



OLD MEADONIANS FC CIRCULAR



1st February 2012

Fixtures For Saturday 4th February 2012

Team	Opposition	Venue / Referee	Competition	Meet	KO
1st	Old Minchendenians	Ref: Stephen O'Sullivan	Premier	Home	14:00
2nd	Old Parmiterians II	Ref: Steven Pordes	LOB Inter QF	Home	14:15
3rd	Royal Bank of Scotland	Powerleague Catford, Canadian Avenue, Catford Road, Catford, London, SE6 4SW	Intermediate South	Away	14:00
4th	Brent	Boston Manor Playing Fields, Boston Gardens, Brentford, TW8 9LW	One West	Away	14:45
5th	Civil Service V	Kings House SG, Riverside Drive, Chiswick W4 2SH	AFA Senior Novets QF	Away	14:00
6th	City of London II	Ref: John Morgan	Four South	Home	14:00
7th	Old Tiffinians II	Ref: Joe Pearce	Five South	Home	14:30
8th	Reigatians V	Reigate Priory Playing Fields, Bell Street, Reigate, Surrey, RH2 7AQ	Nine South	Away	14:30
9th	Old Guildfordians IV	Ref: Salvatore Colavito	Ten South	Home	14:30
Vets	Kew Park	Barn Elms Sports Centre, Queen Elizabeth Walk, Barnes, SW13 9SA	West London Vets League	Away	14:00

1 ^{sts}	2 ^{nds}	3 ^{rds}	4 ^{ths}	5 ^{ths}
Garry Robinson Ali McCombe Lawrie Pointer Jack Costello Ed Glover Misha Mantel Nick Jones Andy Swann John Shea Kevin Quinn Luke Graham Matt Swann	Tim Castle John Bull Frank Gahan Chris Brassington Steve Kemp Dave Brennan Joe Willis Tim Gates Damien Redding Jose Neuto Frank Holmes Barry McGuinness Nick Wilson	Scott Brown Paul Adams Darren Grainger Ollie Matthews Eoin Toher Dan Norris Dan Bowyer Tim Haddon Rowen Graham-Collins Matt Allen Dave Miller Rich Kemp	Jake Sierocinski Andy Sellars Eric Paice Dave Ryan Neil Cooper Lister Reekie Tommy Champion Rasheed Ovie Ash Hamidi Ronnie Sidhu Sam Morson George Mayou Jon Sellars	Joe Beharie Tony Hennessy Dave Bloxham Sam Hennessy Philip Dussard Joe Porter Luke Latimer Kevin Coyne Nathan Motley Chris Strong Jack Pearce Lum Berisha James McKeigue
6 ^{ths}	7 ^{ths}	8 ^{ths}	9 ^{ths}	Vets
Simon Greening Dan Piper Tony Bailey Carl Burdett Andy McGregor James Hayward Steve Daniels Gordon Dawson Dwayne Beckford Blaise O'Brien Gavin Kenny Pat Addis	Sasha Goryunov Lionel Scurville Hudson Rogers Gordon Allison Dave Flannery Tim Lee Phil Day Dale Bridges Chris Anthony Nick Pike Luke Tierney Michel De Cesaro Rob Williams Paul Whelan	Gary Richards Derek Barnett Chad McLeod Alex Stewart Tim James Taulant Kastrati Kevin Bryan Alfie Duckett Mark Westwood James Delmont Jake Gowers Brendan Ryan Marcus Watson	Will Turquet Simon Gordon Nathan Nicholson Paul Augaitis Jack Bishop Jean-Pierre Bailey Tomas Hedstrom Pete Mielewczyk Jamie Murray Jamie Mathers Ben Weekes Dan See Arnaud Rehm	Steve Chalice Lee Walsh Roy McLoughlin Simon Cartilage Steve Kearney Renato Lucatello Gareth Hurley Rob Ansell Simon Leiper Steve Bowering Alex Lawson Vlad Akatsaria Dave Harvey Peter Rumley Dwayne Rhone

CRY-OFFS PLEASE RING **GAVIN KENNY ON **07973430451** NO LATER THAN 9:00 PM THURSDAY** If you have not been selected and are available then contact either your captain or **GAVIN KENNY** at gavin.d.kenny@gmail.com or the above number.

