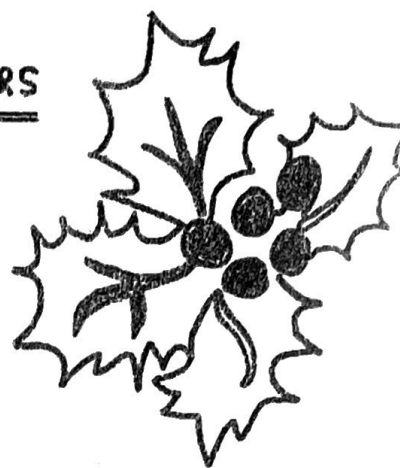


A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL READERS

FOOTBALL NEWS

Number 5

December 17th 1975.



6-1 WIN TAKES US INTO QUARTER FINALS

Institute 6 St. Teresas 1

The match kicked off in cold and frosty conditions and Institute went straight into attack. Langford broke clear and shot at goal but the goalkeeper saved. In the second minute Langford again found himself in a shooting position and this time he made no mistake. Even at this stage it seemed as if the team had shrugged off their indifferent form of the last few weeks and they clearly were coping with the difficult hard ground better than their opponents. After 4 minutes Langford was caught offside and just after, he again figured in a good move with Diabie. Indeed the first 5 minutes saw many good runs by Langford and Harrison was settling down well in defence. Warburton came into the game with a good volley and Halewood went close when he sent in a good header. Goal number two came after 15 minutes when Diabie kicked for goal from Langford's cross and although Halewood followed up and made sure, the goal was given to Diabie. Harrison came up for the corners and from one of them Diabie had an excellent near post header well saved. Institute finally fixed St. Teresas just before half time when Halewood cleverly sent a free kick past everyone to Langford who was completely unmarked. Langford does not miss chances like this and this goal gave us an almost impregnable lead.

Credit must be given to the defence in the first half for it was not easy in bad conditions. Johnson was a tower of strength and O'shaughnessy and Harrison were giving nothing away.

Regan came into the game more in the second half and a lovely pass from him was spoilt when two players were caught offside. A feature of the first half had been the large number of shots and this continued in the second half. Warburton and Langford were being caught offside in their enthusiasm to increase the score. A terrific panic in the St. Teresas goalmouth nearly led to goal number 4 but the finishing was not good enough. Regan, now showing in defence, got the side out of trouble with a cheeky backflick. Nevertheless all this pressure had to bring goals and half way through the second half Warburton broke clear and shot past the unfortunate goalkeeper. This was followed by Regan who took the ball right up to the goalkeeper before he calmly stepped round him for goal number five.

Chellew made a great save near the end but St. Teresas scored a consolation goal with five minutes to go. In the last minute Diabie crossed the ball and Langford fumbled, fortunately Regan was on hand to tap the ball home from two yards. Langford should have completed his hatrick in the dying seconds but he can be excused this miss for his early contributions in the first half. O'shaughnessy led the side well but I would like to finish with mention of the play of Stephen Woods. Again he played a vital part in the victory, tackling well and continually heading the ball clear from positions of potential danger.

Here are the results of the U12 football matches this term.

Institute	6	Highfield	5	
Institute	7	Hillfoot Hey	0	
Institute	5	Shorefield	2	
Institute	3	Gateacre	0	
Institute	3	St. Margarets	1	
Institute	7	Bluecoat	1	
Institute	4	Collegiate	3	(cup)
Institute	2	New Heys	2	
Institute	1	Halewood	4	
Institute	1	Collegiate	2	
Institute	12	Paddington	0	
Institute	4	St. Andrews	0	(cup)
Institute	5	Speke	1	

The goal of the season was scored by John Harper 1C against St. Margarets. It was a 35 yard shot. Against New Heys we dropped our first point and then lost our next two games. Curlett has hit 9 goals in three matches with 5 goals against Paddington, 3 against St. Andrews and 1 against Speke. Against Speke Manifold 1D scored a hat trick with two goals coming from the penalty spot.

The team has played well all season and for their efforts are in the quarter finals of the cup.

Editors note. I should like to congratulate all members of the First year football team on their consistent performances. All second year players wish them the best of luck in their next cup match.

DIABLE SCORES LATE EQUALISER IN GAME WE SHOULD HAVE WON.

Institute 2 St. Margarets 2.

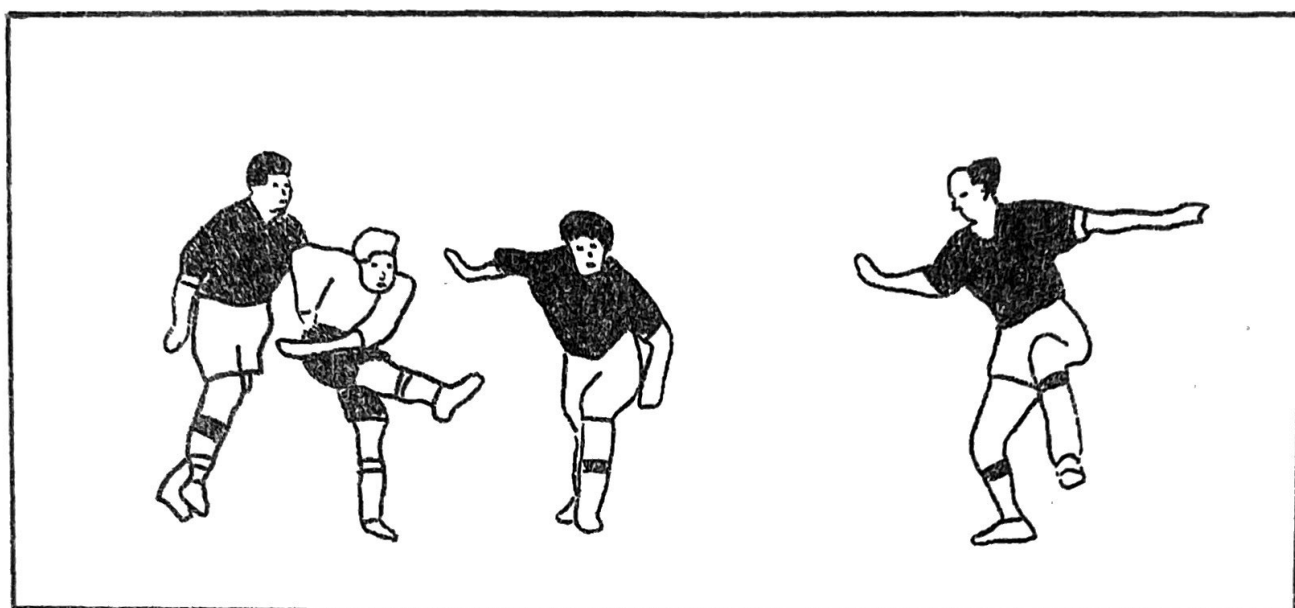
DECEMBER 6th.

