

FOOTBALL NEWS

March 10th 1980

No. 97

4th YEAR DEPART CUP 'SCENE' WITH DIGNITY. JAMIESON + DUDLEY, THE BIG MEN IN EVERY SENSE, STAR

Institute 1 Alsop 3

SO CALLED ADULTS, LOUD MOUTHED LOUTS ON THE TOUCHLINE. SET SHOCKING EXAMPLE. ALSOP ARE WELCOME TO THIS TYPE OF FOUL 'YOB'.

Apparently the game at Alsop last week was marred by a lot of foul language from the players. After witnessing the moronic mentality of the Alsop spectators this is not surprising. In the second minute Institute took the lead when their goalkeeper dropped the ball after fair contact with a forward. In the next 15 minutes the game was played at a fast and even pace on a muddy pitch with much surface water. Lewis looked sharp for Institute and should really have increased their lead. However as the game progressed it is true to say that Institute slowly faded and it looked more and more as though Alsop must score. Institute held out until the interval although some near misses had been seen in the home goalmouth. After the initial booking of the goalkeeper the Alsop players managed to keep their tongue still but this could not be said for their so called supporters. Foul mouthed obscenities and disgraceful accusations of 'cheating' made against the linesman caused the referee to intervene. Requests to this mouthy lout to "go away" were obviously wasted as the moron remained very much in evidence for the next forty minutes.

In the second half Alsop began to put together their game, in fact I am sure it is only their tendency to talk and argue so much that prevents them from being an excellent team rather than a good one. Institute were hardly in the game in the second half and once Alsop had equalised there was little real hope of an Institute result. The Alsop second goal was very close to be offside but the ref allowed it as the player did run forward just at the moment the ball was sent over from the left. It was a good move and to be fair, justice had been done. Alsop added one more goal and Shelton made one fantastic save when he came off his line and dived at the feet of an advancing striker. All through the game Jamieson stirred his team on and Dudley stuck to his marking task with credit. Tony Jones worked hard in midfield but the other players could not quite reach their best form and 3-1 was a fair result.

Whatever else has been said it is a definite fact that Institute are a credit to themselves in the manner in which they play. To some (Louts) this is not important, only the result matters, but, in truth integrity and honesty and fair endeavour are assets worth much more than victory at any price.

Ratings. Shelton 7 Wright 7 Dudley 8 Jamieson 9
Tony Jones 8 Carter 7 Lintott 7 Eyo .7 Bailey 7
Flanagan 7 Lewis 7 Subs Barker & Long.

I should like to mention the two subs. Although not called upon they were a vital part of the machine and deserve full credit.

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ALL ROUND TEAM PERFORMANCE BRINGS FINE RESULT FOR 4TH YEAR

HASSELL AND WRIGHT SOUND IN DEFENCE. JONES AND BARKER DOMINATE
MIDFIELD. JOHNSON SCORES FINE GOAL AND THEN LEWIS PROVIDES STRIKING
RESULTS.

Institute 4th year 4 Bridgefield 4 Lewis 2 Tony Jones Johnson.

This was one of the most enjoyable games of the season that I have
watched. Institute were faced with real selection problems on the day
before the game. With players like Jamieson, Flanagan, Carter, Eyo,
Bailey, and Lintott*selection needed a lot more thought than usual.
However, the advantage of having a successful B team now really
came to light and the team that was selected performed in a way that
did the Institute 'proud'.

* missing .

In fact so many of Mr Cooke's B team warriors turned up we had the
problem of selection from 15 players. Sillitoe who was a little late
sacrificed his place and Smudge Smith waited patiently for a place that
as it turned out did not come. His moment will come next week.

The game started with the following line up.

Shelton Long Hassell Wright Dudley Eaves Jones Barker
Johnson Lewis Lee. Mason and Majek were on the line awaiting
their chance.

Before the game the ref hung up his hat and coat in the posh new
wardrobe the George had acquired. Is there any truth in the rumour
that George is putting forward Mersey Road changing rooms as one of
Britains stately homes. It may cost you 2/6d to get in next week.

Back to the action.

The game kicked off and Institute really impressed kn the first
moments of the game. Barry Lee broke clear and a corner was won on
the left. Barker picked up the ball and sent in a chip shot that went
very close. Tony Jones now showed his immense value in midfield by
winning the ball and sending on a deadly flicked header. His ability
to win the ball in midfield is so very kmporant to all the teams that
he plays for. It is here that many games are won and lost. Johnson
now won a corner and seconds later Lee had a snap shot saved by the
goalie. At the other end Wright headed clear when danger was threatening
and once again the action moved to the other end with Long sending over
a long cross that Eaves met with a good shot.
Institute were really putting in the work rate and it was paying off
as Bridgefield could not really settle into their game.
Barker stood out in these early minutes as a player who was determined
to win every ball and even better, use it to the best advantage once
possession had been won.

JOHNSON'S GOAL.

