NEWS OF OLD WILSONIANS

NOVEMBER 2017



OLD WILSONIANS' ASSOCIATION
(FOUNDED 1904)

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NOVEMBER 2017

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Old Wilsonians' Association

Notice of the Annual General Meeting of the Old Wilsonians' Association
to be held on Tuesday 12th December 2017 at the Clubhouse Hayes.
To commence at 19.30

Agenda and Notice of Meeting

Apologies for Absence

Minutes of 2016 AGM

Matters Arising

Report of the OWA President

Ground Maintenance Arrangements

Treasurer's Report and Accounts for 2016/2017

Bar Report

Sports Club report

Clubhouse report

Ground report

Confirmation of President for 2017/2018

Confirmation of Club Captain for 2017/2018

Election of Vice Presidents

Election of Officers

Election of Council

Election of Honorary Members

Reports of Subsidiary Clubs

Football Senior

Football Junior

Cricket

Tennis

Squash and Racketball

Netball

Any Other Business

Roger Matthews
Hon Secretary OWA

Minutes of the 2016 AGM are available from the Secretary or on the Old Wilsonians'website

EDITORIAL

It has been a while since the last full edition of NOW. During 2017 we have been looking at different ways of presenting News of Old Wilsonians to improve and update the format to meet the current membership's requirements. The internet and social media such as Facebook , Whatsapp and Twitter has become the more familiar forms of instant communication. Alex Forbes has taken up the gauntlet and has been sending out weekly emails with headline news and links to where further information on specific events can be found.

The feedback from within the Association has been overwhelmingly positive and thanks are due to Alex for his attempts to make the communication within the Association more responsive to everyday needs. However there are a minority of OW's not connected to the internet who rely on the traditional newsletter. This edition includes the AGM Notice for the 12th December at 7.30pm at the Clubhouse at Hayes where President Elect Neil Kendrick will take over the reins of the Association from Doug Forbes who has managed the affairs of the Association during the past two difficult years.

On 12th October, just two days after the OW Council met to discuss the management of the Association and the subsidiary Clubs our Life President, Ian Forbes died suddenly at home aged 77. Ian was the life blood of the Club having been made Life President several years in recognition of a lifetime of dedication to the Football and Cricket clubs and every aspect of the Association's activities from fundraising, organising dinners, Burns Night suppers, Club Force and numerous social events for approaching 60 years. Ian will be remembered by many as one of their closest friends who would always be there to help out. Ian's funeral and wake was attended by around 300 people who gave him a wonderful send off. Clive Peckover's eulogy to Ian is published here in full as well as other tributes to a truly great Old Wilsonian. Other tributes appear in the OWFC Newsletter and on Facebook.

Our thoughts are with Ian's wife Jill, Alex, Doug, Stuart, Helen and several grandchildren at this difficult time. We will be considering at the AGM how the Association can honour Ian's memory at the Clubhouse at Hayes and any proposals in this regard will be most welcome.

This year has been particularly difficult for our current President, Doug Forbes but he has managed to guide us through a number of challenges and now hands over to Neil Kendrick with the Association at its strongest for several years thanks to the combined efforts of the Bar management who reported another record turnover for 2016/17 and the support of all the subsidiary clubs.

Please make this years AGM a success by supporting your President Elect Neil Kendrick at the AGM. Neil richly deserves this honour having represented the club at football and cricket at the highest level for his whole career and has done a fantastic job in setting up the junior football section of the Association with up to 20 teams from the ages of 7 to 17 playing under the Old Wilsonians banner. We have seen how the introduction of the Colts cricket over 10 years has lead to a much stronger cricket club with several colts now playing in the cricket 1st XI.

Rest in Peace Ian Forbes

From Doug Forbes, President OWA

Dear Members,

We are writing to let you know the sad news of the passing of our father, Ian Forbes, who died suddenly on Thursday, 12th October in the morning. He went very quickly, so quickly in fact that he still had his notes for the Council meeting in his OWA folder under his arm and that was probably to be expected as the club was such a big part of his life. He was always honoured to be the Association Life President and spoke of little else even when away from the club, most of his closest friends were from the club and we used to go for our holidays with a dozen families from the club when we were young.

We are staying close to our mother, and as a family, at present as he was a big part of all our lives. We await the cause of death and then we will sort out his cremation and drinks to celebrate his life at the club and we will publish dates and times so all can come and pay their last respects.

We're worried he might explode near a naked flame, but let's see how it goes.

Alex, Doug, Stu and the Forbes Family

Ian Forbes

The Eulogy by Clive Peckover, 7 November 2017

I am honoured to be asked to say a few words today about our friend, Ian Forbes. As Pikey has said, the word legend is much over-used these days. But no other word will do where Ian is concerned. And the many, many fantastic tributes to Ian which the family have received – from people of all ages and who knew Ian in different ways – are testament to this.

He liked people – Ian was the greatest "people person" you could ever know. And he enjoyed life – which was to be lived well – getting things done and having fun while doing so. Above all, Ian was a great family man. Nothing meant more to him than his beloved Jill, and his children and grandchildren, of whom he was so proud.

Ian was also a great business man, a pioneer in the advertising industry. And a great Club man, who embodied the values of sportsmanship and fellowship which he did so much to enable so many others to share.

Ian was born on 11 April 1940 in Lambeth, and south London was home for most of his life, particularly Herne Hill and later Wallington. But his family's Scottish roots were important to Ian and, later in life, regular family holidays in Scotland; terrific Burns' night celebrations; and the dash he cut in kilted evening dress were signs of this.

Ian left school at 16. The extent of his formal education at Wilson's may been limited – though he was very proud of his 'O' level, in maths. But Ian never lacked confidence, and having started as a delivery boy at United Dairies, he became an office boy, at Lintas, an advertising agency owned by Unilever. Ian rose through the ranks into management, where he took one of the big decisions of his career.