In this rearranged game against St. Margarets at Grove Mount we were again below our best form, and although we had 80% of the play it was not until 5 minutes from the final whistle that we scored our second goal and equalised the score.

We kicked off with ten men and the first ten minutes saw some untidy football from both sides. Diable came on after ten minutes to bring us up to full strength. Soon after we took the lead when Regan back headed a throw in and ran around the defender and sent in a hard cross. The St. Margarets defence got itself into a terrible muddle and the ball was deflected over the line. The credit for this goal has been given to Regan. Shortly afterwards there was some good positional play from Hassell who worked well with Regan in a promising move. Langford was having a quiet game and was twice caught offside. Warburton came into the game with a good run that led to a corner and then he linked with Regan and Hassell to bring off a very good move. Langford scored after 20 minutes but was clearly offside. This was followed by a terrible muddle in our defence that nearly led to a goal. This should have been a warning to us as 4 minutes later Woods was caught in possession and this lapse led to the equalising goal. Unfortunately this goal was clearly offside but the linesman (Mr. Cooke) was busy recording events in his notebook and did not signal to the referee.

Not long into the second half our defence allowed St. Margarets to move the ball from their own penalty area to our penalty area. Everyone just stood and watched as St. Margarets took the lead. This set the stage for 20 minutes of tremendous pressure by Institute in an effort to get back on level terms. Diable missed a "sitter"

the sort of goal that he would have scored 99 times out of 100. Harrison replaced Phair who had played very well in defence and further pressure was put on the St. Margarets defence. 7 minutes from the end all looked lost when the defence slipped up again but a truly magnificent save from Chelley saved the day. 3 minutes from the end our pressure was rewarded when Diable forced the ball over the line from a corner. St. Margarets always provide us with a hard game and this was no exception. Bennett played well in defence and again one cannot emphasise the importance of Chelley's save near the end.



SPOT THE BALL.

PUT A CLEAR X
WHERE YOU THINK THE BALL
IS.

..... SOLUTION IN NEXT EDITION.

GOALSCORERS UP TO DEC 17th. 75.

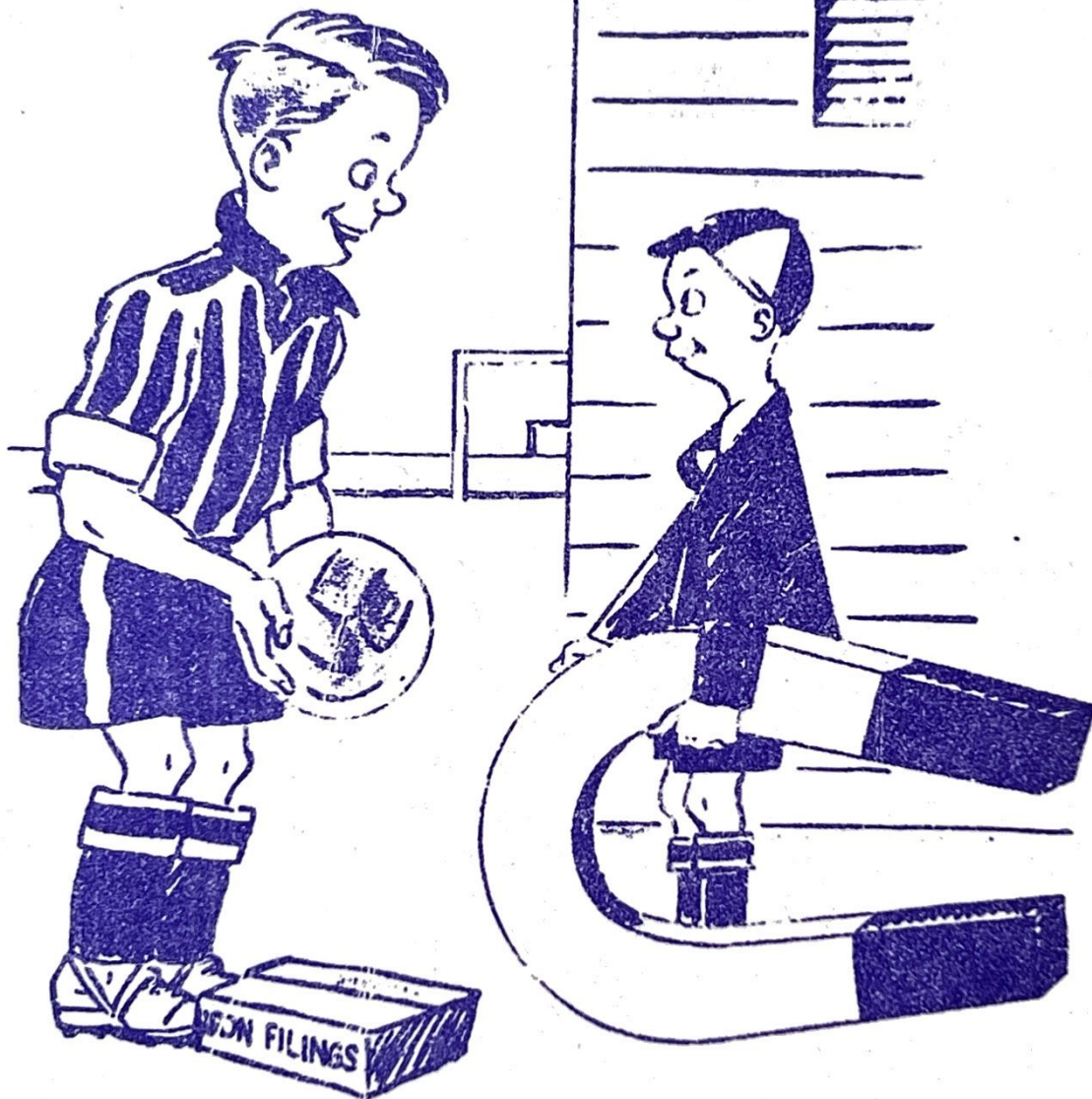
A Team....

