI were merely being switched in alternate weeks. Under the rota system it did mean that these members could have more games, also as the 2nd. XI was included in the system, it gave more girls a chance of playing in a higher grade of hockey. Here we must give a vote of thanks to members

HOCKEY (Contd.)

of the Football Section who gave us guidance on this new venture. (Aha! So that's the way of it! Little do you realise the evil you will bring upon yourselves by adopting this diabolical practice. The selectors (as has already happened in the Football Club) will heavily back your opponents to win and then rota all your star players thus making sure of huge profits. (Be warned! It is the end of all freedom. Ed.)

Early in the season County Trials were held on our ground and as a result two of our players, namely Sylvia Lowing and Margaret Coleman, were selected to play for Middlesex 2nd XI. The latter played for Middlesex 1st XI in the Southern Counties Tournament held at Worthing in the New Year and both have played for the 1st team on other occasions. We feel that County officials chose our ground because of its excellent condition and here we should like to send a vote of thanks to Mac and the boys for the grand work they do in this connection; also for painting our balls white. It is so much better to play with a ball you can see! (We entirely agree. The number of times we have run down the wing and found that the ball, which was quite visible when we started, had completely disappeared at the end of our run. Most disconcerting! Ed.)

In November we staged a match between New Zealand and South Reserves. Conditions were good but the New Zealanders proved too good for their opponents winning by 8 - 1. It was an interesting game for the 600 spectators, mainly children from the local schools, to watch.

The 2nd XI led by Jennifer Hall have not had quite such good results as last year. This is in no way a reflection on their leadership but on occasions the 1st XI have had to call upon the Reserves thus weakening the second team.

Kay Harries has very ably captained the 3rd XI again and they are on the upward trend. It is the spirit of the combined teams which is the Club's strength and the talent of reserves who, when called upon, never let us down. Some members from both the 2nd and 3rd XI's are showing great promise and it is to them we shall turn to keep up the good reputation of the Club in the future.

With the usual end of the season County Tournament, held

this year at Regent Polytechnic ground, Chiswick, the Club entered the 1st XI who excelled. This proved a very enjoyable and successful afternoon. Forty clubs from all over Middlesex took part and they were divided into five sections, each team playing short games of 9 minutes against every club in its section. Out of the 7 games we played, we won 6 and drew one thus winning Section 5. We went on to play winners of Section 2 but unfortunately tired rather more than our opponents, Highgate, and lost by 1-0. Our congratulations to Highgate who went on to win the tournament. Our consolation was that the Club scored more goals than any other club during the tournament.

On May 1st and 2nd we took part in the Thanet Festival held at Ramsgate. This was a most enjoyable weekend and great experience was gained, especially from Vera Chapman and half the Kent team.

Our thanks are due to the unfailing and willing services of the umpires, although we do not always agree with their decisions! Mrs. Welsford looks after us weekly, for which we thank her; a cup of tea is always welcome after a match.

What have we to look forward to next season? Further successes - we hope, new showers and wash basins we earnestly pray, and perhaps (who knows?) - a 4th team. Any friends will be welcome at Club Trials to be held on Saturday, 2nd October, 1954 - and the more the merrier. M.C.

---oOo---

A GREAT DAY FOR THE PARISH (Contd. from page 16)

cup. It was not only that, in the forward line, Ian's generalship was sadly missed. Arthur Bailey at centre forward was not, by any means, his usual sparkling self. A hard knock in the opening minutes of the game had laid him low and only afterwards did we learn that he had sustained concussion. It might well have been this that caused him to miss the vital penalty after he himself had reduced Olympic's second half lead to 2-1 by a grand goal from a centre by Metson. Certain it is that this was the turning point of the game. For a few minutes later Olympic had scored again and with this goal died the hopes of

(the finish of this thrilling story is on page 24.)



Uncle Ben's Corner

DEAR UNCLE BEN,

I am a young member of the Club and very keen on my football. During the winter I am quite happy and contented because I am either playing football or watching football (owing to the rota I have had more opportunity than usual for watching football this winter). But in the summer there is no football and I feel sort of lost. I don't play cricket or tennis or anything and if I come up to the Club there is only cricket or tennis to watch and, as I say, I am not keen on them.