He decided that ITV were not doing a good enough job for the cost of advertising on their channel, and he took Unilever's business away from them. This earned Ian a summons to see the great Lew Grade, one of the big bosses of ITV. Ian received what he described as the biggest [the next word also began with b] of his life. But Lew Grade clearly saw something in this ballsy young man, because Ian soon joined Alan, Brady and Marsh, one of the country's top advertising companies – on Mr Grade's personal recommendation.

Ian went on to become media director of ABM, and there met John Coombs, who, with his wife Margaret, became good friends of Ian and Jill, with much fun had in and outside the office. Ian saw that changes in the advertising industry were creating new opportunities.

In 1975, Ian founded All Media Services, with John Evans and Barry Post. They bought air time and advertising space and sold it to the advertisers at a better price than could be obtained elsewhere. The margins were big and the lunches were long, which suited Ian's work hard, play hard style to a tee. Ian was pushy – hard to believe I know. But he also knew business was about trust and long-term relationships. And that's what gained and kept the big accounts, like Remy Martin.

So too did the kind of personal charm that saw Ian present the great Ella Fitzgerald with a rose from his table, from his teeth to her cleavage – which was so well received by her that another 40 guests felt moved to do the same. Ian was with AMS for over 20 years and the company thrives to this day. After that, Ian had a spell with Active Media, an international barter company. He put those with an excess commodity to trade – in one memorable case, of chocolate-flavoured toothpaste – in touch, to mutual benefit.

Business may have been a way of life for Ian, but the centre of that life was his family. Ian and Jill met in Herne Hill. Jill went to the Mary Datchelor school, nearby to Wilson's in Camberwell. And she first saw Ian on a number 68 bus. Jill was not interested at first. She thought he wasn't tall enough. Fortunately, Ian grew another six inches, and Jill agreed to go out with him.

Later, after Ian had asked Jill to marry him three times in one week, she agreed. They got married on 9 September 1961. Ian and Jill were life-long buddies and soul-mates. They complemented each other in so many ways, and shared a dry sense of humour.

They each had their own activities – business and the Club for Ian; the 3rd Beddington Scouts, being a Church warden and bee-keeping for Jill – but they backed each other up in all things. They shared an interest in – and a warmth for – people, and a quiet commitment to helping others. And they had four wonderful children – Alex, Doug, Helen and Stuart.

Ian was very proud of his children – of the choices they made in life and of the people they became. They were a close-knit family and a formidable unit. One that was strengthened in time by the addition of Debbie and Gwen. And then by the delight Ian took in his grandchildren – Philippa, Nicholas, Ellenor, Elizabeth, Francesca, Sammy, Anne Marie and Alfie. They were all very special to Ian. And family Sundays – when the Forbes clan would gather, usually around the lunch table – were a special time for Ian.

Ian's friends were also part of his family. In particular, Bob and Irene Dorey, who met Ian and Jill at the St Paul's Church youth club in Herne Hill in the late 50s, and who became firm friends. Their families grew up together and had many happy times. Particularly at Christmas, when a favourite game saw Ian and Bob ensconced at the top of the stairs, with a bottle of whisky, sending seven over-excited children up and down to the find the answer to increasingly muddled clues.

And on holiday, despite the occasional mishap. Like climbing in the window of a hotel in Chipping Norton after being locked out, to be greeted by the landlady in her see-through negligee. Ian said she had worn it especially for Bob. And stopping to picnic in a layby in Prague only to find it was the one used by the local prostitutes.

Ian was a loyal friend who brought much needed humour in tough times also – as when he appeared at Bob's bedside after his first heart operation, armed with brandy and cigars. For Ian, the Old Wilsonians were family too.

Ian was sent up the Club when he left school, by the deputy headmaster, Eric Massey, a man he greatly admired. Ian soon became a key figure at Hayes, with friends and team-mates like Mac McAlister and Les Wilks. For Ian, the Club was a community of friends and families. Friends who played together, and whose families grew up together and holidayed together, particularly on the annual trip to Talybont.

And Saturdays – whether playing football or cricket, or later umpiring or supporting – revolved around the Club, where Ian's Eric Morecombe-style slap round both your cheeks and "what are you having, my boy?" were familiar to all. Many of us will recall being packed into the Forbes car to be got up to Hayes and home again, after the proper post-match socialising.

Values of sportsmanship and hospitality mattered greatly to Ian. He played the game hard but he entertained the opposition and the umpires and referees just as hard, with a large scotch and dry as the favoured accompaniment. Having lost a match at Tonbridge and stayed late afterwards, the opposing captain asked Ian "What are you like when you win?"

In later years, it delighted Ian that the success of the junior sections in cricket, tennis and football brought more families to Hayes to enjoy the Club, and he made them all feel welcome and at home. This commitment to the Club and generosity of spirit made Ian a formidable fund-raiser and event organiser.

When in 1969 a campaign had to be launched to save the Old Wilsonians from financial difficulties, Ian was one of those who stepped forward to help. A "500 Club" was one of the initiatives – offering the chance of winning a mini or £500. Ian probably

sold 450 of the tickets. Thereafter – from the donkey derby to the annual dinner and ladies' night, from president's days to Club Force – Ian was at the heart of it.

And the breezy charm with which Ian could part people from their money – it was never a question of whether you wanted whatever he was selling; it was simply how many – raised many, many thousands of pounds for the Club.

Ian always had time for people who wanted to enjoy the Club and bring something to it. He did not like fuss or time-wasting. And he was very modest about his achievements, preferring just to get on with things in the background.

Ian would not have relished public tributes like this. But tribute must be paid to a man who meant so much to so many people. Ian gave 100 per cent to everything he did. He carried people's respect and affection, because he had respect and affection for them. Ian's strength of character brought out strengths in others. And his gift for friendship brought people together and kept them together in ways we shall always remember.

Clive Peckover
Past President

Ian Forbes (RIP)
A Tribute from an ex-Colleague

I am aware that since his untimely passing on 12 October, much has already been said and written in tribute to Ian Forbes, the husband, the father, the sportsman and veteran at Old Wilsonians – and quite rightly so.

