

**TT No.72: Keith Aslan - Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> May 2017; WEST BROMWICH UNITED v Wolverhampton United; West Midlands Division 2; Kick-Off: 15.00; Result: 7-2; Admission: Free: Programme: £1; Attendance: 62 (55 home, 3 away & 4 neutral)**

Smethwick Rolf Street is the nearest station for this one, but if you want to save yourself an enervating 17-minute walk through Smethwick whose chief architect appears to have been Dante, the 82 runs every 12 minutes from the city centre and stops outside the ground. Hadley Stadium is an unexpected gem, and don't be put off by the running track. A large stand runs along the full length of the touchline, but with the view obscured by the dugouts you are better off standing up at the back. Either side of the stand is some quality old school terracing and while, like most athletics stadiums, it's looking a bit dowdy these days this only adds to its charm. Floodlights round off the facilities and I wouldn't expect any ground grading aggro. as West Bromwich move up through the leagues. Behind the main stand are the changing rooms, offices and tea bar.

West Brom. are delighted with their first season in senior football, having won the league cup and also achieved promotion. They have numerous helpers, all of whom are ultra-friendly and things are looking good both on and off the pitch. Today they could clinch the championship providing they won by 16 goals, so runners up spot it is then. In his programme notes the manager optimistically wrote "nothing is impossible". Here is a man who's never tried to change his broadband supplier. The proggy is a cracker, 20 pages of full colour and today's player profile was of flaxen haired full back Sam Causton (favourite food steak don't you know) In answer to the question 'who would you most like to meet' he inexplicably answered Alex Ferguson! Why? The home side would have come closer to meeting their goal target were it not for my man of the match, Wolverhampton's 16- year-old goalkeeper, who kept the score down stopping the ball on numerous occasions not by breath taking saves but just by getting in the way. His positional sense must be brilliant. This game was a joy to watch and about the cleanest match I've ever seen, with just two fouls in the whole 93 minutes.

Somewhat unwisely there was a tannoy announcement that food was being laid on at half time for a junior team and spectators were welcome to partake. Not the sort of thing to say when there are travellers about and as soon as the cling film was removed the kids were always going to come off second best. What the groundhoppers lacked in numbers we more than made up for in pure avarice. This was yet another smashing day out and I can only echo the immortal words of Smethwick's most famous daughter "Oil give it foive". And unless you were around in the sixties that reference won't mean a thing to you.