

March 13th. 1976.

NO 16

THANK YOU EDWIN

All the readers of the Football News would like to acknowledge all the work that Edwin has done for the school in all the years service he has given.

He has acted not only as groundsman but also coach and advisor in all aspects of sport. I personally shall miss him very much. Not many people realise how much expertise and experience is required in the proper care of a cricket square. Some of the 'tracks' I play on each season are positively dangerous. Not so Mersey Road. It is the best square I have played on in many years and this is only so because of much careful preparation and hard work.

All the very best in your retirement Edwin. We hope to see you at as many of our games as possible. If you miss any I'll make sure you can read about them in the Football News.

GOALS GALORE IN GAME OF GLARING DEFENSIVE ERRORS

SEE-SAW ACTION IN A GAME WE SHOULD HAVE WON BY A BIG MARGIN.

Old Hall (Maghull) 5 Institute 5

This game was a classic example of a side giving goals away continually throughout the match, and just when they were beginning to take control. In fact it was not until the last ten minutes that we first took the lead. A lead we deserved owing to greater football skill. Then typically for this game we allowed Old Hall to equalise shortly after. Had we scored first and taken control of the game I feel we probably would have won something like 6-0. Their referee actually agreed with this view, however, with much bad defensive play we allowed Old Hall to score 5 goals and a high scoring draw was a fair result.

In the first 3 minutes it looked as if we had put the cup defeat behind us as a smart move built up between Regan, Diable and Warburton. But in the 4th minute Johnson, Chellew and Freckleton got themselves into a terrible tangle and Old Hall were given a gift goal. Regan was showing up well in midfield and their

Sequel to a certain cup tie.



"I'm not superstitious, but when they got 13 I thought we might lose."

spectators were very impressed with his ball control and intelligent passing. In fact Regan was too good today, for many of his passes and intentions were wasted by other players. After 10 minutes an unnecessary foul by Harrison gave Old Hall a free kick. When the ball was floated into our area everyone stood and watched while the Old Hall inside right headed the ball into the net. Chelley should have saved this goal and this was our 'all time low' of the season. Poor marking, a tendency to wait for the ball and a sad lack of running was only brightened by Regan's skills.

As we slowly came back into the game Langford received a pass from Regan and blasted the ball over the bar from 3 yards. A minute later we started the fight back. Again Regan took the ball down the left flank and worked the ball into Langford. He slightly miscued his shot and the ball ran on to Warburton who easily tapped it 'home'. This was followed by an amazing miss by Warburton who will still be puzzled as to how he missed after Diable had 'set it up'. Now we were attacking with more imagination although I still suspected that the defence was vulnerable to breakaways. We got back on even terms after 22 minutes after a mix up in the Old Hall defence. Fittingly it was Regan who put the finishing touches to the move.

All this work was completely undone several minutes later when we gave away a goal through a complete lack of marking. This was a really stupid error because we now had to start all over again. Early in the second half the Old Hall goalkeeper was forced to make a good save to keep the lead intact. Again it was persistent running by Regan that enabled us to equalise. He forced his way down the right flank and eventually shot for goal. The ball was deflected past the home goalkeeper by a defender but the goal has been awarded to Regan for not giving up, a characteristic not shown by many other players in this game.

Warburton and Diable were beginning to play well and Diable nearly scored with a clever overhead kick. Shades of Dennis Tuert. We were now beginning to get on top when we again threw everything away. Johnson failed to tackle first time and played himself into danger. The ball was worked into our penalty area and Johnson was forced into a clumsy attempt to stop the attacker and the referee awarded a penalty. This may have been a harsh decision but we have only ourselves to blame for allowing the dangerous situation to develop. We again 'came back' and again it was Regan on the right. He beat his man and crossed the ball. Warburton headed the ball on and Langford just got a touch, the ball eluding the goalkeeper and crossing the line. This was Warburton's goal as his was the main deflection. Level for the third time we almost went ahead from the kick off. A lovely pass from Hassell put Langford through but he shot narrowly wide. Hassell was playing quite well in midfield now but Johnson again got himself into trouble at the other end. Nevertheless it was Johnson who now appeared at the Old Hall end and after yet another run from Regan Johnson scored the goal that at last gave us the lead.

It was not to be for we managed to foul it up again and Old Hall now took their turn at pulling back a goal to equalise. Another terrible defensive blunder. In the last 5 minutes of the game Hanlon and Mansley replaced Bennett and Langford but they did not have time to really achieve anything. Lawson came close near the end but the final whistle went with the scores level at 5-5.