Captains Numbers

1st Team	Rory Vermeulen Paddy Rumley	07979 858 595 07956 377 469	2nd Team	Barry McGuinness	07751 071 537
3rd Team	Dave Miller	07810 375 284	4th Team	Matt Wolfe Jake Sierocinski	07916 284 192 07843 087 159
5th Team	Tony Hennessy	07917 453 190	6th Team	Alex Thamby James Rodham	07816 973 408 07881 952 568
7th Team	Lionel Scurville	07985 343 490	8th Team	Dave Terry	07817 884 739
9th Team	Simon Gordon Nathan Nicholson	07989 342 224 07791 530 214	Sat Vets	John Gibbs	07748 076 277

Match Reports

1sts v Albanian, D 1 – 1, Shea

(Press Release)

It was fitting that, just a week after tipping Old Meadonians off the cairn atop the table on goal difference with a storming six-nil defeat of strugglers Parkfield, Albanian should host Meads in a test as to who might be the stronger in the run-in. After Saturday's 1-1 shoot-out, although they are still short of power up front, Meads are still on the leaders' shoulder but with a valuable game in hand and with their defence in commanding form, on this showing, at any rate, they had nothing to fear from anything the hosts could throw at them. A dream start saw Meads almost on the score sheet in the first minute when Misha Mantel stole the ball in mid-field and put Ed Glover away on the right. He fed Craig Jones for a one on one with the keeper who, although sent the wrong way, saved the day with a trailing arm for the ball to be bundled away to safety. This paved the way for a fifteen minute power play before the hosts got anywhere near the ball; nonetheless there was still no score till an hour had gone when against the run of play Albanian drew first blood. A quick throw in yielded the chance of a snap shot from the edge of the box and a massive deflection took the ball out of keeper Gary Robinson's reach. This was the signal for the visitors to react like a nest of sorely provoked hornets and swarm all over their surprised hosts. What passed for a power play in the first half now paled into insignificance as, for the remainder of the match, Meads battered Albanian. Now managers Paul Rumley and Rory Vermeulen were all but redundant as the whole team ignited to self-motivate. Craig Jones almost immediately hit the bar with a flying volley but the ball wouldn't go in until there was five minutes to go when Peter Eguae crossed deep from the left and John Shea side footed the ball as it was going over the goal-line beyond the far post.

Team: Robinson, Palmer, McCombe, Pointer, A Swann, (Quinn), Eguae, Costello, Mantell, (Shea), M. Swann, Glover, (N. Jones), C. Jones.

2nds v Fulham Compton O.B, D 1 – 1, S Kemp

No Report

3rds v John Fisher O.B, W 2 - 0, Allen (2)

(Report by Dave Miller)

Saturday's game against John Fisher Old Boys was a big game for the third team after they had slipped to fourth in the table having only managed two draws and a loss in 2012. The reverse of this fixture had only been played three weeks ago, where Meads were unlucky to go down 2-4 after playing the superior football but had a couple of players playing out of position and only the bare eleven turning up. To add to the mix, the opposition were a nasty bunch (see Dan Bowyer's match

report for more accurate descriptions), who moaned throughout that game and persisted with niggling challenges that they got away with. A chance to move up the table and bring the opposition down a peg or two was great incentive to put in a strong performance.

As seemed to be a recurring theme at Riverside Lands on Saturday, the thirds kicked off late. Most of the opposition had arrived, but their manager had not with the kit. This gave the thirds time to get a good warm up in to ensure an energetic start to the game, and to take advantage of an opposition who would have to start pretty much as soon as they arrived on the pitch. What captain Miller had not told the team was that, as agreed with the referee, if the opposition were not ready by quarter past two, Meads would be awarded the game – the game eventually kicked off at fourteen past two... As was the Meads game plan, the opposition's feathers were well and truly ruffled in the opening twenty minutes. Every first and second ball was challenged for, and more often than not won, and the side played at a high tempo to expose what was deemed to be a weak defence. The Meads defence stood firm to any threat, with Toher slipping seamlessly into the side and showing his usual aggressive attitude to winning the ball.

It was in this opening period that Meads really should have been 2-0 up. Firstly, after some good possession play in the final third, Brennan jinked his way into the box where he was blatantly brought down to win a penalty. Up stepped Allen, with his 100% record from the spot, and he struck it well towards his favourite corner. However, the goalkeeper had clearly done his homework and got down well to his right to pull off a superb save.

