Winchmore Hill Football Chat



with Compliments



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Editorial

DECEMBER 1955

THE NEW CUP - AT THE A.G.M. last May it was decided that the Club should apply to enter the London Senior Cup. Our application was successful and we were drawn against Barking in the first preliminary round. This Cup includes such teams as Hendon, Walthamstow Avenue and Casuals, so that only the most optimistic of pipe-dreamers would ever expect that we should win this trophy. However, the odds against our doing so can hardly be longer than those against many other Clubs which enter this competition nor, indeed, of those in many other contests including the F.A. Cup itself. And think how many "giant-killers" have emerged in the past.

By the time you read these words the match against Barking will have been won and lost but whatever the result we, ourselves, are of the opinion that to enter is well worth while. Since the War our record in League and Cup has been excellent but every year it has followed much the same pattern. The reasons for restricting our Cup entries in the past have been sound and well justified by results, but it is a good idea to introduce a little variety into things or we shall be getting into a groove.

THE GUV'NOR - The Guv'nor, as all but our newest members will know, is our Hon. Treasurer, Mr E.O. Wellsford. Quite how he ever became known at the Guv'nor nobody seems to know; the title's

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origin is shrouded in the mists of the past. The term is used affectionately, tinged with not a little respect, for the Guv'nor, despite the fact that it is our money he's after, holds a place in the hearts of all who know him. Indeed, he has been with us so long we feel he ought to be listed as an asset in the Balance-Sheet.

Unfortunately during the last year or so the Guv'nor has been afflicted with deafness. True he wears one of those new-fangled hearing aids (not a patch, of course, on old Granfer's ear trumpet and not nearly so much fun), but as he, himself, has been heard to remark: "These things are excellent - they pick up every sound except the human voice!" It was because of this that the Guv'nor thought he should resign as Treasurer on account of not being able to follow too well what went on at meetings (as if it mattered). However, we soon squashed all that. In very firm tones we told him that we had no intentions whatsoever of losing his services and Tony Bath volunteered to fill in any gaps if necessary. Mind you, being hard of hearing has certain advantages - for instance he will not be able to hear any of those piffling excuses about not being able to pay subs. etc., etc.; but there is one thing he still can hear as well as the next man, so the next time your at the bar.....

"IT'S AN ILL WIND....." Jim Ferriaby's resignation from the position of W.H.C.C. Secretary at the Parent Club A.G.M. last January seemed a bitter blow at the time and a great loss to the Club. However, It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good for it gave us the opportunity of electing Jim, Chairman of the Football Club at our own A.G.M. in the Spring. Since Jim is known to all he needs no introduction, to use a hackneyed phrase, but just the same we would like to take this opportunity of welcoming him as our Chairman and of wishing him a successful and happy term of office.

TO PAGE - A DAUGHTER - Those of you who played in the tough, tingling, tear-away days of Hill football soon after the War, when the 5th XI was just emerging from its cocoon and in encounters with Norsemen all was blood, toil, tears and sweat, may remember one, V. Page, a worthy whose presence added lustre to the ranks of the said 5th XI. Amongst other mighty feats he once scored a goal with a part of his anatomy seldom used for that purpose. Departing amidst the lamentations of his play-mates, he betook himself to regions beyond our human ken, to wit, Banbury. There he started a

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school in an endeavour to spread the word of wisdom and learning to the backward peoples of those territories. Having taken unto himself a wife, at some brief interval between German phrases and Latin verbs, he in due course has been presented with a daughter named Helen Margaret, and it is our great pleasure to communicate to him and his wife Elsa the congratulations and best wishes of all members.

EASTER NEWS - The 1956 Easter Tour will be in East Anglia. Arrangements have been made and fixtures fixed with the Ipswich and District League. There will be six matches played - two on each day, except of course on the Sunday. At the time of going to the press hotel accommodation has yet to be booked but it is expected that we shall be based on Ipswich, Felixstowe having proved impracticable. Tourites will look forward to breaking new ground and certain of the more exuberant members new windows, no doubt. More detailed information will be available shortly, we understand.

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FIRST ELEVEN.

THE SKIPPERS SUM UP

Being a ghost writer has certain disadvantages; a fact that was brought home quite clearly to us almost as soon as we started work on these notes. The task of transforming Ian's notes into the sort of thing our readers have come to expect of us - smooth, delightful stuff, packed with action and brimful of humor and wit - was, from the start, obviously going to be no easy matter. Not because the aforesaid jottings were not up to standard, nor yet because the writing was difficult to read, but because it is always a great disadvantage to have to write something which one has not actually witnessed oneself. However, this is usually the lot of most historians - did Macaulay plead such excuse when writing his "History of England"? Or Gibbon his "Decline and Fall"? Not a bit of it: they went right ahead and churned out the stuff regardless so then would we. Whether or not the resulting potage is a mess, you, the reader, shall be the judge. Without more ado, therefore, let us plunge into our history.

The 1954/55 Season began with "Friendlies" against Old Brentwoods and Old Stationers. Ian's notes do not tell us the results, but they were scarcely important, for friendly games at the beginning of the season are mainly muscle loosenèrs. David Callwood, anyway, was promising on the right wing.

Against Barclay's Bank, which was the first League game, the Hill won 2-1. A rather lucky beginning, the goals coming from Bailey and Callwood. You see, there's that name again - Callwood - the second time it has popped up already, and the season only just started. Perhaps it might be interesting to give the team as it was in the beginning: Harvey, Pearl, Burrett, Felton, H., Wiseman, Cheek, Callwood, Harper, Bailey, Bedford, Metson. Before the end of the season there were to be the inevitable changes, but it is surprising to note that with only three exceptions this was the side that appeared in the last games.

The very next week, tragedy struck. Bailey broke a collar-bone

and was out of the game for six weeks. Fortunately this did not trigger off a succession of team-shattering injuries as has happened only too often in the past, yet in the next League game the team dropped its first points, drawing 1-1 with A.P. The following week two more points were cast willy-nilly into the S.A.L. dust-bin. This was the result of bad play by most of the team with the possible exception of Alan Wildman, a recruit from Leytonstone. With the arrival of this ex-Senior Footballer, everyone began to behave better and talk nicely. That this was made easier by the absence of Denis Metson who was ill is, of course, an absolute libel.

We could not keep it up. The next week we were back to normal. We won against Old Parks and the behaviour reverted to type! J. Pearl was injured yet scored from the wing. Against Civil Service Bill Brooks returned to the side at left-back and played a good game. Len Harper's goal later in the match gave the Hill both points.

In the games that followed, points came fairly freely. Various players from the reserves made their contribution to the first team's prowess - Bernard Avent at back, Gill in goal and Brian Felton or "Paddy" Wilson on the left-wing. Many were the incidents, too numerous to record here, which took place and then - almost before we realised it - the Cup games were upon us. Drawn at home to Ilensbury in the second Round, we almost went out straight away. After magnificent play in the first half, when we were leading 1-0 from a goal headed in by Harper from a Callwood corner, the Hill faded and Ilensbury scored 2 within a minute. This was a quarter an hour from the end. When Wildman chased a forlorn hope and turned it into a goal to equalise in the last minute, the relief could be felt all over the ground. In extra time, the Hill, Cup nerves forgotten, slammed in two more to put the issue beyond doubt. But - phew! - it was close.

Aquarius, the Metropolitan Water Board Side, were our next opponents in the Cup and the result was a win for the Hill 3-2, once more in extra time. Contrary to previous popular belief, the game was not played on a reservoir. Perhaps people are confusing it with another ground on which we play where sometimes the state of the pitch might create that impression!

In the game against Borough Poly the following week, three things occurred of note: 1. The Hill won 3-2 after being 2-0 down at

half-time - a great recovery: 2. Denis Haskow, another ex-Senior footballer (Barnet), made an appearance in the side for the first time: 3. Bedford was injured again. However, the forward line was playing well and it looked as if the coming of Haskow might not be without its effect. This was borne out, subsequently, by the fact that Denis made the outside-right position his own.