Regan was the outstanding player for Institute. This was a remarkable performance on a day when only Diable and possibly Warburton played at anything like their best form.

TEAM. Chelley 4 Bennett 4 Freckleton 6 Harrison 5
Johnson 4 Hassell 6 Warburton 6 Diable 8 Langford 4
Regan 10 Lawson 6 Hanlon 6 Mansley 6

It is interesting to note the scoring sequence in this game. Our score first in each case. 0-1 0-2 1-2 2-2 2-3 3-3 3-4 4-4 5-4 5-5.

PLUM'S PLANNERY

Perhaps you have heard the story of the wing-half who, instead of taking a throw-in, handed the ball to a spectator who had been barracking all afternoon, and said 'Go on then, YOU show me how to do it'. The spectator declined the invitation, but he kept silent for the rest of the game.

Barracking is always contemptible. It is silly and should be condemned. In the above instance one's sympathies are wholly with the player. The principle of putting the spectator in his place can be a dangerous one if it is carried too far. Some footballers resent ANY criticism from spectators. They say that they are willing to be criticised by anyone who can play the game better than they can play it themselves, but they will not take any notice of people whose practical experience of football is confined to walking to and from the football ground.

Whenever I come across players -and especially schoolboy players, who think that they have nothing to learn from spectators, I am reminded of Plum. I forget now what his real name was, or why he was always called Plum, although I think this had something to do with the rotundity of his figure. Plum came as a day boy to school rather late in his career; his parents moved to the area from another town. He was put into the fifth form, and immediately began to spend much of his spare time in the physics lab, where he did peculiar things with prisms and weights and magnets and complicated formulae. However, on his first Wednesday afternoon at the school he was rooted out of the lab, to take part in some form of athletic endeavour. Games were compulsory, and Plum was offered the choice (at which he shuddered) of cross country (at which he went pale), of rugby, and soccer.

Reluctantly, he consented to soccer and turned out for his form at outside right.

In the same team, playing at centre half, was Rogers, the school football captain. Rogers, who was used to carrying a few lame ducks in the form team, looked resignedly at Plum's unathletic figure, forlornly hugging the touchline, and decided to send the ball out to him at the first opportunity to bring him into the game. He soon had the chance to send a straight, hard pass out to the newcomer. Plum stood petrified in the path of the oncoming ball until the very last moment when he leapt over it like a startled rabbit and let it go out of play.

'H'm', murmured Rogers to himself. 'Truly a difficult case.'

At half time he spoke a word of encouragement to Plum, and the grateful Plum responded on the resumption of play with his only decisive act of the game. He stuck out a timid foot and protruded the ball away from the toe of another player. But the other player happened to be his own inside right, and Plum was rewarded with what he afterwards described as a look like a smell of gas.

Rogers took him aside after the game.

'Plum, old son,' he said 'football is not exactly your cup of tea, is it?' 'I'm afraid not,' replied Plum, and earnestly and squeakily, went on to explain. 'YOU see, although I'm well built, I'm not really very strong, and I don't seem to be able to make my feet do what I want them to do, and without my glasses I can't really see very well, and...and...' Rogers cut him short. 'Don't worry' he said kindly, 'I'll have a word with the games master and try to get you excused. After all,' he added generously, 'there's room for scientists as well as footballers in the world.'

The matter was easily arranged, for the school system was a sensible one. The purpose of compulsory games was twofold. Surprisingly often boys who would never have thought of themselves as footballers discovered that they could really play the game very well when they had to do so; while others, who would never be good players, succeeded in proving the truth of the adage that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing badly. They thoroughly enjoyed their games, and made up in healthy enthusiasm for what they lacked in skill. The games master agreed with Rogers that Plum came into neither of these categories.

But as it was equally clear that he was not simply a slacker, they felt it would be cruel to condemn him to a lifetime of cross-country running. And so they decided to let Plum keep fit in the gym, and spend his half-holidays as he chose in the lab. The following Saturday, therefore, Rogers was surprised when leaving the field after a victorious match, to find an overcoated and Muffled Plum walking beside him. He had apparently watched the whole of the game, and now had a serious air about him. From time to time he blinked nervously behind his glasses. Interested, the football captain waited for him to speak. At length he did so.

"You played very well, Rogers," Plum said timidly, "but if you don't mind my mentioning it, You've two faults which should be eradicated." Rogers stopped, and regarded Plum thoughtfully. "Yeah," he said, "go on. What are they?"

