

FOOTBALL NEWS

CHRISTMAS EDITION DECEMBER 20 1976.

NO 35

EXCITING WIN AFTER HECTIC RESHUFFLES. 11 H HOUR MANAGERIAL NIGHTMARES.

INSTITUTE 5

QUARRYBANK 4

MR COOKE HAD MANAGERIAL NIGHTMARES ON FRIDAY AND MUCH TEAM RE-SHUFFLING WAS NECESSARY. IT WAS ALL WORKED OUT AND THE RESULT WAS AN EXCITING AND VERY WORTHWHILE GAME AGAINST QUARRYBANK WHICH ALL THE SPECTATORS RATED AS EXCELLENT. THE TEAM CHANGES SAW JIMMY TSAI MAKE HIS DEBUT IN GOAL AND FIRST A TEAM GAMES FOR RUTLAND, MADGIN, NAUGHTON, AND CONSTANTINE. PLAYERS RESTED OR UNAVAILABLE INCLUDED PHILLIPSON, CHELLEN, BENNETT, O'SHAUGHNESSY, DIABLE, WARBURTON, HANLON & HALEWOOD. THE NEWCOMERS DID SPLENDIDLY AND A 5-4 WIN WAS THEIR REWARD. INSTITUTE TOOK THE LEAD RIGHT FROM THE START WHEN WITH THE AID OF A DEFLECTION MADGIN FORCED THE BALL OVER THE LINE. REGAN ADDED A SECOND SHORTLY AFTER BUT QUARRYBANK CAME BACK AND SCORED 2 GOALS TO LEVEL THE SCORES. JOHNSON PLAYING AN ENTHUSIASTIC GAME AT CENTRE FORWARD SCORED NUMBER 3 BUT AT $\frac{1}{2}$ TIME THE SCORE STOOD AT 3-3. NAUGHTON HAD EXCELLED AT RIGHT BACK AND PHAIR PLAYED VERY HARD ON THE OTHER FLANK. RUTLAND & MADGIN SETTLED IN WELL ON A PITCH THAT WAS VERY FROSTY AND "RIDGED" A FACT THAT DID NOT HELP THE SKILLS OF REGAN.

IN THE 2ND HALF THERE WAS AN INCIDENT THAT CAUSED MUCH DISPUTE - OF A VERY JOVIAL NATURE. 'STRIKER' FRECKLETON ^{SHOT} FOR GOAL AND THE BALL BOUNCED OFF A DEFENDER'S EAR INTO THE NET. JOKINGLY I RECKON THE BALL WOULD HAVE HIT THE CORNER FLAG. FRECKY CLAIMS IT WAS 'BEAMING IN ON GOAL'. I THINK WE WILL WAIT FOR A REAL SCORCHER FOR FRECKIES FIRST GOAL.

QUARRYBANK EQUALISED FROM A PENALTY KICK BUT BRIAN JOHNSON RESTORED OUR LEAD WITH A VERY FINE GOAL, INDEED THE BEST PIECE OF FOOTBALL OF THE WHOLE GAME.



IN THE LAST MINUTES QUARRYBANK HIT THE BAR BUT I THINK WE DESERVED OUR NARROW WIN.

EVERYONE DID WELL FROM JIMMY TSAI IN GOAL TO CONSTANTINE WHO TOOK OVER AT SECOND HALF CENTRE BACK.

RATINGS. TSAI 8 NAUGHTON 10 PHAIR 8 MADGIN 8
RUTLAND 8 LANGFORD 8 LAWSON 7 HARRISON 8
JOHNSON 9 FRECKLETON 8 REGAN 8 CONSTANTINE 7.

GOALS. JOHNSON 2 REGAN MADGIN (OWN GOAL VERY DISPUTED)



HAPPY KITTEN
Thanks to DALY & FAMILY



2ND YEAR VS 3RD YEAR 'B' TEAM.

Everyone played very well.

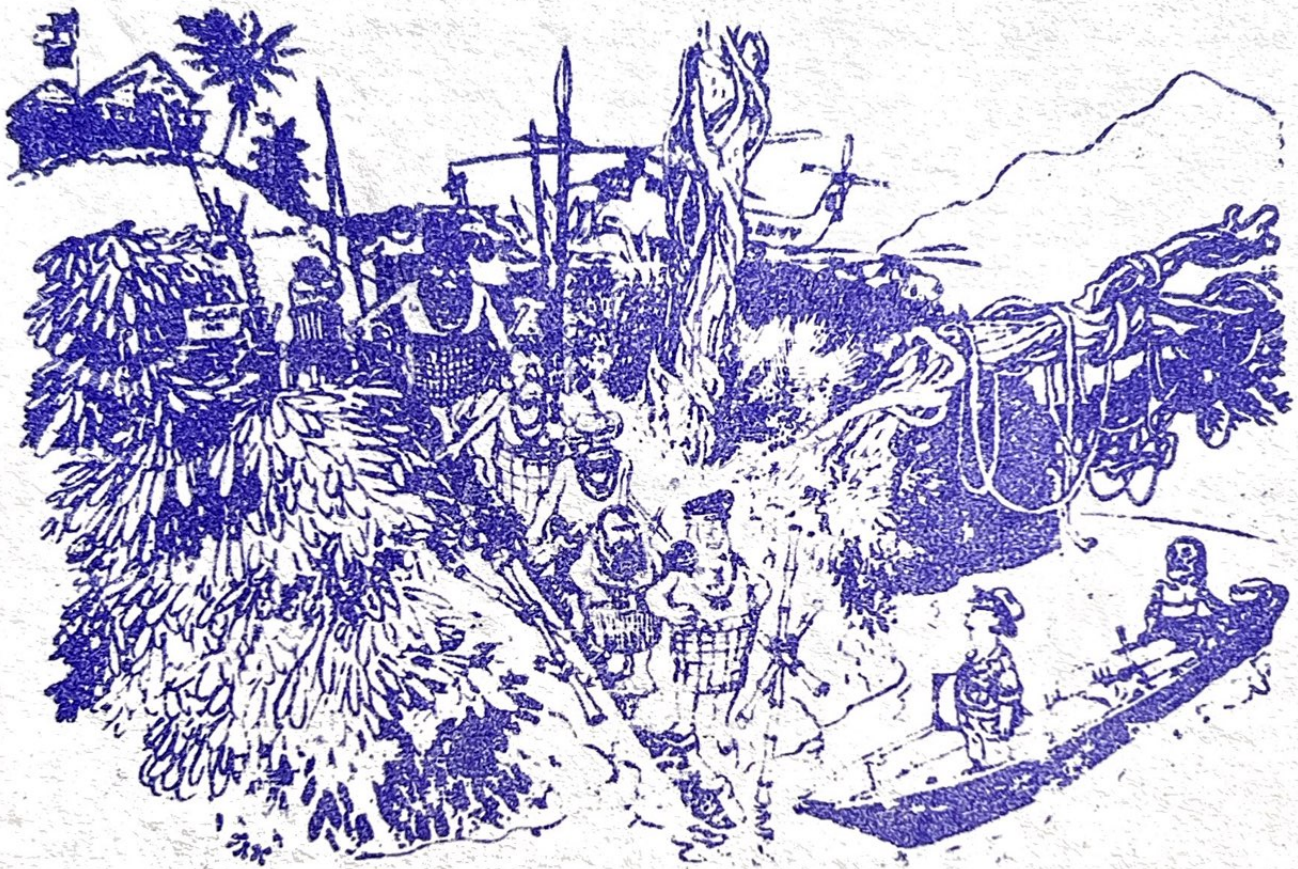
EDITORS NOTE. Sorry the writing is so small

SCHOOL LEAGUE.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
FOURTH YEAR	8	6	0	2	29	16	12
SECOND YEAR	7	5	1	1	24	11	11
THIRD YEAR	8	5	1	2	23	16	11
THIRD YEAR 'B'	7	2	1	4	29	31	5
1st XI	9	1	2	6	17	41	4
2nd XI	5	0	3	2	6	9	3
FIRST YEAR	8	1	1	6	14	38	3

INCLUDES ONLY INTER SCHOOL GAMES.

"We're the most savage, bloodthirsty, treacherous
tribe in Borneo — we're the
845 Squadron Royal Navy!"



CONCLUDING THE EDITORS BORNEO RAMBLINGS.

The above picture was drawn by one of the Squadron lads. The captain of the Fleet, Singapore used to call the Squadron detachment at Nanga Gaat "a bunch of bandits" — because spit and polish was out of place in the jungle. He once told a newspaper man about visit the Gaat "I know you can't expect men to wear their uniform there, but try not to make them look too disrepu in your pictures." As long as the aircraft were serviceable we were left to sort out other aspects of life to ourselves.