In the 12th minute Johnson opened the scoring when he followed a loose
ball up with real determination. He shot hard for goal and the ball
flashed past the goalkeeper into the net. This was a fully deserved
lead and the game looked set for Institute.

Sadly in the very next minute Johnno received a very hard blow on the leg
and it was impossible for him to continue. Give him credit he
recovered to remain on the ground for the remainder of the game when
many a player would have left for treatment. It is hoped he will be fit
for next weeks games.

As the team were digesting the change that saw Long move up front and
Majek take over at right back Bridgefield scored an equaliser. This was
an unfortunate lapse in concentration. Now Eaves showed real determination
and Shelton made a good catch from a long shot. Barry Lee nearly scored
when he just held back at the last minute and allowed the goalie to
save the ball. Hassell was proving to be a rock of strength in the
middle of the defence and this released Wright for a more attacking role
with great effect. Barker was really playing well in midfield and in the

last minutes of the first half a lovely 'flick on' header by Jones fell just a foot too far in front of Eaves.

Institute had been caught out whilst the injury to Johnson had been considered in the first half and in the first minute of the 2nd half the same thing happened. Bridgefield took the lead whilst Institute were still settling into the second period of the game. Majek was having some trouble with their left winger who seemed to be their fastest player. However, Institute fought hard to get back into the game and their reward came when Jones equalised. This was a scrappy goalmouth incident that first saw Jones miss a chance, then Eaves failed to convert before Jones gladly accepted his 'second bite of the cherry'.

Bridgefield regained their lead with a goal that in fact was offside but the linesman did not attract the refs. attention in time and the goal stood. It looked for a moment as though Institute were not going to have any further breaks when Lewis laid on a chance for Tony Jones who then saw his shot thunder against the crossbar. The ball dropped down into the goalkeepers arms. This was a mighty shot and very bad luck. Mason replaced Majek and in the remaining 25 minutes he adapted very well to the pace of a now fast proceeding game. Barry Lee after a quiet period burst into the game. He left his man standing down the right flank and centres the ball into the danger zone. Long shot but saw the ball rebound off the legs of a defender. LEWIS made no mistake with his effort. 3-3.

LEWIS SCORES A 'Cracker'

Now we saw the goal of the month from Lewis. He picked the ball up on the left flank and beat several players before cutting inside. He now unleashed a shot from about 18 yards and the ball left the goalkeeper standing.

Unfortunately Tony Jones now made his one and only mistake of the day and a poor back pass allowed Bridgefield to equalise. Shelton pulled off two fine saves in the last five minutes and apart from a little 'mouth' from some Bridgefield players the game proceeded to a fair result at 4-4.

This was an excellent performance by all the team.

Ratings (Mr Cooke) Shelton 7.5 Majek 6 Hassell 9
Wright 9 Dudley 6.5 Mason 6.5 Jones 9.5 Barker 9.5
Johnson 9 Lee 7.5 Lewis 9.5 Eaves 7.5 Long 7.5

(Mr Mockler) Shelton 7 Majek 5 Hassell 9 Wright 9
Dudley 6 Mason 6 Jones 9 Barker 9 Johnson 8 Lee 7
Lewis 9 Eaves 6 Long 7.

TRADERS CORNER.

WANTED.....

Mahogany sideboard Grandfather clock (upright) Victorian
four poster bed. Georgian writing table. Several coffee tables
and fitted clothes cabinets (for hanging up overalls and wellington
boots.

Axminster carpet and some velvet wallpaper.

See George at Mersey road. (Soon to be Lord George of Mersey mansions)

BRIDGEFIELD HIT BY GOAL RUSH. YARWOOD HAT TRICK . WARBURTON &
LIGHTFOOT STAR IN DEFENCE.

Institute 7 Bridgefield 1 Neil Swinnerton at Mersey Road.

Institute began soundly attacking down the left flank with Yarwood and Raynard combining well. The Bridgefield forwards began to get into the game but a sound defence kept them out. Lee and Warburton were playing well. The only worry to Institute was a shot that narrowly missed McPhee's left hand post. The opening goal followed a cross from the left that beat everybody except Lightfoot who nipped in to score. Chin had a great chance from a good build up involving Lightfoot and Warburton but he shot wide from close range. Soon after Raynard was unlucky when he 'blasted' a shot from the edge of the area, forcing the goalkeeper to turn the ball on to the bar. Chin scored the second goal when he 'slotted' the ball into the net from close range.

Half time 2-0.

In the second half Partington replaced Tyson who had enjoyed a good first half in the right hand midfield position. Immediately Partington made his presence felt. He scored a great goal, lobbing the ball over the keeper from an acute angle. Yarwood broke into his stride and scored two goals in quick succession putting the game beyond doubt. Hutchin had many chances but it just was not his day and his efforts either rolled past the post or were met by the goalkeeper. Institute piled on the pressure and the forwards were lining up for a chance at goal. Yarwood scored his third goal which was followed by a consolation goal for Bridgefield. Bohanna cleared a centre but the ball was sent back into the middle. It appeared a harmless situation but a defensive misunderstanding allowed the ball to enter our net. Shortly after Yarwood scored the 7th goal and this 'crowned' a fine performance by a team which has recently seen the introduction of new players.

