

TT No.8: Keith Aslan - Sat 8th October 2016; **Axminster Town** v Plymouth Marjons; Devon Premier Cup; Kick-Off: 14.00; Result: 2-0; Admission & Programme: £4; Attendance: 58 (55 home, 0 away & 3 neutral)

First off, an apology. In my usual superlative report on the Lancing United v Rustington match I might have inadvertently implied that the absence of a programme might not necessarily have been due to the official line of a printer malfunction. Imagine my joy and happiness when postwoman Pat stuck an all colour issue for the fixture through my door a week later. Happy to put the record straight on that one. It did produce the best laugh of the week with a report on their first few games in the Southern Combination containing the line 'there are no easy games in this league'. The following Saturday they beat Ferring 12-1.

Axminster have eventually moved into their impressive new out (very out) of town ground. They had a whole heap of problems with the relocation, exclusively due to the property developers being very naughty. A strongly worded article featured in the programme about 'Devonshire Homes' in which the word greed featured prominently. They still have a number of issues regarding facilities at the adjacent, railed second pitch (the thirds played on it this afternoon) but they hope to resolve them soon. The main ground is all finished, and looking good with the stand incorporated into the changing room/clubhouse building. As a fellow hopper observed, a pleasant change from the usual *Atcost* structure. The comestibles on offer in the clubhouse were top of the range including the biggest cheese and onion baguettes you'll ever see at a bargain £1.50p.

The ground is a good half hour walk from the station through the town. Coming from London you pass it on the left-hand side as you approach Axminster. I am indebted to the gateman who told of a short cut which enabled three very elderly hoppers to get back to the station for an early train in 21 minutes without any cardiac arrests, but it was a close-run thing. I really am getting too old for this sort of thing.

Two first half goals produced a routine win for the home side. Marjons didn't really have a lot to offer up front and never looked like closing the gap. I might have mentioned referee's timekeeping before but I make no apology for giving a name check to man in the middle, Gareth Bridge. Prompt kick off, a 13-minute half time, and two periods of 45 minutes to the second. 3.43 finish and it is down to the whistler that the hoppers got a train none of us was expecting to catch. The journey back to London was much enlivened with a robust discussion on how long football matches are supposed to last, and it became obvious that only me and Gareth Bridge have actually read the rulebook!