As I sit disconsolately on the verandah while all those around me are enjoying themselves playing or watching I feel right out of it. Lots of young girls go by on their way to the courts laughing and joking and looking very nice in their shorts but although I look alright in my football gear I don't know if court shorts would suit me.

And so - as I'm not keen on tennis or cricket - what is there to do?

If you know, please tell me.

Yours disconsolately,

D. Ripp.

DEAR MR. RIPP,

I am sorry to hear of the depression which seems to descend on you in the summer months, but your problem is not, unhappily, an uncommon one. Cricket, to which some people laughingly refer

as a game, is properly and traditionally watched in an atmosphere of gloom. Tennis, of course, is a pastime fit only for giggling girls and whooping youths, and it could not be expected to appeal to such a fine specimen of masculinity as yourself.

However, do not despair. There is quite a simple solution to your difficulties. There are several games and sports possible during the summer which I am sure would appeal to you, though they are not normally played out of doors, anyone would be pleased to tell you about them, but if you have any difficulty, write to me again, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope and I will send you full details together with book of rules, diagrams, telephone numbers etc.

But perhaps your simplest plan would be to ask any one of the young girls you mention if she knows any indoor games you could play. I am sure you would find her answer interesting.

Yours enviously,

UNCLE BEN.

-----oOo-----

DEAR UNCLE BEN,

I am not now a playing member of the Club, having become rather short-sighted of late and also unable to run much, so I gave it up. I also found that when I did play - which is some time ago now - I never could understand the rules too well, especially the offside one. There were also quite a lot of rules that I heard the fellows mention that I knew absolutely nothing about.

However, I am still very keen on the game and would not like to lose touch. I am not very interested in watching as my short-sightedness makes it difficult for me to see exactly what is happening except when play is very close to where I am standing.

So perhaps you could suggest something I could do to keep contact with the game and even possibly help the Club. I don't care what it is, nor do I care what people say or think.

Yours hazily,

I. M. CLEUGHLESS.

UNCLE BEN (Contd.)

DEAR MR. CLEUGHLESS,

Your qualifications as you describe them in your letter are indeed interesting and so outstanding that I am sure you will readily find some congenial and useful sohere in which you could make use of them.

You have doubtless thought of taking up refereeing. I would not, I think, advise this, for it is an occupation which is already overcrowded with men with just the same qualifications as yourself, and you might find the competition uncomfortably keen. You see, you do admit that you know that rules exist, and this would certainly prevent you from reaching the top flight of referees.

No, I think the cleugh to the situation lies in the last sentence of your letter. If you really do not care what people think, why not try to join the selection committee? As long as you do not know too much about the game and cannot see well enough to recognise the players I am sure you would go far. You might even get to be Chairman. At the very least there are many pretty little rackets open to selectors. Good luck!

Your affectionate,

UNCLE BEN.

---oOo---

A GREAT DAY FOR THE PARISH (Contd. from page 21)

the Hill. In turn, Olympic missed a penalty, splendidly saved by Harvey, but it was an anti-climax, for another goal could hardly have affected the result of the game. As it was it merely served to keep the score more respectable from the Hill's point of view and perhaps gave a crumb of comfort to our players for our own miss.

And so back to the Club and into the bar where all men are equal and disappointments are not so bitter as long as the bitter is not a disappointment. Olympic came too, and showed that they were as adept at getting one over the bar as under it. And that was about that. Next year, of course ....

(Yes, this really <u>is</u> the end.)

THE SKIPPERS SUM UP - Contd.

THE SIXTH ELEVEN

Once again it was a pleasure to skipper the 6th. XI and to welcome many new members to the side and to the Club.

It was quite a successful season when it is realised that changes are so drastic from week to week that the side rarely gets a chance to settle down as a team.

It is, however, a pleasant thought that members of higher sides, after being injured find, in the 6th XI, a quiet haven suitable for a convalescent game or two (No convalescing at home, though!)

One of these people was Tom Ackland who started the season by playing with us at Cuaco. This resulted in a win for the Hill, the first time we have beaten them for many seasons. Vic Carpenter scored the only goal in the match very near the end. In case it should be thought that Tom's presence made all that difference, may it be noted that the others were just as safe and sure (safe from promotion and sure of staying in the side, that is!

