

FOOTBALL NEWS

Getting near to the old one hundred.

Footie News rules OK. January 1980.

No 95

LATE JOHNSON GOALS WIN POINTS FOR 4 H YEAR B.

TONY JONES RUNS THE MIDFIELD

BACK FOUR IN FINE FORM. MAJEK OUTSTANDING.

Highfield 1 Institute 2 Johnson 2.

Institute arrived at Highfield to take on a combined A & B team in what was expected to be a very close game. Institute were pleased to play Tony Jones in midfield and his constant running and dangerous 'head ons' and flicks gave us control of the middle of the 'park'. The remainder of the team built on this and gained a fine victory. 14 players arrived and Mr Cooke had to do some team 'shuffling'. After this he blew his whistle and the action started. The pitch was hard but the morning sun had already caused a thaw in the top inch of soil. The game was very evenly contested and there was little to choose between the two teams. Institute were very tight in defence and the back four formed a solid line in front of Moss. Masen was intercepting well and Hassell and Sillitoe looked assured in the centre. This was not a pitch on which it was easy to run with the ball and this did not help our front runners Lee and Smith who rely on speedy breaks from midfield. In the 28th minute Institute nearly took the lead when a corner kick from Jones was met by Pimblett. His firm header was just a foot over the bar with the goalkeeper well beaten. This would have been a fine goal. Just before half time Moss made a good save and the interval score of 0-0 reflected how close the play had been.

Cont. P 2.

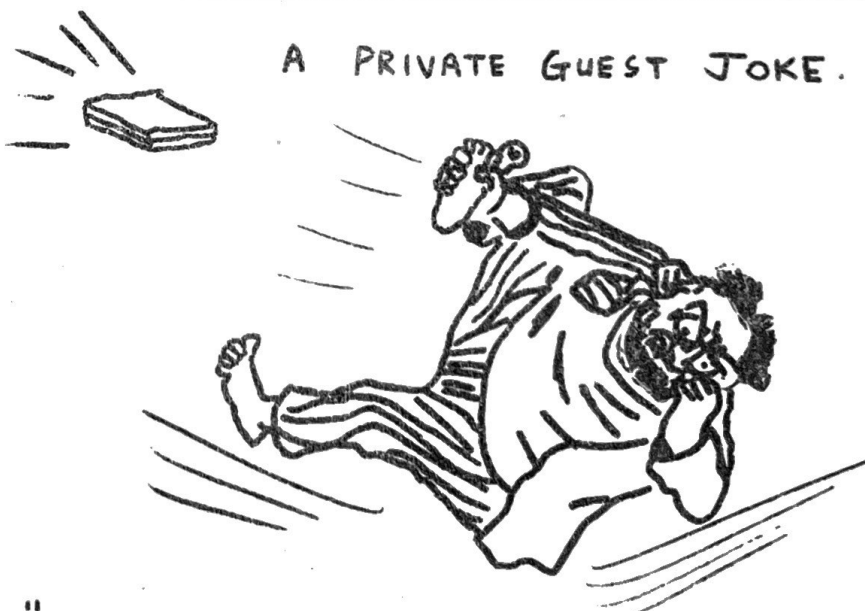
WARD SCORES TWO IN 5-2 VICTORY

Special report by Swinnerton Francis and Farmer.

Institute 5 Highfield 2.

The game was played on a pitch that was soft down the middle but hard and icy on the far wing. Inst. kicked off and were the first to come close. Jones swung a deep corner into the penalty area and Swinnerton met the ball with a fine header. The ball flew goalwards and thundered against the

A PRIVATE GUEST JOKE.