What perhaps hasn't been documented is, Ian Forbes, the media man. I spent almost 10 years working with Forbesy and whilst he was more than capable of slaying anybody at 5 paces with those "death ray" eyebrows, once you got inside his unspoken "circle of trust" then he would back you to the hilt, remain loyal to the end and spend as much time as needed to help you succeed.

Professionally, his reputation was as a fearsome media buyer who could chew you up and spit you out. A reputation which always amused him as he only ever saw the art of buying as a "game" with the final agreed price being the "prize" over which we either won or lost. In Forbesy's case, he mostly won.

What people were much less aware of however, was his ability to plan media strategies using a wealth of research data, cleverly inter-woven in order to identify the optimum media mix for each and every client. All that back in the days before Artificial Intelligence had ever been dreamt of. It was simply Forbesy, a sheet of A4 and a monstrously large calculator powered by HP2 batteries. The lessons I learned about planning back then still serve me well to this day, though the calculator now takes less of a bashing, to be fair.

Now it is true that, on an off-day, he could be a little on the grumpy side (especially when mid-way through his Dry January abstinence) but, equally, some mornings would

find him happily at his desk sharing his multiple renditions of “songs from the shows”. I can still hear a distant echo of “There ain’t nothing like a Dame” even now.

Then there were the “Forbesy-isms”. Phrases that only he would trot out in various situations, though usually in the afternoons post-lunch… classics such as: “Another fine mess you’ve got me into”….. for which my reply would normally be; “No, that would be the 12th Large Scotch and Dry you just ordered”. “Avez vous les pommes de terre? Oui, j’ave”…. Always keen to demonstrate his linguistic skills was Forbesy. “The day war broke out……” Generally used when someone started banging on about the good old days, which to be fair, Ian never did.

I discovered though, that there was one weakness in the Forbes armoury and that was his sense of direction. This applied not only to his inability to navigate the most direct route on foot across London, but also when travelling further afield as a car passenger with map reading duties his only responsibility. On one occasion, he insisted I take the next right despite my reservations, and we found ourselves ensconced on a one-way system around a giant industrial park, 5 miles from where we needed to be. Bless him.

Which brings me to the most fun we generally had when working together… the media lunches. There are too many to mention, but a few stick firmly in the memory. The time we took our client, Dominic Ebery from Remy Martin, out for a congratulatory, pre-wedding, 5 hour lunch before presenting him with a rather expensive cut glass decanter as a gift, only to see him stagger away, unavoidably swinging it from side to side… no idea how many pieces it was in when he got home. For many years after, I know that Remy Martin marketing personnel still used the verb they invented to describe a “pissy” lunch – namely “To Be Forbesed”.

There were numerous lunches with Messrs Lewis and Broadbent, resulting in the latter recounting Stanley Holloway monologues for all who would listen. The magazine sales execs who came like lambs to the slaughter, after revealing they had booked a mid-afternoon meeting with another media agency – Forbesy saw that as challenge to stop them leaving and glasses were constantly filled without them realising … he never failed.

So, thank you Forbesy.Thank you for teaching me much of what I needed to succeed in this business, for throwing me in the deep end and letting me swim, for supporting me through some pretty tough times, but most of all, for showing me that we can all take ourselves way too seriously in this business… “It’s only a game”… but it does help if you win more than you lose.

Rest easy my friend.
Paul Phelps 06-11-17

TRIBUTE TO IAN FORBES FROM MIKE PIKE

The word legend is much over-used and it is said that no-one is irreplaceable, but Ian Forbes was certainly a legend as far as the Old Wilsonians are concerned. He is the only Life President the OWA have ever elected and it may be a considerable period of time before we elect another one.

As well as being President of the OWA, twice, he was also President of the Cricket and Football Clubs, one of only three members to achieve this momentous hat-trick. He played both cricket and football for the OWs- his haul of 1,217 wickets is only bettered by two bowlers - whilst his batting skills can best be described as hit and miss, and mainly the latter!

Initially an off-break bowler Ian decided one day, totally unannounced, and in mid-over, to bowl quick, which particularly startled Bryan Watts, who was keeping wicket at the time and, from that moment on, this became his modus operandi. He would always terrify Coney Hall on their annual visit to Hayes and regularly picked up six or seven wickets in this fixture.

As we all know, Ian enjoyed a drink – more of which later – and he never missed an opportunity to ensure that there were a number of jugs available for the post match entertainment, even if they were manufactured. When playing away at South Bank Polytechnic one year the game had reached its final over and our opponents had just lost their sixth wicket with only three balls of the game remaining. South Bank had no chance of winning the game and neither did we - four wickets from three balls does not work, unless exceptional circumstances evolve, and they were a good 50 or 60 runs short of our total . Tom Sissons had just taken his fourth wicket and Mike George had held two catches, so Ian unashamedly approached the in-coming batsmen and informed him that we could get two jugs from this situation as Tom needed one wicket for a five for and Mike one catch for his third. “Could you see your way to offering Mike a gentle catch”, he inquired – this was in the days before league cricket, so there was no chance of us gaining extra bowling points. To be fair to the batsman, he did his best to oblige but, in the end, no further wickets were taken and the game ended in a draw.

On the football pitch, and when skippering the 2nd Xl, Ian went to the centre-circle to greet his opposing captain and the referee for the pre-match ritual of spinning a coin to determined ends. Ian lost this encounter and promptly said to his adversary: “Best of three?” The latter was so nonplussed that he agreed. He was deadly in front of goal but, unfortunately, this tended to be his own, and he claims to have scored over 60 own goals – this might be a slight exaggeration but it is not far from the truth, his only regret being that he never scored a hat-trick of OGs!.

When he hung up his boots – both cricket and football - he could be seen at the Club virtually every Saturday, something that continued to the very end, and although, and by his own admission, this was primarily and initially to support Alex, Doug and Stuart in their own playing careers, he was also always working hard for the Club, whether it be helping alleviate the parking problems during the football season or assisting with the cricket teas during the summer.“I’ve got a ‘B’ in bread buttering” he told me earlier

this year, as he, Jill and Denise Pilgrim busily prepared the three teas for our home sides.