Langford.....	19
Warburton.....	10
Diable.....	9
Halewood.....	7
Regan.....	5
Mansley.....	3
Hassell.....	1
Bostock.....	1
O'shaughnessy.....	1
Johnson.....	1
Woods.....	1

B Team.....

Mansley.....	5
Pimblett.....	5
Hassell.....	3
Rogers.....	2
Hamilton.....	1
Woods.....	1
Lawson.....	1
Diable.....	1

GEORGE
CLARK
★



'I've put some iron filings in the ball - all you have to do is to stand at the back of their goal!'

GEORGE
CLARK

1. A VOLCANO
2. A VOLCANO
3. A VOLCANO
4. A VOLCANO
5. A VOLCANO
6. A VOLCANO
7. A VOLCANO
8. A VOLCANO
9. A VOLCANO
10. A VOLCANO
11. A VOLCANO
12. A VOLCANO
13. A VOLCANO
14. A VOLCANO
15. A VOLCANO
16. A VOLCANO
17. A VOLCANO
18. A VOLCANO
19. A VOLCANO
20. ~~BEER WILL DO THIS IF YOU TRY
TO PUT ONE PINT INTO A HALF
PINT GLASS.~~

21. IRRITATION IN THE SKIN
22. PART OF A HORSE'S HARNESS.
PERMITTED

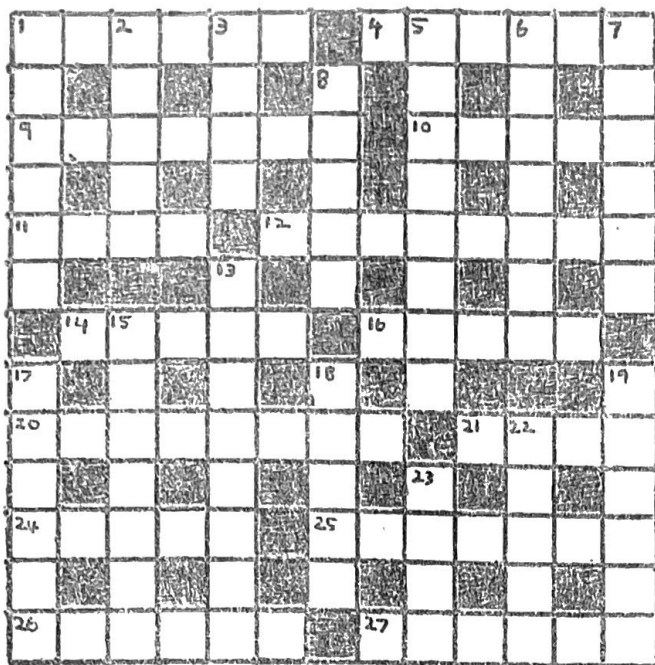
STUDENTS IN NAVAL, MILITARY
OR AIR FORCE COLLEGE.

PIPE.

READ TOO FAR: WEEDS CAN
THIS TO PLANTS IN YOUR
EN.

'I'm

CROSSWORD



SMALL PRIZE FOR FIRST CORRECT
CROSSWORD HANDED TO MR. COOKE

CLUES DOWN

1. A FISH
2. OF ROME
3. IRELAND (ANCIENT NAME)
5. BELL RUNG BY HAND.
6. NOT CONSUMED
7. UPPER SURFACES OF STEPS.
8. EXTREME SUFFERING
13. PART BROKEN OFF
15. A PRECIOUS STONE
17. PERTAINING TO POETRY
18. A TREE.
19. A PATCH OF SHADE.
22. CLOTH FOR WIPING AFTER WASHING
23. A COLOUR.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. A WEASEL-LIKE ANIMAL.
4. PUSH WITH FORCE.
9. WALKING LAMELY.
10. RELATION
11. A VOLCANO
12. NOT DIMINISHED.
14. ORGAN OF THE BODY
16. SLOPE
20. ~~BEER WILL DO THIS IF YOU TRY~~
~~TO PUT ONE PINT INTO A HALF~~
~~PINT GLASS.~~
21. IRRITATION IN THE SKIN
24. PART OF A HORSES HARNESS.
25. PERMITTED
26. STUDENTS IN NAVAL, MILITARY
OR AIR FORCE COLLEGE.
27. RIPE.
20. SPREAD TOO FAR: WEEDS CAN
DO THIS TO PLANTS IN YOUR
GARDEN.

SOLUTIONS TO LAST EDITION PUZZLES.

The encoded form of each abbreviation was made up of the
last letter of each word in the abbreviation.

eg. USA = United States America
d s a = dsa

Therefore R.S.V.P which stands for
répondez s'il vous plait.

= ZLST.

THE QUIZ WAS WON BY BENNETT AND HAMILTON 2C.
WHO COLLECTED THE PRIZE LAST WEEK.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR FOOTBALL NEWS NO. 6 WELCOMED ANYTIME
MR COOKE ROOM 33



'It was always the same - as the ball approached me, there'd be a tense hush as everyone wondered what I'd do with it.'

THE MYSTERIOUS FATE OF PERKINS MINOR.

Reproduced by Mr. Cooke.

Perkins minor ,of the Shell,was a chap I knew quite well,
Although what became of Perkins I could never hope to tell;
For he vanished on the day when St. Cuthberts came to play,
When the final whistle sounded and all Barcroft roared hurray,
When the fellows gathered round to chair Perkins off the ground,
To the general amazement he was nowhere to be found.
What became of Perkins Mi.?Did he walk,or run or fly?
Did he sink into the earth,or did he whiz up to the sky?
None can answer :none can tell:it was such a sudden sell.
Since that day no living eye has seen old Perkins ,of the Shell.
Perkins minor was a chap who could never get his cap,
Though in many other ways he seemed to sit in Fortunes lap.
In his Latin and his Greek he could beat his own form beak.
When he did Thucydides with Perk the head himself was meek.

In all his subjects he was great: he could not forget a date,
He could do things in his head that others couldnt on a slate,
If you said to Perkins Mi. "When did Charles the Second die?"
"Sixteen-eighty-five would be his instantaneous reply.
And he never skewed in con,when his form beak put him on,
And in German you'd have thought him a professor straight from Bonn.