A fantastic victory over Norseman to the tune of 4-0 cannot go without mention. Wildman scored two great goals and Harper and Met-son completed the tally. We also scored heavily in the bar afterwards, the night becoming beautiful with smg. The return game at home was duly lost 0-1. Out-tackled by the rugged Norsemen defence, our forwards could not get going and failed to score

Another Cup game was won against Walpole 3-1 and we were in the semi-final again. The news that we had been drawn against Polytechnic was taken calmly. They were an unknown quantity. Later we were to discover that they had unexpected quality too. For, in a game which was a shambles of football as far as the Hill was concerned, we lost 1-0 and kissed the Cup good-bye for another year.

But in the League things went well enough. Nine points from the next six games clinched the matter and brought the Championship to Winchmore yet again.

On checking the attendance record we find Wiseman to be the only player in every game. Haskow and Wildman are now members of great value on the field and in the bar. Prospects seem fair for the coming season.

Our thanks, as ever go to Sarge for his untiring help and enthusiasm.

SECOND ELEVEN :- The Reserves having been the only team to gain honours in 1953/54 would now in their turn like to congratulate expecially the 1st and 3rd Xl's on their successes of the past season (1954/55). For the Second Xl finished 5th in the Table, having collected 22 points from 22 games with a goal average of 47 For and 40 Against.

In the A.F.A. Junior Cup, after winning the first 2 rounds easily with an aggregate of 19 goals For and 2 Against, we ran up against our old foes Catford, and let it suffice to say that they only scored four.

As League champions we looked forward with confidence to a comfortable win in our opening game against newly-promoted Barclay's Bank. Alas for these high hopes! Our opponents had different ideas and, played good, constructive football, deservedly won 3-0. This, unfortunately, set the standard for the following weeks and it was not until the game against Borough Poly that we collected our first point, nor until the game the following week against Merton that we gained our first victory.

Needless to say, such form was not good enough against such a strong side as Catford who beat us 4-2 the week after. However, this sort of thing was too bad to be true and after our net-shaking victory in the Cup against N.L. Poly 11-0, confidence returned and there followed a run of success, our victims being Norsemen, Pinner, Westminster Bank (twice) and Bankline in the Cup.

It was probably in this period that we played our best football and there were those amongst us who claimed that in our game against Pinner, we touched the footballing heights. It may be merely coincidence but it so happens that it was in this game that Bernard Avent, one of our better-known right backs, sportingly volunteered, at short notice, to play inside right. Ramsey ("Raich" for the day) Avent amazed one and all by finishing the first half with a hat-trick to his credit. This feat ensured his return to right back the following week (or was it Centre-half?).

By now it was Christmas and, although the snow was not falling, some of the seasonal frost seemed to have settled on our Championship hopes. Nevertheless, the goals and the points still came in fairly generous proportions. One of the games in which several goals were

added to our seasonal tally was that against Birkbeck College Owing to Vic (Hidegute) Haskell's late arrival, we played 25 minutes with only 10 men, but this we did to such effect that by the time Vic came on the field, we had 5 goals in the bag. In the remaining 65 minutes we struggled to get one more - winning 6-0.

The run of victories continued well into February until we lost a hard-fought match against Midland Bank at home by the odd goal of 5. This, as so often happens, triggered off a run of defeats, albeit by the odd goal in each case, until a win against Lensbury once again brought 2 more points into the rapidly emptying bag.

The last games of which there were 5, produced only 2 points, but it should be noted that it was not possible to field anything like a fully representative side in any but two of these. The match against Carshalton will probably be remembered, not so much for the game itself, as for the"Wilfred Pickles" embarrassing moment which took place in the pavilion afterwards. There was a social of sorts going on, and one of our members, in an endeavour to get things going, gathered together some 50% of the ladies (three) and brought them over to introduce them to the Hill contingent. The introductions went as follows: "Meet (What was your name?) Mary: and (What did you say your name was?) Ann, and....." The third lady, fixing our friend with a steady and penetrating eye, said, "I'm Mrs. Leader".

Judged by results alone, perhaps a bad season, but not without incident. One remembers Jack Pearl coming to us from the 1st XI. Jack, if now slowing up a little, still managed to make his weight felt. Macneikan, although no Wiseman, was still a smart enough boy at Centre-half and David Williams, unfortunate with injuries, played some good football. One remembers also Ron Carter's brilliant goal against N.L. Poly and David Callwood's display against Borough Poly. Our Wingers, "Paddy" Wilson, Brian Felton and occasionally Geoff Jenkins, when not at inside-forward, had their moments, producing at times the crosses which centre-forwards expect as their right. Ron Howe, always a trier probably proved his ability in this direction when introducing the ladies in the bar at Carshalton.

Jimmy Bryce, the skipper of the side, although natuaally enough not jubilant at the final League position, nevertheless enjoyed

leading the team (particularly into the bar!) and has hopes that with the material available, a strong and successful XI will be built, which may achieve greater success in the present season. In this respect he wished Vic Haskell every success as the new skipper.

Once again our thanks go to Jim Perry.

THIRD ELEVEN - The dominating feature of last season was undoubtedly our run in the A.F.A. Minor Cup in which we reached the final only to be beaten 2-1 by our old rivals Catford Wanderers. Indeed, interest was centred throughout in both Cup and League by the duel between the two Clubs. We were also runners-up in the League, which we might well have won had it not been for vital points dropped in the last few games.

Our very first League match was against Catford, and an extremely hard-fought game, in which the bodies hit the dust in great profusion, resulted in a triumph for the Hill by 2 goals to 1. This was a great start and augured well for the weeks to come. However, in the next game against Ealing, a star-studded side including such giants as Bernard Avent and Tom Ackland only drew 2-2.

In the game against Cuaco away, a late arrival of one of our players gave Dick Scutt, down to play for the 5th XI on the adjoining pitch, a chance to show what a 5th XI player can do in the rarer atmosphere of a 3rd XI game. He took the chance with both feet and put up a creditable performance. Peter Hattrel, fresh to the side, scored a couple of good goals from the right wing. We won 5-2

We were now running smoothly in top gear, for we beat the Norsemen 5-2 the following week. Then came a cup game against West Wickham resulting in a goal rush of 8-3 in our favour. In a friendly against our old tour rivals Wimborne, our lively forward line consisting of Hattrel, David Williams, John Hackett, Geoff Jenkins and Derek Englefield notched up 11 goals to our opponents' 2. We eased up a bit at the end to save a little something for the dance!

Against Barclay's Bank we had the rather doubtful pleasure of playing on the centre pitch. Doubtful because of the dreadful nature of the elements. It rained and blew continually throughout the game, completely damping the ardour of the capacidy crowd who withdrew to the comparative comfort of the nearest telephone-box.

THE SKIPPERS SUM UP - continued

The only consolation was the two points we gained from our 1-0 victory.

In our next Cup game which was against Old Tiffinians, who unfortunately had only 10 men, we had to fight hard to win. The score up to near the end was a mere 2-1 in our favour, but against a tired opposition a further 2 goals were scored making the issue beyond doubt. An evening of liquid enjoyment followed in the bar culminating in a crescendo of cultural song. This was provided, as ever, by the Winchmore Hill Male Voice Choir of John Potter, John Hackett, Bill Kobbell, John Badkin, Old Uncle Tom Ackland and Hall!

We now proceeded triumphantly into the New Year resolved that our struggle against Catford in the League should continue in our favour. We were on top with a reasonably good lead and hoped to keep there. However, our first game in 1955 was in the Cup against Civil Service and the effects of our previous evening's celebrations were, unfortunately, all too evident. Even so, we managed to draw 3-3, and won the replay 2-1 at home.