Just after arriving I adopted the usual 'daily rig' — Flip Flops and shorts/Sarong. (a sarong is a piece of material wrapped around the waist) You should all know what flip flops are.

After 2 weeks my flip flops became unserviceable so I didn't bother with footgear. One day I looked down at the ground just as I was going to step on a large black scorpion. I quickly got out my flip flops and carried out a hasty repair.

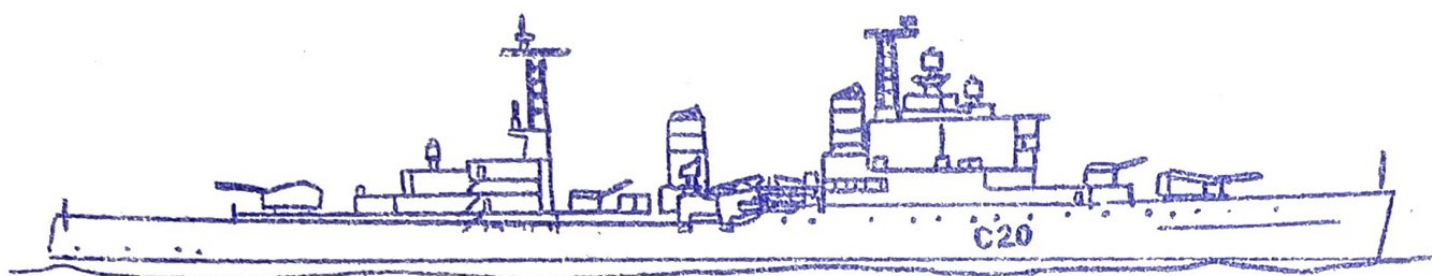
Actually I became known as the Flip Flop Kid as I refused to buy another pair and actually went round salvaging odd discarded flip flops so as to build up a motley collection of footgear. I even named them Flip, Flop, Flep, Flap, Floop etc., By this time I was ignored as being totally mad and when I started to inscribe the name on each member of my shoe family people began to worry about my mental condition.

One of my jobs was to man the base radio link with the outside world. Many amusing events took place on the radio circuit. The common practice on Sunday mornings was for the operator on the coast to pass the football results to us. On one particular Sunday they had missed the World BBC broadcast and as I had been up on radio duty until the early hours I had them. Therefore I agreed to send the results over the 'air'. The common practice was never to "hog" the air for too long in case an aircraft was in difficulty and wished to call up a ground station. On this I forgot that a helicopter had left Sibn for Nanga Grant an hour earlier. Without this knowledge I decided to 'bash' right through the results — from Arsenal to Partick Thistle in shaky Sunday morning morse code.

On releasing the key and switching to receive I was horrified to hear a helicopter calling. He reported that he had been flying round the clearing for 5 minutes, was short of fuel, and that he had 8 draws on the treble chance. — This was one way of asking for permission to land.

At certain intervals the R.A.F. dropped heavy supplies tons at Nanga Grant. The R.A.F. were not the most popular people with the Fleet Air Arm and their 'track record' at dropping supplies did nothing to improve this feeling.

HMS. TIGER



Before conversion to a helicopter cruiser.

Shown here as a cruiser. Launched 24 OCT. 1945. Completed 18 March 1959. Length 555 ft. Beam 64 ft. Draught 21 ft. Displacement 9,550 tons. Armament 4 x 6 inch guns 6 x 3 inch guns Complement 698. Maximum speed 31.5 knots.

Now lets see if Admiral Cooke can sink some of your ships. Here are my Christmas targets.

E4 F5 G6 L8 L11 Q7 S12 116 43 T7, H12.

Well that it lads. Admiral Cooke is declaring peace. List your surviving ships and see how you have done.

Another game. something like this next term.

BORNEO RAMBLINGS CONTINUED.

Indeed most of the supplies landed in the river, the jungle or any handy marshland. On one occasion they dropped several tons of barbed wire through the roof of our sleeping accommodation. The food landed in the river. God bless them.

Well that finishes my Borneo ramblings. Next term we shall visit another part of the world.

PUZZLE

Find an alternative word for the words underlined and you will finish with a huge palindrome.

A HOMO SIPIEN A SKETCH A WATERWAY TYPE OF HAT

Now answer the questions. (1) Who discovered the country which it is in. (2) What date was the country discovered. (3) When was it completed (4) How long is it (5) Which two waters does it connect. ————— KINDLY DONATED BY FLANAGAN 1D.

CREDIT TO THE FOLLOWING QUIZ COMPLETERS.

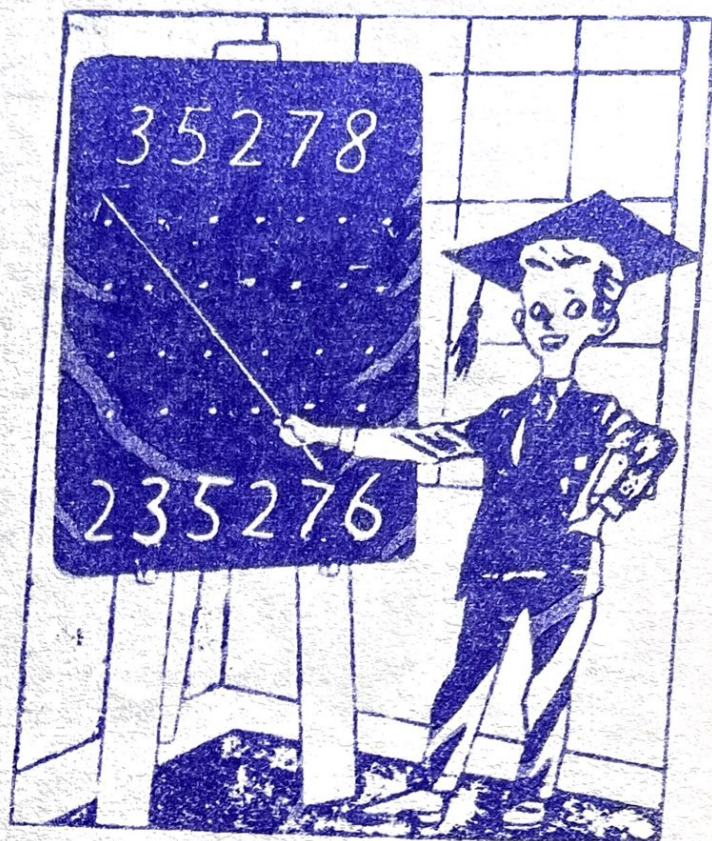
BENNETT + PHAIR 3A

MCDONALD 1D

for completing quizzes in No. 34.

Conjuring with Figures!

Try this trick of amazing addition it's terrific!



HAVE you ever tried your hand at conjuring with figures?

Here is a splendid trick with which you can entertain and mystify your friends. The only apparatus you need is a blackboard and chalk, or a large sheet of white paper pinned to a board or door and a black crayon which will make bold outlines.

The figures must be made so plainly that everyone in the audience can read them easily. You may, of course, have the trick written on a piece of paper in your hand, but the best conjurors scorn such help and you will do better to memorize your part! You must be absolutely correct in your directions or the trick will not work.

Now here is the trick of Amazing Addition!

You undertake to give the total of five lines of figures when you know what the top line is. Ask some one to write a line of five figures on the board. Then, leaving space for four extra lines of figures to be put down, you draw a line across and put the total underneath – and this will be correct no matter what figures may be written down!

Now this is how you go about it:

Having obtained the first row of figures, ask another boy or girl to write a second row. Add the third row yours. If. Then call another helper to write the fourth line. You add the fifth. Finally, invite the audience to

add up the sum and prove that your answer is correct

The first helper writes	35278
The second helper writes	48362
The conjuror writes	51637
The third helper writes	83256
The conjuror writes	16743

235276

And this is how it is done. When the first line is written down, subtract 2 from the last figure. Put 2 as the first figure of your total, then copy the next four figures as they stand. When you come to the last figure remember you have subtracted 2 already. Thus, referring to the example above, if the first line reads 35278 you at once write down the total and answer – 235276. The second line is written by someone in the audience. When you write the third line you must look carefully at the second line and make every figure up to nine. Thus when the second line reads 48362 your third line reads 51637. When the fourth line has been written you add the fifth line and once more make the totals of the figures in these last two lines equal nine.

When you've mastered the trick try it on the Maths Master! He may be wise to it of course, but if you're lucky he may show you a trick or two of his own!

Last year it was the mystery of Perkins Minor. This Xmas there is another great story from Mr. Cooke.