Beaks respected Perkins Mi.,and he held his napper high,
In the form room;and examinations to him just pie.
Other fellows hated work ,and would skew,or crib,or shirk.
But the toughest sort of stuff was simply infants play to Perk.
And if Perkins minor's goal had been just to bag a schol,
He could easily have beaten any other man in Coll.
You'd have thought that such a chap ,with such gifts chucked in
his lap,
Would have felt as jolly pleased as any fellow on the map.
But poor Perkins,poor old swot,was he happy? He was not.
While a lot of fellows envied him, he thought it all just rot.

For old Perkins had a bee in his bonnet,don't you see,
And he wanted to play soccer like Jim Wilkinson or me.
All his Latin and his Greek, all the tongues that he could speak,
All the golden good opinions he had won from every beak,
He'd have given all the lot ,just to take a single shot
At a soccer goal and see the leather land upon the dot.
There his real ambition lay: there his thoughts would ever stray,
He was just as keen as mustard ,but he simply couldnt play.
And poor Perkins ,poor old chap ,hardly cared a single rap,
For a thing in life except a First Eleven cap.

It's a rummy sort of go,as perhaps you fellows know,
That a chap will often want the very thing Fate wont bestow.
It was so with Perkins Mi.; he would frown ,and he would sigh,
He would watch the chaps at footer with a melancholy eye.
With a brow of furrowed gloom he would haunt the changing-room,
And if Wilkinson said "No, Perk"it was like the knell of doom.
For his sole and single aim was to play a stunning game,
And he couldnt play for toffee,which he thought a rotten shame.
If old Perkins kicked a ball,no one knew where it would fall,
Or in what direction it would go ,and Perkins least of all.

Out of pity , all the same ,Wilkinson would put his name
In the list up in the changing room ,for some small pick up game.
So it happened; now and then, that he hopped round like a hen,
For his footer,honest injun,was a sight for gods and men.
If he blundered near the ball he was pretty sure to fall,
He would fizzle ,he would flounder, he would stumble ,he would ~~xxx~~aw
sprawl,

And the fellows round the field laughed until they fairly squealed
For they really couldn't help it, at the form old Perk revealed.
Only once was Perkins known to despatch the leather home,
And the goal in which he landed it, believe me was his own.

After such a game as that, trodden on like any mat
In the changing room old Perkins never lingered for a chat,
While they all roared at the joke he would sort of frown and
choke.

And would tramp up to his study, slam his door, and sport his oak
There he'd take Thucydides or old Homer on his knees
and would try to get such comfort as a fellow could from these.
But he found it rather poor, and a chap who passed his door
Might have heard him chuck Thucydides or Homer to the floor.
At such times I've heard it said, that when Perk went up to bed
Other fellows sometimes noticed that his eyes were very red.

Such was Perk's unhappy state, till St. Cuthberts day- the date
when the queer old duffer met his strange and most uncanny fate.
It's the rummiest of goes, you may easily suppose,
For the way it came about no man at Barcroft really knows.
It occasioned great surprise and amazement, giving rise
To an awful lot of rumour, and conjecture, and surmise.
How did Perkins get his cap? How on earth did such a chap
Pile up goals for School, and wipe St. Cuthberts fairly off the
map?

Not a man knew how or why: there simply was no reply:
And the strangest thing of all was, what became of Perkins Mi?

We had seen for several days something changed in Perkin's ways,
He would moon about the day room with a sort of vacant gaze,
Or extended in his chair, with a fixed and stony stare,
He would look a fellow through as if a fellow wasn't there.
If you met him in the quad, he would pass without a nod
Just as if he didn't know you, which was very queer and odd.
In his construe he would skew, which was something very new,
Quite an unexpected sort of thing for Perkins Mi. to do.
Some supposed the poor old swot might be going off his dot,
Having stuffed his poor old brain box much too full of classic rot

But this change in Perkins Mi. went much deeper by and bye.
He would hike off to his study with a queer look in his eye,
There he'd sit for hours and pore over books of ancient lore,
Mostly German stuff, queer books no Barcroft man had ever seen
before.
He would rise and walk about, like a fellow deep in doubt.
With a problem on his mind and trying hard to think it out.
He reminded me of Faust, that old nut who used to frowst
In a solitary room, where he soliloquised and grouched.
And I've wondered, looking back, was Perk, following his track,
Mugging up means of contact with the gentleman in Black.

Once I hear him shout "appear"- I was on the landing near,
And I look'd in at his study, and said "Hallo, Perk, I'm here"
But it seemed I couldn't be just the chap he wished to see,
For the minute I appeared he buzzed Thucydides at me.

But- believe, chaps, or not - that ass Perkins Mi. had got
In his hand a paper scrawled with some queer cabalistic rot,
And I must have time before I backed out and shut the door
To observe that he had traced a circle on his study floor.
And I thought, "By gum, it looks as if Perk. is raising spooks.
Like those jolly old magicians in those queer old German books."

Well a few days after that, while a lot of fellows sat
In my study after supper, for the usual soccer chat,
Slogger Jones, our inside right, came in looking very white,
Like a chap who'd seen a spectre in the middle of the night.
And he said-it seemed absurd- but he told us he had heard
Perkins Minor in his study bark "Hercin - a German word."

Then a voice came hard and clear, saying "So geffelst du mir",
Just like Mephistopheles, "Bin ich als edler junker hier,"
Slogger didn't stop for more, but in telling us he swore
That the chap with Perkins minor hadn't gone in by the door.

But it seemed a lot too thick. How could Perkins do the trick?
Even if he had the nerve for conversations with old Nick.
Still, it certainly was true, as a lot of fellows knew,
That in Perkins study often there was talk enough for two.
Fellows passing on the stair, sometimes heard him in his lair
Talking nineteen to the dozen though no chap was with him there.
It was surely never known for a chap to sit alone
Keeping up a conversation absolutely on his own.
Just as if the queer old bean had some sort of pal unseen,
Sort of spook familiar spirit, if you know just what I mean.

Then one night - shall I forget? It was cold, and dark and wet,
With a roll of distant thunder - I can sometimes hear it yet.
I was passing Perkins door, when, amid the thunder's roar,
Came a voice that stopped me dead, as if I'd frozen to the floor.
It was Parks voice, speaking low, quite distinct, though very slow.
And I heard him say "Dread spirit I have signed the compact - Go"
- Go "

Then I felt a kind of blast as I stood there quite aghast,
And I thought that something passed me, and it scorched me as it
passed.

