

**TT No.58:** *Keith Aslan* - Saturday 17th November 2018; **WALDON ATHLETIC** v Torridgeside; South West Peninsula East; Kick-Off: 14.16; Result: 1-3; Admission & programme: £2; Attendance: 31 (22 home, 4 away & 5 neutral)

Torre is the station for this one followed by a 20-minute walk that would find favour with mountaineers. The last time I was at Torre station was in the seventies and Hillingdon Borough had just pulled off an FA Cup shock beating Torquay, who were quite good in those days. The team came back by train and their manager, one Barry Fry, jumped onto the track and ran up and down the line doing a dance of celebration. What a character, easier to get away with in the days before CCC TV. On the return journey when the train stopped at Taunton a young boy walked down the platform selling classified papers. These were good times.

If you like quaint stands and beautiful views then Waldon probably won't be for you. Austere would sum it up. On top of a hill and roped with the old, very old, dressing room block also containing hot drinks and sweeties. The sunshine elsewhere in the country didn't reach this part of the world and a cold overcast afternoon enhanced the bleakness. The home team's dug out was completely empty for the first 25 minutes before a substitute and his girlfriend strolled up and sat in it. For the second half the manager appeared from somewhere to fill it up a bit more. The away team dominated the match but somehow only managed to go into the break 1-0 up with Waldon surprisingly equalizing the other side of half time, but Torridgeside eventually won comfortably and also missed a penalty.

Torridgeside bought a bevy of loquacious supporters with them with their loud potty mouthed leader having the same hairstyle and vocabulary as Alf Garnett. In the second half the referee, somewhat perplexingly, instructed them to move further away from the goal, a strange order given they were behind the rope and at the end they were defending. The home manager and his substitute went around to act as enforcers and there was an exchange of unpleasantries before the offending spectators moved a few yards down the goal line where 'Alf Garnett' was free to carry on his tirade. Like I say, all a bit strange.

The magnificent programme, 20 glossy pages of wonderfulness, had the vital pen picture of electrician Gareth McEwen. Which 3 people would he most like to be stuck in a lift with I hear you ask? Michelle Keegan (I'm with him on that one), Romesh Ranganathan (a bit odd but I suppose his jokes would keep your spirits up until help arrived) and, and here it gets really weird, James Cordon. What sort of person would want to be stuck in a lift with James Cordon? In my list of people who I wouldn't want to share a lift with he's right up there with Richard Branson and Piers Morgan. Footballers are very strange people. From the programme I also learnt that the club, like so many, was formed after the war in 1945 and they've been playing at their current ground since 1974.

Another cracking day out in Hiscox's Kingdom where a warm welcome is assured but remember to take an oxygen mask, the ground is called 'Windmill Hill' while Windmill Mountain would be more appropriate.

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