THE SAD STORY OF ARTHUR JONES.

A lot of people never knew what troubled Jones at all,
Nor why the poor chap sometimes turned his sad face to the wall,
And if he uttered sudden sighs, or unexpected groans,
Few guessed the woe that lay upon the heart of Arthur Jones.

The tale is sad and tragic, and might touch the hardest heart,
From eyes that never wept before, the pitying tear might start,
Old boys of Barcroft knew the grief that lay on Jones like lead,
They could not help but pity him, alive, and later dead.

When Jones, at long last, hanged himself upon an ancient yew,
Old boys of Barcroft sadly said "Well, what else could he do?"
They only wondered how he'd kept so long upon the go,
His heart bowed down by deep remorse and unrelenting woe.

Old Barcroft men who'd known him in his early, happy days,
Knew but too well why Jones would shrink from any old boy's gaze,
Their pity could not comfort him: the dreaded looks of scorn,
Outside the old Barcroftian pale, he led a life forlorn.

They pitied him—a man of greatest promise in his prime,
A man who'd worn the first XI blazer in his time,
A Wegg's house cricket cap before his second year was out,
A First XI man whose future never seemed in doubt.

But though they pitied him, yet what excuses could they make?
When old boys talked of Arthur Jones, their grizzled heads
would shake,
The fact remained unchangeable that Jones had dropped the catch,
A simply perfect sitter, in the Dudshire county match.

Long years had drifted by since Jones had walked the Barcroft quad,
Long saddened years since Jones's feet the cricket field had trod,
But time brought no relief, and Jones though middle aged and grey,
Still brooded with an aching heart upon that fatal day.

In summer time, if Jones should hear the click of bat and ball,
What sad and searing memories that clatter would recall,
Of white clad figures on the green, of fielding in the slips,
And of that perfect sitter passing through his finger tips.

On dreary winter nights, when wild winds wailed in darkness deep,
Upon his lonely pallet Jones would turn in fitful sleep,
In which in broken dreams he played again the county match,
And starting up would cry, "If only I had held the catch"

In vain, through long and changing years, in city, camp and court,
He sought forgetfulness: he failed in finding what he sought,
By cresta's snows, by Tiber's wave, by Venice's ancient stones,
The memory of that fatal day still haunted Arthur Jones.

He shunned the men that he had known: he went his lonely way,
They saw him not at Barcroft school, on speech or Founder's day.

They never saw him at the clubs where chatty old boys met,
Where they revived old memories that Jones would fain forget,
The old boys, when they meet, still pass the story round and round,
How Dudshire county came to play upon the Barcroft ground,
They go through the vicissitudes of that historic match,
And sigh to think what might have been, if Jones had held the catch

"What putrid luck," the old boys say, "Remember how De Brown
faced Blogg's, of Jugson's, bowling, with nine county wickets
down?"

With two to tie, sir, three to win—the County's final stand,
He knocked a perfect sitter fairly into Jones's hand.

By Gad, sir, they were handing us the game upon a plate,
If only Jones, of Wegg's, had not been half a tick too late,
He dropped it, sir, He dropped it "Then, in melancholy tones,
"I wonder what's become of him. Heard anything of Jones?"

What great events, the poet sings, from little causes spring.
Even a cricket match may hang upon the slightest thing.
If only Jones had held that catch, Ah what a change of scene.
● saddest words of tongue or pen, that saddest "might-have-been"

Long years have passed: but every Barcroft man recalls the day
When Barcroft met the County Dudshire's best in full array,
De Brown was county captain, with such men as Smythe and Swobbs,
And Sniggerson, and Wubbles, and that deadly bowler Lobbs.

The county captain won the toss and put us in to bat,
We knocked up eighty runs - not bad, in view of this and that,
The bowlers, as we all agreed, had rather more than luck,
The umpire gravely erred when I was sent out for a duck.

When Dudshire took their innings, ninety eight was all their score,
And Smythe should have been out sooner, plainly leg before,
The umpires word is law of course: but men are rather cads
To hang on a wicket, Sir, By playing with their pads.

But there it was - upon the innings, Dudshire county led,
Not much, though, to write home about: just eighteen runs ahead,
But every Barcroft man resolved to stand up like a rock,
And put paid to the bowling, when we took our second knock.

That was an innings if you like, Slog Wilkins batted first.
And hit all round the wicket while the bowlers did their worst,
They couldn't shift old Slogger: he'd got wise to all their tricks,
They tried him fast, they tried him slow, and couldn't touch his sticks.

The other batsmen came and went, and put up quite a show;
Even Jones of Wegg's took seventeen before he had to go.
I really think my own score of seven not too bad,
As Dudshire put on Lobbs to bowl, the deadliest man they had.

Old Slogger was at ninety three: we prayed for seven more,
Unluckily he tried to turn a thr into a four,
His bat was almost on the crease when whizzed the leather in,
And Dudshire's wicket keeper pipped old Slogger, with a grin,
We cheered Slog Wilkins at the Pav. We made the echoes roar.
Two hundred runs for only seven wickets was our score.
But after that our luck was out: the county did not fail,
A hat trick by the demon Lobbs mopped up the Barcroft tail.

But every Barcroft man looked bright and merry over tea,
to beat us they required a hundred, Sir, and eighty three,
And when Plum Snaggs began their second innings with a duck,
We felt we'd beaten Dudshire, Sir, with anything like luck.

But fortune, when all seems to smile, is still a fickle dame,
And cricket is, and always was, a most uncertain game
Three Dudshire wickets went, and still the board showed only four
And then De Brown get going, and the Duds began to score.

The runs went up for Dudshire, but the wickets too, went down.
Till Sniggerson put on his pads, and went to join De Brown.
And then the fur began to fly: The game so nearly won,
Was pulled out of the fire between De Brown and Sniggerson.

Our bowlers did their best: we watched for chances in the field.
They gave us leather hunting, till we gasped and almost reeled,
And still the runs went up, and still we saw the figures mount
With two's and threes and boundaries, more than a chap could count.

De Brown was near his century, with Snig at fifty three,
When Jorkinso of Cubbins house, caught Sniggers, bowled McPhee,
For half a mile round Barcroft School, you might have heard the shout
"Well caught, Sir, Oh well caught" when Sniggerson was out.

But Barcroft men looked serious to see the county's score,
A hundred, Sir, and seventy eight - they needed little more.
With three more wickets still to fall, they wanted only five,
Pie for De Brown, if Dudshire's tail could keep the game alive.

But once more fortune seemed to smile again the Barcroft side,
The games uncertainty was once again exemplified.
The next man in for Dudshire added nothing to the score,
McPhee sent down a hot one, and he went out leg before.

Two more balls to the over: two wickets yet to fall.
Excitement was at fever heat, when Mac sent down the ball.
But Wubbles at the wicket knocked it well away for two,
The last ball of the over sent him out - but we looked blue.

The last man was called for Dudshire. It was Lobbs: all knew
that he.

A wizard with the leather, with the willow was N.G.
If old McPhee could only have sent down another ball
The game was ours - we merely had to watch the wicket fall.

But now the county captain had the bowling, and De Brown,
Had shown that Barcroft bowling couldn't put his wicket down.
Our bowler now was Bloggs, of Jugson's house: a good man he,
But even at his very best, not deadly like McPhee.

A hush fell on the field, As Dudshire sent their last man in,
The county wanted only two to tie, and three to win.
Bar shouting, then, the game was over, everyone could see,
The county captain swiping and the batsmen running three,

And then- and then- by Gad. What was the matter with De Brown.
We rubbed our eyes, Sir, when the ball came whipping down,
We stared, amazed, breath hardly coming through our parted
lips,

When Dudshire's captain knocked a perfect sitter to the slips.

Jones jumped to it- his hand was up, his eye was on the ball
Who could have dreamed a Barcroft man would let that sitter
fall

The chance, Sir, of a lifetime, and the last chance in the
match.

A fag, Sir, in the second form, would not have dropped that catch.

The game was ours, - there trembled on our lips a mighty shout
De Brown, bowled Bloggs, caught Jones, by Gad. Lobbs, for a duck
not out.

The county beaten at the post, and Barcroft school on top.

But- but- horresco referees- Jones let that sitter drop.

He let it drop, Sir, let it drop, Jones fielding in the slips,
allowed that perfect sitter to slip past his finger tips.
The silence of the breathless field was broken by a sound
of gasping, as the round red ball dropped lightly to the ground.

Jones stood pale as death, his starting eyes fixed on the ball
The ball that touched his finger tips before he let it fall,
Someone yelled "Butterfingers" - he could neither hear nor heed.
He stood like one confounded as he realised his deed.

