

In the weeks before the big day the preparations are getting frantic. To Bus or not to Bus, to Fletch or not to Fletch, no Hamstead man likes making a decision so we had to compromise. Eleven players in a fifteen seater Minibus and two cars. The main drama of the week preceding the big day came from a most unlikely angle, that long distinct species came back from the dead ---- a Working Dixon. One working so hard that a Hockey match did not take precedence. The committee met, (after all we were going to Yorkshire), brains were racked, no one could remember having seen such a species and because of the snow and fog, this rarity was still just a report from Oxford. The venerable Edyvean was prevailed upon (deceitful promises of a place on the pitch were made and believed --- fool ED) to hitch up the company car and head forth to Oxford, after a trip to Wiltshire and once the Rugby had finished. The working Dixon was duly collected and driven to Leeds (car one).

On the day before the big day all were to ring H.Q. by 9.30 (saturday A.M.) to ascertain the departure time. All reported in on time ---- except Guest and Flajsner, Nickson even condescended to come to the Bus as the roads sounded precarious. The Bus arrived in the car park at Hornsey at 1.10 for a 1.30 departure, Fletcher and McDougall immediately started a full scale Pool match of 5 sets, each set with 5 legs, each leg with 5 games, each game with 15 Balls and each Ball needing 500 shots. It being too early for the new alcoholic transfusion to have started taking effect. Nickson arrived on time only to announce that he was going to drive up anyway as it was easier, (car two). 1.40 came and up rolled Guest and Flajsner, the world went by, the Pool game ended and off went the 15 seater with 5 men aboard. Chapman and Ramsey were collected, we paused at the Off License for stocks, picked up Benawra and OFF? no, Batteries for the Rugby and food for the driver, Yes now we are off at 2.30, on to the M.1. cruising at 70 MPH. Come 4'o'clock, Benawra whips her up to 80 and up pops a Red flashing light. UGH. Slows down to 70 while the committee meets in the back to discuss the problem, a few more cans pop before the verdict --- press on.

Leeds is made before the World Cup draw and the scots are still cheerful. the only had been some insane intermitant murmurings from Guest, "Two minutes", or something like that. We abandon McDougall and Chapman to their own devices and head on to Harry Ramsdens (the biggest chippy in England) the scots get Brazil and Russia. Ramsey chokes on his Cod and we all chuckle imaginning McDougall's face. Now to Skipton via BenRhyding Hockey Club bar as the cans have run out and Nigel seeks news of Sir Geoffrey. One jug in and Guest and Flajsner want to leave, just as "Oh Nigel I do like your sweater (grope grope) we don't get them like that in Skipton"(fondle, feel, fondle) came from the club presidents wife in heavy Yorkshire, we all thought of Jane and made tracks for Skipton, only to spot a Yorkshire lass hitching a lift. Picked her up, sat her next to Nigel to translate, and for her first reply to Fletcher to be "do you always talk like that"? The whole Bus dies laughing and the driver was even heard to thank her very much, no one could remember what for so they slapped him round the Head for good measure.

To Skipton at last, not quite, Gargrave to be exact, on the Penine way no less and chez Fletch. Bloody marvelous right opposite the Pub. Said hello to Mum and Dad, conned Dad into the Pub to buy the first round knowing that Supper was only 20 minutes away. Very clean Pub this one, but Brian comes from cheshire? Wonderful meal, off to Skipton and the Black Horse -- the place to be seen in on a Saturday night, into the Tetley's and the place is really hopping, so much so that Cyril and Geoff do the Salvation Army cross word: 11.30 and the "Alcove", that late night Den of iniquity. Brian mumbles "Two minutes" and is all for it, the rest hesitate and are lost as the Bus heads for Gargrave, Coffee and Brandies and what Brandies. Back in Leeds McDougall welcomes Dixon and Edyvean and they hit the scotch and watch the same cassette go round four times. It's Reggae Man.

The BIG DAY. Starts with huge breakfasts all round and then a expedition to get Chapman his Ice, big blocks 6 inches thick -- he drinks Vodka and there is never any Ice at Hornsey, Back to Gargrave to call the Boss in Maidenhead and Off. Bradford, 11.30 Sunday 17th Hampstead have arrived for the last 32 of the Nation Indoor Knockout. Big stuff. Playing Stone, Chester and Cambridge City. Should do it and get through to the last Eight. Finals night and all that. No one told Stone who plugged away, we froze and lost 3-2. All a bit sad really. Kept our fingers crossed for Cambridge City V's Stone, 6-6 Draw, Damn. Tried to put a smile on by wholloping Chester 15-3 and Cambridge City 9-5. Guest even got 20 minutes and was the real discovery of the week. The boys from Stone did the honourable thing and bought the Beers. 9'o'clock and time to go, Guest and Flajsner did'nt want to. 9.30 same, but at 10.00 someone mentioned OFF SALES closing early in Bradford and we were off like lightning. All aboard and straight into a Pea Souper, however Chapman manages well guided by the glow from McDougall's cheeks in the passenger seat; at the Pub the drivers huddle around the phone listening to the A.A report (40 MPH limit on M.1) while the drinkers huddle around their Hymalayan pile of cans. Warming doubles are lined up beside our Orange and Lemonades untill 10.45 and it's off home, Edyvean and Dixon tag on to the first stop, a chinese take - away, not bad either, in our current state we took them by storm, even paid. Brian from the Whirral met Mary from Cork in a chinese outside Bradford, Love at first Focus -- untill Brian's Chow Mein arrived and Mary got the proverbial Stanyard shoulder.

All aboard and off -- Chapman burn'nt off Edyvean for forty yards, braked, something's wrong, Puncture. We reckon it was Mary's brother who let down the tyre, we could'nt find him so we took it out on Brian later.

No trouble, out with the spare, Jack and all, there was no toughened steel bar for the plug spanner provided to undo the nuts so we used the jack leavers, no trouble. We bent all three of those into S bends, the nut didn't budge. Ramsey found a small iron bar, bent that. No trouble, Wilmot found a dirty great iron bar, split the Socket on the plug spanner, no trouble. Phoned the A.A. half an hour to wait. Time the drivers spent listening and watching the Hampstead Glee Club perform

What do you think of	Yorkshire Guesty?	Refrain:
" " "	Tetley's Guesty?	"
" " "	Skipton Guesty?	"
" " "	Stone Guesty?	"
" " "	Geoff Boycott Guesty?	"
" " "	The Management Guesty?	"
" " "	The A.A. Guesty?	"
" " "	Yorkshire Guesty?	"

and many more to crude to list as was the fefrain. In the interval Guesty gave a unique demonstration of a cross between ~~xxx~~ Andy Irvine and Olga Korbut. With a flourish he dropped kicked his can of Tetley's^{xx} over the Bus Stop sign with such venom that his follow through took him through somersault, tuck, pike, and twist before he landed face down in the Gutter. He lay there grinning while the drinkers annointed him from there cans. He smelt wonderful, as did Cyril later but that's a different story

The A.A. arrived; Oh didn't you know that all Goods vehicles over such and such a weight have their nearside front wheels undone left handed !! Five minutes more and we are off for good, pointing south at 12.30. With a mixture of snore and girgles we roll down the M.1. at 40 MPH. with occassional exaultations from Cyril to get it up to 70. but as John McDougall's cheeks were now white I knew we were already going too fast. One stop on the way down for Guesty to gte a take away four course Breakfast at 4.A.M. London at 5.30, bed at 6.00 am Monday morning, up at 8.30 for work.

Anyone want to play next year?