Owing to a game being scrubbed on account of the weather, our next game was also a cup-tie. In a sea of mud at Norsemen we won 1-0, MacMeikan playing with terrifying effect at centre-half, blasting a mud-coated ball up and down the field, a feat most worthy of mention since most people found it difficult even to move themselves at any speed. Bernard Thompson, another mud-lark, scored the winner close to time. We then secured six very necessary League points from Cuaco, Borough Poly and Norsemen to keep us on top of the League, and entered the semi-final of the cup versus Admiralty Reserves, in very confident mood. A most vocal car-load of our supporters completely out-gunned the Navy, for after a masterly display in goal by Bill Kobbell, we won 2-0. This took us through to the final for the first time since 1949.

Injuries forced several changes in this winning side the following week against Barclay's Bank, by our only managing to draw. A promising newcomer to the side, Ian Bedford, did quite well in his first appearance for the team and may go far.

Suddenly, without warning, the final of the Cup was upon us. It was played at the Ibis ground on a cold, blustery day and some of the chill must have got into the players for the standard of

play fell below that to be expected from a game with Catford Thus the match which we had been building up for the whole season, in which by an extraordinary trick of fate the two strongest Clubs did not meet until the final, was somewhat of an anti-climax as far as the actual football was concerned. On the day, however, there was no doubt that Catford was the better side. They scored twice, once in each half, whilst the Hill got a consolation goal towards the end. So the Cup went to Catford for the third year in succession. It will <u>not</u> happen again we solemnly swear!

With this our fortunes changed and we lost our first league game of the season to Lonsbury on March 19th. In the past five weeks team changes were many and twenty-seven different players, including five different centre-halves, appeared for the team. Therein undoubtedly lies the reason for our stumbling at the final fence.

Of those not so far mentioned, Ron. Evans, Stan Bell, Jack Peacock and John Badkin were consistently useful in defence.

It was a great disappointment that a season in which the team had played so well was not productive of any honours but nevertheless there were many good games to look back on. May the 1955/6 season bring us the success which this year was so nearly ours.

<u>FOURTH ELEVEN</u> - Whilst we can hardly expect to enthuse over our final league position, the season certainly contained one or two bright spots. The best probably being our 6-2 victory over the undefeated Norsemen early in November.

We started the season on a somewhat low note, going down 4-0 to Catford in the opening match but recovering to some extent with a 5-2 effort at home against Ealing. A couple of odd-goal defeats against Borough Poly and Crouch End Vampires made it appear that we would really be struggling by the end of the season. But the following week saw our forwards go to town; they smacked 8 into the Cuaco net in spite of our defence's determined attempts to make a game of it by conceding four. Flushed with success, we then entertained Norsemen. Our lively forwards took full advantage of the soft ground and a crop of goals from Maurice Jaynoy, David Carter and Peter Hattrell enabled them to net 4 of the 6 before the interval. It should be added that the defence, taking its cue from Frank Thompson at left-back, never gave our opponents an inch.

Sad to relate, our return fixture the following week saw the Norsemen thirsting for revenge and they managed to adjust the balance by winning a hard-fought game by the odd goal.

Of the remaining games, the most memorable, unfortunately, was our third round in the Novota Cup against Polytechnic. There was very little in it at half-time as the score of 2-1 shows, but in the second half our defence had no answer to Poly's fast-moving attack. Three goals in as many minutes (or so it seemed) put the issue beyond doubt and although the final score 6-1 was a little hard on us, we had the consolation of knowing that we were beaten by a side playing extremely good football.

Throughout the season "The Old Gang," of Lansbury Moore Barrett and Reynolds performed in sterling fashion and newcomer Dick Scutt has proved an invaluable member of the team both on and off the field. Dai Evans making his initial appearance for the Club in our side soon won deserved promotion.

Of the team as a whole one must commend Jayney for his consist performances first at outside-right and then centre-forward. He also well- earned his eventual promotion to the third team. Towards the end of the season players Bernard Fuller, John Romaine and Jack Taylor were introduced into the side and ultimately gained permanent places in the forward line. Brian Flower deputised admirably for Sid Lansbury against Cuaco whilst Ian Gibbs also performed creditably. Both he and Laurie Jay need only a little more experience before promotion to senior elevens. Without a doubt promise shown by these younger members was the most refreshing aspect of the season's play, and although we did little to write home about this year, we feel sure that with their added experience, and the enthusiasm and team spirit that prevails, we can look forward to the next season with much confidence. Just for the record we played 16 League games, won 6, lost 8 and drew 2. We scored 42 goals against 35.

<u>EIGHTH ELEVEN</u> - Season 1954/55 began by our meeting old friends Alexandra Park and the Hill's 5th XI recorded a 2-1 victory which later on in the year was to help them to the top of the table They eventually finished third in the League.

Until the beginning of January we were in the very comfortable position of having lost only one game, this being against the newly promoted Polytechnic by 4-3. It was in this game that Ian Bedford was having a run-out after an illness but like many new-comers to our side, he unfortunately did not make the grade and had to be dropped to the 1st XI the next week. Thanks for trying, Ian.

In the early part of the New Year we had our first and last Cup game against Borough Poly 4th XI away. They proved just that little bit too strong for us and we went down fighting to a 4-1 defeat. We wish this season's 5ths better luck. As the year progressed our position became stronger but in the game against Old Parkonians away, we were beaten 4-3 after being 3 goals up for most of the game. We were getting a little too confident and were taught a lesson.

The greatest victory was the League game against Borough Poly, the score being 10-4. They improved later, however, and in the return match held us to a 4-4 draw.

To conclude, we feel that from the team's point of view, the season was successful and although the inevitable rota system forced severe team changes most were satisfied with the side's final League position.

SIXTH ELEVEN - As in previous years the side consisted of Old Timers, enthusiastic youngsters and types making a come-back. The Old Timers, if they did not last 90 minutes on the field, lasted considerably longer in the bar, ably assisted by the younger David and Ron Webb, Colin Brookman, David Beagent and Dick Levet, etc., several of whom did not disgrace themselves when called to the 5th XI; young Jack Taylor played a number of games for the 4th and showed promise for the future. The come-back of Don Ashby and M.W.G. Pryke were all successful, the former reaching the 5th and Micheal having at least one game for the 3rds. The captaincy of the XI changed hands several times during the season, a fact that can be put down to evasive action, injury, promotion, old age, the alcoholic content of the blood stream or a combination of all five.

The goal-keeping, whether trying to stop an avelache or watching one at the other end, was of a high order. During the



HOCKEY



THE SEASON 1954/55 was undoubtedly one of outstanding achievemen for the Hockey Section. As will be seen from a glance at the re given below, the 1st XI had the remarkable record of playing 23 without defeat.

The 2nd XI also had a good season and although they did not quite match the 1st XI's record, suffering defeat on some six occasions, they did, in the same number of games, score more goa viz. 118; which works out at just over 5 goals per match! (Bully for you 2nd XI, in fact, bully-off for you! Ah, yes, we know ou hockey terms, we used to play the game ourselves once and it sticks. No. This is not a mis-print. Ed.)

If the 3rd XI's record appears rather unexciting it is only that it does so by comparison with those of the 1st and 2nd XIs. Judged by itself if is a good record and one with which most tea would be more than satisfied. If a side can win more games than it loses (quite apart from those drawn) it would finish up in th top half of the majority of league tables.

Even the "A" XI, although differing greatly as to personnel from week to week, managed a very respectable result-sheet. (Obv (Obviously this game is doing you girls a lot of good, judging by your excellent "figures" at the end of the season. Ed.)