Well, Sir the county won, of course: the next ball saw them
through.

As Shakespeare says, 'tis true, 'tis pity: pity tis: tis true.
Right at the finish Barcroft would have won the county match,
If only- only- only Jones of Wegg's had held that catch.
No wonder Jones of Wegg's house was a changed man from that day
No wonder that he left soon afterwards, and went his way.
No wonder that he wandered like an Ishmael, to and fro,
Like I by the gadfly driven, always on the go.

No wonder that he sank, at last, beneath his dark despair,
No wonder that his burden grew too great for him to bear,
No wonder that he hanged himself, at last, upon the Yew.
Life had no further meaning - there was nothing else to do.

Old boys at Barcroft, in their clubs, or doddering at their spas,
Still tell the tale of Arthur Jones, of Wegg's House, in the
bars,

They cannot help but feel the bitterness that lingers yet,
But Barcroft school forgives him- if it cannot quite forget.



CRICKET BY THE FIRESIDE

A realistic way of playing imaginary matches indoors

BY NØRI EANNS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANN PARKER

HOW would your school team get on if it could play the Australians? Would Bill's googly, the one he bowls out of the back of his hand, upset Keith Miller? And what about Lindwall? Could you really master him and flash his fastest bumper to the boundary with a powerful, wristy hook?

There is a fascinating way in which you can find the answer to these questions, and what is more it is just the thing to fill those dull, wet winter evenings when you are on your own—or even the sunny summer afternoons when you are unlucky enough to have to stay in bed.

All you need is a book or magazine and a piece of paper, ruled up like a cricket scoring book, on which you can take down the details of the match. Next you must prepare a list which gives each letter of the alphabet, capitals and lower case, and also punctuation marks, a value in terms of runs or wickets.

Here is a suggested list, but it can be varied in any way you like:—

A : 2 runs	I : 3 runs
a : Nil	K : 6 runs
B : 4 runs	k : L.B.W.
b : 1 run	L : 2 runs
C : 2 runs	l : 1 run
c : 2 runs	M : 4 runs
D : Caught near wicket	m : Bowled
d : 1 run	N : 3 runs
E : 3 runs	n : 1 run
e : Nil	O : Nil
F : 4 runs	o : Nil
f : 1 run	P : 4 runs
G : 4 runs	p : 1 run
g : Nil	Q : No ball
H : 1 run	q : Bowled
h : 1 run	R : 4 runs
I : 4 runs	r : 1 run
i : Nil	S : 2 runs
J : Bowled	s : Nil

T	: 2 runs	:	Nil
t	: Nil	:	Nil
U	: 1 run	:	Run out
u	: Nil	:	4 Byes
V	: Caught in outfield	:	2 runs
v	: 4 runs	:	Caught by wicket-keeper
W	: 2 runs		
w	: 2 runs		
X	: Wide		
x	: 4 runs	?	: 2 runs
Y	: 3 runs	(	: 1 run
y	: 4 runs	- (hyphen)	: 1 run
Z	: 6 runs	- (dash)	: L.B.W.
z	: Stumped	' (apostrophe)	: 1 Bye

Now let's see how the game is played. We will imagine that you are playing England's present Test Team against a team of old-time stars. W. G. Grace has won the toss and has sent in that famous pair Hobbs and Sutcliffe to open the innings. Len Hutton has put Alec Bedser on to bowl. We will use our list above, and the first sentence of this article as text, to find out what happens.

Capital H is the first "ball": that means one run. Hobbs has got off the mark right away, probably with one of those short singles for which the pair were so famous. Now Sutcliffe faces Bedser. The next ball (or letter) is "O". This is "Nil"; a blocked ball or no score, so just put a dot in the bowling analysis. Bedser to Sutcliffe again. It's a capital "W", which means two runs. And the fourth ball is a "w". Another two; well hit, sir! The fifth and sixth balls, "o" and "u", are both nil.

So that is the end of the over and Bedser's analysis

reads 1 2
 Hobbs has scored one run and Sutcliffe four

At the other end Hutton brings on Brian Statham, who

will be bowling to Hobbs. His first ball is an "I". This means that Hobbs has taken another single and so Sutcliffe takes guard against the Lancashire paco-men. His second ball is a "d", also one run. Hobbs faces up to him again and cracks his third ball for a "y" or four runs, a flashing cover drive. He plays the next two quietly, "o" and "u", and takes a single off the last ball of the over, an "r".

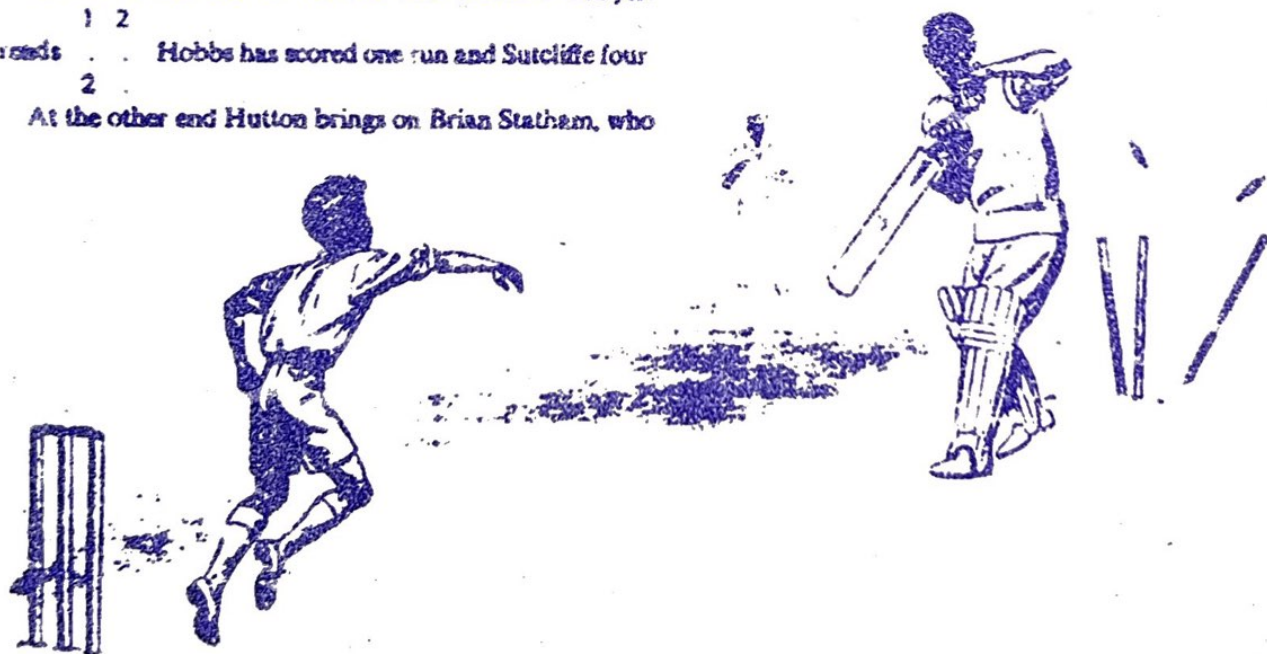
Statham's analysis reads 1
 4 1 ; Hobbs has scored

seven and Sutcliffe five.

Remember that it will be Hobbs to face Bedser now, because he took that single off the last ball of the over, and then carry on in the same way. Actually a wicket will fall in the fourth over, when you come to that "m" in "team". Will it be Hobbs or Sutcliffe who is out? And who are you going to send in at No. 3 for the Old-Timers? I suggest Walter Hammond, but the choice is yours.

Of course you can change your bowlers when there is a stubborn partnership, and although you cannot place your field you are able to decide, when a catch has been made either near the wicket or in the outfield (Capitals "D" or "V") who would be likely to field in that position and so take it.

Now you can finish this first match for yourselves, and then start as many more different ones as you like to think up. Unfortunately one can't play cricket outside all the time, and when that's not possible surely the next best thing is reading, remembering or imagining cricket! This paper game will give you lots of scope for that.



MATCH OF THE DAY

Institute 2 (1) v AC/DC Milan 1 (0)
Wilkinson 1 Bambino 1
Wilkinson 1

Yes, they'll be openly weeping in the ice-cream parlours of Milan tonight. Their pride, the AC/DC Milan team, worth one million pounds of paper (their pitch is made of soggy copies of the Football News[©]) were destroyed on the verdant turf of Mersey Rd. in their World Cup qualifying round game (sponsored by Ali Bongo's Bargain Basement and Games Emporium) - writes Fred Abracadabra - a name to conjure with in sporting circles.