He was also the 1st XI umpire for a time, whilst the immaculate cricket statistics he kept were always eagerly studied on President's Day. And no-one could sell fund-raising opportunities like Ian. At the recent cricket end of season dinner I joked that I had been approached by a visitor to the Club who protested: "This guy has just said 'Two pounds please' to me and I only came here to read the gas metre." Ian never asked if you wanted to buy a raffle ticket he simply said "How many do you want" and it worked, and the amount of money he raised for the Club is incalculable. He never missed an opportunity to fund-raise to the extent that he used to run a book on the length of the speeches at the OWA Dinner, either requesting the speaker at the time to speed up or slow down according to his own prediction.

And he was generous to a fault, always putting his hands into his own pockets. Many of you will have bought him a scotch and dry, to which he would respond "Thank you, my boy", but there cannot be many – I would go as far as saying any, who have been more the giver than the recipient. Many years ago the Football Club decided to call him 'Pisa', because he leans a lot, the undoubted result of his drinking, but apparently he never suffered from a hang-over. Richard Smart once suggested that we should set up a sinking fund - appropriate name – in case Ian moved away as it would have such a devastating effect on the bar takings!

Ian instigated the annual Past Presidents' lunch, the Football Club's Vice-Presidents' Day, now named after 'Mac' McAlister and the monthly, Owls gatherings. At the October lunch Ian was seen struggling to identify the players in a photograph of an old OW football team. He was not having much success so switched his attention to an adjoining photograph, where his identification skills improved considerably, although the fact that the names of all of those involved were printed underneath might have had something to do with it!

Ian was a member of the OW gardening Club - "Watering is my speciality" – and also instigated Club Force but became increasingly frustrated at the lack of support, particularly this year, that it received from the members to the extent he was seriously thinking about not having one next year.

The last time I saw Ian was at an OW Council meeting on October 10th. He and Doug left early because Doug had to be up early the next morning as he was going to Bristol, but even after his departure there were at least two occasions when it was suggested we "consult the Life President" on certain issues. Just a few hours later he died, and our only consolation is that he went quickly and was not in pain. He had just made Jill some tea and toast and died shortly afterwards with, and as Alex put it, "with an OWA folder still under his arm"

Of course we all know that Ian could be grumpy and if he disagreed with you he would let you know in no uncertain terms – he disagreed with me a lot – but this was quickly forgotten and he would always express his gratitude to those who worked steadfastly for the Old Wilsonians, which was his second love.

His first love, of course, was his family and he was immensely proud of them all – particularly the fact that Alex and Doug also became Presidents of the Association and Jill its Club captain - and our thoughts are now with Jill, Alex, Doug, Stuart, Helen, Debbie, Gwen, Phillipa, Nicholas, Ellenor, Elizabeth, Francesca, Sammy and Alfie

When Alex asked me to write something for the website in honour of his Dad I said I would but it might take a bit of time a) because he did so much and b) I want to do full justice to such a great man.

In all probability I have forgotten a lot of what he did and have not done him justice, so reserve the right to come back at a later date in an attempt to fill in the many gaps . In the meantime I would urge and encourage others, particularly his contemporaries, to help me to fill in those gaps and share their memories of a truly great Old Wilsonian with the rest of us.

Finally, and to return to the start of this tribute, was Ian an OW legend?

Yes, of course he was.

Is he irreplaceable?

Well, as near as anyone can be.

Mike Pike

IAN FORBES' FUNERAL

There is little doubt that a mountain of health and safety regulations were broken at both the Beckenham Crematorium and the Clubhouse in Hayes Hill on Tuesday November 7th as over 200 people said a fond farewell to Ian Forbes, the first, and possibly only ever Life President of the Old Wilsonians' Association.

As a lone piper headed the funeral cortege Steve Wisson observed that he was not aware of Ian's Scottish roots, although the names of his four children might have given him a clue whilst his appearance at Ladies Night in a kilt on a regular basis, despite the fact that his legs never justified this exposure, was also pretty conclusive evidence.

After the welcoming words of the Reverend Debbie DeVito, the celebration of Ian's life, as it was so rightly proclaimed, began with the singing of 'Jerusalem' before Mick Pilgrim read David Harkin's moving poem 'He is gone' followed by Clive Peckover's wonderful eulogy to the great man.

There is no-one who could have delivered, or written, such an oration better, and Clive is the only person Ian would have wanted to be given that honour. Clive and the Forbes family go back a long way to the day when the former dug an escape tunnel, not sure what he was escaping from, only to end up in the latter's back garden, and they have all been firm friends ever since.

The eulogy was pitched perfectly, combining Ian's family, work and OW life and was moving, informative and amusing in equal degrees and was greeted by a round of applause, I'm convinced induced by Alex, which everyone else responded to immediately and is available for all to read and cherish on the website, whilst Malcolm Taylor will also include it in the next edition of 'NOW'.

It is sad to reflect that many of us have been frequent visitors to this Crematorium in recent years to say farewell to other Old Wilsonians, including Bryan Watts last year when Ian was the raconteur only to be told, not by Debbie Devito, I hasten to add, to 'hurry up' as he spoke fondly about his life-long friend.

The aforesaid Debbie did ask the assembled gathering to stand on several occasions, which was a little pointless as most of us had assumed that position from the very beginning, such was the number of people wishing to show their respects.

We returned to the Club where there were even more people and a big 'thank you' and words of praise here for the bar staff and those who prepared the food, although I'm sure they would agree with me that this was a labour of love from their perspective, as all of us reminisced and shared stories about the man we all admired so much.

Alex said a few words of welcome and thanked us all for coming to an event which he assured us his father would have loved; and almost certainly organised.

Ian and I had a lot in common - a fear of technology, which verges on paranoia, although the spreadsheets which he produced for the monthly Owls and his immaculate cricket statistics would seem to give the lie to this – and limited educational

achievements. To us GCE was more of an electrical company than a qualification, although he was always very proud of his maths ‘O’ level.

On a personal level I will always be grateful to Ian for convincing so many people that I was worthy of having a cricket score-box named after me and then went about raising the necessary funds to make this possible, although his initial suggestion that it should be named ‘The Mike Pike Memorial score-box’ did seem a little macabre at the time; but perhaps not; there cannot be many people who can enjoy something they should not have been made aware of!