As I stumbled down the stair, I could swear - or almost swear -
That I smelt a smell of sulphur that was floating in the air.

Still, I never thought a lot, about Perkins and his rot,
For a Games-man hasn't time to bother much about a swot.
While he went his own queer ways, I was counting up the days
To the Cuthberts match: the biggest fixture Barcroft ever plays.
Wilkinson, our skipper, then was hand-picking Barcroft men
Who were like a lot of chicks, and he was like an anxious hen.
Ours was far the better game, Barcroft men all said the same,
It was rarely winning often that Cuthberts men could claim.
Still, to put them to the rout, there was not the slightest doubt,
That our stoutest lads were wanted, and would have to go all out.

Monday evening in the dorm., when I went up with the form,
Perkins minor was surrounded by a laughing, grinning swarm.
For he said - it made us blink - Perkins said "You chaps, I think"
"I shall play for school on Wednesday, and I'm feeling in the
pink "

Every fellow in the shell, as I hardly need to tell
Simply stared at poor old Perkins Mi., and burst into a yell.
Just to think of Perkins name in the list up for the game
With St. Cuthberts, was enough to make a cat do just the same.
All the dorm. set up a roar, and we chortled more and more,
Till a bark howled up the staircase, and a pro. came to the door.

But next morning, when the shell tumbled out at rising ball,
There was startling news that like a sudden clap of thunder fell.
Young Macpherson of the third shouted out "You chaps, you've heard?
Perkins' name's up for the Cuthbert's match - that duffer, on my
word".

Not a fellow in the lot could believe such awful rot,
And we booted young Macpherson, but we hurried to the spot,
Then we stared up at the board, and said "Crikey" or "Good Lord"
For the name of Perkins minor there was written big and broad,
In the first eleven list: in Jim Wilkinson's own fist,
And we stared, and glared, and gasped, and some chaps laughed, while
others hissed.

Well, I stood and rubbed my eyes, in a state of great surprise,
But the name was there, and what it meant no fellow could surmise.
If a first eleven cap was to go to such a chap,
It was plain that Barcroft soccer would be washed right off the map.
Slogger Jones said "That's too bad - poor old old Wilkinson's gone mad
And - by gum it really looked as if our poor old skipper had -
Every fellow when he heard, from the sixth down to the third,
Simply gasped for breath, the thing was so impossibly absurd.

And that day, you bet your hat, Barcroft talked of only that,
And a lot of us resolved to have our skipper on the mat.

"What the dickens?" "What the thump" Have you gone right off
your chump?

Thus we talked to Jimmy Wilkinson, and put it to him plump.

"Perkins minor up to play" "What will happen on the day?

With that mad ass Perkins barging round in everybody's
way?"

"Now then, Wilkinson, come clean-will you tell us what you
mean?"

Are you dotty? Are you potty? Are you off your nut old bean?

Jimmy Wilkinson sat there, sort of worried in his chair,
And he rubbed his nose, and then he ran his fingers through his
hair,

Then he answered very slow, "It's a rummy sort of go,
Why the thump I picked out Perkins Mi. I'm bothered if I know"

Some exclaimed "Oh holy smoke" Others stared and never spoke,

And it seemed to me that this was just a ghastly kind of joke

Or a potty sort of whim, and I stood and stared at him,

And believe me, every fellow there was looking pretty grim.

Slogger Jones said "Now, old chap, can that seedy swot and sap,
Perkins minor, shove his napper in a first eleven cap?

He's the biggest dud in coll. can't play games to save his soul,

Why, I don't believe the fathhead knows a goalpost from a goal.

It's a sin and it's a shame: it will chuck away the game"

Jimmy answered, "Shouldn't wonder: but he's playing just the same"

Well, it wasn't left at that, you can bet your Sunday hat,

Not a fellow there could understand what Wilkinson was at;

But to everything we said, he just sat and shook his head,

And we might as well have argued with a bedpost, or a bed.

He was playing Perkins Mi. though he couldn't even try

To make any Barcroft fellow understand the reason why.

He was ready to resign, if we made the slightest sign,

But so long as he was skipper, he was taking his own line.

That was all he had to say, if we argued night and day,

But we couldn't sack old Jimmy, so we let him have his way.

Later on, he talked to me, in his study after tea,

And I saw the chap was worried: it was plain enough to see.

I said "Jimmy, it's too thick: what the dickens made you pick

For the Cuthbert's match tomorrow that unmitigated tick?"

"Late last night," he slowly said, "just before we went to bed

I was going through the list, when Perkin's name popped into my
head.

Something, somehow, seemed to say, that on Wednesday, come what
may,

If I liked it or I lumped it, Perkins minor had to play.

I was all alone in here, not another fellow near,

But it seemed to me that Perkin's name was whispered in my ear."

Then he paced the study floor, from the fireplace to the door,

With his hands shoved in his pockets, looking worried more and
more.

And he said "It does just seem like some awful, fearful dream,

just to think of Perkins minor in a Barcroft Soccer team.

And a dozen times old scout, I've said "Dash the footling lout"

And I've taken up a pencil to scratch Perkins minor out.

But -He shook a puzzled head, "something seemed to stop me dead,

And I know I've got to play him, though it makes the chaps seered

He's the worst of all the batch, but his name I cannot scratch,

I've just got to play young Perkins in the big St. Cuthberts match

This to me seemed awful rot, as I told him on the spot,

And it made me fear that Wilkinson was going off his dot,

For he didn't want a scrap to let Perkins have his cap,

But it seemed as if some weird, uncanny spell was on the chap.

When the shell went up to dorm. There was something like a storm,

Perkins Mi. was slanged by nearly every fellow in the form.
What we said was far from mild, but we couldn't get him riled.
While we called him awful names, he sat upon his bed and smiled.
All he said was "Wait until you have seen me pot the pill:
We shall beat St. Cuthberts, easy, with a heap of goals to nil."

Well, I said "My only hat" and I left him where he sat,
It was not much use to argue, with a footling ass like that,
And I sadly laid my head on the pillow in my bed,
And could hardly sleep for thinking of what Wilkinson had said.
When I got to sleep at last I was dreaming thick and fast
Of St. Cuthberts piling goals up to a total wildly vast.
It was such a vivid dream that I woke up in a scream,
Seeing Cuthberts blighters simply mopping up the Barcroft team
As I sat up in a sweat, with my forehead running wet
It was barely light-I realised it hadn't happened yet.