Season's results were as follows:-

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XI	23	19	4	-	114	39
2nd XI	23	14	3	6	118	67
3rd XI	20	10	2	8	94	68
"A" XI	5	3	1	1	19	12

The 1st XI are to be congratulated on winning the County Championship for the first time. This interesting event which might well be considered the high-light of the Club's hockey year was held

in March and, as is customary, at Worthing. For the benefit of any of you who are not conversant with the procedure at these tournaments, a word of explanation may not come amiss. Briefly, the teams taking part (34 this year) are placed in Sections in which each team plays all the others in that section. Since this takes place all on one afternoon the games are of short duration but very hectic while they last. The four winners of each Section (worked on a points basis) play off semi-final and final.

Next year we hope that it will be possible to take a 2nd XI also to the tournament. The Thanet Festival held at Ramsgate in April is always great fun. This year thirteen members (fortunately not unduly superstitious) attended and played four games, two of which were won and two lost. Since there is a dance on the Saturday evening and most of the girls played in all four games you can imagine that there is not much spare energy left by the time they get on the coach to return on Sunday evening Nevertheless, it is an enjoyable week-end and it is to be hoped that more of our members will consider going on future occasions. (This puts our Football Tour to shame! We thought that playing three games in four days over Easter was good going until we heard about this. Ed.)

Prior to trials, 1954, six pre-season training evenings were well attended and on the last one Mr. Bedford kindly gave us a tactics talk.

Club trials were held at our first meeting in October and the following week we were fortunate in having Miss Ann Morrison, Middlesex and South Reserve, here to coach us. From the many opinions voiced in the changing room, the coaching was both interesting and beneficial to all who took part.

With 15 new members we were able to run a 4th team (called and "A" XI) mentioned already. This was composed of members who would otherwise have been on rota from the 2nd and 3rd XIs.

In October several members took part in the Wallington Tournament. Internationals, both past and present, played in all teams and valuable experience was gained from them.

Once again Middlesex used our ground for Final County

Trials, and on this occasion Sylvia Lowing and Margaret Coleman were selected to play for Middlesex 2nd Xl. On the same day, but at St. Leonards, Pat Springham was selected to play for Sussex 1st Xl. In the New Year, Pat Springham and Margaret Coleman, representing their respective Counties, took part in the Inter-County Tournament held annually at Worthing. Our congratulations to Pat who was selected as a further reserve for the South and also gained her County Colours.

It may be possible to arrange an exchange visit with Amsterdam at Easter . If it comes off this will be a new and exciting adventure (Aha. So that's where the girls go, is it? We can see we shall have to talk to you all like a Dutch uncle before you leave. Ed.)

THE SKIPPERS SUM UP - Continued

Sixth XI Report

earlier part of the season, Eddie Leigh kept until his daring personal battle with centre-forwards' boots finally laid him low; after this 'Careless' Tulk with his cry for Gum and Orange after a game, took over.

The main goal scoring for the season was divided fairly equally between Ron Webb, Don. Ashby and M.J. Bryke It is untrue that Michael's goals did not exceed the number of run-out incidents he was involved in later in the year.

Another personality who joined us early in the season was Jim Biss who, until he was injured, was worth all of the two Orange luxury Coaches we gave for him.

Our record on the face of it does not seem particularly outstanding, but a great deal of enjoyment was had and on occasions some very good football was played. The two Horsemen games of course were ding-dong. At Edmonton a last minute goal by Webb gave us a 5-4 win when perhaps a draw was the true result However, the horsemen got their revenge on Boxing Day when a 3-2 win made it all square. The original return fixture was off, due to a snow-covered ground

Early in the season we visited by Biss/Parsons Coach Co., Old Brentwoods, and after being behind by a first minute goal we drew level through Bryke - only to go on and lose 11-1 Still, to keep our goal average neat and tidy, Westminster Bank were defeated the following week 10-1

A close game with Scotland Yard gave us a good draw and it is untrue that Tulk was found hanging handcuffed to the crossbar 2 hours after the game.

The best footballing sides yet were obviously the 16 year old Northern Polytechnic team, when we went

down to by 6-0 and away 6-1. But we were not disgraced; a much higher Winchmore side could only concede one goal loss than we had done.

The hat trick of the season was scored by John Spence against Westminster Bank his rival firm. It was described by Aubrey Gleed as the most smooth and polished thing he had ever seen, until it was pointed out that they were all scored with John's foot.



Uncle Ben's Corner

DEAR UNCLE BEN,

I'm in one hell of a fix. To say that I'm up the creek without a paddle would be an understatement - more like the "QUEEN MARY" up the Solent without a rudder, I should say.

If only I weren't so keen on Polly. Polly is my girl-friend, we've been going strong all summer and now that the football season is here I thought I had better tell her that I should not be seeing her son Saturdays, as I shall be playing down at the Hill. Polly asked me about the football and the Club and everything and then she looked at me and said "I suppose you're in the 1st Xl, aren't you?" As a matter of fact I'm not. I'm not even in the 2nd Xl, I'm in the - well anyway it's not the 1st But somehow I didn't like to tell Polly that. She's so beautiful and - and - well, you know, a fellow likes to shine a bit. So I didn't tell her I wasn't in the 1st, although, of course, I didn't <u>actually</u> say I <u>was</u>. I just left the matter open, so to speak. But there's no doubt that Polly took it that I was And that's where I'm in a fix. Because as soon as I said I would not be seeing her on Saturdays, she said: "OH well, then, I'll come down and watch you play " Heck. Right in it; up to the cross-bar. So, please Uncle Ben, what do I do now?

Yours defl ıtedly,

R.I. Tinnitt.

Dear R.I. Tinnitt,

You've certainly got yourself in a mess,

haven't you? No doubt you can be excused on the grounds of youth but you have, in fact, committed a major error in line-shooting, i.e. never shoot a line about something which can easily be disproved.

Now, if you had said you were a school-boy International but owing to an injury you played in a lower XI so that you could take things easy you would probably have got away with it. In fact, this well might be your best solution even now except, of course, leave out the school-boy International bit. No sense getting yourself in deeper. The only snag is your girl-friend might want to know all about the injury you are supposed to have and that could lead to complications.

If you have plenty of spare cash to sling around you could, of course, bribe your way into the 1st XI. It must be possible because obviously some of the 1st team did not get there on merit; anyone in the 2nd XI will tell you that. But it will, no doubt, be expensive, there are so many of them to be squared. They all drink pints and will drink double shorts at the drop of a hat. So that way may not appeal to you.

Well, there you are, not a great deal of help probably, but the best I can do.

Yours doubtfully,

Uncle Ben.

P.S. A thought has just occurred to me. I hardly like to mention it really, but desperate situations require desperate remedies. Why not tell her the truth? U.B.

Dear Uncle Ben,

I am still very much a playing member of the Club and although I have, now, quite a few years football behind me I am looking forward to plenty more before I hang up my boots.

The trouble is that several years football is not the

only thing I have behind me; or in front of me for that matter. You see, of late I have been bothered with increasing weight, and quite apart from its effect on my football, there are the remarks of the chaps, some of whom never have any compunction about poking fun. Such quips as: "Look, they're not only scraping the barrel this week, they're playing it" may be funny enough to those that make them, but they hurt. Also appellations such as "Fatty", "Lardy" and "Good old Porky" have become all too common of late.

Hoping you can help me,

I am,

Rotundly yours,
I.M. Pearshaped.