A game that will long be remembered was our first <u>home</u> game. Cards were sent out with directions to the ground and everybody arrived <u>before</u> time. Of the amusing incidents, the funniest (if you like that sort of thing) was at Kilburn Poly. After wading through mud and water a foot deep we reached the pavilion (pavilion! Ye Gods!). This magnificent edifice was completely devoid of light, water or windows - more like a stable than anything. The goalposts, on the other hand, were most unstable. As our goalkeeper proved when taking a short rest against them. However, we were not always so badly treated. Many of our fixtures were on good grounds, often in inhabited areas.

Ray Bateman was injured early in the season. However, a few weeks in hospital put him right again. Be seeing you, Ray!

We would like to thank all those people who refereed the home games, "Dai" Evans in particular, and, of course, the selection committee for performing a very difficult task.

I N M E M O R I A M

ROBERT HENRY McLEOD, who died on August 31st at the age of 78, was a non-playing member of the Football Club since its inception in 1919.

Chairman of the F.C. from 1927 to 1941, committee man and Life Member of both Cricket and Football Clubs his service to us has been long and full. Rob McLeod was, indeed, a fine chap and we owe him a lot, even those of us who did not know him. To those who did the place will not seem the same without him. For such as he are not born every day.

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JAMES NORTH, during his more than forty years' membership of the Winchmore Hill Club, of which he was a Life Member, was an active cricketer with an ardent support of all playing sections, and an outstanding administrator who during his long Chairmanship from 1938-45 paved the way for post-war amalgamation. He was keenly interested in amateur football, being in his earlier years a noted referee and later Chairman and President of the Old Boys' League. In his capacity of Senior Master at Edmonton Latymer's School and then as Headmaster of Edmonton County School he interested colleagues and pupils in the Winchmore Hill Club, and to him we are indebted for the introduction of many leading players and officers - a fact commemorated by a dinner in his honour when he retired to Cornwall two years ago.

Some were privileged to have known Jimmy as a colleague others as a teacher, and all as a true sportsman and never-failing friend.

---oOo---

PEN PORTRAITS - Contd. from page 30.

one warm (well, what was Ninotchka doing?) in the sub-zero temperatures of the East. Nevertheless, on returning home he found that it was, in fact, far colder here than in Moscow (something to do with the humidity) and so continued, much to the delight of everybody, to wear it in London. Aubrey had thus come to prove the truth of the old saying that one begins to feel the cold more if one allows blood to get into the alcoholic stream. And of the new one that "a fur coat is a man's best friend". So if you notice the ladies being friendly with Aubrey you'll know it's his coney they're after!

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PEN PORTRAITS

AUBREY GLEED

A TENNIS BALL BOUNCED down the road and trickled to a stop close to a boy dressed in a jersey and a brand new pair of wolf cub's blue serge shorts. As he bent down to pick it up, another boy, dressed in a sailor suit, descended on him and claimed the ball. A few minutes later the two were having a "kick about" up and down a quiet suburban street. The boy in the marine outfit was Aubrey Gleed; the other boy was myself.

So began a friendship which has lasted right up to the present day. When it began we were but seven years of age. and it commenced, as it has continued, in close association with football. In fact, a veritable football association, one might say.

If the Aubrey one sees down the Club these days, the Aubrey of the well-groomed appearance, the natty waistcoat and the slight greying of the hair at the temples and, of course, the "Ronald Colman" moustache, portraying, as these things do, the gentleman from the Foreign Office, seems a very different picture from that small boy kicking the tennis ball up and down the street, there is still one thing that has persisted through the years - his truly keen interest in football.

It was, indeed, an unusual occurrence not to find Aubrey, accompanied by several friends, playing football on any and every occasion possible, during the winter days of those now somewhat far away years. Park keepers, policemen and guardians of the playing fields were all defied in their time, and many's

PEN PORTRAITS (Contd.)

the scolding from irate parenthood which was incurred by the more than ample supply of mud clinging to clothes and boots that even a handkerchief and pocket penknife could not wholly remove. Not that we did not change into the correct apparel whenever we could. "Shots in", "all against all" (and heaven help the goalkeeper) and the match, proper, generally saw us equipped in the shirts, school and the boots, football. There was little time for non-essentials, like washing and homework, and frequently the blue pencil comment, accompanied by a low mark, bore witness to an over-zealous regard for the rounded leather ball.