"WHAT IDIOT LEFT A
CROCODILE BUTTIE ON THE FLOOR"

YARWOOD HITS
2 IN DRAW
WITH HIGHFIELD
REPORT INSIDE

Continued from P1

The second half continued in a similar manner to the first. Highfield appeared to be gaining the upper hand and Institute did not create any clear chances in the first quarter of the half. Majek made an excellent interception that averted an almost certain goal. In fact Majek was clearly a firm contender for man of the match as he was playing with real authority and great coolness at right full back. Institute went a goal down after 20 minutes. This setback came after a scramble in the Institute goalmouth the ball just evading the desperate clutch of Moss. Substitutions were now made the first just before the goal was scored. First Eaves replaced O'mara then Johnson came on for Smith. The third substitution saw Iwediebo replace Thompson who had run very hard throughout the game and had played to orders in the second half using all his remaining energy in a 15 minute burst before allowing a fresh Iwediebo to play out the last 15 minutes. O'mara and Smith had done all that could have been asked of them but the introduction of 'fresh' players seemed to do the trick. Now Highfield faded and Institute took over control of the game. Johnson brought his close control and intelligent reading of the game into play. A terrific scramble in the Highfield goalmouth should have produced an equaliser but Highfield were still in front. Tony Jones was really setting up the attacks now and it was from the free kick awarded for a foul on him that Institute scored the vital equaliser. The players lined up and Highfield attempted to play the Institute forwards offside. However Johnson timed his run to perfection. Pimblett's kick curled over the defensive wall and Johnson met it with his head to score a great goal. Highfield should have regained the lead when a rare defensive error saw the ball at the feet of a Highfield striker 2 yards out. Somehow he managed to 'balloon' the ball over the bar. 4 minutes from time Barry Lee made his only real contribution to this game but what an important one it was. His long slanting run took him past three or four defenders until it looked as if he had gone just too far. When a goal seemed less likely than seconds before a defensive blunder allowed a delighted Johnson to tap the ball home. This was a fine end to a really fine game. The B team manager then had a working lunch with the A team manager trying to avoid the expected negotiations for player transfers. Sums of 3 million were ignored by Mr Cooke who refuses to let any of his players be dropped into the A team.

Ratings.	Moss	7	Majek	10	Hassell	8	Sillitoe	8	
Mason	9	Thompson	7	Jones	10	Pimblett	8	Smith	7
O'mara	7	Lee	7	Iwediebo	7	Johnson	9	Eaves	8.

Quarrybank	Away	12	0			App.	Goals	
Holt	Away	7	2					
Highfield	Away	2	1					
Next game V Warwick Bolam Saturday 2nd Feb.				Moss	3	0		
Venue not known yet. Game to be confirmed.				Mason	3	0		
Team. Moss Majek Hassell Capt.				Hassell	3	1		
Sillitoe	Mason	Iwediebo	Eaves	Thompson	3	1		
Pimblett	Smith	Johnson	Lee	Majek	3	0		
Subs. Omara Thompson.				Eaves	3	3		
				Lee	3	7		
				Smith	3	3		
				Iwediebo	3	1		
				Omara	2	1		
				Johnson	3	3	Three	
				Richardson	1	0		
				Sillitoe	2	0		
				Pimblett	2	0		
				Jones T.	1	0		

The following week we are playing Bluecoat and I am sure they will offer a B team game. This will be confirmed as soon as possible. Other games to be arranged and notification on board.

RJC Manager.

In the year of our Lord 1980 Generalissimo Swaine . S.R. felt it was time the history books had something to record other than boring oil price rises and stupid arguments over the price of lamb in Frog land and and who should or should not catch fish in the boring North Sea. Therefore to take his peoples minds of these and other boring things like steel strikes and will Elsie Tanner really leave ron in Torquay and is Mr Toothill really entering next years Isle of Man motor bike epic Generalissimo Swaine decided over a cup of Bovril to have a world war.

He stood up in front of his people .

" Ve vill march into 3A. Ve vill smash those oiks to kingdom come.

No prisoners will be taken."

The crowd roared their approval.

" Seig Svaino the magnifico . Heil Heil Super great "

Generalissimo opened the secret pouch that included the master plan. After eating the butties that he found in the interior he discovered that the whole plan revolved around a a super being known to many as the God. Others called him Fenelon but it was this super ultra mortal that had to be found.