Moments later Meads again had the chance to take the lead, after Wilson was played in down the right hand side channel. His first shot was well saved from ten yards out, and when the rebound fell kindly to him for a second bite at the cherry, he struck the outside of the post from a few yards out with the goal gaping.

These let offs woke the opposition up, and for the rest of the half Meads had to sustain some pressure. Much of this was self-inflicted as they were sloppy when in possession, giving the ball away far too quickly and easily, inviting the opposition onto them. Luckily, with an attack featuring someone called Armani who donned tights, a hat and silvers grills, they did not put much together, and although they managed a few corners, the back four held their line well and Bowyer provided the shield in front of them.

At half time the score line was 0-0. A rousing team talk by a jet lagged captain focussed on maintaining the energy already shown to be first to every ball and the control to play the ball to feet and be patient with the build-up. It was going to take something special to beat the 'keeper who was again having a blinder against Meads, but if they continued to play the kind of quick football as in the first half, chances would again come. However, a word of caution was uttered to be focussed in defending, as Meads could not afford to let the opposition have any openings which they may gain confidence from.

Brennan continued to spark the attacks, more so when he switched to the right wing, and Haddon on the opposite side came more and more into the game, using his at times unplayable pace to terrorise the opposition right back. It was down this wing that the opening goal came from, where after good interplay by Haddon and Birt, the ball fell to Allen. After twisting and turning in the box to create space for himself, he hit a well struck shot into the bottom left hand corner to put Meads 1-0 up and make amends for his earlier penalty miss.

The goal consolidated Mead's confidence and they continued to play some great football but again found the opposition 'keeper in great form. Down the other end, the defence looked comfortable, with Graham-Collins now on to protect Adams at left back and Kenny in the middle with Bowyer to give a greater shield to an onslaught that was bound to come. Between the sticks, Brown had little to do, and in fact decided to help create the second goal. His long kick was brilliantly brought down by Birt on the half way line, who then turned and played in Allen. Showing great pace, he flicked it past the on rushing 'keeper and the ball trickled over the line to give Meads a more comfortable two goal cushion. This gave Meads twenty minutes to see out the game, which pretty much passed without incident. Apart from one free kick that was easily saved by Brown, there were no clear cut chances created and the game finished 2-0 to enable Meads to leapfrog the opposition into 3rd in the table. This was an accomplished performance by the thirds, where every single player in the squad played their part (except the captain who got a cheeky five minutes) and was by far their best of the season. The team is gradually becoming settled and there is now real competition for places, which is a fantastic thing with five tough games left in order to secure another top three finish.

MOTM: Andy Birt – striking up a real partnership with Allen up front, he provides a great foil for any striker with his hold up play, strength and willing running.

Team: Brown, Grainger, Adams, Toher, Matthews, Wilson (Kenny), Haddon (Graham-Collins), Bowyer, Brennan, Birt, Allen (Miller)

5ths v Natwest Bank II, L 8 – 1, Mayou

(Report by James McKeigue)

Having lost the home leg of this fixture 8-0 we were determined to give a better showing of ourselves this time round. Unfortunately injuries and suspensions meant that at a makeshift Meads team arrived at Lower Sydenham. With keeper Joe out, one of our strikers, Jack Pearce, volunteered to go in goal. George from the 4ths and Andy and James from the 6ths also stepped into help. We got off to a slow start and after a period of scrappy play they got a goal on the ten-minute mark. A through ball spit the defence and even though their striker was stopped by an excellent sliding tackle, he managed to get to his feet first and poke it past the onrushing keeper. Given all the factors mentioned above you would have expected that to be the start of a massacre, but it didn't happen. The goal turned out to be the oppo's only shot in the first half. The midfield quartet of Manuel, Joe Porter, Luke and Kev started to press their players and didn't give them any time on possession. While upfront Chris and George started linking up well together. Our tactic of having a teenager at left back and a granddad at right back also seemed to confuse their wingers and they kept changing positions. We were dominating the game and after missing a couple of half chances we finally scored. Under pressure, their back four gave a dodgy back pass to the keeper and before he could control the ball, George nicked it off him and scored. We pressed for the rest of the half and were unlucky not to go in winning at halftime.

At halftime we were fired up by a few speeches and ready to go and win the game. Unfortunately the second half got off to a bad start when they scored a wonder goal. It got worse when I managed to score an own goal from 25 yards (great strike, nothing the keeper could do). It then got really bad when tricky Colombian winger – and part-time drug baron – Manuel got taken to hospital after a horror challenge. The ref even gave the oppo the free kick. As we had already used our subs that left us with ten men and we went on to lose 8-1.