McPhee 8 Warburton 9.5 Swinnerton 8.5 Lee 9 Bohanna 8.5

Lightfoot 9.5 Raynard 8.5 Tyson 8.5 Chin 8.5 Hutchin 7.5

Yarwood 9 Partington 9.

Report compiled by Tyson Warburton & Swinnerton. Written by Swinnerton.

Editors report. I was on the adjacent touchline and caught glimpses of this game. I remember Tyson covering well and tackling hard on one occasion in the first half. McPhee looked safe in goal whenever I looked over and Yarwood was creating his usual havoc in the opposition defence. Swinnerton and Warburton obviously had the defensive job under firm control. Mr Day was 'refing' well as well.

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Editors jottings.

After the recent 'take over' by members of the 4th year B team some A team ex regulars are facing redundancy. Brian Flanagan has been given the opportunity of taking up a linesmans job as the far superior and faster and deadlier and sharper and speedier and nippier and goal hungry and cleverer Johnno takes over and rules OK. Lintott has been given the job of left hand goal post, the net to be hooked on his nose. Now we have King Eaves in midfield ruling supreme in his domain. Jamieson has been given the 'plum' job of orange carrier or maybe the orange job of plum carrier. This is most important and he will have to attend a special course to perfect his craft. Of course his role has been taken over by Hassell the magnifico. Roger Dove is not available for selection as his bed sores are playing him up. Eyowill not be allowed to play in his top hat so his place goes to Smudge Smith the Brill. Victor Jones is responsible for all this wind and gales we are having at present and is banned. Roy Dudley has been offered a reprieve and can continue to play as long as he becomes a lackey to Cookie and his B team marvels. He must always pass to a B team man, lay on goals for B team men, tackle, run and carry for B team men and he must pay homage to the B team manager. Also Roy must lose twelve stone and get himself down to a slim fifteen stone. That means his daily quota of three gallons of guinness can be contributed to Cookie. Mr Mockler is being 'kicked' downstairs to 2nd year K team manager.

Letters to the editor.

Dear Editor, Is it true that the 'footie news' intends to declare when it reaches it's century? And also is it true you have accepted an offer from the Football Echo. --
As an avid scanner of your influential journal it's disappearance from the news stands will leave a yawning chasm in my existence. No more the exploits of the magnificent 4th year B team. No more the charges of 'Docker Dudley' along the touchline. No more the brain concussing riddles of the back pages. No more the spectacle of R.J.C. in splendid isolation, whistle clamped in teeth earnestly scribbling notes for the next dead line, while play proceeds at the other end. (a mixture of Clive Thomas, Frank McGhee and Peter the Hermit)
And who may I ask is to compile the school football league table? Surely not "Cook the books Mockler".
The demise of my favourite magazine will make me feel like a baby deprived of it's dummy. How will I kick the habit? I may even have to join the local branch of F.N.F.A. (football news fans anonymous)
But seriously folks, the editor and all concerned with Football News deserve applause for a magnificent achievement. The magazine is, as far as I know, unique in Liverpool schools football circles. It is never less than interesting and lively and R.J.C.'s cub reporters deserve a special mention (the next generation of sports reporters perhaps?)
Finally a pat on the back to the teachers who give of their free time every Saturday morning, without whom none of us could enjoy the greatest game devised by man. Well done gentlemen, well done all.
Yours etc. Tony Jones senior.

Dear Mr Cooke,

As a member of the League against Cruel sports and an active campaigner in the move to stop the slaughter of the world's whales I am writing to you for support for another important issue. This is the unnecessary slaughter of seal pups in Canada. I enclose a petition form and would be grateful if you could arrange as many signatures as possible in our efforts to stop this barbaric activity.

Yours sincerely,

J. Renison

Note. I have all the evidence in room 33 that shows there is no justification whatsoever other than greed and human self pleasure for the killing of the baby seals. All the talk of conservation and control of numbers is an untrue 'front'. Scientific evidence shows that great cruelty is carried out in the Canadian cull programme.

In my opinion man is running up a HUGE debt to nature. All I should like to say is What if this debt is ever asked to be paid.

If anyone should like to sign my petition or find out more of the organisations that are trying to stop cruelty etc. see me in room 33 anytime.

4 years ago I collected nearly a thousand signatures from school in a petition that reached one million over the issue of hare coursing and the slaughter of stags and badgers - All for the pleasure of the so called intelligent rich.

England V 1C at Lords 1980.

3rd day.

1C 1st innings 129. Sandhu 43 n.o. Botham 6-39

Eng. 190 Brearley 44 Mullen 4-29

1C 2nd innings 160-7 Gibbons 39 not out Kirby 57 not out.

cont.