And yet, somehow, we managed to do some work. Unless we did, there were "detentions" - and "dets", as they were called, deprived us of a valued hour's play after school. As far as schools are concerned, to say that Aubrey went to Tollington would not be quite accurate. He certainly spent some part of his schooldays there, but then he also graced the portals of quite a number of scholastic establishments, of which there were several in the Crouch End - Muswell Hill area. All of these attempted, in the varying time at their disposal, to add something to an education which, by the time Aubrey left at the age of sixteen, had come to resemble a somewhat patchwork quilt. But, strangely, since life seems to work by opposites, the poor scholar, inattentive of his books while at school, sometimes becomes, in after years, the well-read, well-informed citizen, able to hold his own with the best of the cognoscenti. So it was with Aubrey. Of course, he has his favourite "hobby horses". Politics, so often eschewn by the English, is one. Foreign politics, European history and several languages (not including the one he uses when he miskicks the ball on the football field!) are others. And, of course, we must not forget the all-absorbing topic of sport - in all its aspects. When Aubrey has the bit between his teeth in an argument in the bar there's no stopping him. Skilful at avoiding the deliberate "plonk", yet never a bore, he puts his point of view amusingly and convincingly. Be the subject sex or Siberia, Spanish fly or Stalin, he is equally at home. To them all he brings the same dry sense of humour, a sense of humour which at once demolishes his critics and amuses his friends. Not that he has many critics - at least, not in the Club. For Aubrey has a manner

which is never offensive - in a day and age when manners have sadly gone by the board, Aubrey retains his sense of the fitness of things - and woe betide anybody who leaves the door open in the bar on a cold winter's night!

Before the war Aubrey worked in several commercial firms, latterly as a "business efficiency expert". Complete with slide-rule, stop-watch and steel helmet (for protection against irate workers) he computed daily in complicated and intricate symbols, understood by few and feared by many. The story that he concealed himself around the factory disguised as a tin of cocoa and then jumped out clicking his stop-watch and shouting "got 'im" is absolutely untrue - it was a tin of beans.

Aubrey, however, did not like being a human stop-watch and after hostilities had ended and everybody had come down to realities once more, he sought a job in the Civil Service. here the timepiece to be contemplated was larger, and on the wall. But England, after the foreign service Aubrey had so recently put in, seemed too humdrum and it was not long before he transferred to the Foreign Office and accepted a post in the legation in Sofia, Bulgaria. This was Aubrey's first venture into Russian controlled territory. Some of us said, soon after he had departed, that we could almost hear the clang of the "curtain" as it descended behind him. We half wondered, I believe, whether we should ever see him again, such was the state of international affairs at the time. However, we need not have worried. Aubrey wrote regularly and appeared to be enjoying himself. Two years later the "curtain" lifted just enough to allow him to scramble underneath - and Aubrey was home again. The time was July, 1950 and in October he was playing football for the Hill once more.

But if you are in the Foreign Service you are, strangely enough, expected to put in some foreign service and so in February, 1952 Aubrey was off on his travels again, this time right into the heart of the Bear's Den - Moscow!! The wires buzzed and the cables whizzed between the capitals of London and Moscow and eventually Aubrey's train rumbled into the station at the latter city and drew to a hissing halt. Aubrey had been studying Russian so that the names of the stations which, like everything else in Russia, are written in music,

PEN PORTRAITS (Contd.)

were at least partially intelligible to him but he could not have mistaken his whereabouts at that moment for, of course, Molotov was there with the red carpet spread out to greet him!

Life in Moscow was not particularly gay for Aubrey. True, there was the ballet and the vodka - and the beautiful Ninotchka and the vodka - and the view of the Kremlin and the vodka - but .... there was not even the comparative freedom of Bulgaria. There in the capital restrictions were many and contact with the natives practically nil. The Russians, Aubrey found, were charming if only one could get the opportunity of speaking to them. They were also more outspoken than could have been good for them had an official ear been within hearing on the few occasions that did occur for such an exchange of views. Aubrey left just before the death of Stalin - and so missed perhaps the most dramatic, and certainly the most illuminating, event of the time. News reached him afterwards of the effect of this event on the Russian people. They, it appeared were taking the death of their beloved "father" with surprising fortitude and it was notable the extreme self-discipline they showed in remaining so very dry-eyed at the passing of such a dear and revered friend and protector. The Russian newspapers carried stories of the thousands upon thousands of sorrowing people who had come to pay homage to Stalin as he lay in state in the Kremlin and although some suspicious Western mathematician calculated that if the figures given were correct then the people must have been going past the bier at something like the speed of Jesse Owens breaking the 100 yards record, this did little to detract from the remarkable nature of the scene and was looked upon merely as subversive Western propaganda.