When we came to morning school there was Perkins calm and cool,
And he looked so jolly bucked I couldn't help but whisper "Fool".
I had always liked the chap, even though he was a sap,
But that morning I was close to getting Perkins in a scrap.
I was rather in a bait, for, the honest truth to state,
Cuthberts soccer team was just a little bit above our weight,

With eleven good and true, we could hope to put it through,
But with ten men and a passenger, what could we hope to do?
With a fumbling, foozling lout barging helplessly about,
All our chances of a victory were washed completely out.

All the fellows said the same, it was just a rotten shame,
And was simply making Cuthberts men a present of the game.
Jimmy's face was full of gloom later in the changing-room
And the other fellows looked about as cheerful as a tomb.
We were for it, as we knew: and our skipper knew it to
And St. Cuthberts must have noticed we were looking very blue.
Only Perkins face was bright: he was quite a happy sight:
And while pulling on his footer boots he chuckled with delight.
And I really think, by gum, that he knew what was to come.
It's a ruummy sort of go, but, then, the whole affair was very rum.

Barcroft school all gathered round when we trotted on the ground
And some fags hissed Perkins minor, while the seniors stared and ~~frowned~~
frowned.

All the crowd gave Perk. a stare, but he didn't seem to care,
He was walking light and airy, just as if he walked on air
Every fellow thought it rotto see Perk. in such a spot,
For he looked just what he was-a weedy, seedy sort of swot,
just a foozling, footling clown, only there to let us down.
Like a misfit sticking in between old Wilkinson and Brown
In the Barcroft forward line: but his eyes had quite a shine,
And whatever we were feeling, Perkins Mi was feeling fine.

Then the whistle went, and I thought no more of Perkins Mi,
we were up against it proper, and we had to do or die.
If you've ever seen them play you will know St. Cuthberts way
Hard and heavy from the kick off, plunging headlong to the fray.
We had work enough to do, and we put in all we knew,
With St. Cuthberts on the ball, and all their forwards coming
through.

Jimmy Wilkinson went smack on the earth upon his back,
And I sat on Jimmy's face as I received a sudden hack,
Halves and backs seemed nowhere then, it was goal for certain, when,
In a twinkling Perkins Minor got the ball from Cuthberts men

DID HE STUMBLE? DID HE SPRAWL? DID HE FUMBLE? Not at all.
Like a fellow born to soccer there was Perkins on the ball.
I exclaimed "My only hat" too amazed to notice that
It was Jimmy wilkinson's old head on which I sat.
There was Perkins- Perkins Mi. -like a light streak flashing by,
And he had the ball off Cuthberts in the twinkle of an eye.
I could only sit and stare, absolutely unaware

Of old Jimmy underneath me as he gasped and gurgled there
For- believe it ,chaps or not, - Perkins Minor ,on the spot,
Kicked for goal , and got the leather home with that amazing shot.

Well, I staggered to my feet, - not a cheer rang out to greet
That amazing feat of Perkins:the surprise was too complete.
Every fellow in the crowd would have cheered good and loud
At a goal from Jones or Wilkinson, or me, and done us proud.
But the goal was Perkins Mi's , and it took them by surprise,
Dumb as oysters, fellows blinked as if they couldnt trust their eyes
Barcroft simply stood and stared ,while St. Cuthberts goalie glared
at the leather which had caught him absolutely unprepared.
Sort of petrified and still ,there we gazed at Perkins till
Jimmy Wilkinson gasped out "By gum, old Perk has parked the pill"

Then at last there came a sound from the staring fellows round,
And a gust of laughter rippled on the Barcroft soccer ground.
It was a goal, that much was sure: and it counted to the score:
But a goal from Perk could only set all Barcroft in a roar
It seemed just the sheerest rot to suppose that seedy swot
Had done anything but fluke that extraordinary shot,
For if Perkins kicked a ball he could hardly hit a wall,
So that goal seemed just the maddest kind of fluke ,and that was all
And they shouted "Good old swot thats a ripping man you've got ?
Let old Perkins have the ball, you men- Perks hot stuff, very hot"

From all sides the laughter came, but I noticed just the same
That St. Cuthberts men marked Perkins as we went on with the game
Cuthbert's fellows did not seem to think Perk was just a scream,
And they marked him more than any other forward in the team,
From the whistle every eye now was fixed on Perkins Mi,
And the Barcroft fellows chuckled as they watched him butting by
From all quarters came a roar "Go it Perkins, just one more "
Perk has come out in his shooting boots- old Perk's the man to
score

"Go it Perk ,go in and win" On all faces was a grin,
Till a kick from Perkins Minor neatly slammed the leather in.

Goal Great pip, its a goal great scott." Did they laugh now?
They did not.

Just a gasp of wonder came from every fellow on the spot.
Was it Perkins -perkins Mi. -who had made the leather fly ?
Perkins minor, with that lightning foot and quick unerring eye?
Was it just a fluke? No fear , Strange it was ,and odd and queer,
But that Perkins could play soccer now was clear, and more than
clear.

Perk. that dud, that footling lout - in amazement and in doubt
Fellows stared at him , while Cuthbert's goalie hoofed the leather
out.

And our skipper scratched his head ."Are we dreaming this ?" He
said.

"Pinch me ,somebody ,to show me that I'm not asleep in bed".

It was rather like a dream, so uncanny did it seem,
And I couldnt help but wonder ,as I lined up with the team.
Perkins minor couldnt play -not at least,until today-
Barging round like some mad elephant was Perkins Minor's way.

Biggest duffer you could name,simply hopeless at the game.
Quite unable to make anything of any chance that came-
Now as nippy as you please,beating Cuthberts men with ease,
Going through the halves and backs just like a knife through
Cheddar cheese.

Six or seven minutes more -"Good old Perkins"came the roar
And the ball was in the net, and Barcroft three up on the score.

"Bravo Perk. Hurray Hurray" Gum its not too much to say,
That the roar might have been heard by people half a mile away
The St. Cuthberts goalie stood with his eyes wide open, glued,
On the leather, like a fellow in a dream, or carved in wood.
He had got it with his fist and he knew he hadnt missed
But the ball had twisted round him with an unexpected twist
How thw thing could happen so ,Cuthberts goalie didnt know,

And I saw him shake his napper, in amazement to and fro.
But the ball had passed him by, how, he knew no more than I,
But one certain thing he did know, he could not stop Perkins Mi.

