

TT No.73: *Brian Buck* - Saturday 8th December 2018; **Wortham v Tattingstone United; Touchline Suffolk & Ipswich League Division 3; Result: 2-2; Attendance: 4.**

With checking time limited because of the time I spent watching two games on the previous day I got home from the first of them to find that my intended game had been called off. This scenario also applied to my next choice when I got home from my evening game. I decided to sort it all out next morning, knowing that today was now going to be a car job. I chose the only ground in the Suffolk & Ipswich League where from those sides playing today, I hadn't seen a game on. Once I'd confirmed the fixture, with the away secretary, I set off and about an hour and a half later I had arrived at Wortham, which is a small village just before you reach Diss, if you come in via Bury St Edmunds.

I'd passed through here many times before on my way to other grounds in the vicinity and I think that there used to be a fish and chip wagon here as well. Anyway, the ground wasn't difficult to find. It was on the common and therefore rather exposed. As I'd left enough time to go elsewhere if things went wrong, I now had time to kill. So, I left the car where it was and I went to the tea shop from where I procured a very tasty sausages and chips takeaway, which was roughly half the price I'd paid had I bought it in the pub it visited after devouring it. Then after having something to wash it down and confirming that the TV would be showing the football results on my return, I then returned to the ground and sat on a bench outside the clubhouse to wait for the game to start. Soon a lady appeared and initially I thought that she would be serving me my half time cuppa, but she was waiting for her mate to appear so she could serve a tennis ball in the nearby court instead. Then the game started. Although this is a sand-based pitch it still waterlogs in some areas sometimes. Furthermore, it is affected by moles and today there were two un-flattened ones visible. But the home manager seemed to accept this. His third from bottom side had lost 12-0 away last week and he was complimentary about the moles, saying. "At least they turn up every week. In fact, I might sign them on. If they can force their way out of the ground then they might just be able to head a football!" Today they were up against the second placed visitors and with the strong wind behind them it was they who took the lead on 5 minutes with their fourth attempt of the game. But somehow Wortham equalised five minutes later. But Tattingstone kept pressing and really should have scored a hatful in the first period, but their shooting was awful and they only scored once more before half time. Meanwhile at one point the game was stopped when some dog poo was found on the pitch. The home players, knowing shit when they see it, could tell that it came from the same dog that always craps here. After the break the wind was in favour of the hosts as was some rain and although their keeper made some fine blocks Wortham were now playing better, helped by the fact that they had stopped arguing amongst themselves. On 69 minutes they managed to equalise. Then after some minor handbags a minute later the hosts set about holding on. This became more difficult when on 88 minutes they lost their keeper

due to an injury. They did have another 'proper' keeper to bring on. But he looked rather like a younger looking Jack Duckworth formerly of Coronation Street, complete with glasses. Although he took them off to go in goal, his side held on for a deserved draw. Then it was back to the pub to bring to a close a day low on quality, apart from the food, but one high on endeavour.

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