On Aubrey's return the patrons of the Hill were naturally interested to hear, from first hand, what life was really like in Moscow and many were the pints which were quaffed while Aubrey held an eager audience hanging upon his every word.

One of the things which Aubrey brought back from abroad (No, No, not Ninotchka!) was a coat, beautifully fur lined. This, we found, if worn inside out, enabled the wearer to impersonate Max Miller (or was it Flanagan?) with devastating effect. Aubrey, however, said it was really meant for keeping

(Contd. on page 26.)

TOUJOURS LA TOUR

HAVING BEEN APPOINTED OFFICIAL historian of the Winchmore Hill football tour of last Easter, I feel it encumbent upon me to report, for the enlightenment of our present readers and for the benefit of posterity, the events of that highly interesting and diverting excursion as truthfully and as accurately as it is in my power so to do, holding back nothing that it appears to me should be recorded and being bound only by the limitations imposed by the laws of libel and the honour of a gentleman.

The coach was due to leave the Capitol on Good Friday morning at 7 a.m. So that I shall begin as I mean to go on, let me admit quite frankly that I was myself some ten minutes late. I found, however, that I was by no means the last to arrive. "Red" (described in the official programme as "Ginger") did not appear at all, and it was discovered later that she had forgotten to take the pin out(of her alarum clock). She came on by train. The remainder of the party, altogether some forty strong, were picked up along the route, mostly in the Estate Agents' Mile, which lies between the Capitol and Bowes Road. At one stop a gentleman handed in a food parcel for John Hackett who, presumably, had missed his breakfast in his anxiety not to be late. He need not have worried as the coach by then was at least half an hour behind the clock. Although only half awake the company was in holiday mood, as might have been expected, and the shaven fraternised freely with the unshaven. The ladies, who looked charming and beautiful as always, added the requisite touch of 'Cherchez la femme', 'Je ne sais quoi' and 'Tourjour l'amour'. Hymnsheets were handed round at an early stage by the Head Choirboy and those who could read, read. Later, those who could sing, sang.

Hunger satisfied, John Hackett once again entered the picture, this time as an organiser of a sailing party which was to take place on Sunday morning on the local lake. All who were strong swimmers were pressed into service as also were those who looked (a) not too heavy and (b) likely to float well. A remark drifted over that Sailor Reynolds was dissatisfied with his crew - and this while they were still sober. Your scribe thoughtfully lit his pipe, he wanted time to think about this sailing business. For a few moments nothing happened. Then a chorus of disapproval arose, with some screamingly funny remarks about tobacco etc., etc. I explained patiently that

EASTER TOUR (Contd.)
it was not the smoke that was the danger, but the radio-active dust from the outfall.

In an endeavour to defray expenses, the Club card-sharps and "Con" men now produced cards, dice and so on. After a bout of smooth play the team manager was the winner of a cool "two". Which left him a halfpenny over when he had bought a paper. The inevitable (and in some cases, eagerly awaited) stop was made at a cafe which was obviously a safe harbour for shipping. A control tower manned by look-outs, presumably with machine guns trained on the craft, ensured good order and correct behaviour. After ten minutes break for a smoke and a drink the party was ordered aboard and the coach steamed out into the open sea once more. Heading south west we were soon in Winchester. By now the sun was shining brilliantly and strong enough to cause agony to the most carefully protected hangover. Fortunately, however, the tour had not yet reached that stage. And so on into the dreaming west .... At 11.50 we pierced the outer defences of Poole. We seemed to have taken the garrison unawares for no road blocks or rifle fire were met with and we proceeded calmly and unchallenged into the very heart of the town. The coach distributed us at the "Antelope", the "King Charles" and the "London" hotels and then followed lunch and settling in. The tour had truly begun.