Jill told me she would like a tree planted in Ian’s memory; it will be done. Stuart wants a bench; consider it ordered, whilst the OW Council is considering other memorials. Already it will not be possible to order a ‘scotch and dry’ at the bar as it will henceforth be known as a ’Forbesy’, and I’m sure he would have approved of that innovation.

Geoff Robinson, Stuart Paton and many others have mentioned the selfless way in which Ian used to volunteer, ***virtually demand,*** to give them a lift to and from their respective homes during their early playing days when they were all probably under 18 and were returned to their front doors a little bit the worse for wear, with irate parents berating the driver and shouting “He’s never come to your Club again”, but all was soon forgiven. Indeed, it was not long before many of the parents themselves were regular visitors to Hayes.

On the back of the Order of Service there is a wonderful picture of Ian and Jill with their wonderful progeny , Alex, Doug, Helen and Stuart – in order of birth – which made me cry when I first saw it on the OW website; it still does. It is the nearest thing to perfection I can think of even to the detail, i.e. the fact that Ian has a scotch and dry in his hand whilst the other five are glass free.

It was taken at Doug’s 50th birthday party which was held at the Club, where else. I was not there because Doug is exactly 20 years younger than my brother, who was celebrating his 70th at the time, although the real reason why I was not there was probably because I was not invited!

On the back of the brochure there are also the words: ‘Donations in favour of Old Wilsonians’ Association’, which is typical of the man and his family. It was an honour and a privilege for all of us to have known Ian Forbes and I hope to have the honour and privilege of knowing the family he has left behind him for many years to come.

Mike Pike

CLUB FORCE 2017

The annual Club Force took place over the weekend of April 28th, 29th and 30th and, as usual, an enormous amount of work was undertaken under the auspices of Paul Jenkins, whose ability to tackle the most difficult of problems was again in evidence and he was never found wanting.

In contrast yours truly was always found wanting but I at least showed willing and helped in a variety of ways, the first being to undertake some tree felling. As well as the ubiquitous 'Jenks' I was helped in this endeavour by Brian Pomering, Paul Maxwell and Stephen Millward, although I have to confess that my part in the operation consisted almost entirely of putting the unwanted branches on to the trolley and wheeling it over to the bonfire whilst my more illustrious colleagues undertook the skilled work

We did not find any stray footballs lodged in the trees, which must be good news – the football club have obviously learnt how to shoot straight – but the trimming was certainly worthwhile and means that anyone fielding on the boundary during the cricket season will not be encumbered by twigs spoiling their view of the play and there are no excuses for miss-fielding the ball.

This exercise was followed by the construction and painting of some additional advertising boards, and they now run virtually along the entire length of the ground opposite the pavilion – all we need now is some additional advertising

We must not forget our current advertisers, of course, and it was time for their boards to be thoroughly cleaned with some warm water, wet sponge and the correct amount of cleaning fluid although, having completed the task, I realised that the boards were displaying that annoying streak you often encounter when cleaning windows

However a quick call to Rosie Webster, who explained how to overcome this problem did, indeed, resolve it and our advertisers' products now gleamed in the sunlight for all to see – take advantage of their services; they are all excellent

As the football season gives way to the cricket season on the main part of the ground, it is time to prepare for the latter and tidy up after the former, which includes unveiling both the main score-box and the repeater board

The Netball Club had been painting the top of the pavilion walls and as I approached them one of them muttered something about the adjacent 'Mike Pike score-box' and wondered who he might be

No idea", I replied "and I've told you before about your excessive use of four letter words!"

It is amazing what you find in a score-box between the seasons; discarded goal-keepers, a left boot, the remnants of some pot plants, some old cricket balls and some score-books…….Although perhaps the latter does make some sense

A thorough 'Spring clean' was in order and whilst the experts removed the protective covering, from both the main and repeater boards, yours truly set about making it spick and span and checking that the scoring consul was in order

'Jenks' asked for the aerial required for the repeater board but, and, of course, I could not find it. However a quick call to Graham Watts, who was due out of hospital later in the day, suggested that I look in the consul case and, of course, it was there

I'm sure everyone will join me in wishing Graham a speedy recovery. He still needs a recuperation period, so please look after him and remind him he must put himself first at the moment rather than the club

With six football teams not playing on the Saturday I expected to see something in the region of 70 + footballers helping out their club when I arrived and…….. well, actually, I didn't, but we all live in hope, albeit a false one, and I have written before about the lack of commitment that some members show which I am sure…… no-one has read; other than those who do show this commitment, that is!

Ian Forbes has a full breakdown of those in attendance – and the clubs they represent – which will be published in due course, so you can see the details for yourself and although it does not make good reading, numerically that is, there is a lot in the old adage that dedicated volunteers are more helpful than those press ganged, and they certainly work a lot harder; quality not quantity, as they say – and it's a long-time since I've used that particular chat-up line.

My main job for the day was painting all of the fences with anti burglar paint. It is a big job, and I was helped in this regard by Mike Crombie and Ceejay Watson, two of the good guys from the football club who did make the effort, and Roddy Trompiz, who was actually playing in the afternoon but put in a stint before the big match

"I won't eat before the game" explained Roddy when offered some pizza, "as the food lays heavy on my stomach as I run around."

Now if you want some fences painting then Ceejay is your man, as his height not only gives him an enormous advantage but also enables him to paint the fences ***from both sides.***

Mike is more of an average height but he was also born to the job – he went to an art gallery after completing his task. It was really good to get to know both of them and, indeed, meeting other club members is partly what Club Force is all about

As for Roddy, what can I say? He 'phones me every Sunday to let me know that he has sent the 9th XI match report, win, lose or draw, although only one of those results is

apposite for our magnificent nines! He is an example to everyone and it was no surprise at all that he supported Club Force; he's that sort of guy

Must confess that I left shortly after 4-00 p.m. to go and watch the Palace v Burnley game, and if the result was intended as a punishment for deserting my post, I certainly got what I deserved.

