

**TT No.207: Paul Roth** - Saturday 8th March 2008; UCL Div1; **ROTHWELL CORINTHIANS** vs. **DAVENTRY TOWN**. Res: 1-3; Att:50 (?); Entry: £3 with 20-page programme; Weather: Windy, light rain and cold.

What is a 'Chequered Skipper'?

Sitting in the Woolpack, supping my pint of oddly named 'Inclined Plane' bitter, about half a mile away from Rothwell Corinthians' Seargent's Lawn football ground, I am privy to an odd conversation. It seems earlier in the week there had been a TV documentary on one of the SKY channels concerning phrenology.....an idea that claims to be able to determine character, personality traits and even criminality on the basis of the shape of the human head. My attention was drawn to the gentlemen's ramblings when my home town, Margate, was cited as an area where there is a higher propensity toward criminality and lower than average intelligence. Surely not! I have to tell you things are even bleaker if you originate from the Nottingham area. Better you hail from around Truro, apparently!

The conversation rankled and I spent the whole afternoon observing people's crania.

With all the limited parking taken at the ground, which is on the Desborough Road to the North of the lively market town, I parked in a nearby road and gained access to the playing area via a gate, which is situated next to the sign advertising the 'Next-Home-Match'. Walk along the short path here to the main entrance and you come to the pay-box, where £3 gains you entry along with the newsy 20-page programme. The 'Lawn' is, to quote one of this country's leading female weather forecasters, "Absolutely Gorgeous"! There are two covered, seated stands on either side of the pitch, one of which has the club's name emblazoned upon it. Also, there's a bus shelter-type standing area, floodlighting and a small, intimate clubhouse where ebullient club secretary Mark Budworth and his band of happy co-workers dispense bonhomie and drinks in equal quantity. A tea hatch is in situ herein, but alas no hot food was available this afternoon. The arena is fully railed and there is hard standing most of the way around. At the pavilion end look across the ground to the picturesque cricket field and beyond that to the strange floodlight pylons of Rothwell Town's Cecil Street stadium. A veritable cornucopia of sporting facilities, if ever I've seen them.

Of the 22 league matches Daventry Town have played this season, they've won 21 of them and drawn the other, so it was a shock when the home side, deservedly, took the lead, albeit from a rebounded clearance that just about got over the goal line. The visitors equalised just before the break. With the strong wind now at their backs, and with the nagging certainty that is coastal erosion, the lads from Warwickshire slowly eroded at the homester's defence and added two more second half scores to eventually run out comfortable 3-1 winners.

After saying my goodbyes to my new Northamptonshire friends; I do like this County very much, I was back indoors by 19.30pm and enquiring of my beloved if she could detect anything, good or bad, from the shape or nuances of my head. No comment was offered!

This morning I've been looking in the mirror and studying my various head bumps...what do they all mean?

At ten-past One in the afternoon and half way through my third pre-prandial schooner of Amontillado it registered...I was born in and hail from Wiltshire; I'm a 'Moonraker'. I'm not too sure if I should admit to that either. Paranoia assuaged!

And finally, a 'Chequered Skipper' is a butterfly and the unusual name of the first pub I visited today, at Ashton, near Oundle.

FGIF Rating. A heady day, in more ways than one. 5\*.

06/20