Gibbons		not	out	98
Kirby		Lbw	Botham	157
I.T.Smith	C Taylor	b	Botham	47
Taccagni	C Gooch	b	Willis	33
Extras				36
Total				423 all out.

England set 363 to win.

Boycott	C Rush	b Raby	77
Gooch	C Doyle	b Raby	89
Randall	C Mullen	b Raby	0
Willey		not out	92
Brearley	C Heron	b Mullen	1
Gower	C Newman	b Raby	0
Botham		b Raby	4
Taylor		b Raby	0
Underwood		Lbw Mullen	2
Hendrick		C&b Raby	8
Willis		not out	1
Extras			5

Total 279 for 9 wickets.

Sandhu	5	0	49	0
Taccagni	8	1	57	0
Raby	44	12	89	7
Mullen	39	14	55	2
Kirby	19	10	24	0

England need another 84 to win with one wicket remaining. Wicket now taking spin and Raby is proving unplayable from the pavilion end.

Kirby hit nineteen fours and three sixes in his hard hitting 157 and Gibbons was left stranded on 98 after some enormous hitting by Smith 5 sixes and Taccagni 8 fours.

RJC At Lords.

SKI NEWS

Well this collection of notes and recollections has several purposes. Firstly I should like to write something for the parents that kindly financed the recent trip to Italy by allowing their sons to join the group. By reading these jottings I hope they will discover some extra aspects of our journey and adventures. Secondly this may act as a record of the events for the lads themselves so that anyone who did not keep a diary will be able to remember our holiday in the years ahead. Thirdly this collection of editorial ramblings will be included in Football News number 97 so relieving my readers of having to put up with the editors ramblings of life in deepest Borneo or sweltering Aden.

On the evening of our departure, after much double checking over passports and train tickets etc. I arrived at Lime Street to find that several members had already gathered. Everything started smoothly and this was to be the course throughout the entire holiday. We boarded the 2245 train that was due to leave for Crewe. This was a short first leg and on arrival at Crewe we had a twenty minute wait for the Manchester / Gatwick train. Mr Cooke and Norma sneaked over to platform five for a quick coffee and I enjoyed watching Russell Mills & Co. wasting no time disembarking pocket money into the station one armed bandit. Actually I think they turned out victors. Meanwhile back on platform two the train arrived and we all piled into our reserved compartment. For the first hour we played cards and other activities and Musser Snr. gave theological lectures to Haughton jnr. and Groomo. At least some people had some sleep. Later on most of the lads grabbed a little shut eye but Mark Rimmer and Brian Ellis kept on consuming enormous amounts of sticky comestibles right through Staffordshire and in and out of Oxford. All went well and we arrived at Gatwick just ten minutes late, but of no consequence. After a delay whilst I picked up our tickets we boarded our BAC 111 and the airplane took off just twenty minute later than schedule. The weather was dull and cloudy but after climbing several thousand feet the plane rose above the cloud into brilliant sunshine. We were looking down on a sea of 'cotton wool' and refreshments were served. I went into negotiations with my wife over who should have the rich tea and ginger biscuits. I was about to engage the help of Musser to solve this mountainous negotiation when I realised he would probably blind me with rational fact and scientific jargon, so I ate them all when Norma was looking out of the window.

We were given a fine view of the Alps as we passed over Switzerland all the famous peaks like the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc could be picked out. This was a superb view as the cloud cover was constant at approx. 10,000 feet and the summits projected above in the clear sunlight. The weather at Milan was still and slightly hazy, touch down was smooth and uncomplicated. We proceeded through customs I managed to persuade the official to stamp my passport although he was not too keen.

We now hit on our first piece of real luck. I managed to contact Albert, our representative, before the other groups and this meant he pushed us through straight away and within minutes we were on our coach leaving Milan set for the Dolomites and Val Senales.

The first part of the journey was dull as we passed through the industrial regions around the city of Milan. The weather was somewhat hazy and most of the party 'grabbed some shuteye'. The coach was a modern design and it provided a very comfortable ride. After a motorway stop we moved into mountain country and the Dolomite peaks began to appear. The haze spoiled a distant view and the most prominent object outside the coach window was the endless lines of grape vine. Passing Bolzano and Merano it was mid afternoon when we turned off the main road for our ascent to Maso Corto approx. 6000 feet above sea level. This was an impressive (and to some a hairraising experience) road that climbed steeply up first a gorge and then a wider valley. We passed a frozen reservoir and found a good covering of snow above the 5000 foot level. On arrival at Maso Corto we left our coach and embarked on the cable car that was to lift us all to over 10000 feet and our hotel destination. This was a really impressive journey with the most amazing views over the Alps into Austria and

countless other mountains in all directions. 5 minutes is all it took to ascend to 10700 feet and we had finally arrived at Hotel Bergstation Grawand. The altitude was very noticeable and several of the party had some difficulty in adapting to the height. In my case it made me giddy and I easily tired for the first 24 hours. However the human body is a very efficient 'machine' and within a day or so everyone was managing fine with our new environment. We all found our rooms and collected our ski equipment and after a longish wait for the other group who were delayed at the airport had a welcome meal.

