

There were times when the playing area of the pitch would become almost tinder dry and very hard. Now my father had some sort of arrangement with the teams management whereby he would collect about a dozen of us. Dad takes us to the wells as shown on my plan, drop in a bucket and fill our watering cans.

We would then be lined up across the pitch and walk to sticks of father placed at intervals along the touch line; when we had watered the whole playing area many times, father would put the slabs back on the top of the wells, and then we would line up by some sort of office, a chap would come out and give us SIXPENCE EACH; father received TWO SHILLINGS for work done.

Of course we all hoped this job would come more often just to get the "Tanner".

The next little escapade if you can call it that took place when we crawled beneath the fence in Station road; walked into both Grandstands, picked up a number of papers which had been placed on the seating which were long benches, on which were numbers painted, we did not know they were fixtures cards for ticket holders.

We put them altogether, shuffled them up and shared them out equally, I think about 30 each intending to play a game we "pitch on" when we got back by Pen Hill Station. "Oh No" us