

**TT No.53: *Paul Roth*** - Sat 28th October 2006; Anglian Combination Premier Division; **Attleborough Town** v Sheringham Town; Result: 1-2; Attendance: 70 or so; 28-page programme (Barnes Print) including £2 admission.

With the Anglian Combination bug having well and truly bitten and after a really enjoyable day at Blofield United last Saturday, I set off up to Norfolk again to take in another fixture from the same league. Again, by train, via Kings Cross and Cambridge, I finally arrived in the small market town of Attleborough just after 1pm. Today, actually was a really poor day train-wise as every one of them was late and indeed one was early!

A few years ago on my way up to watch Norwich United I had stopped in Attleborough for a drink, visiting the GBG listed Griffin and the Cock Inn, and had remembered enjoying the pubs then, but strangely today, I was not enamoured with either hostelry; luckily, with kick off at 2pm, I had no need to linger.

The Rec. or 'Wreck' as my mate Bob would refer to this type of venue, is only 50 yards from the railway station and you enter via a huge car park. The big building in front as you approach is both clubhouse (upstairs) and changing rooms below and entry to the 'Rec' itself is accessed at the rear of this through a narrow wire gate. A portakabin on the left dispenses tea, chocolate bars, crisps and also the important matchday programme, a colourful Barnes Print 28-page effort this full of relevant material.

The playing area is roped off and a few advertising hoardings are erected which give the place a little bit more of a football ground feel. Sheringham Town are one of a small group of teams at the top of the table, lying only two points behind pacesetters Lowestoft Town Res. They were for most of the game, if not dominating proceedings, certainly in the ascendancy. A match of few clear-cut chances was won by the Shannocks (apparently these are people born in the Town are known thus), by 2 goals to 1.

At half time a wondrous hotdog was available from the quite magnificent barbeque erected behind the clubhouse-end goal. All half the air had been filled with the aroma of grilling meat and my expectation was not disappointed as the offering was top notch, quality, proper butcher's fare.

At full time the ground is dismantled and put away for another week; the arena once again returns to its main function, that of town recreation ground.

Ambling back to the station I promptly missed my train back to Cambridge (as it was 10 mins early) and ended up back in town in one of those pubs I had not been so impressed with earlier in the day! What a tough life.

FGIF Rating 4\* (one star for the barbeque!). Train day = 12855 steps.