Day one.

The one factor that 'stacks the cards' against this high location is wind. At this height it makes outside activity difficult, especially for the newly arrived. Our first day was very windy indeed and we were virtually confined to the hotel. It probably was a good thing as everyone did need a good rest after our long journey and lost night sleep. Several of us ventured out and explored a nearby ridge and in howling wind kicked steps up a slope to the ridge summit. The scenery was superb and it whet the appetite for the days to come. In the evening Albert put on his 'thin air disc' and everyone joined in the fun.

Day two.

The weather on the Saturday was fantastic, still clear and warm. We all descended to Kurzras and attempted to don our skis on a gentle slope on the opposite side of the valley. It was awkward for several members but after an hour or so most problems had been sorted out. At 11 A.M. we found our respective instructors and the fun started. You know skiing is not easy, in many respects it is like riding a bike. When you cannot do it it looks impossible but once the secret has 'clicked' it is all so easy. Therefore the hardest part of skiing is the first six to ten hours. This is why it is so important that effort be put in at this stage. Some of our group found it hard and struggled on. Some found it easy and raced ahead. Some found it hard and packed it in. Bless them all.

I accompanied Chris Haughton on the first morning on the high back slopes and experienced (not without a bit of trouble) the fantastic descent to the foot of the ski chair. At lunch, which I considered a real treat, I noticed Mr Peters was missing. Now this is where I can report an example of real determination to succeed. Bob had decided to 'sar' 'ice' his lunch to master the dreaded snow plough. This determination is exactly what I meant for by the end of our all too short week he was skiing with confidence because of this early 'graft'.

For the mums the lunch consisted of a choice of several dishes. Spaghetti bolognese with a topping of grated cheese

Austrian sausages and chips.

Different types of meat (chicken, veal, beefburgers) in batter with chips.

Goulash, as a starter. This was my favourite. It was highly seasoned with big chunks of frankfurter in it.

Yogurt or some sort of fruit provided a 'finisher offer'

I know most lads would have preferred fish and chips every day but I think everyone found the food good and some did experiment with several dishes.

In the afternoon a number of us spent two hours skiing down the back slopes and the remainder practised their snow ploughs in Kurzras. Others engaged in a game of cards and Mysser spent three hours 'swotting up on his Cathedrals of Europe encyclopaedia and The life of all the saints volumes one to nine hundred and seventy three.

Day three.

Another fine day, not quite as good as the previous one. Again skiing was the main activity for most of us and in the afternoon a larger group spent time on the back slopes using the drag lift and chair lift and skiing on the superb glacier ice. Talking about drag lifts this reminds me of one 'hairy' moment for me. In the hotel there lived a big friendly dog who went by the name of Hassell. He obviously is famous in

this area of the world as everyone seemed to know his eccentricities that is everyone except me. After just about managing to affix the T bar of the lift behind me I noticed Hassell dancing around in the snow. I was foolish enough to shout a loud hullo to the big hairy menace and was confronted with nearly a hundredweight of dancing dog. It appears that one of Hassell's favourite tricks is to dislodge skiers from their drag lifts. As remaining on the lift was a difficult enough task at the best of times this extra hazard was most unwelcome. Apparently Hassell has been known to await people whom he regarded as unfriendly, people who may have been a little unpleasant to him at some time or other. He let others pass on the lift until he got his 'enemy' in his sights and then all sorts of action started. My mistake was to send him far too robust a welcome and Hassell saw me as a practice object for his attention.

The lifts gave us all some funny moments in the early days of our trip. One member of the group will for all time have nightmares about the beginners button lift. This is of course Mark McPhee. On one afternoon he must have spent just about the whole time negotiating the lift, falling off the lift, and then extracting himself from the netting that protected the lift from the nearby slope. He was always cheerful and gave me some really funny moments. So much so that on one occasion I fell off myself after laughing so much at his fierce entanglement. At about three thirty in the afternoon as I joined the lift and set off up the slope I was aware that something was not quite right. I could not work out what it was and it was niggling at the back of my mind. This was worrying as I climbed up the slope. Then just before I reached the top of the lift it struck me what was amiss. There had been no Mark struggling at the foot of the slope. What had warned me of this was the sight of him struggling at the top of the slope. He must have made it this time only to fall at the 'last fence'. I think Mark McPhee deserves the Football News award for sheer determination, for effort on the drag lifts above and beyond the call of normal human experience.

Third day.

When I rose on the third day it was obvious that the wind had risen considerably. It was blowing at up to 120 km/hour and skiing was not possible. However, the weather was not totally unkind and by noon it had relaxed and the cable car was running again. We all descended to the valley and managed to get in at least two to three hours on the 'sticks'. On this occasion I noticed the really good progress of several lads. Mark Rimmer and Paul Warburton were taking to the slopes like experts and Anthony Peeney was forever looking for new challenges on the nursery slope. Hopefully if the weather allowed us maximum skiing time a real improvement would be seen on the next day.