It seemed much too good to last, but it went on thick and fast,
With a mounting score that made the visitors look aghast.
Soccer's not a one man show, as all soccer players know,
But old Perkins always seemed to have the leather at his toe.
Not a chance, since we began, came to any other man,
Even good old Jimmy Wilkinson was just an also ran,
It was Perkins here and there, it was Perkins everywhere,
And he parked the pill with ease and grace and never turned a hair,
And the Barcroft crowd forgot that He'd been a measly swot,
And they roared and yelled and waved their hats and cheered at every shot.

It was one unending roar, as the goals came, more and more,
Not a man at Barcroft school had ever dreamed of such a score,
Cuthbert's men were good and true, they did all that men could do,
But they couldn't stop old Perkins, or prevent him getting through.
Though they buzzed round Perk like bee's he eluded them with ease,
Scoring goals as rapidly as he construed Thucydides.
Goal and Goal, and Goal again- five, six, seven, eight, nine ten.
It was like a dream- a nightmare to St. Cuthbert's men,
Was it magic, luck or skill? Had old Perk bewitched the pill?
Goodness knows - but at the interval, the score was ten to nil.

What the dickens did it mean? such a score was never seen
In the history of soccer no such thing had ever been.
Cuthbert's stared at Perkins Mi with their faces very wry
As he sucked a lemon there, the cynosure of every eye.
Perkins Mi that seedy swot, hadn't missed a single shot,
It was Perk and Perk alone, who'd put St. Cuthbert's on the spot
They were stout lads, good and stout, and they meant to fight it out
But they knew that they were licked beyond the shadow of a doubt.
Who could tell how many more Perkins minor had in store.
Cuthbert's men couldn't stop him adding all he wanted to the score.

When the second half began Perk. of course was in the van,
As before no chances came to any other Barcroft man.
How it was it's hard to tell: 'twas if some magic spell
Caused the ball itself to seek the toe of Perkins of the shell
"Go it Perk" came in a roar: fellows cheered till throats were sore
And old Perkins went it proper, scoring faster than before.
Cuthbert's men played up like mad, using every ounce they had,
And I own I never saw men play a harder game, By gad.
But their struggle was in vain, though they fought with might and main
And the ball went in St. Cuthbert's goal again, again, again.

Goal, Goal, Goal came shout on shout- well I needn't spin it out,
On the soccer field was never such an overwhelming win
When the final whistle blew, Barcrofts score was twenty-two:
All from Perk. - no other Barcroft man had anything to do.
"Good old Perk" rang to the sky, "Bravo, Bravo, Perkins Mi"
"Gather round you men" yelled Wilkinson, "Up Perkins, shoulder high"
And the air shook with the sound, as the cheering crowd surged round,
Grabbing Perkins Mi to carry him in triumph off the ground,
"Good old Perk, Hurray, Bravo, Good old Perkins up you go"
Then-- what happened next no man at Barcroft School will ever know.

For we stared, could only stare, in perplexed amazement there,
Where was Perkins? where was Perkins Minor? Echo answered where.
What had happened? none could see, and it's no use asking me.
All, I know is what I tell you, and the rest is mystery.
Perkins Mi stood in the crowd, while the cheers rang long and loud
With all Barcroft swarming round about him, keen to do him proud
While we cheered with all our might, there he stood full in our sight,
- I remembered afterwards, his face looked rather queer and white
Then- I know it sounds too thick- but he vanished in a tick,

Like conjuror performing some strange disappearing trick.

What became of Perkins Mi ? He was gone , but how , and why?
How did Perkins in a twinkling disappear from every eye?
At on moment I will swear , Perkins Mi was standing there ,
And a moment afterwards the spot was absolutely bare.
Did I dream or did I hear , softly muttered "Hier zu mir"
Like a hissing whisper breathed by one invisible but near?
Brown and Wilkinson declare that they saw a sort of glare,
And Old Slogger swears he sniffed a scent of sulphur in the air,
But what happened none can say - Perk had vanished right away,
And no Barcroft man has seen him ever sinze St. Cuthberts day.

What was Perks uncanny fate? Ever since that fatal date
That's a mystery that Barcroft men have failed to penetrate.
There was many a whispered word of what chaps had seen and heard
Fellows couldnt but recall queer incidents that had occured,
How old Perkins used to pore over books of mystic lore,
How we'd heard him talk though nobody had gone in at the door,
Had he Learned some secret grim ; from those volumes old and dim
And called Mephistopheles, as Dr. Faustus, did to him?
Had he sold himself away, heedless of the price to pay?
To become a soccer champion for one great and glorious day?
Could it be in sober fact, that he'd made some awful pact.

And had had tpo pay the piper for that wild and reckless act?
Was it thus it came about , that a fumbling footling, lout
Won the match for Barcroft school , and put St. Cuthberts to the rout
Yes, it sounds too steep, I know - things could never happen so-
But - but what became of Perkins Mi, and where did Perkins go?
He had been so keen to play , he had had his wilful way.
And had had a mighty triumph on one great, tremendous day,
Then-ah, then- what followed? Well, that is more than I can tell.
What I've told is all that's known of poor old Perkins of the Shell

THE END.

WHETHER
YOU
ARE



OUT OF FORM

OR
IN
FORM



OR
LEFT
OUTSIDE



OUTSIDE LEFT →

INSIDE
RIGHT

OR INSIDE
NOT SO RIGHT



CENTRE
FORWARD
OR
CENTRE
TOO
FORWARD

Where's
the Ball?



PUTTING
IN A
CORNER



OR JUST
PUT IN
A CORNER



FOUL/
OFFSIDE!



GOING TO HEAD
OR GOING TO
ANOTHER "HEAD"



BE A FOOTBALLER, NOT A FOOTBRAWLER!
REMEMBER, IT'S NOW YOU PLAY THE
GAME THAT COUNTS!

By KILYETT.

4 THE CUP-TIE GAME

This is a game for two people, played with a pack of cards and a tiddly-wink. First, shuffle the pack and place it face-downwards on the table. Put the ball - the tiddly-wink - in the centre-circle marked C. Then toss up to see who is Black and who is Red.

Toss up again to decide which half of the field you will take.