The whole country was turned upside down in order to find him and when this proved impossible Svaino gave the whole stupid idea up and had a civil war over the failing carrot crop. He passed away in the year 2027 after having achieved nothing and that is why you will only read about the boring cod war and the boring nonsense in Rhodesia in the history books.

But here is really what happened as told to David Frost on the Tommy Cooper show on radio 79.

Fenelon was found .

He was festering in the upper bike sheds playing the national anthem on McCappin 's head. He was brought before Generalissimo Svain.

" I have a really soft spot for you Fenners "

" Oh yes my leige " said Fenners part relieved and part worried that the generalissimo would propose.

" Yes my pathetic little ozand burblig bandersnatch. A swamp. "

Not the bog the dreaded marsh the awesome swamp cried out our crawling hero.

Spludge. Yes friends it had happened Fenners was in the swamp. He displaced so much slime that the whole world was overcome and the earths axis was upset . The planet took a dive into the sun and the whole epoch was over.

Now that is the the CSE version. Here is really what happened.

THE PLAN.

3 divisions will march into the hall and take over the nerve centre of the universe. Then two platoons will sneak, up on 3A's room and battle will commence.

Colohel Challoner led the troops into the hall with famous names like, recruit 45th class Murphy , T.D Holden (wolf cub) Latrine orderly Tyse, and Muzzer .

THE SAD DEBACLE OF 3B.

Oh my countrymen how miserable was the fall of the once great heroes of 33. 3A held firm and swept them off the face of the floor.

Squadron Leader Heron had gained early warning advantage by means of his appendages on the side of his brown bread. These great flapping monstrosities , these awful great radar spilling 'things' picked up all 3B movements even before the moves were made. The alarm was given by a horrendous version of Ave Maria on the bugle by that Larry Adler of the trumpet Bugler Perischine. He also played Mozarts 5th in B flat major on the drum and roused his fellow fighters to abject apathy. The fight was short . 3A used dirty tactics. They sent in their secret weapon. D Williams had been studying under Mr Owen for seven years and had achieved passe at O & A level in utter boredom. Attending university he even surpassed the qualifications of Wol by gaining a Phd. in insomnia curing and advanced Paris trip slide-ology. The new study and curriculum of Spain tripologyboringitis was mastered and when he confronted all the fierce warriors of 3B he

sent them all into spasms of complete tiredness and boredom. The leader of the Mod squad Turnerington -Turner swept forward and trampled the remains of 3B's force into subjection.

Meanwhile the real campaign was taking place elsewhere.

3A's task force consisted of

Bombardier Bayley (heavily disguised as a basin)

Corporal Cousinau (with two hunchbacks and a club foot disguised as an olympic sprinter.)

Driver Doran (sporting an I.Q. of .008 On the banana scale)

P.Davies (civvy attached) the eternal creep of the field marshal's main task to slide under locked doors and create an entry and keep the field marshal's boots moist with continual strokes of his tongue.

Flight sgt. Foster heavily armed with toilet roll and automatic nuclear dart.

'Hunter' Hughes carrying three cardboard cut outs of Miss Piggie so as no-one would know who was really the true Hughes.

and finally that famous peer Lord Crossland of Superman.

Well the battle was short and sharp and after forty seven winters the forces of 3A repelled the attack and drove the grovelling remnants of 3B back into the land of 33 where they appealed to the super mortal for help. Zooke looked on with utter disdain and absailed down to the Parrot leaving the 3B ers to meet their fate.

What will happen now that 3A have won the major battles. 3B are cornered like Evertonians facing Liverpool. Can they escape or is this the end of 3B as a part of humanity. Tune in next edition when you probably will not find the answers to this and other questions like

" Do you really think the oscillation in economic and cultural upswings really is in inverse proportion to the regional and cultural upswing of the Quasi communistic design group faction in neo cultural overtoned democracy. Discuss. "

Also next week.

The loneliness of the long distance runner . The epic adventures of two runners Bool and Lunt as they boldly run where no-one has ever run before all on a wednesday afternoon games period. (clue they go through a warp hole in space)

Is there any truth in the rumour that Hyat+ of 3D is the real ruler of Iran.