Jean (posted missing) and the motorists, Ron and Connie, arrived together at 1.30. After lunch we proceeded gently to the quay where the coach took us to the games against Longfleet St. Marys. Owing to the lack of rain the grounds were not exactly "Dunlopillo" and a strong wind made things difficult for both teams. Unfortunately the 1st. team lost 7-1 and the 2nds. 5-1. However, at the dance laid on for us at the Antelope by our opponents in the evening, the Hill did much better. Our hosts did us proud and the highlight of the whole proceedings came when a band of cut-throat pirates, led by Alan Ladd, burst into the hall and forced curious clothing on one and all. This was produced from a trunk and caused a great deal of good clean fun. The evening wore on but the effects did not wear off. And so it was with Caesar Reynolds. He made his balcony speech from the mantelpiece but the fender received his body when it fell, presumably struck down by some unseen Brutus. As we left other bodies were falling, like the leaves in Vallambrosa, and

the men only just managed to get the women away before they met a fate worse than losing to Norsemen. The London Hotel were very accommodating afterwards, letting us have our nightcaps without restriction. As we had brought (brought, forsooth! We couldn't stop 'em!) various other bods. which we had collected on the way, this was pretty smooth.

The morning after was pretty much as might have been expected. Pale and interesting faces surmounted trembling and dissipated bodies and breakfast was a mere trick of the imagination. However, the party was due to spend the morning in Bournemouth, "spend" being the operative word. I had never been to Bournemouth before and I must admit that its impact on me was fairly favourable. The town is smart, there is no denying that. It has a civic centre which must have cost the rate payers a pretty penny but no doubt they got it back in other ways. The crowds thronging the streets were a mixture of the aristocracy and the hoi polloi. Our tumbril rumbled into the town and exuded its contents into this human cocktail and the ladies were soon having a good time spending the men's money. It was as well that we were only there for two hours. The Spences nearly missed the coach coming back by being late at the rendezvous but were picked up by great good luck on the way. They explained that they had been to Bobby's to see the boxers. Frankie Thompson and others made certain statements and the matter is now in the hands of our solicitors.

In the afternoon, the Hill made up for the reverses of the day before by winning both games against Wimborne F.C. The 2nd. XI game, put on officially as the supporting feature, was voted first class entertainment. It was won 2-0. The 1st. XI game was also good value for money and resulted in a 4-2 win. Bernard Avent "wuz robbed" of a perfectly good goal by the linesman who flagged a foul.

The evening saw the Hill at it again. This time the excuse was the dance given in our honour by the Wimborne F.C. at the drill hall. This was not, perhaps, such a roaring success as the one of the previous night but it had its moments; when the photographer mistook us for Wimborne F.C., for instance, and only discovered his mistake after he had taken the photographs. There was a certain amount of depression in certain quarters

EASTER TOUR (Contd.)

over the fact that the bar had run out of Guiness (Oliver) and Worthington (Bacon, Spence etc.). However, there must have been some pretty good stuff left on sale, judging by the exuberant and uninhibited behaviour on the coach on the way back. Quite up to Tour standards, I should imagine. Denis Metson's flashlight photos turned out surprisingly well. So well, in fact, that there has been a move in certain quarters to ban the taking of cameras on tour in future.

Sunday morning was a time for quiet reflection and a counting of heads. To their everlasting credit all the attached couples showed up at breakfast, albeit some extension of the breakfast deadline having to be permitted. Fortunately, the land-lord of the London Hotel is an extremely accommodating type and should be good for at least another year.

Down at the "Antelope" where the main body of troops was quartered things were not quite so smooth-running. However, despite some difficulty, on certain nights, in obtaining refreshment to a late enough hour, the Antelopers were well enough satisfied with their billet. The storm had yet to break and the teacup it was to break in was still hanging serenely in an unsullied kitchen. Sunday morning was the opportunity for a sail on the lake or, for the less adventurous and more land-lubberly, a quiet stroll in the park rounded off by a game of putting. One of the sailing boats became stranded on a mud-bank out in the centre of the lake which was, apparently, not very deep anywhere. The keel had been let down too far (meddlesome fingers) by some member of the crew, and the occupants had to abandon ship and take to the boats. Fortunately, Skipper Bain, whose craft it was, maintained iron discipline throughout and no one was killed in the rush. There was some smooth sail-ing put in, however, by various other crews out on the lake and some nimble footwork indulged in by such as "Eggs" Bacon, who neatly wove his wary way up to the sharp end and posed for some while as the figurehead of the Good Ship Something or Other. When I first saw him he was clinging desperately to the mast and wavering unsteadily in the breeze. A daring and dangerous procedure for the "morning after", I felt.