Dear Pearshaped,

I have often given advice on this subject and have seen some surprising results. In one rather unfortunate case the slimming treatment recommended worked so well that the chap concerned was not regognised by his Club-mates. He took the treatment in the summer and when he turned up at the beginning of the football season he was so thin that they would not believe he was the same chap. He had previously been a 1st XI player but they made him start again from scratch in the 6th team. Not only did he look different, his play was not the same. Whatever the reason was we may never know, for the poor fellow is no longer with us but somehow his skill seemed to have largely disappeared with his poundage. He never even made the grade to the 5th XI. Heart-broken, he gave up football altogether. This made him fat again and he thought that once more he would try his hand at football (if that's the right expression). But it was too late. Instead of a football all he could see was a large green lizard and every time he tried to kick it it bit him on the leg. Once he did catch it a good hard one but the goal-keeper was so annoyed at receiving a large green lizard in his face that he had to pack it in after that. He was so fed up with soccer that we understand he said he would never have anything to do with the game

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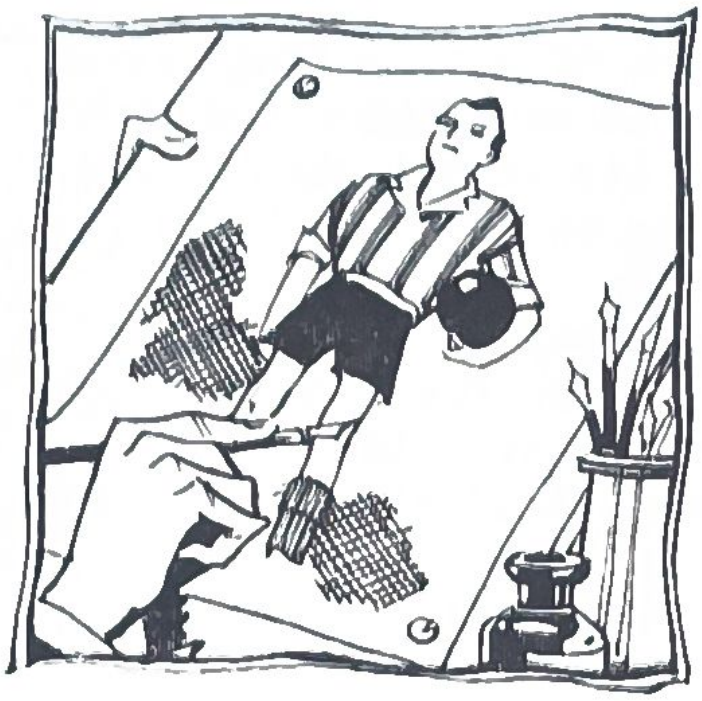

PEN PORTRAITS

PHILIP IAN BEDFORD -

THE DIFFICULTY ABOUT WRITING a pen-portrait of Ian Bedford for a football magazine is that so much of Ian's sporting background is concern with Cricket. And mentioning Cricket during the football season is like showing a red rag to a bull with some people - just try it in the bar sometime. But to ignore the Cricket angle would be like saying that Marilyn Monroe has beautiful hands. So if this irks some of you orks, we are sorry

Ian was born in Friern Barnet in 1930 which makes him 25, although the way things are going, by the time you read this he may well be older. He went to school at Woodhouse Secondary (now Grammer - they introduced the grammer after he'd left) where he played for the School 1st XI at both football and cricket. He also got to be Head Boy - which only goes to show what you can do if you live near School and are never late. Strngely enough, for a boy so interested in sport, his scholastic achievements were quite considerable and besides being a useful "each way" bet for form placings, he passed Matric, and several subjects in Inter-B.Sc. This was all the more praiseworthy because he only switched to Science during his last two years.

From an early age it was obvious that Ian was going to be interested in ball games. He always had a tennis ball, either kicking it around or practising bowling and various grips. Although now a slow bowler he began by bowling fast. His career as a slow leg-break bowler began when he was roped in at the age of 12 to play versus the local Home Guard. Things went so badly (so Ian says) that he was called upon to bowl, and started by slinging them down as fast as he could. The batsman just stood and, with infuriating calm, slammed him to the boundary.

In desperation (and almost in tears), Ian decided on a change of tactics. The fifth ball of the over he tossed up a slow leg-break and bowled him. He got the next batsman, too, and his final analysis was 7 for 43. After that he was a slow bowler and spent all his spare time practising, mostly in his back garden - which is why the Bedford's haven't a proper garden but a cricket net. He also used his two sisters as batsmen (no pads, poor girls) in which he was fortunate: we never found any real use for OUR sisters at all.

Ian joined the Air Scouts while at school and at 15 the local branch of the Air Training Corps wanted him to join (have you guessed? Yes - so that he could play cricket for them), but he was too young except for the band. Ian thought perhaps he could play the drum, but there were too many drummers already, so he was given a flute and told to get cracking on that It was nearly a week before he could even get a squeak out of the thing, but he eventually managed 'Robin Adair". From then on it was "Robin Adair' for breakfast, dinner and tea at the Bedford's while at band practice and on parade Ian cleverly mimed marches. He couldn't expect them to play "Robin Adair" all the time. It served its purpose, however, for Ian played for the A.T.C. at Lord's against the Naval cadets

Ian had been to Lord's before, though not in a match. A Finchley schoolmaster took him there and introduced him to Archie Fowler, the head coach, who arranged a bowling session at the nets. Both G.O. Allen and R.W.V. Robins gave him help and advice, and he played for Middlesex 2nd XI versus Surrey 2nds. The summer of 1946 saw Ian playing regularly for Finchley Cricket Club and then in July 1947 came the long-awaited and eagerly hoped-for invitation to play for Middlesex. The game was against Essex and although he was included for the experience and not expected to bowl, the Fates determined otherwise, bowl he did and his efforts were rewarded by invitations to play infurther games. With the disappearance of his initial nervousness, Ian began to enjoy his exploits in the County Cricket arena - especially as Middlesex were fighting for the Championship. He was awarded his County Cap in 1948.

An early desire to go to University was stifled by a period in the Forces, and deciding against a professional cricketing career, which was his for the asking, he chose a job in which he could get around and meet people. The advertisement in "THE TIMES" read" . . qualified in Engineering; public school; fond of sport; sense of humour". As he was successful, it is only right to assume that

he qualified on the strength of the last two "Your aren't at all what we want really" said the Manager of the Engineering and Building Supplies firm. Nevertheless the letter arrived shortly after offering to take him on Ian seems quite happy with his job, even although it isn't one of those sportsman's sinecures - plenty of time off for cricket.

Before leaving the Cricket part of Ian's pen-portrait, one incident at Finchley is worth recording. Bedford Senior was umpiring and Ian was bowling from the same end. A confident appeal from Bedford fils was met with an even more confident "NOT OUT" from pater. Ian then bowled a real wrong 'un right on the batsman's pads and plumb in front of the wicket. Another confident appeal from Ian "HOW'S THAT - DAD?" Well, Ian played for many well-known Cricket sides and will no doubt play for many more for his cricket ability is still undimmed.

So much for Ian the Cricketer, but we must not fail to mention that he also plays football. He came to Winchmore Hill in the 1950/51 season. His father, Bill Bedford, his sisters Jean and Myrtle were all in the Cricket Club already and, of course, Mrs Bedford has long been a tower of strengh on the Catering side After playing for some time in the 2nd Xl, Ian made the grade in the 1st Xl with the twilight of the former gods. Although he does not look fast on the field, Ian has the knack of making the opposition go the wrong way, thus giving him room to move and make use of his ability to find the open spaces. Either at inside-forward or half-back Ian can, on his day, inspire the side in the way a Captain should. Unfortunately, he has suffered a great deal from injuries these last two seasons. May we express the hope that his speedy recovery will mean his return soon to his rightful place in the 1st Xl.

CHARLES BURRETT -

SHOULD YOU HAPPEN to be on the ground of some S.A.L. Club where our 1st Xl is playing away one Saturday afternoon, you might be a witness to what is a somewhat astonishing sight. Into the car-park will pull a car - or rather a shooting brake, jallopy, call it what you will - and out of it before the wheels have stopped turning will pour bodies, bodies and still more bodies. This is the 1st Xl. They tumble out of their conveyance rather like coloured paper whipped by a wand out of the conjuror's hat, seeming-

They are followed by several spectators and even one or two ladies. They stretch themselves to ease their aching limbs and surge off to the changing rooms or the touch-line. Lastly, there will emerge from behind the wheel a young man of medium height, pleasant appearance and black wavy and rather unruly hair. This is the hero of our story - Charles Burrett.