The start of a proud night for British football was delayed when Milan's right winger Mussolini turned out in a black shirt and had to go back to change into the traditional Italian yellow. AC/DC Kicked off and play oscillated for the first 15 minutes or so with both defences offering a lot of resistance. The first shock for the Institute's capacity crowd of Mr Cooke and a large dog came when the ball was kicked out of the ground. Institute's midfield dynamo Wilkinson (Sr) went out to retrieve the ball but was refused entry at the gate when he found he did not have the necessary 10p entrance fee in his shorts. Despite this minor set back Institute really took hold of the game in the later stages of the first half thanks mainly to utility player Man Web - for my money the 'man' of the match - he beat two AC/DC players and shot from 20 yds only to see the ball rebound off

the goalie's knees and hit the right half Wilkinson (no relation) on the back of the head and rebound into the goal.

AC/DC tried to get back into the game, mainly through Salvador Dali - a recent signing from Surreal Madrid - and their outside left Hernia, who although playing out of position upfront may have done better if he had been given more support. But Milan could make no impression on the Institute defence, so the Institute players went into the dressing room at half time with a lead (thought to belong to the dog in the crowd).

Institute kicked off the second half but found themselves overwhelmed by the Milan side. Employing their secret tactic of running backwards - an old Italian manoeuvre - with the ball, they confused the Institute side into conceding a goal. Their striker Bambino, only 15 but he has been dribbling since he was a baby - back flicked the ball over the goalkeepers head (Wilkinson) who unused to such underhand trickery and dazzled by the floodlight, could only stare as the ball went into the net. This shocked the Institute into action and they really began attacking - they attacked the Milan side and the Venezuelan referee Mr. Robinson

Then Sanity returned to the game, and we really saw some excellent football thanks mainly to the Institute's wonder man Wilkinson. He really thrilled the crowd which by now included a cardboard cut out of Don Revie with a dazzling display of skill. This superiority enabled the Institute now relying on a 1-7-2 formation, (7 midfield

men, 2 strikers and a roving nobbler) to score the decisive goal. The final whistle went two minutes afterwards but was returned before the end to signal close of play. The jubilant Institute fan invaded the pitch to see the captain Wilkinson (right half) get a kiss from Miss Institute (not half).

The only incident to mar the great day for British Soccer was an isolated act of toilet roll throwing which narrowly missed the Milan captain. Commenting on the incident P.C. Ned Strangelove (The 'Odd Copper') said "We'll be getting to the bottom of this."

Teams

Institute :- Wilkinson, Flange, Wilkinson, Slick, Wilkinson, Fiend, Wilkinson, Man Web, Wilkinson, Sprod, Wilkinson (capt.) Sub - Standard
Ac/dc Milan :- Dago, Don Corleone, Potto, Hernia Mussolini, Gianota, Halitosis (capt.), Capone, Dali, Bambino, Pinta. Sub - Judice

Referee:	Mr. W. Robinson	Venezuela
Linesmen:	Mr. W.O.P. (Wolly) Himmler	Borneo
	Mr. Oo jam	

Attendance: One man and a dog
Takings: 15p

Next game: Institute - v - Oswaldtwistle F.C.

CORN FOR CHRISTMAS.

Magistrate: "Is this the first time you've been up before me?"

Prisoner: "I don't know, what time do you usually get up?"

"Do lemons have legs?"

No.

Then I've just squeezed your canary into my drink!"

Mrs. Smith: "Mrs. Jones, your son's spoilt!"

Mrs. Jones: "No he's not."

Mrs. Smith: "Oh well, have it your own way, but he's just fallen under a steam roller."

Q: "Have you changed the water in the goldfish bowl?"

A: "No, it hadn't finished what I gave it yesterday."

Doctor: "I can't find anything seriously wrong with you. I think it's due to drink."

Patient: "OK Doc, I'll come back when you're sober."

Q: "What walks across the sand and leaves yellow footprints?"

A: "A lemon sole."

He's just finished training his new flea circus.

He had to start from scratch.

Q: "What note is struck by a piano falling down a coal mine?"

A: "A flat minor"

Did you hear about the Irishman who drove over a cliff to test his air brakes?

Q: "How do you make an Irishman laugh on Monday morning?"

A: "Tell him a joke on Friday night."

CHESS PROBLEMS

set by B. MUSE

WHITE

CASTLE	KNIGHT	BISHOP	KING	CASTLE			
PAWN	PAWN	PAWN	PAWN	PAWN	PAWN	PAWN	PAWN
					PAWN		
		bishop					
				queen			
pawn			king	knight	pawn		queen
				castle		castle	

BLACK

WHITE PIECES IN BOTH PUZZLES IN LARGE LETTERS.

1)

BLACK TO MOVE AND FORCE MATE
AGAINST ANY WHITE DEFENCE

WHAT IS BLACK'S NEXT MOVE AND HOW DOES
HE FORCE MATE?

BLACK

	bishop					king	castle
		pawn					
bishop							
pawn			queen		pawn		knight
BISHOP	pawn				KNIGHT	pawn	pawn
BISHOP	PAWN						
PAWN		QUEEN				PAWN	
			KNIGHT			KING	CASTLE

WHITE

2) BLACK TO MOVE AND FORCE MATE IN 5 MOVES

AGAINST ANY WHITE DEFENCE

50p - YES 50p !!! FOR FIRST CORRECT ANSWERS TO

BOTH PUZZLES. ANSWERS TO MR. MUSE - ROOM 22

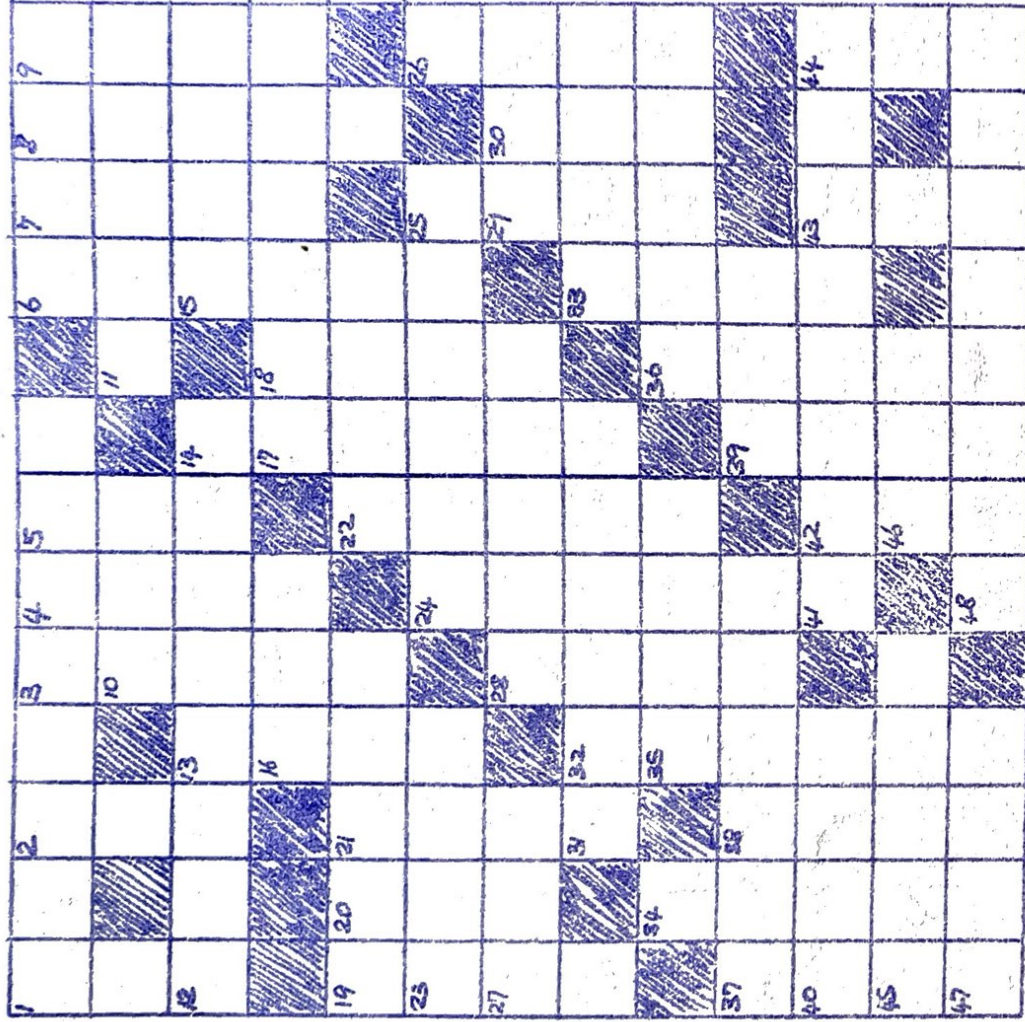
WINNER OF THIS TERM'S CHESS LADDER TOURNAMENT - BASED ON THE BEST PERCENTAGE SCORE IS P. BUSS (6 BSC).