That Victor Vocal of 4A exceeded the speed of light down Aigburth Rd.

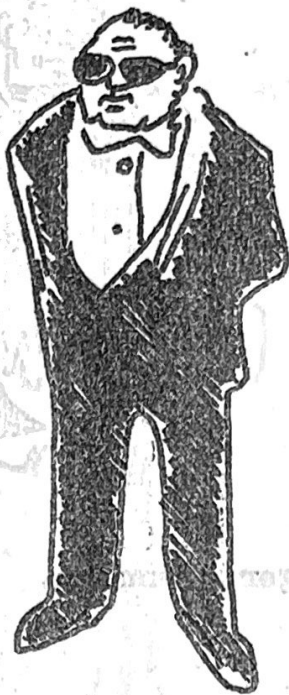
That Dudley thinks big ends (Ens) are huge egg laying creatures.

That Mr Owen's slide show is really responsible for the mess sleeping Beauty is in.

Who's who in the year 2020.

(Taken from the journal
great men of our time)

Full pen'pictures'
on next pages.



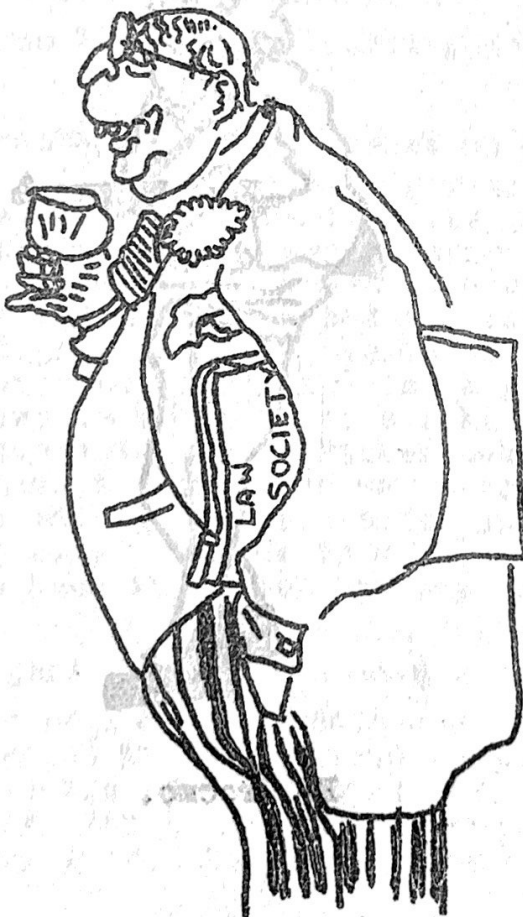
Cruncher 'Smash' Swaine.



Grabber Graham



Staff Sgt. Smudge Smith
B.U.M.



Morbido Mellingo
F.R.S.C.C.

Lord Challoner M.A. J.P.

Rev. Bishop Brenn.



Fingers Fenners.



'Drop out' Dylan.

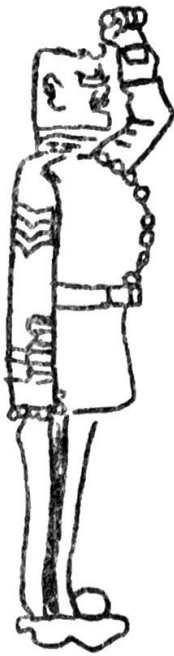


Sir Cowley of cars Managing director
Dinkey motors.



El Groomo.

Trooper Toolo (Ex Sgt twice removed)



His royal lowness Tsab tyse
Emperor of East Wappingham on the
Canal.

Smash Swaine Boss man bounzer . Took the gold medal for bouncing in 1989. Feared by all youth club thugs and trouble makers at Mothercare. Took to a career in bouncing when finishing off his military service. His P.E. instructor gave him the order

" On your heads- Bounce."

This caused all them blood to rush away from his brain (situated in the lower- or in this new case upper - ankle regions)

From here on in bouncing was his forte.

