

**TT No.99: Keith Aslan** - Sat May 24th 2014; Hunsworth v Wakefield; **West Riding League Division 1 Cup Final**; Venue: **Campion FC**; Kick-Off: 13.59; Result: 2-4; Admission & Programme: £1; Attendance: 68 (39 Hunsworth, 21 Wakefield & 8 neutral).

With the quarter finals still to take place on the May Day, Bank holiday, the traditional date for the finals, the league managed to condense virtually it's entire cup competition into three weeks to now make May 24th "Super Saturday" with the Premier and Division 1 Cup Finals forming a double header. With Campion winning their semi-final four days before hand another problem arose when they were unable to play on the Saturday due to their manager getting married. Their match was bought forward to the Friday leaving just the one game.

Campion play in Heaton, a suburb of Bradford. There are four buses an hour from the interchange to within 5 minutes of the ground, but I chose to walk it from Frizinghall station which was about 25 minutes away. This has the advantage of walking through the glorious Lister park. Boating Lake, Botanical Gardens, Cafe (closed) and an Art Gallery, a wonderful place to stroll on a sunny day, but not in the pouring rain like today. Highlight for me was a fossilized tree stump that was 300 million years old. How do they know? Even more importantly, there was a Greggs outside the park entrance.

Make no mistake, this game would have been postponed at any other time of year and the puddle-filled pitch would have certainly been deemed unplayable if there had been another date to rearrange the fixture. Here's the thing, it produced a perfectly good game of football and only served to illustrate that a lot of matches are called off needlessly. It rained throughout, and it had been raining solidly for the past 16 hours. Not the namby-pamby stuff we get down south, this was proper rain, straight off the Pennines. Thankfully, Campion has a small covered stand, which once was a big covered stand but the roof has fallen off most of it. Fully railed it is adjacent to a cricket pitch but the two sports don't impinge on each other.

This was a feisty match, Wakefield 2-1 up at half time, they sealed the game with a 25-yard own goal and a goalkeeping error with Hunsworth's second coming in injury time. With the game over as a contest, I don't know how Hunsworth managed to accrue three bookings for dissent in the last five minutes. Footballers eh?

As this was a cup final, we had that most pointless of beings, the 4th official. While the referee and linesmen all came from Bradford, the fourth man came from Wakefield, I don't know what he got paid (25p. a mile travelling expenses for starters) but he certainly wasn't value for money. He spent two minutes sorting out three substitutions and the other 96 minutes watching the football. I wish I could

get a job like that. The only difference between him and the rest of the spectators was at least he had to stand out in the rain.

The trains between London and Bradford were spot on in both directions. The North East railway is the only line currently not in private hands. I wonder if there is a connection?

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