Fourth day.

Today I rose at 5.30 a.m. and was dismayed to find that the weather had if anything worsened. By this I mean the wind was really howling. Apart from this the sky was clear blue and the day bright. I got up early to take photographs of the dawn and saw the sun slowly rise over the mountains to the east. It was a memorable sight. When I went out onto the mountain slope to take a photo to the west I was nearly blown into oblivion.

Although the cable car did descend to the valley at 8 a.m. reports from the group in the car verified the belief that it was no place to be in a wind like that. To compensate for being stuck up the mountain Mr Day and Mr Peters and I ventured out onto a nearby ridge for some memorable views across to the Dolomites and once out of the wind we actually sunbathed for an hour. By noon the wind was rapidly falling and by 1 p.m. we were able to descend to the valley to carry on our ski progress. Again this was a fine afternoon and several lads ventured up the far valley slopes and managed to negotiate what are classified as intermediate slopes. Warbo lost a ski but recovered it without any difficulty.

By nightfall there was hardly a breath of wind and it looked good for what would be our last day on the slopes.

Today we awoke to the perfect day. Bright sunshine, clear skies and

not a breath of wind. Just about all the dedicated skiers descended upon the back slopes with relish. By now most of us had managed to cope with the 'dreaded' approach path to the slopes. This was a fairly narrow path that really was nothing at all. But with the disadvantage of rather a lot of skiers on it at any one time and the fact that it was a little narrow nearly always caused some spectacular crunches. I remember on the first day one of my binding came off and I did a spectacular head dive into the adjacent snow bank. There I was buried up to my waist in snow with my ski-less legs kicking mercily away. What an undignified return I made. Luckily no-one saw this. However I did witness Mr Day in some difficulty on day 5 in the same spot. However he has crossed my palm with lager and I am not at liberty to disclose the outcome. For the whole day we practised our parallel turns and other sometimes undignified movements. Chris Haughton carried out the complete descent from the hotel to the village over three thousand feet of downhill skiing. Dylan and Tony Peeney and others coped with the slopes on the far side of the valley and Tony Perischine launched his ski into Austria. Unfortunately this was an unmanned launch and Mr Cooke had to fill in some insurance claim forms. Mr Peters discovered a new way of disembarking from the chair lift. It involved complicated, inverted, gyratory movements and a n ultimate rejection into the snow. The day ended all too quickly and we handed in our skis. For the last time we all negotiated the dreaded ski room step. This was a frozen mass of snow lying outside the ski room entrance. It was something like the north face of the Matterhorn and I ended up in difficulty here more than anywhere else on the mountain range.

At the end of this memorable day we were given one more special treat. At about four p.m. cloud began to build up in the valley 4,000 feet below. However, we were well above this cloud and this gave us a spectacular view. We could look up to a clear blue sky, but down there below us was a thick mass of cloud like a huge mass of 'cotton wool'. It looked completely solid almost as though one could jump down and walk on it. For miles around (in fact as far as the curvature of the earth would allow) isolated mountain peaks projected from this 'ocean' of cloud. I found this a view to remember forever.

Thursday morning was calm but the cloud remained from last evening and to be honest they looked very much like snow clouds. For the skiers following us this could only be good news for the mountains had not had fresh snow for many weeks. In fact this fact again illustrates the fortune of our stay at Kurzzras. For with our high altitude lack of snow fall did not really matter. Many other groups in lower resorts would have found skiing difficult because of a lack of snow. After gathering together our baggage we descended the cable car and made the return journey to Milan. On arriving at the airport I found our flight had been delayed several hours and this meant our train connection in London was lost. Nevertheless there was still a chance we could catch the 0050 from Euston, to arrive in Liverpool at 0407. In the next three hours I was asked the following question seven million three hundred thousand times. "Sir do you think we will make our train". In the end I just answered with a completely blank gaze and sleepy look accompanied by trappist silence. After upsetting the Italian airport authorities by a sequence of 'silly' games like wheelbarrow races, and fighting towers (all good fun) the flight suddenly appeared at 2115 and we took off for England.

A hectic but uneventful dash across London saw our arrival at Euston with about 15 minutes to spare. Four or five lads dashed out for fish and chips and this nearly caused a world war amongst the others but sleep soon took over and our arrival at Lime Street was punctual. The adventure was over.

(Please excuse any typing errors in this account)

Now for some reminiscences of individuals in the group, in fact something about everybody

All in good fun.

John (Romeo Cassanova) Bool.

Rumour has it that Italy has surfaced from years of economic decline because of the enormous amounts of mail flooding from Italy to Liverpool after our departure. This has caused the elimination of all unemployment. Of course these are the letters of Italian beauties attempting to win the heart of our intrepid Romeo. Nevertheless, on advice from Sir Michael Edwards John has decided to 'Go British' and direct all his attentions to the sleepy little hamlet of Weston super mare, where a little creature called Mandy lives happily ever after.