Grabber Graham. Opened up a store selling Linguaphone cassettes to trappist monks. Refrigerators to polar bears. Fur coats to Congo cowboys and amnesia pills to unfortunate people emerging from Goodison Park. Of course anyone sensible enough to take pity on all the Everton fans (approx 5 known to modern man) was bound to make a fortune. Grabber went from bad to badder and even baddest and his fortune grew and grew and grew. He invested a small fortune (three shillings and fourpence farthing) in a grand world concert tour of Wol Paris slide shows in exotic places like Seaforth and Middle Cheam. They were a great success and Kerry Packer bought up the rights (and the lefts) and Wol became a star . The whole world went to sleep for thirty three months and while they were boted out of their skulls Grabber dashed off with the loot. Now he is a multi 50 p' er and is seen going round grabbing the bees and honey off any unsuspecting heaps of cokes.

Fingers Fenners The adopted cockney tout .

When he left the daft and barmy Fenners bought a cock sparrow and flogged Gertie gitanas in the old frog and toad. Occasionally he would leave his cart and dart into the rub a dub for a glass of pig's ear. Would you adam and eve it he met a heap of coke in a right old Harry Tate. He said he was a turf accountant on bad times cos his

Joe Hook was losing him lots of pearly divers. Yes he was an ugly chap his boat race looked like a backfiring lorry. Straggly barnet fair and a quadruple Errol Flynn. His north and south was full of Hampstead Heaths and he carried huge king lears. A thick Gregory Peck supported his loaf of bread. He hit the old finger and thumb and consumed aristotle after aristotle. Some thought he was a right old Joe Hook and his inevitable goal was a flowery dell. Should he mix it with the syndicate he was brown bread. The things some people do for an Oxford scholar but there you are. He put a lady godiva on blue fox in the three thirty and it romped home at ninety to one. His feet hardly touched the penny a pound and the future looked bright. He had a glow in his raspberry tart and blessed the bottle of sauce that had brought all this good luck. Back to the rub a dub and no more the evil stuff now with a clear head he only consumed pints of forsyte saga, or a glass of day and night. With Donald Duck like this the future looked better and better. He found tons of china plates hanging around him trying to half inch his enormous fortune. But there was trouble ahead cos the burton on trent had not been paid for six years and a big bull and cow sprang up. Fenners lost his dickey dirt in the scramble and felt quite Tom and dick. he crawled up the apple and pears to try and bo peep it off. but he soon felt hungry and had to get up for hi Stommy tucker after which the old bill picked him up and he did some bird lime. He was saved just like Europe in 1917 by the sherman tanks who marched into Scotland yard and set him up as bookie for the Presidents macaroni.

(what a load of codswallop)

Rev Bishop Brenn. Born in 1307 he was ordained in the reign of Henry VIIIIXCIXXXXXVVV. He became a male nun before the monasteries were dissolved. He then retired to a village without a name and passed into obscurity.

Sir Cowley of Cars. Famous for his generosity on the shop floor. Awarded his work force a rise of 2p per week and cut their working week hours from 228 hours to 227 hours 55 minutes. This caused mass rejoicing and a rapid increase in productivity that broke all records. Even that of Kate Bush singing Wow for which he was executed by banishment to Goodison Park. Can still be heard screaming pitifully for salvation especially on Saturday afternoons. Sadly no-one hears him in the vast open spaces of that agrophobic desert where useless clodhoppers stumble around doing stupid things. It is rumoured that he is to be made a death peer.

More next week. (Unless someone bribes me to go away)

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Editors jottings.

Hullo to all my readers. Not much to say this edition. Hopefully the weather will allow us to play as many games as can be arranged and as soon as the nights become lighter I am sure the B teams will be called into action more often. I know the first year B are very keen but patience will bring its reward lads.

I do not know how many more editions of the Football News there will be but I can assure you I shall go on until the magic 100 has been achieved. The Football News is now over five years old. I have just watched Everton play Wigan. They were awful. It is amazing the difference in skill and achievement between Everton and Liverpool. Last Night I saw Liverpool almost outplay Notts For. Truly Liverpool are a great team.