"You've a tendency to wander left of centre, so that a fast centre forward could break through on your right. And when you have the ball, you waste time too often by taking it upfield yourself when a good straight pass would do the same job more quickly." Plum suddenly seemed alarmed at his own boldness. "I-I say, you'll think this is awful cheek..."

"Not at all," said Rogers, who was a sensible young man, and never resented well-meant advice. "You've got your head screwed on, Plum. I've been told about those two faults before - by a first rate player, too - but I thought I'd got rid of them. Look, would you care to watch the first eleven match against Greystone next week, and let me know your opinion of the team as a whole?"

"Do - Do you mean it?" asked Plum excitedly. "Gosh I'd love to!"

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And that was how 'Plum's Plannery' as the school soon christened it, came to be born. Plum soon proved to everybody, including the games master, that he had a natural genius for analysing a game of football. He could spot individual faults and weaknesses and suggest methods of righting

them. He was excellent at deciding the best tactics to suit the abilities of the team. He had - it was discovered - quite a keen interest in the game despite his total inability to play it. But his schoolmates suspected that his real joy in planning tactics came from a scientist's love of mathematical order and precision. The games master described him as a time and motion study expert gone right. Instead of making people miserable in a factory by cutting out all wasteful actions, he made people happy on the football field by showing them the shortest distance between two goals, and advising them how to move the ball from man to man with the greatest possible saving of energy. He did all this, he said, by geometry, with occasional dashes of algebra. However, he later he later worked in a team of three - the Plannery - with two other boys whose interest he aroused. One was an artist and the other an ardent chess player, so that pattern weaving and forethought no doubt also entered into the scheme of things. As might be expected, Plum was sometimes carried away by his own enthusiasm. All scientists are, sooner or later. He once set out to discover why the school inside right had missed an open goal. After covering three sheets of foolscap with complicated drawings and scrawlings, he concluded that it was because he had shot with his right foot instead of his left. An answer which the inside right could have told him at the beginning. But the team always listened with



respect to his criticisms and ideas. They said they loved his voice which reminded them of a cinder under a door. But they would also admit, when pressed, that there was usually a great deal in what Plum said.

The Plannery had some very good results. Plum and his two colleagues began to watch in advance teams that the school were due to play. This resulted in some notable victories. The play of all the school football teams became increasingly thoughtful and effective. Perhaps because Plum was one of themselves and not a master all the players found themselves trying to emulate his approach to the game. There were very few wasted balls or wild kicks in the school football. Most pleasing of all many boys who had previously shown no interest in football now developed the utmost keenness, either as players or supporters or as critics. When Plum left school he decided that he wanted to be a football club manager instead of a scientist. But his parents dissuaded him. At least Plum's career proves the wisdom of not writing off the football 'rabbits' as hopeless cases. Among the discards in your school there may be a Plum or two.

R.J. Cooke.

MR COOKE'S COLUMN

- All the team wish Hooper a speedy recovery to match fitness. It appears that he has broken, not dislocated his finger. Hooper watched Saturdays game and no doubt was horrified at the enormous gaps in our defence.
- All the photographs are now ready. They are displayed in Room 33. Ten have come out very well. The ones taken indoors are not as good. If anyone wishes to order copies come and see me in Room 33.
- The crossword in number 15 was completed by Bostock and Lawson of 2A. They finished it very quickly. Well done. If anyone wants the answer it is also on the notice board in room 33.
- Leadingscorers are as follows. Langford 26 Warburton 14 Diable 14 Halewood 10 Regan 9 Mansley 4.
- The A team Vs. B team game will probably be played a week on Wed.
- Don't forget this is your newspaper. Any contributions will be most welcome. Lets have some articles etc. from the readers to be included in the last editions of the season. Thats all for now.

RJC.

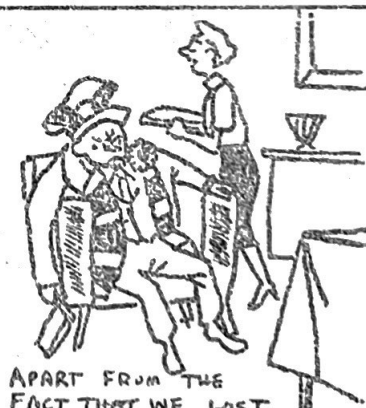
SPOT THE BALL

RULES. PUT A CLEAR X WHERE YOU THINK THE BALL IS.

TO MAKE IT MORE INTERESTING AND ALLOW THE WINNER TO HAVE A GOOD PRIZE EACH ATTEMPT COSTS $\frac{1}{2}$ P.