As most of you will know, Charles was for two seasons the Club Skipper. He eventually relinquished the job as he found he had not the time to attend meetings, etc. Although the Hill reached the final in the A.F.A. Senior Cup twice while he was its leader, the team met with only partial success sharing the Cup with H.M.S. Daedalus in 1953. However, as half a loaf is better than no bread, both the Club and Charles must feel grateful to the Fates for according us even that mere crump for comfort. Nevertheless, our erstwhile Skipper is as keen on the game, win or lose (as long as we don't lose too often) as ever. But whatever the outcome of a match Charlie can always be relied upon to give of his best for in his long Soccer career he had played in many types and classes of football. In order to see just how varied that career has been let us go back to the beginning and follow Charles' football fortunes from those early days when, even in his pram, you could see he was going to be a dribbler.

Charles was born in the old-world village of Islington on January 10th 1920 and moved to Lambeth at the early age of 5. We do not know whether Islington is within sound of Bow Bells but Charles claims to be a genuine cockney and can sometimes be heard using the vernacular in moments of stress and high tension. When 9 he went to live at Potters Bar and to attend school at Minchenden in Southgate. Why this should be we cannot imagine except to suppose that Minchenden must have been the nearest scholastic establishment where a chap could be sure of getting some decent football. At Minchenden he gained his colours playing at right-half for the School 1st XI and it is interesting to note that one of his team-mates was none other than that well-known referee Ron (Dia) Evans.

Charles left school at the age of 16 and, like so many of us, went straight into an office. But an office life did not suit him and in 1938 he joined the R.A.F. as a fitter. The fateful year of 1939 saw Charles in France - from the phoney war to the evacuation. Charles' mob came out via Cherbourg a week before Dunkirk bringing with them all their equipment. Charles' service career became quite varied after that. He joined the Bomb Disposal in 1942,

Coastal Command in 1943 on Liberators, and in 1944 went to India as a Fitter/Armourer on torpedoes. In India there was plenty of sport to be had as a relaxation from work. But Charles' account of the sporting programme for a typical week-end sounds more like hard work than relaxation. Here it is: Saturday - Soccer in the afternoon, Rugby in the Evening. Sunday - Hockey in the morning and Cricket for the rest of the day - Phew This took place in Bangalore where, presumably, the climate permits such activity. Personally I would not care to take part in such a jamboree in any climate

In the R.A.F. Charles took part in several representative games playing with professionals on many occasions. In one of these games an all-professional side beat an all-amateur team 1-0; Charles, of course, played for the amateurs. He even played cricket against Australian State-side players at one time.

Charles has one amusing story to tell of his R.A.F. career, although it was not so funny at the time. It happened when he was in Maintenance and he went up in a Defiant on test. It was a warm fine day and Charles was in his shirt-sleeves. The pilot thought he would give the plane (and incidentally his passenger) a thorough test and took it up to 15,000 feet. Charles nearly froze to death.

Charles was demobbed in December 1945 but apparently did not think so much of "civy street", for he went back again and signed on again for the full period of 22 years. However, he bought himself out again two years later and joined his father who had started the Arcade Garage at Wood Green.

Charles missed the sports of which he had so much in the R.A.F. and was soon looking around for a Club to join. Naturally enough he tried Wood Green Town but found this not to his liking. Other Clubs were suggested but finally Macmoikan introduced him to Winchmore Hill.

One sporting achievement in the Services completely unconnected with football was the boxing championship

Charles won when at the Training Establishment at Eastchurch. He fought as a middleweight at 9 stone 3 lbs.; so remember that you japers next time you think of pinching his beer in the bar down at the Hill!

By the way, we nearly lost Charlie's services, at least temporarily, this season because of an accident to his boots. Kathie, Charles' ever-devoted wife, put his boots in front of the fire to dry one day at the end of last season and burnt the toe of one of them. Charles played in them this season and finished the game with a damaged toe! He then had to play the next game in new boots. on a hard ground and with the toe still rather tender!

However, it would take more than that to stop Charles playing football. Indeed, we hope to see him playing down at the Hill for many a long day yet. With people like Stanley Mathews, Bill Kobbell and Aubrey Flood setting such an example, at 35 Charles is still just a chicken!

When I arrived at the "CAPITOL", the rendezvous for the coach party, at ten minutes past seven on Good Friday morning, I noted that the numbers were definitely down on last year. However, I was told that this was because some people were travelling by car, and also because there weren't so many people going. Nevertheless, there were 35 in all including some ladies and one baby!

We left at 7:20 a.m. and various "buds" were collected en route. At the "TRIANGLE" we picked up Oliver and Pryke who we had passed, strolling along, a good 25 minutes late, as if they had all the time in the world. They were greeted with an Olde Worlde "Good morning" which left them in no doubt as to our friendly feelings. More personnel were waiting at "THE COCK", Bowes Road, the "Parsons" having the immortal mind to get his wife to drive him there in the car. Alan Bacon, without whom no tour would be complete, also came aboard at this point, along with other Palmers Greenites.

I shall not weary the reader with a long account of our journey down. Sufficient to say that the usual attempts were made by the card-playing experts both to enliven the journey and to defray the cost of their tour expenses. The usual stop was made at Winchester for "elevenses"; our driver failed to obey (or even perceive) the frantic signals of the "Guard" in the Control Tower as to where to park (it did not matter a bit); our relief when the sun broke through the clouds and, finally, our safe arrival, after a smooth journey, in Poole itself. Perhaps Oliver's remark that the "Poolites" were anxiously watching their radar screens for the first signs of our approach may have been a little pessimistic. Nevertheless, certain it was that the management of the "Antelope" were forearmed if not forewarned. It was noticed very soon, as you shall see, that there was, on their part a definite tendency to be trigger-happy and quick on the draw. It should be explained for the benefit of new readers, that the "Antelope" was the billet selected for the "hard core" of the tour - the tough babies of Winchmore - and it might be likened to the castle in the "Goldilocks" story

more escape-happy prisoners were confined by the Germans during the War.

However, the "Antelope" showed little trace of last year's depredations. All the scars had been obliterated and the custard stains removed. Electric fires had been installed in all bedrooms but we were never in need of their warmth. A warm glow suffused us as we retired at night.

We soon settled in and partook of the usual pre-lunch drinks so necessary to promote a warm atmosphere at table and to ensure that any advantage in football skill against our opponents of the afternoon should be at least partially discounted. The tour, I felt was off to a good start.

The games versus Longfleet St. Mary's were played in the inevitable high wind. The 1st XI won 4-2 and the Reserves lost 2-1

In the evening, there being no dance, we repaired to the bar and began talking-up operations early. There were a few of us in the small television bar at the back of the Antelope being served by Mrs. Cooper, the proprietress. We were doing some smooth talking and our diplomacy, we felt, was beginning to take effect. Mrs. C. was visibly melting and just as the tension was relaxing and we were thinking all would be set for a peaceful start to our stay, there was an ominous tinkling of glass from an upper region. I instinctively froze, my talk half-way to my mouth. A nameless fear, mixed with a horrible suspicion, gripped me. My eye caught Lunsbury's and I read in it the same. thought that was scoring through my own brain. But while we were sitting too appalled to move Mrs. C. was getting mobile. She was out of the bar almost before the last piece of glass had hit the ground outside our window and was up those stairs like a cat up a tree. We very soon learnt the cause of the trouble. It was, as we had expected, Reynolds. He had thrown a waste-paper basket through a window. Pat said that it was

Oliver's fault for not catching it.