I have not a lot more to say so I shall draw up a quick puzzle for the back page and leave you all to it. Good hunting and keep smiling. remember

" He who has health has hope, and he who has hope everything. "

" Those who intend to walk a hundred miles often stop at ninety. "

FINISH OFF THAT WHEN YOU START

RT Cooke - EDITOR.

England Vs 1c at Lords 1980.

Toss won by Mike Brearly who invited 1c to bat on a green wicket in humid conditions.

1C 1st innings.

S. Bush	ct	Taylor	B	Botham	17
A.T. Gibbons			LBW	Willis	5
S.W. Heron			B	Botham	5
J. Doyle	ct	Hendrick	B	Botham	3
B. Mullen	ct	Gooch	B	Hendrick	23
P Newman	ct	Tattlor	B	Botham	13
T. Kirby			Run out		0
R.A. Raby	ct	Taylor	B	Underwood	8
G.S. Sandhu			Not out		43
I.T. Smith			B	Botham	0
P. Taccagni			B	Botham	0
Extras					12
Total		All out			129

Willis	7	2	17	1
Botham	15	4	39	6
Hendrick	11	6	19	1
Underwood	15	5	42	1

England 1st innings .

Boycott			Not out	23	
Gooch	ct	Doyle	B	Sandhu	3
Randall			LBW	Sandhu	0
Willey	ct	Newman	B	Taccagni	7
Brearly			Not out	11	
Extras				8	
Total		61	for 3 wickets.		

Sandhu	8	4	12	2
Taccagni	6	1	33	1
Raby	2	0	8	0

CLOSE OF PLAY FIRST DAY.

second days play to be printed in number 96 Dont miss it.
weather forecast for second day. Cool with rain showers . Pitch
should still remain a seam bowlers pitch.

RJC at Lords.

SPACE REPORT

The noise in the courtroom suddenly dropped as the computer tape stopped running and a red light turned to green. All eyes turned to the man in the dock. He stood alone, impassive, eyes unblinking. Even his pet woolees felt the importance of the occasion and remained hunched on his shoulders without moving.

The computer spat out the single card that would determine the man's fate. As it was carried to the bench the last murmurs died completely, forming a deep well of silence into which the learned judge could drop his words.

"Davel Spridwist, of the planet Terk. You have been found guilty of a despicable crime. By shifting into hyperspace too near to its sun you caused the entire destruction of a planetary system which contained three sentient life forms. Before I pass sentence have you anything to say?"

The man from Terk lifted his head. "Your Honour, It wasn't my fault. At the time I was under mind control from my constant companions - these woolees you see here with me no. They made me do it"

"I have tried seven men from Terk" said the judge, "every one has given the same reason for a dastardly crime. It is no excuse. You are a bad character and will be disintegrated in one splith from today. There is no appeal.....Take him away"

Two guards clamped the Terkman and pushed him through a nearby door. His piercing cries could be heard echoing down the corridor, "It ~~was~~ wasn't my fault, they made me do it."

As this was the first time for seventeen suspects that anyone had been sentenced to disintegration without appeal so not surprisingly, the press conference which followed the trial was crowded. The first question was asked.

"Your Honour, in view of the plaintiff's claim that he was under mind control, from his woolees, don't you think the sentence was too severe?"

"No, I don't," said the judge. "Everybody knows a bad Terkman always blames his woolees".

Many thanks from the editor for the above article. It was 'real bonny lad'.

.....

It is not true that Cousineau has a hair lip. Just a club foot (two) and a hunchback (one) . . . Stop press. He has lost his hearing aid so speak up in his company.

.....

The "Bells the Bells" oh my word those darned bells.

Cousineau Jan. 1980.

.....

It is not true that Tillston is the incredible hulk. He is the ordinary mundane boring everyday monotonous common as muck Hulk.

.....