HE WINS THE 50p PRIZE.

CHESS CLUB AS USUAL NEXT TERM. MEMBERSHIP WILL BE RESTRICTED TO 30 MEMBERS. SUBSCRIPTION, DESPITE GALLOPING INFLATION, WILL STILL BE 10p PER TERM

HAPPY CHESSMAS

MR. MUSE.



CLUES ACROSS

1. He celebrated a 200th birthday this year.
2. Something lacking in the marginer.
10. You might see one on the Mersey.
11. Lorna ----. Recent T.V. serial.
12. A tyrant, or maybe language teacher?
13. Sounds like two notes to be set on.
16. You're too young to drink this.
17. A mudcolled teaser, this feast.
19. Burglar's implement.
22. A stubborn beast.
23. Sounds like a wierd Canadian Lake.
24. Turn or back the Gallery.
27. Perceive
28. Discourage
29. An old copper for mother is crazy.
31. Of neither sex.
33. When you've had yours you've eaten enough.

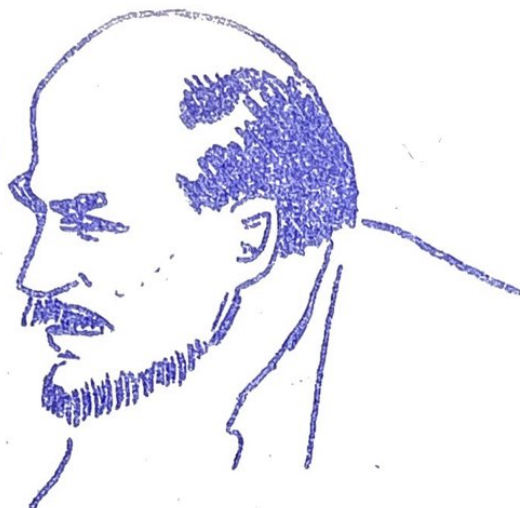
35. Single thing you idiot!
36. Eagle's vantage point.
37. Not so much hesitating.
39. Not just some
40. Prepare the articles when the tide flows back.
41. Make resentful.
45. Your face is this when you blush.
46. A United Kingdom seabird?
47. Gas for light? There's none about.
48. Blend confused Mr. in exit.

CLUES DOWN.

1. + gives this instruction.
2. We're a member of this.
3. Where you'll find 37D's tower.
4. Quaint.
5. A green light in the past
6. Wrap in cotton wool
7. A carrot is such a vegetable
8. Deduce, gather
9. This one could be grizzly!
13. Wild meat, but not wild.
14. German founder of the 1st British International News Agency
18. Of wings.
19. Joke
20. Poetic before
21. Sounds like a mean mood
22. Change 50 in motel for choral work.
24. Go to bed on a pension?
25. Eastern chieftain out of mire.
26. Hope you're not this
28. Sand-hill
30. A famous Mohammed
32. A good buy on the Monopoly board.
33. Touched the hat material
34. Field divider
36. Pears in a pod are this.
37. Feature of a famous tower
38. Oils around the grain store
39. Border however on article
42. Adam was the first
43. Jerry's enemy - or co-star?
44. Good name for a King Charles spaniel?

RUSSIAN

MULTIPLICATION



We want to multiply 49 by 28.

$$\begin{array}{r} 49 \times 28 \\ 24 \times 56 \\ 12 \times 112 \\ 6 \times 224 \\ 3 \times 448 \\ 1 \times 896 \end{array}$$

HALF THE LEFT HAND COLUMN
& DOUBLE THE RIGHT HAND COLUMN.
IGNORE ANY REMAINDER, WHEN
ENCOUNTERED GO DOWN ONE NUMBER.

THEN LOOK AT ALL NUMBERS IN THE
RIGHT HAND COLUMN THAT ARE
OPPOSITE AN ODD NUMBER IN THE
LEFT HAND COLUMN.

ADD THESE NUMBERS.

THUS WE HAVE.

$$\begin{array}{r} 28 \\ 448 \\ 896 \\ \hline 1372 \end{array} +$$

CHECK

$$\begin{array}{r} 49 \\ \times 28 \\ \hline 980 \\ 392 \\ \hline 1372 \end{array}$$

See if it works for you.

WIN THE PRIZE

HOW CAN YOU TAKE FIVE FROM SIXTEEN TO GIVE YOU ONE ?

SPECIAL MENTION FOR MANIFOLD WHO ALSO COMPLETED QUIZ IN NUMBER 34.

TEACHER. " I believe you missed my lesson this morning "
PUPIL " No not in the least sir "

TWO PUPILS WERE TALKING.

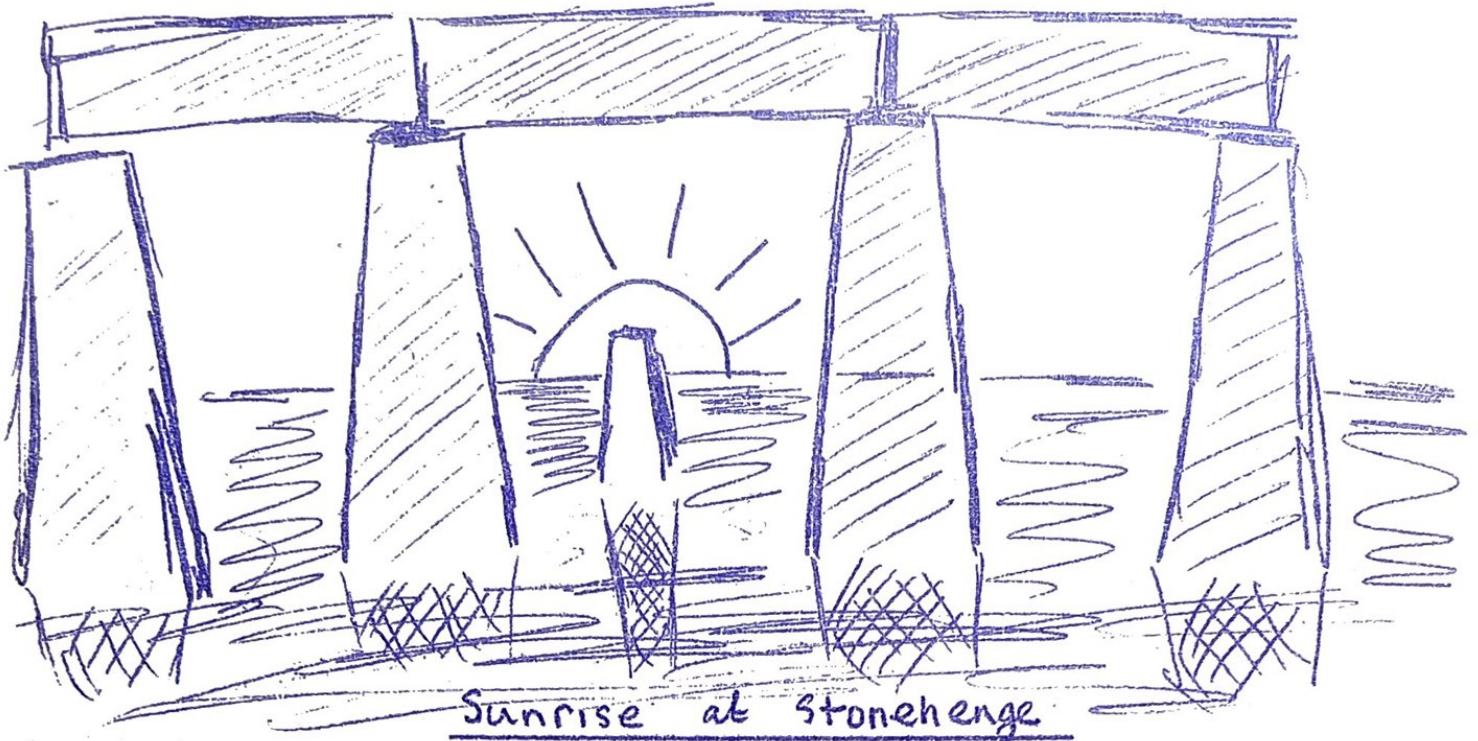
1st. " WHAT SHALL WE DO TONIGHT ? "

2nd " LETS TOSS A COIN. HEADS WE PLAY FOOTBALL TAILS WE GO OUT WITH OUR GIRLFRIENDS.