There were even fewer people in attendance on Sunday but I did get the opportunity of meeting Ricky Martin. It is always good to put a face to a name, although he might have a contrary view, and he was busy making some running repairs to the Clubhouse sliding doors before painting the same

The main work of the day was putting the finishing touches to the cricket nets and transporting the slats from the container to their rightful place in the sight-screens. 'Jenks' had made some new ones and, as we put them into place, there was a notable difference between ours and those of Ex-Blues which stood, somewhat forlornly and in a bad state of repair, just a few yards away

"Someone is here to help" said the ever present Stephen Millward, and as I welcomed him I could not but help think he looked remarkably like Nick Mole, and having made a complete and utter fool of myself, by asking him what his part in the Club was, I discovered that he was, indeed, Nick Mole, the current football 'Clubman of the year' and erstwhile treasurer of the OWA – apologies Nick; it was the beard that threw me

"I'm not very practical; my wife calls me Frank Spencer", confided Nick, but his skills were more than adequate - I'd have a word with Betty if I were you, Nick!

Having sorted out the slats it was time to address the sprinklers, of which there are four, "but one of them doesn't work", explained Stephen

Well it does now, better than the other three, in fact, thanks to the magic skills of Paul Jenkins

A slight change to the catering arrangements this year which, although still in the capable hands of Ian Forbes, saw them out-sourced - fish and chips on Friday and pizzas on Saturday; no, not courtesy of the tennis club!

A sincere 'thank you' to everyone who supported Club Force this year, particularly Paul Jenkins, who yet again showed his considerable skills and knowledge and worked tirelessly throughout. Paul also has the endearing quality of accepting everyone for what he or she is, has extreme patience with those whose skills are nowhere near those of his own, and remains cool and calm when confronting any problem - which he always overcomes

Thanks Paul; your contribution to the Old Wilsonians has been immense, and I'm not just talking about Club Force but also in everything you do for us. You are the epitomeof a good Club man and we all love you dearly.

Mike Pike

CLASS OF 56 ANNUAL REUNION JUNE 2017

It was the first day of Glastonbury so the class of 56 - i.e those who first attended Wilson's Grammar school in 1956 - had a dilemma; did these hippest of trend setters attend Michael Eavis's farm or have a reunion in Maidstone?

Vic Bennett, the architect of the event and cousin of Graham Watts, surveyed the bill for the music festival and noted; No Rolling Stones, no Pink Floyd and no mention of the Kinks, the Who nor Led Zeppelin, no Bob Dylan nor Neil Young and, indeed, swiftly came to the conclusion that the so-called headliners just could not hold a candle to the ground breaking music that he and his contemporaries had grooved to in the 6os and 70s and, indeed, have done so ever since, so the Maidstone gig which, after all, had been such a success just 12 months earlier , could not really be replaced by anything, so he went ahead and booked us all into the Maidstone travel lodge and a local restaurant.

I had missed the embryonic event, muttering something inane like "I have a 9-00 a.m. cricket meet on the Saturday morning and getting there from Maidstone might prove tricky" but Vic, despite my weak excuse last time, had generously asked me to attend this year and I had determined to do so and address the problem of getting to Gravesend the following morning, for another game of cricket, in due course I agreed to meet Bill Hartley at Bromley South station and we boarded a packed train to Maidstone East and negotiated our way to the Travel lodge, via Bill's detailed map, only to encounter Tony Ide as we walked through the doors.

"I have agreed to meet Vic at a quarter to six", he informed us
"But it is half-past six now", I pointed out

The young lady at reception asked us for our names. "Don't' tell her, Pike," Bill advised, and after checking in Bill and I spent a leisurely half hour or so as we acclimatised ourselves to our respective rooms and prepared for the evening's festivities before wandering down to the pub, the agreed meeting place, for a few drinks before heading off for the meal.

We were the first to arrive and sat down for a relaxing snifter to await our former school mates, who began to arrive in dribs and drabs but did not to notice us just a few yards away.

Eventually Bill shouted ***"FIFTY SIX"*** in his most authoritarian voice, which had everyone turning round, apart from those it was aimed at. "I've been having trouble with my hearing", admitted Alan Wilson, before he eventually spotted us.

"Mine's at Camberwell magistrates court next Thursday", I admitted, before adding "Your eyesight does not seem that keen, either, otherwise you would have spotted us earlier", as we made our way to the restaurant "I was trying to pretend you were not there and hoping you would go away", he responded, which was a fair enough reaction.

There were 12 of us – it was a bit like the last supper – but who were these reprobates, I hear you regrettably cry, and do I know any of them?

Vic Bennett, Tony Ide, Stan Honnor, Pete Wilkinson, Gerry Bourne, Alan Wilson, Bill Hartley, Rod Warboys, Len Bateman, Stan Palmer, Alan Dine and yours truly were those in attendance. Any the wiser? Probably not, but if you saw a photograph of them – hopefully appended to this article – you may well claim to have seen them on 'Wanted 'posters.

Upon entering the restaurant I realised that I had been here about six weeks ago with two other Old Wilsonians - Bob Moy and Ed Smith - and their respective wives, Pat and Mari; how small the world is becoming.

The class of '56 have always had a healthy presence at OW dinners but as these have not taken place for a couple of years, we decided to have our own 'alternative' dinner and it worked a treat.

Three of our number, Vic, Bill and Gerry, had recently celebrated their birthdays and rumour had it that Vic had been given a set of drums to mark the occasion, which initiated recollections of the CCF band and Joe Hall demanding: "Two threes and a seven", which resulted in the restaurant's tables taking a bit of a pounding.

This motivated Stan (Honnor) and Gerry to confess that they were 'false' buglers and were found out when the aforesaid Joe Hall asked them to play solo one day only for no sound to emit from their determined efforts.

The birthdays reference also instigated a debate as to who was the oldest and youngest amongst us - for the record Pete was the former and Gerry the latter – but it did not really matter.