THE WINNER TAKES A PRIZE-BOOK TOKEN, TUCK SHOP VOUCHER, TO THE VALUE OF THE ENTRY CONTRIBUTIONS.

IF YOU WISH TO ENTER BRING YOUR PICTURE AND ENTRY CONTRIBUTION TO ME IN ROOM 33. ANY BREAK UP TO FRIDAY.



APART FROM THE FACT THAT WE LOST 7-1 WHAT SORT OF GAME WAS IT DEAR ?

LAST WEDNESDAY ?

HAYES MANCHESTER CITY IN ACTION AGAINST ONEILL EVERTON
EVERTON V MAN.CITY 1956 CUP TIE EVERTON LOST BY THE WAY.



TEAR HERE.
NEATLY. OR
ASK ME FOR AN
ENTRY COPY.

NAME

FORM.

TEAM RELAX IN GOAL FEAST

INSTITUTE 7

OLD HALL 0

HOLDEN (9) HARPER (9) WIGGINS (9) JARMAN (9) FOULDES (9)
VIRTUE (9) MITCHELL (10) (capt.) MANIFOLD (8)
LAWLOR (9) CURLETT (9) CONNEELY (8)
SUB : DERBYSHIRE (8)

After their marvellous effort in the Cup, the team were sent out with instructions to enjoy themselves and to forget the tensions of hard competition. However, such is the character and the will to win of this team, that they did play relaxed football, but still trounced the opposition. Not that Old Hall were a poor side - indeed they tackled very keenly (too keenly at times!) but they were not given a look in and managed only one shot throughout the game, which was comfortably saved by Wiggins. The defence was much too strong for Old Hall.

The play was a little scrappy at the beginning, but once the Institute had scored, the team settled down to play as a united outfit. It was leading scorer Curlett who netted the first goal. He chased a through ball, which it seemed the keeper would reach first; however, Curlett accelerated, rounded the keeper and calmly slotted it in.

The midfield had now established total supremacy and inevitably goals had to flow. The second is credited to Mitchell whose centre was put in for an own goal. There was no doubt about the third: a Mitchell special from the edge of the area which gave the keeper no chance. These goals had come in quick succession and there was a fourth to follow before half-time. Once more it came from Curlett's speedy running: he was put through from just inside their half, outpaced the defence and lobbed the ball over the advancing goalie. What an exciting player he can be when he is in this devastating form!

4-0 at half-time, and we had hopes of reaching our 100 goals for the season. Curlett received a knock early on in the second half and had to come off: Derbyshire went to right-back, Holden to centre-half, Mitchell to centre-forward, and Jarman to midfield. Now we were to see the versatility of Jarman who was to score the next two goals: the fifth from a corner, the sixth after a good long shot from Harper slipped out of the keeper's hands; Jarman and Mitchell had followed up well and Jarman slammed the ball into the back of the net - he can score them as well as prevent them! It only remained for Virtue to stick away the seventh - some said it was an own goal, but we shall be generous and give it to Virtue to take his tally into double figures.

Yet another first-class performance, then. The defence played splendidly, allowing only one shot - Holden stood out once again for his cool work. The midfield dominated the opposition - a vital point in any game. The attack combined well together and Lawlor put in some useful runs and centres. If I have awarded 8 to Conneely and Manifold, this was only because of a tendency to dribble too much.

Well played, lads. Let's hope we get the 100 up next week!

STATISTICS

<u>Played</u>	<u>Won</u>	<u>Drawn</u>	<u>Lost</u>	<u>For</u>	<u>Against</u>
23	16	2	5	97	37

FIRST YEAR FOOTBALL

GOALSCORERS

CURLETT	26
MITCHELL	17
CONNELY	13
VIRTUE	10
ROBERTS	8
MANIFOLD	7

LAWLOR	5
WOODS	5
JARMAN	3
HARPER	1
ELLISON	1

COMPETITION FOR 1st. YEARS ONLY :

Try to answer these questions which I have taken from a book that tests intelligence: Answers to Mr. Williams - small prize for first correct answer.

① What is the next number ?

18 10 6 4 ?

② What is the missing number ?



③ Put in the missing word :

ETHYL (HERO) FROWN
UNTIL (----) ABEAM

④ Find the odd one out :

PEPLA ; AANNAB ; GENINE ; PERRAGITUF

⑤ Put in the missing numbers :



⑥ Put in the word that begins the second and completes the first:
PRACT (----) BERG

⑦ Put in missing number :