Ian (ping pong) Mooney.

Ian proved to be so good at table tennis that a system of handicaps had to be worked out. By the end of our trip he had to play under the following burden.

Wearing skis, frogman flippers, greasy boxing gloves, rigid cast iron corset (with hairy lining) blindfold (with a twelve stone parrot perched on one shoulder) and only after drinking seventeen bottles of martini / rum shandies.

He still won all his games.

Seriously we were all proud of the way he won the title for the Institute group. He turned out a pretty useful skier as well.

Howard (Mod) Davies.

On the third night in the disco I said

"Goodness me, has Howard done his back in on the slopes"

The answer was

"No sir he always dances like that"

The nearest I can report the dance is as follows. Imagine a man in a suit of armour that has been left out in the rain for two months. All the joints are rusted. Now inject into this suit two gross of stinging ant and bumble bee. The following actions should be close enough to what I witnessed. Actually I practiced this action in my room later that night. My wife went into complete hysterics and I lost six stone.

There is also a terrible rumour going round that Howard actually put on a pair of skis on the first day. Don't believe it lads it is a Russian plot to disfavour our secret m.o.d. (ministry of defence) weapon.

Musser Snr.

Spent so much time at prayer that he missed the entire ski trip. Came out of retreat just in time to catch the plane home. Next year he is skiing in Lourdes on a matching pair of elongated mitres.

He deserves his award and title of champion annoying and irrelevant question asker. (only cos i never know the answers)

On the last day Norma saw him smile (you see we all have weaknesses)

Mark (Tumblestiltsin) Mcphee.

Spent so, much time on his back on the nursery slopes that he went down with the snow equivalent of bed sores. An amazingly cheerful character who mastered the art of skiing very well indeed. A credit to that concept of determination and utter graft.

Dylan (skisville) Haughton.

Drove Peter Groome and Musser crazy with his enlightening accounts of his days skiing. So much so that these two came running to me begging me to show them some slides of Mr Owens Paris trip (Probably the most boring thing that has happened to mankind). Actually Dylan became a very competent skier and with further experience could become quite expert.

David (Fontenroy) Burt.

Turned out on the ski slopes wearing top hat and tails and swagger stick. Received 10.0 for turnout and then confounded everyone by wearing the most ghastly coloured tie on every occasion that mattered. However his tie came in handy during the ascent of a nearby 10,000 foot peak as it acted as rope for the entire ascent route. By the end of the trip David also was turning in some good skiing.

John (fingers)Careful.

The expert at finding the queen and I do mean playing cards, astounded everyone and frustrated some by manipulating the cards in such a way that no-one knew where the 'lady' was (except P Smith, who had the top corridor 'sussed out'). Another who made excellent ski progress and who should greatly benefit from further practice.

Francis Iwediebo (ghost shooter) The red adair of the ghouls.

After stating the magic words "Shazam" Billy somebody turned into Captain Marvel. After twisting around some American creep turns into Wonder woman. Francis eats twenty five cartons of yoghurt throws them all violently up and then becomes the terror of the ghouls. Boldly walking over seas of vomit he puts to flight all spooky ghosts and exorcises any terrified second formers who have seen the phantom skier of the hills.

Francis attempted the impossible by tugging on Cookies beard and as the dastardly act was taking place (with misguided leader permission) 8 cameras sprung to life forever recording this unlikely moment. In fact Francis became the party 'trouble shooter' and fully deserved the trust put in him. He is a reliable and respected leader who also became a competent skier.

Peter (croak croak)Groome.

Once upon a time he consumed several large martinis and when somebody kissed him he turned into a frog. Instead of skiing he spent the entire holiday sitting on a lily pad catching flies with a long sticky tongue. Then along came a fairy prince and another big smacker turned him back into a skier who by the last day was easily coping with the intermediate slopes. Like Cookie, Peter often preferred to be a lone skier- at least that way no-one sees our spills and tumbles.

'Mushy' Marsh.

When not pining for his grans roast potatoes Mushy was, with gay abandon, leaving all his possessions all over Val Senales. Actually Mushy coped very well with the high altitude and I think he did very well on the slopes. Always a cheerful manner ideal in a group situation.

Michael (granny snatcher)Smith

Whilst skinning down the mountain he was overtaken by a bionic granny, a ninety year old on nuclear skis. She was disguised as a nine year old Lena and our intrepid skier was smitten by her charms. This obsession caused him to perform all sorts of untypical actions that can not be printed. Another who boldly skied the far valley slopes.

All this fuss and bother about the school being closed has certainly messed up the end of the football season for us all. This edition of the Football News has been over three weeks in the making and several pages have been lying in my cupboard for that much time. Plans for a bumper number of games for all teams including B teams have been thwarted by the unfortunate non attendance of prospective players. Well I have still several reports of games to make and I hope that although they are a little late they will help to bring everyone up to date with the progress of our teams. This is the last but one Football News this season and the final edition, number 98 will be out in just a few days time to bring the curtain down on the season. Numbers 99, 100 etc., if they are to be, will arrive some time in the future.

