

TT No.134: *Keith Aslan* - Saturday May 5th 2018; **HILTON HARRIERS** v Hucknall Town; Central Midlands League South; Kick-Off: 17.01; Result: 1-0; Admission, programme, raffle ticket: £5. Attendance: 236 (38 home, 12 away & 186 neutral)

Sixth time lucky for me. Since Christmas the Harriers haven't played a home game on a Saturday with either a P-P or the match was transferred to a nearby plastic pitch. I was pleased to have the opportunity to thank chairman/programme editor Alan Saville in person for his continual up to the minute information saving me many fruitless journeys. My statistics are: 1 off on Friday evening; 1 off Saturday morning before I left home and 3 gone when I'd reached London, but before I'd got on a northbound train. No problems today with Mr. Sunshine a welcome attendee but I can see why this pitch is not a destination for wet weather.

As this was a Hop game, I had the advantage of meeting up with old friends, but this had to be traded for 5 o'clock kick off, not good news when I'm so far away from the Kentish Riviera. A half hourly service from Derby bus station to the ground is run by '*Trent Barton*', a bus company I've had occasion to use before and have nothing but praise for them. I joined the ranks of the non-payers as the ticket machine wasn't working so everybody got a free ride, although I suspect everybody but me would have got a free ride anyway. Ask for 'The Mease' and you're right outside the ground. The clubhouse was buzzing with hopping brethren and food and drink consumption making the Harriers a tidy profit I suspect. The television was bizarrely showing '*Tipping Point*' until the will of the people encouraged a change of channel to the football scores. The ground is a fair walk from the clubhouse, fully railed, surrounded by trees, all very neat and tidy and with no houses nearby, floodlights shouldn't be a problem. A lot of people have written that the game wasn't up to much but as it was their third match of the day, I would suggest they were just getting a bit football weary. It was my only match and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

I was a bit tight for the bus back but with an almost on time kick off things were looking good. Until they decided to have a 20-minute half time break. That was just silly and I am indebted to Graham for donating me his seat back to the station on the coach. A wonderful gesture to thank me, as a taxpayer, for bankrolling his Stratford based football team. Not all West Ham supporters are so nice with my train home delayed 55 minutes due to those chirpy EastEnders causing trouble on the train in front of us on their way back from Leicester. Market Harborough was like a war zone apparently. Eventually got back to my country dacha at 1 o'clock in the morning. A small price to pay for a quality new tick.