

**TT No.49: Keith Aslan** - Sat 10th October 2012; **Littleton** v Bromsgrove Sporting; Midland Combination Premier Division; Kick-Off: 15.03; Result: 0-3; Admission £4; Programme: £1; Attendance: 153 - (58 home, 90 away, 5 neutral).

Littleton's rapid rise through the leagues has seen them reach Step 6 with work still in progress to advance their facilities to the next level. Not bad for a club that began the century in the Worcester and District League. This was my last chance to visit them before the clocks go back; if careless do not attempt to walk back from the ground in the dark.

The nearest station is Honeybourne which has an hourly service from Paddington on the Worcester line. It is a 50-minute rustic walk from here which on this glorious October day was a joy, but for the more sedentary groundhopper, the station has a pretty comprehensive list of phone numbers for all of the local taxi firms.

Littleton's ground is in the proverbial middle of nowhere and one does wonder where their crowd comes from. A very friendly club, I was identified as a groundhopper by the double act on the gate who told me of Littleton's ambitious plans for the future. The ground has newly installed floodlights, is enclosed, railed off and has a small stand with a dozen seats on the half way line but at their current rate of progress, these facilities will increase pretty quickly.

A spacious portacabin next to the changing rooms is where the inflation-busting food and drink is available. One coffee, two cheese and onion rolls cost £2 (one coffee on Great western trains is £2.10p). At such a bargain price the rolls soon disappeared, most of them in my pockets for future consumption, that's my Sunday lunch taken care of! The walls are covered with old team photographs some dating back to pre. first world war.

There was a good atmosphere to this game helped by the sizeable support Bromsgrove brought with them. League leaders Littleton found themselves two goals down at half time despite having most of the play. The second half was most memorable for a performance by the Bromsgrove goalkeeper who managed to turn time wasting into an art form. The referee made a big deal about adding the time on (referees these days don't seem to have homes to go to) but neither booked, or even spoke to, the keeper. One can only be glad after a fracas in the 95th minute the referee sensibly diffused the situation by blowing for full time otherwise I think he was planning to make a night of it.

Missed my train of course, but spending 45 minutes in the pub at Honeybourne was no great hardship. My train got into London an hour and twenty minutes late. I along with most of my fellow passengers (sorry, customers) just accepted it as part and parcel of rail privatization.