The only plus side is that after losing 6-0 and 8-1 in the last two games we have probably got 2012's heavy defeats out of our system before this week's all-or-nothing cup quarter final...

MoM – Manuel. In the first half Old Meadonians' favourite Colombian evaded tackles like Escobar dodged the FBI. However, like Escobar, when they eventually did catch up with him they hit him hard.

Talking point – Can you be booked for a two-footed, studs up challenge on one of your own players?

6ths v Old St Marys II, L 6 - 1

No Report

7ths v Phoenix O.B II, L 7 - 2, Bridges, T Lee

(Report by Phil Day)

It's been suggested that the 7s only report when they're winning, but not this week. Now, it might look like a trouncing on paper but the scoreline belies a hard-fought encounter that was level until the last half hour. Buoyed by last week's storming cup win and by a lust to avenge the recent 6-2 defeat at home to this outfit, Meads 7s travelled to the Middle of Nowhere in a positive mood, despite having only a bare eleven on the makeshift team sheet. Captain Lionel was back to provide the angst that we'd been missing the previous week; however call-ups to other teams, work commitments, ski trips and a sister's boyfriends 30th of all excuses, stripped the side of five faces from the 6-1 cup romp including Chris Anthony, Paul Whelan, Harj, Nick Pike and Luke T. Lionel however worked his email magic to draft in some injury returnees and Random Mark who impressed in centre mid despite being out of the 11-a-side game for some time.

So the meet was scheduled at Isleworth station at 12:00 for a 25min drive to a 2.15pm kick off, in the Buckinghamshire countryside somewhere beyond a post-apocalyptic wasteland trading estate called Slough. 12:40 came and went with no sign of the skipper so the rest of us jumped in Dave Bloxham's

soft top for a glamour journey with the early FA Cup fixture on the radio. Perhaps upset at hearing despicable Liverpool fans booing Evra every time he came near the ball, svelte-dressed Tim Lee asked for an emergency coffee stop – an odd pre-match tipple – but was let down by Slough's finest retail outlets who apparently don't do coffee. The big shock on arrival was to find a jodhpur-clad Sasha Goryunov already at the ground *well ahead of kick off*, having come through a morning horse-riding session without being injured or late. Chief Detective Inspector Superintendent Allison remarked in the changing room how different this was to his own lifestyle: "AH'VE SPENT THE MORNING COACHING WEE TOERAGS IN CHESSINGTON", bawled the Glaswegian lawman in front of two of the toerags in question. He concluded his Parenting Masterclass by calling one of them a gaylord.

Anyway, on with the action which started with a bang – Phoenix piled on early pressure but Tim Lee opened the scoring for Meads, overcoming his caffeine deficiency to lob the keeper from range. Despite suffering shakes and crabbiness, Tim nearly bagged a second shortly afterwards, capitalising on a defensive error to race through one-on-one.... the keeper made a partial save and a defender stumbled in, handling the ball on the floor but the ref didn't see it. On the very small pitch, Phoenix were able to get the ball to their tricky wingers within crossing range fairly easily, and their frequent, quality deliveries gave the Meads defence a rigorous workout throughout the game. In between several near misses and a fine close-range save from Sash, Phoenix converted two of these before the break. Meanwhile, Dale Bridges fired home a fine strike at the other end from 18 yards, intelligently positioned outside the box at a corner and reacting first to the rebounding ball. Hard work so far but we went into the break level and thought we might get something out of the game. Overshadowing this fixture was Phoenix's notorious disciplinary record, which the home referee-come-barman just about managed to keep a lid on. Meads did their bit to stir things up, picking up a couple of yellows for lip, swearing and a foul, letting themselves get wound up in some quarters and giving some needless childish lip that we really should kick out of our game, if not the passion that lies underneath it. (Luckily the yellows aren't going through, apparently because the ref failed to give a red card for an off-the-ball kick from the Phoenix captain). The ref had an irksome habit of smirking when he gave decisions against the appealing team (usually us), but apart from that he ran a potentially fractious encounter very well.