There was nothing for it but to clear out until things had had a chance to cool down. We drifted round to the "Crown" and found the tourites residing there were already on good terms with the management. The rest of opening time was spent singing. The band consisted of a pianist, a banjolele and "Clappers" on the bones. A good sound trio but reasonably easy to drown if one sang loudly enough. The young ladies of the bar ("Horsetail" and "Psycho") were in their element serving the lads. The landlord, we could see, was a good type. Later some of us were to discover just how good.

The singing, meanwhile, was immense. Tom Ackland led the way and the body of the hall reared along with him. The piano became red-hot and had to be beer-cooled; the banjo strings were like the hot wires of a phone exchange during a crisis and even "Clappers" had difficulty in preventing his bones from becoming too dry.

The evening's official drinking finished at 10 p.m. (Sunday hours for Good Friday). We had a visit from the local representative of the Law, a Colossus of Everestian height, who only managed to enter the bar by bending double. This man-mountain soon departed, however, and left the field clear for those who wished to claim their rights under the law protecting residents from late-night dehydration. This loop-hole in the law, as the reader will appreciate, only extends to residents of the particular hotel at which the drinking takes place and does not apply to those from other hotels. Thus a certain amount of subterfuge and evasion inevitably creeps in on those occasions. The keen observer at this juncture would have noticed several subterfugians (not to mention evasionists) creeping up the back stairs in a belated attempt to become residents, if only for the night. As it turned out these tactics proved only partially successful; we had to leave soon afterwards.

When we arrived back at the "Antelope" we were informed that there was "nothing doing" alcoholically

speaking. We presumed this was a sort of punishment for the twin crimes of breaking a window and deserting the bar for the whole evening. However, "diplomat" Sarge was despatched to parley with the proprietress, Mrs. Cooper, and such were his powers of persuasion that we were shortly informed that we were to be allowed our "sun-downer" after all.

We filed into the bar feeling a little like naughty school-boys and sat quietly supping our ale until Reynolds came in. Naturally enough, this was the signal for the final curtain to descend, and very soon the proceedings degenerated into a shambles. The Boy Pat hadn't been in the room two minutes before a glass crashed to the floor and a light ale later we all pushed off to bed. There was one incident during this last session which was not without its amusing side. Bill Oliver who had, up till then, been behaving with the utmost decorum (for Bill anyway) was told by Mrs. C. that he ought to know better being a school-teacher. Poor Bill was so surprised that he was almost speechless. The question arose: "Who told her Bill's occupation?" We went to bed not knowing whether we had won the Cold War or not.

Saturday morning saw us at breakfast practically dead on time - or, rather, on time practically dead. However, everyone ate a hearty meal.

The programme was a trip to Bournemouth in the morning and two games against Timborne F.C. in the afternoon. A short time in Bournemouth was spent by some of us in a stroll down the front, a drink of some horrible white-stuff (it was called, I believe, the unlikely name of milk) at a cafe, and finally a bracing climb up a cliff path involving about fifty hair-pin bends.

The climax to the morning came when we embussed on our return to Poole. Being unable to find a place to park, the coach was to pick us up at a spot on one of the main roads. We moreall on time, fortunately, and boarded

the coach at a speed reminiscent of "Keystone Cops" boarding a station wagon in the custard-pie comedies of old. This haste was due to the presence, as luck would have it, of the Chief Beadle immediately in our rear driving an official vehicle. He had a few words with the driver who presumably said the right thing for we were soon under way and heading to base.

Lunch followed and we got away as the first game was due to start at 2 p.m. Another sunny afternoon and a dry firm surface. The team for the reserve game (put on first, as is customary) was a strong one on paper but did not turn out to be so effective on grass. The game was lost 3-1, the first goal caused by a defensive blunder and the other two being good efforts on Wimborne's part. Ken Parsons, in goal, once again did as well as could be expected and had little chance with the three goals that were scored. Light relief was provided by Dick Scutt who, played in the unaccustomed position of outside-left, attempted a terrific centre only to miss the ball completely and fall flat on his face. Ernie Wiseman, on the other wing, made some good clearance into the centre and should go far. For the rest, it could be said that a forward-line composed of defenders was not a success.

The home crowd was quite large and fairly appreciative. The Hill contingent were, by comparison, small but highly critical. We were also noisy and (as we were subsequently informed by a knowledgeable member of the tour) too outspoken and altogether a deplorable lot. Nothing good can be said of us especially O. who was at his worst. Being a member of this band, however, was great fun. I haven't laughed so much for a long time, absolutely abandoned we were.

The 1st XI game was enjoyable enough without being a pulse-quickener. Several changes had been made and the attacks were not so well executed as they could have been Vic Haskell scored a good goal from a centre from Arthur Bailey and Wimborne equalised with a goal caused by our defence being unable to clear even after several attempts.

The Hill flag was hoisted at the mast by Cyril Garbett after a certain amount of delay. Since Cyril's Scout training is probably a bit rusty by now there may have been difficulty with the knots. It would have come as no surprise if the flag had been left on the ground and Cyril had been hoisted to float in the breeze. The sun shone brightly as ever and everyone enjoyed themselves. We returned for dinner and came back for the dance. It was not quite so well attended by the locals as of yore but by the end a good crowd were dancing. This was a Worthington evening. Reynolds wore his laurel crown and drank a new cocktail called Milk Worthington. Several Saracens invaded the hall and after an abortive attempt to set fire to the place were swiftly ejected by "Commando" Sarge. Our musical pair, Ron Howe and Michael Pryke, took over during the interval and regaled us with their party pieces. The water trick worked well in the gents' ablutions and Charlie Burrett got well soaked.

Back at Poole we became engrossed with the problem of where our next drink was coming from. And it was here that the Antelopers ran into some tough opposition. Having failed to penetrate the defence of the "London", the inmates of Colditz returned to their castle without much hope of receiving the welcome Royal. No dice. Reynolds hit the gong and vanished. Several people did go to bed. Sam went off to try the "London" again and I, myself, shot round to the "Crown" when I found several Tourites still going strong. It must have been well into the early hours of the morning before we made our unsuccessful attempt to storm the Bastille ("The Antelope"). All attempts to attract attention, firstly by ringing the bell and secondly by throwing pennies at the windows, proved abortive. Back we went to the "Crown", that haven of the frustrated Tourite, where the landlord had promised sanctuary should it be necessary. It was then that I had my alarming encounter with the hound of the Baskervilles. On entering the wicket gate at the side of the "Crown" I was horrified to be met by a fearsome creature which, barking in a loud and far from friendly manner, launched itself at me as I stood petrified in the opening. Just as it reached me I stepped aside and it

shot on down the road for some 50 yards before it could pull up. Taking advantage of this, I slipped quickly into the house, closing the door quietly and firmly behind me. I spent a comfortable enough night, all things considered. (See my book: "I Shared a Single Bed with Michael Pryke"). We made the annoying discovery the next day that there was an empty bedroom which we had not discovered. Back to the Antelope for breakfast. It transpired that no one at the "Antelope" knew we were locked out. At least, that was their story.

After breakfast I paid a visit to the "London" where I found the main body in good heart and resting quietly in preparation for the continuation of the battle. A visit to the park followed and the hazards of boating with Reynolds were once again undergone, as last year. This time no one got stuck on the mud.

In the afternoon we had a trip to Swanage. Crossing the river by ferry was quite an experience. Up to then I had never really believed in ferries. Driving at break-neck speed down country lanes we duly arrived at Swanage. We soon found the fun fair with its dodgem Cars, etc., Reynolds and "Ace" Haskew were on target on the Rifle Range, but the best side-show was, we noted, the free one, i.e. the comic mirrors. Someone unkindly remarked that they made some people look quite human. Then we drifted back to the coach and returned to Poole.