1st. " WHAT HAPPENS IF IT LANDS ON ITS EDGE "

2nd. " WE STAY IN AND WORK "

PATTERNS IN THE SKY



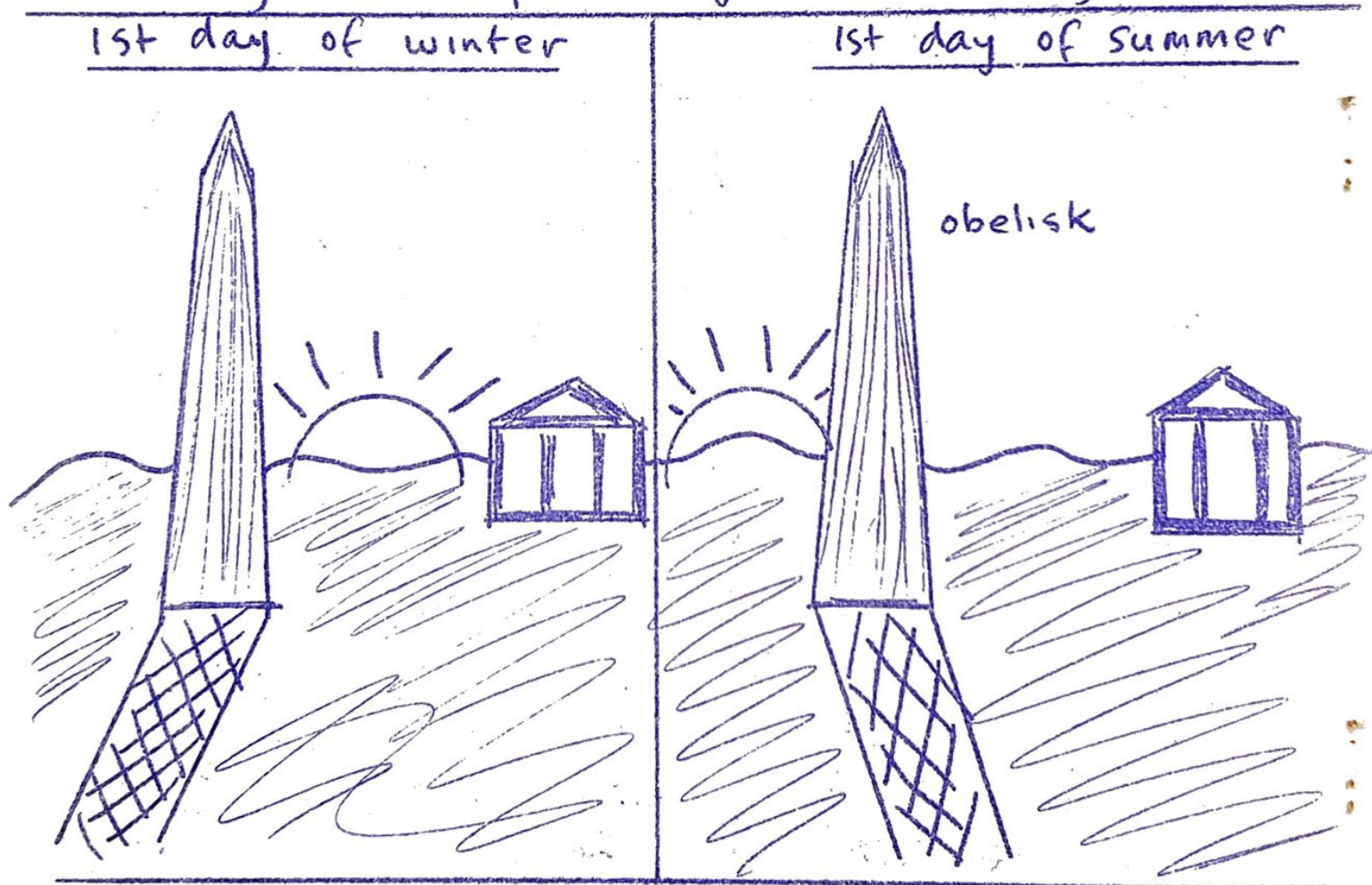
Sunrise at Stonehenge

People of long ago noticed a rhythm and a pattern to the happenings of the sky. There were changes from day to day but these changes seemed to have an orderly pattern. For example the moon's shape seemed to change from one day to another, but there was a pattern to its changes and this pattern was repeated moon after moon. Some stars seemed to disappear for many months, but they always re-appeared in the same way in the same season. The time of the sun's journey was a little bit shorter every day and then in a certain period of every year it began to get longer again. Change followed change in perfect order. In fact there seemed to be such orderliness to the changing sky that the ancient Greeks called the universe the Cosmos which means 'beautiful order'. Some people were so in awe of the movements of the sun and stars that they worshipped them as gods.

The sky's changes were not only beautiful but actually very useful. The

sky watchers were able to tell of the coming of the Seasons. When the sun rose exactly at a certain spot, or when a certain star appeared at a certain point along the horizon, the time of spring rains and warmth would follow shortly. The farmer could then safely begin his spring sowing instead of maybe mistaking an early warm spell for the real season and perhaps wasting his seeds.

Ancient sites such as Stonehenge are thought to have been used as such season markers. In some places the markers were tall stone shafts called obelisks. The shadow cast by the obelisk changed as the position of sunrise changed.



Over thousands and thousands of years the sky watchers learned and recorded the patterns. They learned how to mark off the 1st day of each season, then to count off the days between. This was the start of the calendar.

FIRST YEARS THROUGH TO LAST 8. ST. BONAVENTURES CRUSHED.

Institute 10

St. Bonaventures 1

The first year team reached the quarter finals of the cup with their biggest win of the season, beating St. Bonaventures by ten goals to one on Saturday.

Institute were well on top from the kick off and came close to scoring on a number of occasions, Flanagan having a 'goal' disallowed for offside. Institute took the lead after fifteen minutes when a shot by Flanagan was deflected by a St. Bonaventures defender into the path of Flynn who scored from close range. Ten minutes later it was 2-0 when a through ball found Flanagan who ran on to score.

The second half opened with Institute again on the attack and a shot by Flanagan was brilliantly saved by the goalkeeper. Instead of being 3-0 the score was soon 2-1 when St. Bonaventures broke away to score with only their second shot of the match. The next five minutes saw St. Bonaventures come into the game for the only time and once or twice they threatened to get an equaliser but then Institute scored twice in a minute to settle the match. A goal kick was sent straight to Flanagan on the edge of the penalty area and he scored with a well placed shot. Straight from the kick off Eyo picked up the loose ball, carried it the length of the pitch and scored when the goalkeeper failed to gather the ball cleanly. The last fifteen minutes was one-way traffic with Institute scoring six further goals. Number five came after Carter had sent Parry away down the right wing and his cross was met by Wright whose shot went just inside the post. Parry scored number six when he took the ball through on his own and beat the goalkeeper from close range. Flanagan scored the seventh with a good shot from just inside the area after a run from the left wing. Parry repeated his earlier effort and scored the eighth goal which was quickly followed by a ninth from Wright. This left Institute three minutes to try and make double figures for the first time and after forcing five corners in quick succession the tenth and final goal came from Flanagan who scored at the third attempt after having two shots blocked on the line.

In an excellent team performance Bailey looked confident in goal although he touched the ball no more than a dozen times and then mainly from back passes. Full backs Wells and Jones played very well considering the positions are new to them. Hassell had an excellent game in the middle of the defence giving Jamieson plenty of opportunities to move forward and he came close to scoring on a number of occasions. Carter, Wright and Eyo worked hard in midfield and played some good through balls to wingers Parry and Flanagan who both had excellent games, giving their opposing full backs a very tough time. Flynn in his first game at centre forward scored once and came close several times. Sillitoe came on at right back and played solidly for the last twenty minutes, Wells moving to midfield.

The fourth round match, at home to Fazakerley will be played early next term.

Team; Bailey, Wells, Jones, Carter, Jamieson, Hassell, Parry, Wright, Flynn, Eyo, Flanagan. Substitute; Sillitoe.

Scorers; Flanagan 4, Parry 2, Wright 2, Eyo, Flynn.