Up on the putting green Ron Howe was the first tourite to hole out in one. His feat was to be equalled subsequently by

at least two others, notably Charles and Kathie, but not until the following day.

Lunch was early, for there was the cricket match against Bournemouth Amateurs C.C. in the afternoon, and the game was due to start at 2 p.m. The organisation, however, was working, as usual, with its smooth efficiency and the coach deposited us at the ground in good time for the start. The weather was rather cold and the sun shone only at rare intervals so that it was not exactly a brilliant day for a first cricket match. Still, it was at least dry, and that was something that would, as things have since turned out, have now been acclaimed as entirely satisfactory. The match was, of course, a serious affair, unlike other games of a similar nature where one type of club plays another at their own game, if you see what I mean. The Hill fielded a strong side; at any rate it looked strong on paper, but something must have gone wrong somewhere because, despite the fact that Bill Oliver was scoring, we still lost. Jimmy Bryce did well as a bowler, taking four out of the six wickets that fell but the home side gathered some 130 runs before declaring. After tea (two bob a head for that! "We wuz robbed!") it was the turn of the Hill to bat. Unfortunately, however, no one made much of a stand and one or two "run outs" including Howard Felton, did not help.

The chill of the evening drove your scribe to seek shelter up in the score box. Here the Oliver was having a tough time. Fortunately, though, he had a bright schoolboy as his co-scorer and the books were finally made to balance by some skilful cribbing. Mind you, it probably did not help having his concentration impaired by the chatter of the "cuckoos in the nest", for by this time the score box was crammed out with various birds seeking warmth. Lansbury and the Parsons occupied the top shelf whilst the Eggs and I were perched precariously on the platform. One or two other birds flew in and out at intervals making a draught which, if it did not add to our comfort, at least helped to clear the air of some of the smoke.

The match closed when the last Hill wicket fell when still well short of the total required and with a good 15 minutes still left to go. However, Bournemouth Amateurs are no pushover so we did not feel too depressed.

The game over and the party once more encoached, thoughts

EASTER TOUR (Contd.)

turned to food. Having cancelled our evening meal at the hotel we sought supper in Poole. We found a restaurant alright but owing to the smallness of the serving staff and the largeness of our party much valuable drinking time was lost in consequence. However, we managed to get back to base in time for an hour or two of serious business. We found that the London Hotel had put up the shutters to guest visitors so all gate-crashers, camp followers and edge-of-the crowders were excluded - except Lansbury who can, of course, always get in anywhere.

Down at the Antelope things were buzzing. The boys were making their last evening last, and felt no inclination to end the proceedings even if the management desired them to do so. Believing in the adage that History Is Made At Night, every Anteloper was determined to be a historian. Some time during the early hours, although it was not established, even in the investigation that followed, exactly when, some dervish (or dervishi) got loose in the hotel kitchen and spread ruin (in the shape of the contents of the stockpot and of about two tons of custard powder) on the walls.

When your faithful scribe arrived at the Antelope on his tour of inspection the following morning, there appeared to be a certain amount of tension in the air. Rather like the atmosphere must be when a murder has taken place. Two women of the management passed by metaphorically clawing the air and in their eye a wild surmise. Up in the dining room Eggs and Lansbury acquainted me of the facts. Further up still, in the eerie where Oliver slept, I found small groups who acquainted me of more facts. As to the how and the why and the wherefore there appeared to be two theories. The first, that of the management, that the guests did it. The second, that of the guests, that the management did it. The upshot of this was that we paid for the damage. However, by a stroke of financial genius on the part of our tour organising wizards (Thompson & Co.) we came out of this extremely well. The management were appeased and things finished up on a very happy note. By lunch time everyone was drinking again.

The morning was spent in the park putting and boating, as (go back to page 16. Exciting, isn't it? Like Snakes & Ladders).

WINCHMORE HILL FOOTBALL CLUB

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