Sunday night being last night at the hotel all "Antelopers" were warned of expected subversive activities. Drinking once more took place at the "Crown" but it was so hot that "Eggs" Bacon and I decided to take a breather. I took the opportunity of showing him the place where I so nearly met my doom. When trying to pierce the "London"'s defences the night before. In the "London" there was T.V. in the lounge bar so after one drink we returned to the "Crown". We had a good session once more up to about half-past Worthington. Some of the faithful gathered in the back kitchen where a sort of impromptu variety show took place. The "Partridge" Shooter" was tried out for the first time in any back kitchen

and worked extremely well considering.

Up at the "London" a jolly japo was in course of execution. By furtive means an imitation memento of the previous tour was introduced by one of our agents into the wash-basin of a certain tourite whose hygiene is beyond reproach. Unfortunately further details of this incident cannot be released for reasons of security, except to say that the ruse was at least partially successful. We understand that the recipient of those attentions is now looking for the imitation pup responsible.

We returned to the "Antelope" and on the way poor David Callwood had the misfortune to trip and fall flat on his face in the middle of Poole High Street. As luck would have it a policeman was coming down the road at that very moment. Picking David up, we pointed him in the direction of the "London" and gently pushed. He passed the P.C. port to port in fine sailorly style and we learnt subsequently that he arrived safely in harbour with all hands (or was it ON all hands?) Definitely must have been something he ate. Someone said at breakfast he was fearful lest David might have been arrested. "What for?" said someone else. "Drunk in charge of a road, of course", said Reynolds.

When we reached the "Antelope" that night the door was opened by someone whose face was vaguely familiar. We applied the standard query "Who are YOU?" and despite receiving no definite reply were satisfied that he was one of us. However, he informed us that there was, once again, nothing doing, but we discovered that this was actually "duff gen". So we had the unexpected pleasure of a late drink at our home base - more than we had dared to hope. What we had not expected was the sight which met our eyes when we entered the bar. Here, in all his glory, stood none other than Sid Lansbury, SERVING ON THE BAR. We had no idea that the bar rota had been extended to the "Antelope"! Secondly, and even more surprisingly, Mrs C. was sitting there with Sarge ministering to her needs, while over the whole scene hung, like a mantle, an aura of sublime alcoholic bliss. Rightly judging that

ours was not to reason why, we piled in and made the most of it. Ken Parsons tried out his hairdressing act choosing, obviously, the most suitable available subject for tonsorial attention, i.e. none other than your worthy scribe. This over and the floor at last swept we began to wonder if Mrs C. had completely mellowed or whether there might still be trouble to come. Apart from insulting one member of the party and lavishing praise on another, both feats which, previously, we should have thought most unlikely, she seemed disposed to be more

At last we retired to bed. At least, we tried to, but discovered that some zany had got loose in our rooms and torn the whole place to shreds. Wondering vaguely if this was the work of "Wrecker" Reynolds or "Poltergeist" Pryke, or perhaps of something less destructive such as an earthquake or an atom bomb, we quietly and efficiently salvaged what we could of our downy couches.

Further along the passage, tremors could still be felt. Mount Reynolds was having its last spasm before the final all-clear could be sounded.

And then, amongst the dying confusion, a human dervish suddenly appeared; Mrs. Cooper! Lunging out right and left she soon had the Hill forces in a state of near-panic. Reynolds was booted unceremoniously into his room. His protest that "It's a bit thick - kicking the guests" fell on deaf ears. The rest was chaos and quite beyond the powers of your historian to assemble into any reasonable chronological order. Mrs C. falling over a mattress; Michael Pryke cowering, semi-clad, behind a cupboard; the "Gorilla" posed expectant upon the stair, ready, at the drop of a hat-stand to spring (or lumber) to his mistress's aid; and Lansbury, sitting in a yoga-like position on his bed, stoically awaiting the end.

Needless to say, little remained in the morning of the bonhomie which had been built up so laboriously and

and at such cost the previous evening in the bar. Few of us saw Mrs C. None of us said good-bye. We settled our bills in the office and departed, but not before a final clash involved Sarge and Mrs C. over the matter of damages. The only damage we could think of was the broken window, but the management of the "Antelope" showed at last that they had quite a deal of imagination - when it came to the bill.

We made our way to the quay to board the coach. We were due to play Basingstoke in the afternoon and the weather continued fine. We had lunch at a restaurant in Basingstoke. Cyril Garbett did the organising. Michael Pryke dispensed aqua pura in a novel form, pouring it into people's pockets instead of into their glasses. Such jolly japes we are becoming accustomed to, but we must think up some fitting form of reprisal. Something subtle, like hitting him for six with a fives bat.

Arrived at the ground we sorted ourselves out and bought a programme. Our team was listed as a series of numbers, 1-11; we were obviously appearing incognite. I doubt if any of the locals had heard of Winchmore Hill but we gave them a bit of a shock by scoring first. The Hill played hard and well and with the determination to win. Actually, we lost 3-2 but this was due to a couple of defensive lapses. We cheered ourselves hoarse and left the ground feeling ready for our tea. This was at a pub on the by-pass.

Tea over, we adjournedto the bar and the closing operation of the tour commenced. As it turned out it closed for some earlier then others. However, things began well, the first two rounds being "on the house", i.e. the first by Basingstoke F.C. and the second from the remains of the tour"kitty". There was a good crowd and things were going well but it gradually began to dawn upon your scribe that he, himself, was not in such a happy state as the others. Vague interior rumblings foretold of the coming doom and, after a few half-hearted halves, he slid silently out into the night. Some hours later he (or his ghost) re-appeared looking, like Tom Pearce's gray mare,

"ghastly white". This apparition, entering thus unexpectedly upon the heated scene, caused a sudden chilling of the atmosphere Certain members of the fraternity were observed to stop dead in their tracks, glass half-way to mouth, gazing - as stout Cortez of old upon the coast of America - with a wild surmise. The most shaken man in the place, however, was undoubtedly the proprietor. Whether it was at the sight of what has subsequently been described as a walking goalpost or, alternatively, because the"goalpost" , having arrived unsteadily at the counter, asked for the one drink one must never ask for in a pub., i.e. a glass of water, we shall probably never know. Probably a combination of the two. Whichever it was the man was visibly shaken and was seen to give the customers full measure for some time afterwards.

The ghost hovered around for a bit, but as people appeared to be put off their ale by the sight of him and he, being a decent sort of ghost and not wanting to spoil anyone's enjoyment took himself off, vanishing discreetly through the wall. When the revellers were finally persuaded to leave the Bacchanalian scene and the last recalcitrant tourist had been dragged incontinent aboard the coach, the time was somewhat in the region of half-past nine - well past the L.T.D.

Now began the final phase of the journey home. Since your historian had succumbed in such sudden fashion and, indeed, finished the journey curled up on the back seat more or less dead to the world, it is difficult for him to picture for his readers those last moments as the party was carried swiftly through the night towards Winchmore Hill.

Nevertheless, it is understood that the journey was more or less uneventful. Only once did anything happen which interrupted the smooth tenor of my snores; and that was when Pat Reynolds sat on my head. I know then what an anthoap must feel like to be sat on by an elephant.

Eventually the coach reached North London. One by one various members dropped off and with cheery farewells vanished into the night. At the "Capitol" the last remnants of the once mighty host alighted stiffly from their chariot and wondered vaguely how they were to get home. The time was now 12 30 and all public transport had stopped running for some time. Lansbury and I walked down Ford's Grove and as we passed the Car-park at the Hill where Reynolds had left his car, a last wild laugh came to our ears - then silence. We trudged on up the road. The tour was once more over.

UNCLE BEN'S CORNER -- Continued

again. So he became a Spurs Supporter.

Yours,

Uncle Ben.

P.S. I nearly forgot to tell you what the treatment was. Quite simple if you still want to try. Just don't eat anything at all until your weight is right. U.B.

The blank spaces you will find in this magazine represent in total the knowledge of the selection committee (with apologies to Len Shackleton).

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