Things were a lot different back in 1956 when we started at Wilson's, of course. Corporal punishment was legal – some teachers thought it was compulsory – and some text books were so old that they went back to the days when the letter 's' appeared as an 'f', and what fun we had reading such expressions as "Where the bee sucks, there suck I"

The meal finished we went back to the pub which, by this time, was heaving with youngsters illustrating the Maidstone night life in its full glory They probably wondered who we were as we were somewhat older than the rest of the clientele, although Stan Palmer soon became engrossed in a long conversation with someone about a third of our age, no doubt telling him about the swinging sixties.

"Well, yes", Stan confided to his new found friend, "I admit that I did a few drugs and drank quite a lot during those days", "If you remember the sixties it means you were not there", remarked the enthralled youngster.

"Absolutely", countered Stan, "never better illustrated by the story I am about to recall. I was shopping the other day when I was approached by a lady of, and how can I put this delicately, let's say 'of a certain age', and she exclaimed "Stanley", as if she knew me.

It was a bit embarrassing, to tell you the truth, as I had no idea who she was, and I meekly responded “Do I know you?”, “Well you should do”, she insisted, “We were married for seven years”.

Stan Honnor wondered where he might find the record of an inter- house cricket match, Naine v Whitely, when he and Richard Hook shared in a partnership of 99 - you might have found another run to make it more memorable, Stan, whilst Gerry confessed his liking for listening to Radio Four extra.

As we were about to leave we became aware of thirty or so nubile young women chanting “We want the class of ’56. The class of ’56 are our heroes. We worship and adore the class of ‘56 and would do anything for them” only for us to all suddenly……. wake up and have to deal with the reality of the situation.

“Let’s all meet for breakfast at 9-00 a.m”, was the general consensus, and this was agreed, but only five of - the two Alans, Bill, Pete and I made it, and there was still no sign of them when Pete and I left shortly after 10-30; the other breakfast participants had already gone by then.

We intend to meet again in 12 months time, and to increase the numbers. Richard Burgess and Bob Bevan, who did come last year but could not make it this time, will certainly be approached again whilst the likes of Terry Adams, Bill Newman, Bob Chapman and Dave Wakeford will also be invited.

And did I make it to Gravesend on time for the cricket? Yes, and many thanks to Rod for making this possible, where we won by five wickets; and thanks for asking. A massive vote of thanks here to Vic Bennett for organising the event and rekindling the friendships of all of those who were just 11 years old all those years ago. We have been through a lot but, and as this evening proved, there is much to remember.

To paraphrase ‘Only Fools and horse’ which, of course was set in Peckham, where many of the Wilsonians of the time came from, “We had so much in common, we had loyalty, we had friendship, we had…….. Camaraderie”, “Was he the Italian boy?” as our equivalent of Trigger, and I’m not pointing any fingers here, might have asked. Probably not, but someone did mention Tony Agostini during the course of the evening.

Mike Pike

PAST PRESIDENTS LUNCH 2017

A gaggle of geese; a flock of seagulls or even sheep; a bevy of swans; a collection of poems and a gathering of starlings, but which word would you use to describe the occasion when past presidents of the OWA get together? I see, and thank you for your suggestion, but this article will appear on a family orientated website and that sort of language is not acceptable.

It was January, and that means the annual gathering of those who have held the highest office in the Old Wilsonians' Association constitution was taking place. Organised, as ever, by our Life President, Ian Forbes, we were asked beforehand to chose from a menu our preferred dish of the day, which the great man then put onto a spreadsheet and circulated a few days before the event as a reminder.

Now Ian has many talents, but computer skills are not one of them, and his reminder elicited the following response from Pete Davis "Hi Ian, Not sure if it's just me but Spreadsheet needs a bit of work? Looks blank to me", which caused Malcolm Taylor to respond "Part of the fun is trying to remember what you ordered. I think we have all gone for steak and kidney pie except for Gerry, who is chicken", only for Pete to bounce back with "Always found him to be rather courageous for a man of his slight frame - I didn't get where I am today without a ready wit" , which makes you wonder where Pete has, indeed, got to today.(Incidentally, Malcolm was correct; we all had the pie, apart from Gerry, who had chicken).

The venue had changed this year – from the Chateau in Croydon to the New Inn, opposite Hayes station, just a short stroll for the likes of Bill Hartley, Ian Pilgrim, Mick Pilgrim and Mike Kendrick, and also easily accessible for the rest of us – well; it's less than a mile from the Club!

Boarding a train at Lower Sydenham station I tried to avoid the gaze of a seedy looking character in my carriage and hide behind my paper before the latter approached me. It turned out to be Pete Davis, undertaking the last leg of his journey from Buckinghamshire.

Meanwhile the clans had started to gather - perhaps that's it, 'a clan of Presidents' – in the downstairs bar for pre-lunch drinks before retiring to an upstairs room for the meal. There was no seating plan but the three Forbes, Ian, Alex and Doug, sat in a line, the perfect anti-dote to the three wise men.

Doug is the current President, so what was he doing at the Past Presidents' Lunch – perhaps he had miss-read the invitation as 'the pissed Presidents' lunch', and apologies for the language.

We were all there, apart from Bob 'The Cat' Bevan, the renowned after dinner speaker and Old Wilsonian goal-keeper, tales of whom are many, but what you may not know is that, in the evolution of the game of football when many, mostly continental sides, started playing with what was known as "a false number nine" our Bob p re-empted them all as "a false number one. "

So who was there! Occasionally we are all privileged to meet someone who has a natural air of authority, who exudes class and charisma, and I cannot but conclude that, one day, possibly in the not too distant future, we will hear the proclamation:

"Arise Sir ***Clive (Peckover)*** for your services to the Home Office ……. and Old Wilsonians' 7th XI".

Lou Barry has also been President of the Football Club, he played over 1,000 games for them, and still runs his ever vigilant eyes over our finances, for which we are ever grateful. He also vies, sometimes successfully, with our Life President at the monthly OWLs to see who can run up the highest bar tab.

Gerry Adams was the founder member of the three Presidents gang, i.e cricket, football and Association, and is still heavily involved in the bar at the Club – as well as drinking over it, that is, and is always the first to complain about the state of the kitchen when he arrives on a Monday morning to put even more of his time into the OWA.

