

TT No.101: Paul Roth - Saturday 23rd December 2006; Herts Senior League Premier Division; **Codicote** vs. Buntingford Town; Result: 2-3; Att: 8; Programme: 8-pages £1.

Stretching from Stevenage to the east and up to Hitchin in the north, and as far south as Hatfield, the great Hertfordshire subterranean lagoon is a mass of water some 80 billion litres in volume, it is estimated. This 'lake' lies at a depth of 250 metres, except around the small village of Codicote where the water table is only 10 meters from the surface. All making this particular area one of the wettest in the northern hemisphere. Accordingly, the local football club suffer from postponements to their scheduled fixtures due to this excessive moisture.

Arriving at the John Clement Memorial Ground in Bury Lane, I had taken extra precautions today to try to offset these damp conditions. Firstly, I had had the car waxed thoroughly and had brought water-repellent clothing with me. My pictures today have been taken with an underwater camera.

The set-up is pretty good at the club with a comfortable warm pavilion being the focal point for the sports clubs that use the facilities. Water tennis courts and splash cricket are also played here.

Two other items I had brought with me were blood pressure tablets and a rope to hang myself with, if the game was off.

Whistle blown and the game is under way. It is ON. Will fog roll in and halt proceedings? No, it doesn't. A very good game of football ensues ending 3-2 in favour of the visitors from north Hertfordshire. A local wag in the crowd asks if there has been a murder nearby. "Why?", I ask. "Because you look like one of those police frogmen" came the wag's reply.

At 90 minutes and with a successful visit completed, I sped back down the A1(M) to drier climes...you can feel the humidity lifting as you drive away. Reversing onto our driveway my beloved was waiting at the door. "You have done it, darling?" she enquired. "Yes", was my response.

A celebratory meal of egg and oven chips (they are cholesterol free you know) was washed down with a bottle of vintage Lambrini (I presume it was vintage as it is 2 years past the 'best by' date on the bottle). From each end of our dining table, 200 feet apart my wife and I raise our glasses and offer a toast "CODICOTE FC" we cry. After our repast we retire to the rear patio and witness a firework extravaganza, paid for and laid on by the Hertfordshire FA, in recognition of my achievement today.

FGIF Rating: SOGGY!