One thing we all agreed on at half time was that, whatever happened, if we went behind by however many, we had goals in us and we would bounce back. That turned out to be wrong, but we managed to hold out for another 20 minutes or so before the floodgates opened. In fact Meads started brightly, coming close when Dave Flannery spotted their keeper of his line again, forcing a desperate save from range. Paul Taylor reacted sharply to the rebound with the keeper floundering, but stooping to head the ball on an awkward bounce, he could only direct an effort wide of the far post from an angle. Ultimately, carrying knocks and lack of match practice told, as the superior fitness and battling of the home team lead to greater possession and Meads suffered an artillery barrage of increasing intensity. All but one of the ensuing five goals came from set pieces or crosses. The third was the most galling as it came from a quickly-taken free-kick while the keeper was at the far post setting up his wall – after having checked with the referee that they couldn't take it quickly. Luckily they scored another four so the game didn't hinge on this controversial moment. So a 2s team scored 7 and conceded 2 against a 7s team – we'll get over it. We know we have enough quality in depth to pick up points against other teams in this division, and will make a good fist of the relegation dogfight.

Phoenix showed excellent hospitality after the game; they also sagely advised us to steer clear of Slough for going out drinking afterwards, suggesting that it might be an utter shithole. Most of the team had already fled down the M4 with Chief Detective Inspector High Priest Superintendent Allison's warning ringing in their ears: "DON'T YAE NOO SLOUGH HAES THA HIGHEST FOOKIN RATE OF STREET CRIME IN THAE UK". Lionel therefore kindly dropped Phil and Sash off at a set of traffic lights a mile's walk from the train station. The plucky Meadonians braved an array of American-style trading outlets and off-licences to find the main drag, made their way past a series of fried food outlets, pawnbrokers, betting shops, more off-licences and the odd beautician to find the one pub in town: good ol' Wetherspoons. After a couple of fine ales and a jaegerbomb each, they jumped on the 19:17 back to civilization nursing cans of 6% Polish lager.

8ths v Dorkinians V, W 6 – 0, Westwood (3), Kastrati (2), Husbands (1)

(Report by Alfie Duckett)

Team: G Richards, C Elder A Duckett, D Barnett, D Terry, B Ryan, T Husbands, B Mayers, M Westwood, J Gowers, T Kastrati. Subs: C Anthony, D Elder, G Dawson.

After a really bad run of form lately, the 8s were looking to stop the rot with a win over Dorkinians. After hearing that the team was running late and then that they only had 10 players, the odds were thrown into our favour. Although, Dorking looked like a very young team who may provide an upset against an 8 team a little low on confidence.

But that didn't seem to be the case. We started strongly, knocking the ball around well and an early goal was there to be taken. Some lovely link up play from the midfield and Jake who played a nice ball instead for TK to take a touch get himself some space and blast a left footed strike straight down the middle giving the keeper no chance. 1-0.

That seemed to be the opening that meads needed and another goal followed shortly. Mark was doing what he does best. Taking on defenders and causing no end of trouble. Sorry Mark but I can't remember all 6 goals but it was well taken and well deserved after your performance. 2-0.

TK then bagged another beauty. He picked up the ball on the left wing took on a couple of the struggling Dorking defence and scored a inch perfect goal which flashed across the goalie into the bottom corner. 3-0.

Into the second half we was concentrating on doing our best to keep a clean sheet, knowing that a win was inevitable and the only way we could lose was by some divine miracle. Up step Tom. By this stage Tom could have had 3 maybe 4 goals to his name already but this one was worth the wait. The midfield again involved like it was most of the game, knocking the ball around with ease, and into the feet of Mark who had drifted over into a more central position. Mark then played a stunning dinked through ball to Tom who had acres of space and fired hard and low past the keeper into the bottom corner. Very well deserved after a solid performance. 4-0.

Mark then hit the back of the net again. This time it was Brendan's turn to provide the excellent pass almost identical to Mark to Tom for the fourth. Brendan managed to lift the ball past Dorking's back four for Mark to run onto and tuck away his second of the game. 5-0.

Mark then completed the rout and his hat-trick. He took on a few players (as he repeatedly did on Saturday) running into an almost impossible position to score from, ignoring TK's calls for the ball despite being dead in front of goal, before craftily firing the ball into the far top corner. An excellent performance from Mark and after terrorising the defence a well deserved hat-trick. Although had he missed this one, I have a funny feeling that TK would have had a right moan! 6-0.

