

**TT No. 115: *Brian Buck*** - Saturday 9th March 2019; **Copthorne v Brighton Electricity; Macron Store Southern Combination Division 2; Result: 2-1; Attendance: 48** (consisting of 32 visible people with the other 16 probably hiding in bushes somewhere!).

Today I had a domestic! So, I was unable to go out until the plumber had finished. But I had a number of options in mind. As things turned out he finished early, thus allowing me to settle on what was pretty much my first-choice match, which allowed me to re-complete the whole league. I travelled by train to Three Bridges and caught a bus from there, the wrong one actually. I was on the 400 which did not go into Copthorne itself. So, I had to walk an extra mile once I had realised my mistake! I should have caught either the 281 or 291, which between them form a half hourly service.

Anyway, on arrival at the ground I encountered a few other Groundhoppers. The club have just returned here after a lengthy exile to nearby Smallfield whilst a massive new clubhouse was built for them and judging by the drainage marks, the pitch has had work done to it as well. There were no spectator facilities on site though, apart from a bog perhaps and when I asked a Copthorne player if they had a bar here, he replied, "I dunno mate, it's only our second game back here." So, a friend and I re-routed to the Prince Albert, where I found out later is the place the players themselves go back to after matches.

Back at the ground in time for kick off it had now transpired that there would be no programme today, even though one had been prepared, causing great concern for at least one hopper! Although this was a very sunny day, that and the cold wind combined made it unpleasant to watch football on the clubhouse side, so I went around to the other side. While I was doing this, second from bottom 'Leccy' took the lead on 6 minutes as I was passing the goal at the other end. Gradually the top of the table hosts got their act together and they became the better side. The second half saw the hosts become even more dominant and on 58 minutes they equalised. They continued to press and finally on 87 minutes they deservedly got the winner. One of my colleagues suggested that the visitors deserved a draw because they had held out for so long. But I don't think so, as apart from their goal they only had one other shot in the whole match.

Overall a decent match because it held my attention. Then it was back to the Prince Albert to watch the final scores. Here I encountered the jovial landlady and another chatty lady who had just returned from watching Palace play Brighton. But it was also a bloody rugby day and as the TV got turned over before the games had finished, I caught an earlier bus back to the station instead.