Turner is The 'Blob'. Yes friends he is the useless sludging mass of inanimate slime. Yes friends beware.....

SUPER TEST THRILLS AT MERSEY ROAD.

Gibiliru's team 7 Eme's team 4

Teams. Harding Jones Eme McGuire Iwediebo Berwick
Felix Hyatt.

Tsai Scrutton Rigsby Soul Gibiliru C White
Roberts Chean.

If this game was good the next one was even better. However for now let us read the action in this fine Gibiliru team victory. In the first minutes Eme hit the post with a cracking shot but the next minute saw an amazing blunder by Felix. Obviously he is a clever footballer but amazingly greedy. He sent in a back pass that provided Roberts with a gift chance of scoring. Just to show that this was a temporary lapse of sanity Felix went down the other end of the pitch and scored a fine goal to repair the damage. George White now missed a 'sitter' but brilliant work by Gibiliru opened up the chance for Soul to restore the lead. G White made up for his miss with a fine goal but this game of contrast between Blunder and Brilliance took another turn when Felix laid on a goal for Berwick. In the second half there was a goal rush with fine efforts from Gibiliru then G White twice and Roberts to make the score 7-2. Harding made a superb save and then Eme scored twice to reduce the arrears. Berwick joined the blunder boys at the end by missing the sort of goal a granny could tuck away. Near the end Hyatt (Hyattollah Brandy) nearly started playing I thought it was only a cardboard cut out model of Richard lalling out on the wing until he was rash enough to take a kick at the ball in the dying moments of the game. He then went muttering off the pitch calling the ref a big clot.

GREAT GOALKEEPING BY HARDING AND TSAI. SUPER SAVE AFTER SUPER SAVE BY THESE ACROBATIC KEEPERS

This was brilliant game of football and the performance of Harding and Tsai and the non performance of Hyatt take pride of place. In the first five minutes Harding made several great saves and Tsai at the opposite end showed fine form. Berwick scored the first goal taking up a rebound shot. Eme increased the lead and Gibiliru suffered a shock when he missed a penalty. This was a super Harding save and Jones cleared the second shot off the line. Roberts made a fantastic interception before Richard Hyatt scored to make the total 3-0. Harding now pulled off three miracle saves to prevent a frustrated Gibiliru's team from scoring. Eme scored another and the game appeared to be slipping away. Yet another three super saves and then nearly the killer moment when Rigsby cleared the ball off the line to prevent a disastrous 0-5 scoreline. Harding now tipped the ball over the line but the luck ran out when Gibiliru sent over a deadly corner kick and Scrutton cracked the ball home. Roberts scored a second after Harding had made his eleventh super save in 18 minutes. George White continued this fight back by scoring number three. Tsai was just as good at the other end and Eme was wondering just how he had been prevented from scoring. Now White stood and wondered just how Harding had taken the ball right off his feet with a sliding dive through the mud. Roberts shot for goal and White deflected the ball home but this was really a Roberts goal. Eme was playing a lone hand and his team went 5-4 down when White scored again. Eme the loner equalised and then gained support from Berwick who was tackling hard

Super'test'thrills.continued.

Now Richard Hyatt created a goal that gave Eme's team the lead in a game that fluctuated first one way then the other. The final touch was made by Eme but Hyatt deserves the credit. Once again the game swung the opposite way. George White scored after a really brilliant effort to prevent the goal by Harding. The ball rolled in the net and the score was 6-6. The glory was there for someone to grab. It so happened it was Berwick. He scored the 13th goal of a thriller and gave Eme's team a 7-6 victory.

Eme's team now take a 5-3 lead in the super test series with plenty of time for a fight back by Gibiliru and his merry men.

Teams.	Harding	10	Jones	8	Mcguire	7	Eme	8	Woodward	7
	Hyatt	6	Berwick	8						
	Tsai	9	Scrutton	8	Rigsby	8	Gibiliru	9	White	8
	Roberts	7	Chean	7.						