The game is started in the usual manner by the player who lost the toss. He turns up the first card. If it is his own colour he moves the ball towards his opponent's goal according to the following rule: move one circle for an even-numbered card; two circles for an odd-numbered card; three circles for a court-card. If the card is his opponent's colour, his opponent takes over the pack and moves the ball forward the necessary number of circles according to the card's value, and turns up the next card.

Note that a player may have the benefit of several cards in succession, just as a football team may have several kicks one after another. If Black, for instance, turns up a black card, he continues turning up the cards until a red card appears. Only then is it Red's move. Similarly, Red will continue turning up the cards until a black card appears.

If, on reaching the circle in front of the goal, two or three points are scored, the ball goes into the circle beyond the goal. It is then played by the goalkeeper, i.e. by the opponent. He cuts the full pack of unused cards in the usual manner, turning up a card. If it is his own colour, he plays the ball according to the value shown, replaces the cards on the pack and turns up the top card for his next turn. If it is his opponent's colour, his opponent scores a goal.

The pack must always be shuffled after a goal is scored. There are these further simple rules:

1. **GO FORWARD or BACK:** Whichever player lands on these circles must immediately carry out the instruction.

2. **ALTERNATIVE ROUTES:** Where there are alternative routes, the player whose turn it is can choose.

3. **RED'S or BLACK'S TURN:** If Red lands on 'Red's Turn,' he has one extra turn. If Black lands on it, he must hand over immediately to Red. A similar procedure is followed in regard to 'Black's Turn.'

4. **CORNER-KICK:** The attacking side will always have the advantage. So whichever player lands on this circle, the attacking side immediately receives the pack and counts 4 moves for his first card - but only if the card is his own colour. If it is not his own colour the ball is played by his opponent according to the value shown, and his opponent continues turning up the cards in the usual manner.

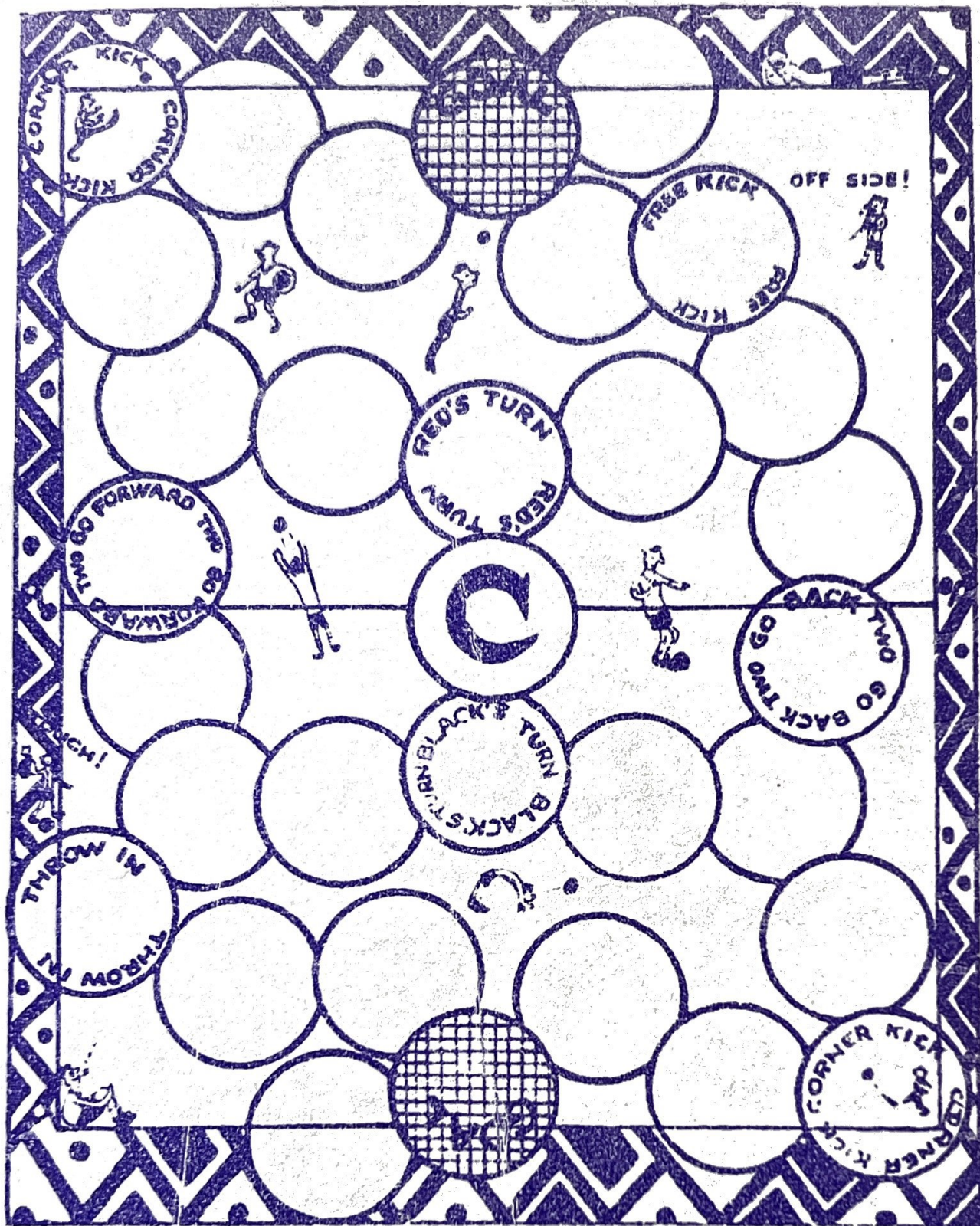
5. **FREE-KICK:** The defending side will always have the advantage here. So whichever side lands on this circle, the defending side immediately receives the pack and counts 4 moves for his first card - but only if the card is his own colour. If it is not his own colour, the procedure described in the previous rule is followed.

6. **THROW-IN:** Whichever player lands on this circle is judged to have sent the ball over the line. The other player immediately takes over the pack and counts 4 moves for his first card, but only if the card is his own colour. If it is not his own colour, the procedure described in the previous two rules is followed.

7. **USED PACK.** When all the cards have been turned up, the pack must be re-shuffled by the player who did not play the ball with the last card.

Duration of play can be arranged by mutual agreement, with an interval if desired. If there is an interval, the re-start will follow the ordinary Laws of the Game, namely the kick-off will be taken by whichever player did not start the game originally.

The player scoring the most goals is the winner of the match.



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