Altogether a comfortable win, against a side that struggled from the off. Gary didn't have much to do in goal (I bet he had hoped for that really) and even requested a sun lounger, a glass of port and some sunglasses at half time. The back 4 didn't really have much to do but seemed to deal with anything very well. And Craig was pinging balls around all day pretending he was Luka Modric. Think it got the better of him though as he went off injured. Or was it just to spend some quality time with his lover? Who knows. We could have had loads more goals but for some goal line clearance and I think Dan may have even hit the bar with a inch perfect header that he was very unlucky not to see end up in the back of the net.

Could have been 10 or more but we will take 6. Just a shame it wasn't against, with no disrespect to Dorking, a better team.

M.O.M – Haven't heard anything else, so the award goes to Mark. Well done mate, well deserved.

Sunday Vets v Old Vaughanians, W 6 – 1 AET, Hanman (3), McGuinness (2), Rohone

(Report by Roy McLoughlin)

Its easy to forget how difficult a team captain has it with the countless phone calls in the week and Ray and I found ourselves on speedial no 1 for the majority of this past one sorting out not only the team but more importantly our tactical formation. Added to this were the daily medical bulletins from our physio department (Dino ate another black cornflake) and where to play our central kingpin Mr Best. We knew Vaughnians were going to be strong but what we hadn't taken into account was that they produced a secret weapon in the shape of Steve Gallen who had played at a higher level than even Lord Quinn of Hounslow East. This info was bought to our attention by our 'spy' in the camp

who clearly we cannot reveal (but thanks Mr Finnegan.....doh!). Paddy and Rory apparently meet in their middle class health club in leafy Chiswick suburbia to discuss tactics. Unfortunately due to our working class roots Ray and I were not allowed in but the good news is Greggs do a mean Cheese and Onion pastie! So we finally took to pitch 9 of a bitterly cold Riverside feeling reasonably confident with a great combination of some old 1st team ego's (no not you Dan!) and some good old fashioned lower team but committed and hearts on their sleeves players. To be fair Vaughns started the better team with the ex pro spraying some marvellous passes around and initially winning lots of the aerial battles. However we dug in but were not able to create much but our defensive spirit was evident from the back right the way through to even Gareth! Clearly in a large part due to Best pulling all of our significant strings we were containing the oppos well but then fell down to a goal which to be fair was about representative of the balance of play. The great thing here was that panic did not set in and the half time talk(through chattering teeth) was very upbeat and R and R made some subtle tactical changes (well that's what all the manuals say!). With everyone looking to Best for inspiration we took to the field with much confidence. Dwayne was pushed up field and Neil started attacking much more down the other wing. Steve K started the win the battle with their playmaker and it is great testament to him that his oppos influence started to wane as the half went on. A equaliser beckoned and it came from a great in swinging corner (I think from Best?) which their player handled and Neil rifled home the subsequent penalty. On came some inspired substitutions in the form of Renata (though Dino on the side was convinced he was Alex!) and some geezer called McGuinness who the Catholic oppos seemed to recognise from Sunday school or was that Hammersmith Palais?! Extra time soon came and then the flood gates opened. You don't hear Vets and Superior fitness often in the same sentence but it was definitely the case here. To be fair Vaughn's kept fighting as you would expect from them but goal soon rolled in from Barry Neil and Dwayne (I'm sure Best scored too but cant remember which one). The final score line flattered us a tad although I think over 120 mins we were the slightly better team. It was a great performance from all 14 players but also special thanks to our support. It was freezing guys and you turning up to watch was very very appreciated. Lee just edged out Best for MOM but this really was a classic team performance. Challice was a great 5th defender and since his court order has been removed his ability to bark out instructions really helped. Back four were absolutely solid although Carts running into Mick Sheehan at full pelt was not the cleverest thing you have done. In fact it reminded me of a Canadian ice skater that you once 'ran' into(sorry the rest of this story has been censored due to this being a family club). Midfield gradually came into the game eventually stifling the boiler room and the runs out wide stretched the tiring Vaughn limbs. Up front the various combinations all worked tirelessly and the goals will come but the defensive contribution is equally vital. All the subs played a significant part and thanks to Mr F for coming on in what must have been a very emotional game against his old muckers. He did look very guilty winning! Finally a big thanks from me to Ray. The commitment shown exemplified by players not playing on their usual Saturdays and cancelling weekends away with their loved ones and future wives means that we look forward to a semi final. Well done all!