

**TT No.215: *Richard Panter*** - Monday 9th April 2007; **Ossett Town v Burscough**; Unibond Premier; Result: 0 - 0; Attendance 120; Entry £8; Programme 52 pages £1.50; Match rating: \*\*\*.

On the way up to junction 40 of the M1 I made the choice to visit Ossett Town rather than Wakefield who were entertaining neighbours Bradford. The reason was that Town were playing high flyers Burscough and prospects looked better for this match, or so I believed.

Ingfield Stadium lies just off the Wakefield Road in Ossett town centre about a mile and a half from junction 40. The club have called this home since the 1950s and the ground has been developed slowly since then. A decent sized stand backs on to the main road, it has plenty of well-spaced red plastic seats unfortunately this is directly behind one goal line, directly in the line of (wayward) fire. Mud banks stand either side of this and in the far corner there is a well elevated spacious disabled viewing area which is open to the elements. Two small covered terraces are located at either side of the pitch. There are no other spectator viewing facilities. The coaching staff from both teams are very well served as they each have double dug-outs to work from, unusually these are located opposite each other. Where I forced to choose but one word to describe Ingfield I would call it 'functional'. A lick of red and white paint would work miracles. Other buildings of note are three electrical/mobile sub stations needed to power no less than five radio/mobile phone masts inside the ground.

Burscough had the better of the first half having five good chances to open the scoring. The closest they came happened in the 28th minute when Robbie Booth came within inches of netting. The club official with the responsibility for announcing the golden goal time was sufficiently emboldened to announce the time of the golden goal was 28 minutes!

On a hard, dry and bobbly pitch the home team had a better second half which culminated in the impressive Robert O'Brien missing a gaping net. During this half we were joined by the bulk of the away support, roughly 20 fans and what seemed like an equal number of ties and suits. Certain of this number contested every decision made by the referee and 'lino'. To listen to them they were harshly treated by the officials, my son Tom and myself thought they had a fair match, but what do neutrals know? The star of this display was one individual who launched a tirade of abuse throughout in response to these perceived injustices. Now I have been known to utter the odd swear word, sometimes these are very, very rude indeed, but there is a time and place for such blue verbosity. This individual made no attempt to control his obscenities despite there being a young man and his toddler daughter a few yards from him. The visiting support, or an element of them did their club no good at all, a sad state of affairs.

The match ended with a scoreless whimper. Heading home with '5Live' on the radio I caught the score-line Wakefield 24 Bradford 36; "Was that Wakefield 24 Bradford 36?" I asked Tom, "Yes" he said, "it was Wakefield 24 Bradford 36" - a bit better than Ossett Town 0 Burscough 0!

06/20