It has been a good season and I know all the lads would like me to thank the masters who have given up much of their time organising and refereeing the games. I should like to add to all the players a very well deserved ~~plawellplayed~~ You know some of the teams that we have played have been guilty of a fair amount of questionable and unsporting behaviour. Institute may not be the 'worlds' best winners but I can confidently say that on almost all occasions they are a credit to the game of football in their attitude to the game in general.

Well in another part of this edition I printed a collection of notes about the ski trip and at the beginning I did say that it was partly to prevent the editor from boring you all with his takes of life in Borneo. So I shall keep to my promise and sign off with a hearty farewell and a cheery see you all in number 98.

RT Cooke

Can't resist one naughty last comment.

Coming soon. Don't miss it. An epic, never to be forgotten, experience of a lifetime.. The event the West has been awaiting with longing and desire. The one and only. the unique, the extra special, superb.....

SLIDES OF SPAIN.

By the one and only... schhhh you know who.....

1st XI 1 Staff XI 0.

This was a very close game and only a freak goal that allowed the ball to deflect into the net gave the 1st XI victory. All the staff played very well and considering the difference in age the lads were really stretched to hold on to their lead. Mr Williams proved to be a most competent ref. Cookie used 'slide rule' tactics in catching Warburton offside in the second half. In fact the distance was rarely less than 75 yards and apart from this I am going to surprise everyone by not typing anything dead sarcy and nasty about any players.

Except one editorial gem that came just after the half time whistle. After insulting Mr Owen by saying how well he had played our editor was bombarded with the following.

"You shut up Cookie you're going off"

The reply was instant.

"Better than being totally decomposed "

..... and so the good humoured saga continues between the best of mates.

COMPETITION (SORRY ONE E TOO MANY) RULES.

Right lads. You have to find out who wins the cup. Hidden in this square are all the teams in my round 5 of the cup. Find out the teams and to determine who they play find out the suffix letter after the team. Eg.

INSTITUTE G (suffix letter G) You have to find another team with the same suffix. The numbers after the suffix is the number of goals that teams scores.

Eg.

INSTITUTE G 4

ALSOP G 3 means

Institute win 4-3.

NOW remember some teams have a letter to denote the second part of their name eg.

Leicester C. (C, standing for city) ALSO

Some teams draw and replays might be necessary.

Okay you are on your own now.

In this edition you will find out who wins through to round 6. In number 98 out on Thursday/Friday the rest of the clues can be found. $\frac{1}{2}$ to winner on Friday. 2nd Prize for second correct answer.

Stop press. If you cannot find a report in this game do not worry it will be in number 98 out later this week. Also the end of the ski notes will be available in room 33 to anyone who is interested in them. They will not be in number 98 as that edition will be tabloid. That means Daily Mirror size, handy to fit in your satchels. ... Now who is he trying to kid?

See you lads.

X N J R S M M M N R A B 3 9 7 8 2 G
 8 0 7 1 6 P 2 X P L A T S Y R C P P
 2 T I D E R B Y C C O 2 A B C 2 S M
 1 T L I V E R P O O L Y 2 O I R N X
 1 5 2 3 V H I J 2 E 4 5 3 E I I N X
 G F M A N C F I E K L M N F R E S T
 R L P Q 2 2 4 D H I J O P S Q V U 2
 Q 3 Z X 2 A S G F O 2 O I T W E V Y
 L L O P U U B C D E D I B T X R I L
 B M N N G Z A M U 2 2 C I O Y T Q A
 4 C A I W X Z 4 A 3 3 C N N Z O P N
 D M R S S V Y B A N 4 L M A N N C E
 M Q O T P T C I M C U 3 C N M X O S
 N O F 4 U U O S Z T Y C 2 N I 2 V R
 N N F 2 R A V K R L 2 B I J A K E A
 2 5 S 4 S 4 R 4 E 3 O Q R 4 L M N P
 R 6 T 3 J 2 2 S 9 C 9 O 4 E N M T I
 N 7 T 3 3 N B 5 E 5 G 9 P 8 D 8 R I
 O 8 O 6 L 2 M I I N R 2 I R 2 V Y W
 T I N L 8 C M A O I A Q I I E U N X
 R 2 U 4 5 N I B N P B L S 3 T V 3 Y
 E H 2 2 6 J A K L C O Y Z A 2 Z I G
 V L U V W N B 4 M N E 2 R O X B F L
 E M T Y A 2 A 4 6 I I O I U D C E H
 O N S G J 2 O D F S T T O N B K J I
 P R I Y I 4 3 C I R P L A T S Y R C
 Q W G H 4 J H T U O M S T R O P G H

£1

PRIZE.

SEE PREVIOUS PAGE FOR
DETAILS.