The full record this season is:

Played 11	Won 4	Drawn 1	Lost 6	Goals for 33	Goals against 43
Appearances (as substitute in brackets)					
Jamieson 11	Sillitoe 8(2)	Hassell 4(2)	Pimblett 1(1)		
Bailey 11	Flynn 8	O'Hara 4	Whittaker 1(1)		
Eyo 10	Wright 7(3)	Jones 3	Barker (2)		
Flanagan 10	Carter 7(2)	Fearon 2(1)	S mith (1)		
Parry 9(2)	Wells 7(2)	Manley 2			
Lintitt 9	Richardson 5(1)	Long 2			

Scorers

Flanagan 14, Parry 5, Bailey 4, Eyo 3, Wright 3, Jamieson 1, Carter 1, Flynn 1, Lintott 1.

2ND HALF FIGHT - BACK KHKNS DRAW FOR 2ND XI

The ground was very hard, the game was lucky to have been played, only Helsky sustained injuries after a fall on the ground.

The 2ND XI were under pressure throughout the first half, West Derby constantly attacked with good effect down the flanks as the Institute were a man short at the back, but the sharpness of the referee to spot the offside's saved the Institute many times. The Institute constantly tried to press forward and won a few corners and from these Jones shot over the bar under pressure. West Derby had the best chances of the half but wasted many of them by bad finishing. Roche was playing well in the back three and was always there when danger threatened. A few minutes before half-time West Derby scored because of the Institute missing a defender at the back.

(H-T) WEST DERBY 1 - 0 INSTITUTE.

at the start of the second half the Institute showed much more fight and aggression in challenging for the ball, good work on the left wing by Holliwell led to Jones having a good shot deflected for a corner.

But again West Derby pressed forward, they hit the bar, missed an open goal, the forward shooting straight into Wilkinson's hands, and had a shot cleared off the line. A few minutes later fine work by Long on the touch-line centred for McDonald to slot the ball easily by the West Derby goalkeeper.

West Derby surged forward again but the Institute defence, with McHugh pushed back from up-front, were holding on. Long again broke away and had a good shot pushed out for a corner by the goalkeeper.

But the game ended as it had started with West Derby on the attack.

(F-T) WEST DERBY 1 - 1 INSTITUTE.

P	W	L	D	F.	A.	Pts.
5	0	3	2	6	10	3.

Come on lads let have a win.

We couldn't possibly have a Bumper Edition without one of our favourite competitions. This is a Grand challenge match.

STAFF V COMBINED SCHOOL XI. Here is the match line up.

HIGGINS
DAY MASON KEATING OWEN
COOKE LEA
CRESSWELL DICKINSON CHARLES NEWALL

WILKINSON
HOLDEN JARMAN CARRON FRECKLETON
FLANGAN JOHNSON
MITCHELL G JONES BAILEY BENNETT

N O O I T J K L A B C D A B X S T U B T M A S X X X Y F B C D E F G
 B C D E F I N N N N D Y X H R O G R G S H I T K B O T L A M K J I H
 L X O O A A > M N S D O O P A N O P P I R S T U > A Y J Z I R S N O
 O O O O A S M > R T W A Y E E J O S G O J E V W E L Y T E T L C P P
 N X U B B N L S D I K N G L I P P Y X R X X L X C X M J D C M P R S
 R C B P N M O A S R E R A > H T K < C H L M R O J E A C Z E A P T U
 D E F B P R P O S O I S G B < Z Z L A G N P N S X A Y E D E V W
 J I A G H K S T U G Y V F C B D E K J I H O P M R S W N J E C E B E
 K < W I X Y E W V X N Z D E E F J L M L O R S E U V H I E H B G F
 L T A V E Z A S C A B E D S H E T I M N O P O T V V U J K T L A M N
 M Z U L E < B Z C A B C P K C J D C T B A V U T O U S > R A O T P O
 N R S D L C H X Y O E D L O M O N O A P O R S > T U > V N W G X Y
 L O P O R I Y K I W A R B C D E E R F G H I J K L P M N R O O P S Z A
 A F G H E J P L P F E E D C B T A E Z Y X O W V I U T I S L O A R E
 G O P O N B M W V > G H S I J K I L > M N O P R O R C S M T T U >
 A P G R S T T U E A E B C F D E F N G J H I J < T Z X K X A W P V E
 N G V D A N D U B N C I D E R F G H > I P L K M T A N O P T O T R E
 D H T N R R O P N O L N C M L O K K J E N E O P E R S > D I U D H F T
 H I U O S Z T U V L Z P B C D D T G H I > M N O W S N A B E E E G E
 P J A > X N D P W X Y A A S C I E F G J K L > U A O T A C D V W F H K
 P K E P O O G I O O O O I E A N B B S P P P I O L U R S T U X G I A
 A L E P I R G M H M M O G I > A > B P Y L L U T B > V Z B Z Y O J M
 Y M J R A H O M M S M M G N P H L A I I A M U S N W Y Y A I E J K O
 C H S S B H H L M M N U A A O O I I W I R U U S O X D N U O L L T
 R I E T B H H M L M X A B G G F > S I A I X D Z T T S A N D O O M L
 S T R U B B > M M L X X M X H F F X S X V X Z S T U I T I O O O N L
 M A O A J B M M K K O P Q S T U V A Z H B E J K L O P N I O I A O O
 A S C N P O > M L N J R S K Y W Y C A O C O N M R P W X K B C P >
 Z Z > G R S T U V W X Y J D E R F G H D I R A R T S U V Y Z L H P E
 P B E H O A M S T A U Z B E X X A X X N N I T E E D C B B A I I H O
 P O J I A O M > I Z O O A B < F G M J K L U M > S N T V W X Y Z D G
 R C O J T L M W X Y B O D D E > H I T N O P O O R U G F E D C A B N
 R W O K M N O V A G H I J K L M > N O N P O R R S T C L N M M O O O
 T D C L N M P U N V B C D L > < B E N N A C C C A C C C A M M O O >
 V V X M O M P T M A L E F P J A C T R O C I C C C S L C M N F G H N
 X E Y N P O R S T S R L O N O F D I A C C G E P O R N B D E U T I I
 X X B E N N E > > > U O R E > H E G B B R H I J A S T A S O K L M K
 Z F W V U S U V W X Y X Z M L L F F N L K O T P O I U W R R P O N U
 A G Z N T T A B B B B B B O K L E N E M N O F O R G O V X E T U V I
 B H M R S X X N N M M O O A J I H N D X W V U D S T J N Y Z J W X U
 C I M O P N N N N F L L O > N E S J E L Y Z B C L D E > N A B O Y Z
 P J N P R D A E C O N N N N D N N N C A B C D E F P F G E M C D O J
 P K O T S Y B D E V O L > E R O U > Y K C E R F G H U H I K M E F U
 O L T U V X E C L M N O R S T X Z B B P O N M L K I J P J K O M G H
 N M I > > U R O Z D C O T E S O T A S S U B U W X Y Z A P L M O D I
 Z M Y X W I H I J K O P U V W Y A B O R S T V B C D P X Z T N O C J

Right now here is your code clue.

FIND OUT THE SCORE AND

WHO DOES WHAT.

THERE ARE 19 SEPARATE CLUES,

AND THE EDITOR IS ABOUT TO LOSE SOME FRIENDS.....

AB	CD	EF
KL	IJ	GH
MN	OP	QR

~~YZ~~
~~ST~~ ~~WX~~
~~UV~~

(Dot denotes second letter of a group of two.)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The editor would like to finish off by thanking several people for their help over the last year or so.

Firstly Mr. Williams for his regular match reports so expertly typed. He has kept us all informed about the progress of the excellent U13 team.

Mr. Mockler has now joined the 'journalistic' ranks and apart from his pirate league tables has contributed much this term.

Mr. Eastham and Mr. Owen for their 4th Year and 1st XI reports.

Special mention for someone who does a lot of work and sometimes gets little credit. Wilkinson BR. who organises the 2nd XI. Well done Wilkie. I know it is a hard job — Keep it up. If any side is to gain victories next term let it be the 2nd XI.

All the masters who give up their time on sometimes cold and miserable Saturdays, not to forget evenings in the Gym. Mr. Day in particular for administering the 3rd Year B team rout of Alsop 10-2.

George and the groundstaff for all their efforts. I hope everyone appreciates the fact that it is a very rare occasion when Mersey Road pitches are unplayable. Well done George and the lads.

MR. Freckleton and Mr. Hassell for being trusty spectators with me on many occasions.

Mr. Robinson for the patent of the new super quizzes.

All Contributions for this edition from MISS DROZD. MR DICKINSON

MR HIGGINS. MR. Lea for all his help in organising games

Fenelon 2C for being the most loyal Football News reader.

And many many more. I am bound to have missed someone out so let me finish by wishing everyone

A very Jolly Christmas

and a Very Happy New year.

DT Cooke EDITOR.