First year report continued. (from page one)

crossbar. The ball rebounded and after a mighty scramble was cleared. Institute opened the scoring when Ward ran on to a through ball and chipped the ball over the goalkeepers head into the net. Soon after this goal Highfield struck back. A sloppy back pass from Brown was intercepted by a Highfield forward and his shot was parried by Barker. The ball rebounded to another Highfield player and his shot entered the net even though Francis made a brave attempt to prevent the goal.

Half time 1-1.

The second half began and immediately an Institute goal arrived. Highfield were caught on the break and the ball arrived at the feet of Smith. His shot entered the corner of the net. Soon after Smith scored again this time after a cross by Farmer. The goal came from a fierce shot. Highfield tried hard to get back into the game but Institute 'rubbed it in' with a fierce half volley from Farmer. Almost at full time Highfield reduced the arrears but Ward replied with his second goal of the game. This was a good result from an improving side who show great potential.

Ratings.	Barker	8	Francis	9	McGunigle	9	Brown	8	Swinerton	8
	Smith	7	Jones	8	Muirhead	7	Carr	6	Farmer	7
	Shawcross	8	Doyle	7						

3rd YEAR DRAW 0-0 WITH DE LA SALLE IN CUP. REPLAY THIS SATURDAY.

Ratings	Galvin	8	Pilling	7	Peters	8	Smith	8	Careful	6			
Stanley	7	Perischine	8	Eme	9	Turner	6	Gibiliru	8	Eyo	8	Partington	8.

No school league this week Mr Cooke does not have the statistics. Would all team statistic collectors let me have an up to date performance record sometime over the next week or so. Thanks.

SECOND YEAR FOOTBALL By Scott Yarwood.

Salesian	Away	2	6	
Gateacre	Home	6	1	
Hillfoot	Away	3	3	
SFX	Away	1	5	
Quarrybank	Away	6	6	
Yew Tree	Home	3	2	Cup
Formby	Away	5	3	
Cantril Farm	Home	1	1	
SFX	Away	1	9	
Holt	Home	3	4	Cup
Holt	Away	3	5	
Prescot	Home	9	1	
Roby	Away	4	1	
Highfield	Away	2	2	

Ratings averages. ie. total rating divided by number of games played.

Mills	8.
Swinnerton	8.3076923
Warburton	8.0416666
Lappin	8
Chesters	7.625
Bohanna	8.5
Raynard	8.2142857
Fearn	7.8214285
Beattie	5
Rimmer	7.
Hutchin	8.035714
Tyson	8.1071428
Mcphee	7.8214285
Yarwood	8.5357142
Partington	8.4375
Lee	9.

All figures painfully worked out by the editor to at least 7 places of decimal.

Goalcorers.

Yarwood	22
Hutchin	13
Tyson	6
Swinnerton	3
Mcphee	1
Chesters	1
Raynard	1
Lappin	1
Bohanna	1
Partington	1

CONTROVERSY AT HIGHFIELD IN 2-2 DRAW. YARWOOD SCORES TWICE.

The pitch was hard and covered in ice. The game started with Institute kicking into the sun but after a goalmouth scramble in the 10th minute Highfield took the lead. Many missed chances were seen in the remaining minutes of the first half. In the second half there was some fine defensive play from Swinnerton and Lee and this started our fight back. Yarwood scored the goal after a break from the half way line. However Highfield regained their lead and Institute had it all to do again. Very near to the full time whistle an enormous amount of Institute pressure paid off when a corner kick was fumbled by the Highfield keeper. Yarwood was on hand to put the loose ball into the back of the net. This was a good performance by a hard playing Institute team.

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

LOOK LADS! I'M SHATTERED. A REAL QUICKIE
 HERE. 11. PLAYERS THAT MAKE UP MY
 INSTITUTE XI. TO PLAY JUPITER.

SMALL PRIZE FOR WINNER.

I HOPE YOU HAVE LIKED NO. 95.

SEE YOU SOON IN 96. *RJ Cooley*

STOP PRESS.

1st YR. 'B' TEAM GAME V.

WARWICK BOLAM SAT. DETAILS TO
COME.

RJZ.