Mick Pilgrim is the third member of Gerry's gang and continues to support the cricket club by umpiring and the football club by refereeing - he is not allowed to officiate at football games involving the OWs as it is considered "a conflict of interests." However, he does take the whistle in other SAL games – the league in which our sides play – although it would be indiscreet to ask whether or not his decisions are based on how they may favour the league position, or Cup progress, of OW sides. Mick is also an excellent gardener, helping to create the sublime ambience for all of us to enjoy on our visits to Hayes.

Ian Forbes surpasses both Gerry and Mick in that, not only is he a member of the three Presidents gang, but he is also our Life President. He has also fathered two other OW Presidents, including the current one. He stands third in the list of all-time club wicket takers, with 1,217, and is way out on his own – probably uncatchable – for the scorer of own goals. His love of scotch is such that it prompted the current President of the Football Club to suggest that the bar has a sinking fund "in case Ian moves out of the area".

Ian Pilgrim is not a member of the gang – come on the football club; get your fingers out and bestow upon him the honour he so richly deserves. A stalwart of our magnificent bar team, he has OW blood running through his veins, and if he does not visit the Club at least once a day, then that is probably because he is very ill. His contribution to both the football and cricket clubs has been immense – e.g. he is seen on car park duty virtually every weekend.

Bill Hartley is another past President who is rarely anywhere else than in Hayes Hill, and if he sees that something needs doing he simply goes ahead and does it, an initiative you would expect from someone from the class of '56. Rescued the Squash and Racket Ball club when it was in danger of going under and ensured it survived. Head gardener and the one we turn to if we have a horticultural problem. Does not suffer fools gladly, as I know to my cost!

Mike Kendrick, the cricket club's top run scorer with 22,462 to his name, and one of our best ever players on the football pitch, or so he tells us, and always selects himself in the best ever OW side (To be fair, he has played international football for Kenya). Yours truly had a spell as his skipper, but he always felt that he was a better captain than I, and he was probably…right!

Steve Wisson was Chair of the Association for a number of years and secretary of the football club for a long stint. Also a fine servant of the cricket club and his eyes lit up on this occasion when he saw Brian Marshall, who used to play for Dulwich Wanderers, in the bar - "I got a 100 against them", he reminisced. Now chairman of the school governors.

Les Wilks**,** a true legend, who celebrated his birthday less than a week before this lunch "It's not an important one", he confided; they are all important, Les. Played many games of football for the Club and once helped out the cricket 2nd XI when they were short and played at Shootershillians "How did you get on?" I inquired upon his return "I bowled", he enthused, "and took five for 56". Impressed by these remarkable figures from someone who readily admits he is not a natural player of the game, I asked for more details, and Les explained that he "bowled five overs for 56 runs".Still plays tennis but probably best known for the way he organised Gala Days and Donkey Derbies, which attracted in the region of 10,000 to Hayes.

Malcolm Taylor continues to produce 'NOW' (News of Old Wilsonians), the Club magazine, on a regular basis despite the apparent lack of OWs to provide him with contributions; so please prove me wrong and send him some copy. One of the Club's top four goal-scorers and once took eight wickets for the cricket club, after which he modestly explained "I used to play a bit at school". A big Kinks fan, although his dress style would seem to indicate that he is not a dedicated follower of fashion.

Mike Harris, Life President of the football club and recently honoured by the AFA for his 50 years of devoted service to amateur football. In his playing days Mike was a non nonsense full-back before converting to a, reasonably successful, centre-forward, although his knees were always heavily bandaged to prevent them from falling apart. Was the football club's secretary for a number of years, during which time he seemed to play at home virtually every week – "Think of the washing up I have to do", he retorted when challenged. Keeper of the club statistics and known for his diplomacy.

Alex Forbes, the son and heir to the Forbes dynasty, who has finally come to terms with the website – need to be careful what I say about him or he won't upload this article. Largely responsible for maintaining the excellent spirit in the football club's 9th XI - "they just want to play for me", he claims, and serves a similar purpose for the cricket club's 5th XI. Continues to take wickets but now claims to be a batsmen; think that needs further investigation.

Pete Davis was caught unawares by 'Mac' McAlister one day and asked to become secretary of the Association, a position he held for 20 years, during which time he filled an inordinate number of boxes with OW material. A bit of a nomad – I have ten

addresses for him over a period of 45 years – and has a habit of frightening fellow passengers on trains.

Which just leaves our current President, ***Doug Forbes,*** who gave his state of the nation address, to which we all responded. You might conclude that this was a gathering , sorry, clan, full of OW VIPs, and, by the end of the evening, there were certainly a number of very intoxicated presidents!

Sadly we have lost two of our number since last year – Bryan Watts and Ted Knevett, whilst it is not that long since 'Mac' McAlister left us, and we respectfully remembered all three of them. It is an interesting fact that, during the time when Ian Forbes indulged in his somewhat macabre game of predicting who would be the first of us to go, and making money for the Club at the same time, no deaths were recorded; perhaps he should re-instate this parlour game for the sake of us all.

Mike Pike
(poignantly written several months before the passing of our Life President, Ian Forbes)

CRICKET CLUB

A successful cricket season but tinged with sadness

The 2018 season was a very successful one for the Old Wilsonians' Cricket Club but was over-shadowed by the death of Ian Forbes. Ian was a one off and all sections of the Old Wilsonians' Association and Sports Club owe such an enormous debt of gratitude to him and the amount of money he has raised has probably kept us afloat, not to mention the vast sums he has put over the bar, which probably kept him afloat, and the cricket club are particularly indebted to him.

On the field of play only two players have taken more wickets than Ian and whilst his batting style was somewhat hit and miss – mainly the latter – it was always entertaining. Alex tells a wonderful story about how he and his dad came together for a last wicket stand at Wickham Park needing 50 runs to win and, against all the odds, got them! After his playing days ended he umpired on a regular basis, after which his familiar cry of "Two pounds please" could be heard every Saturday afternoon that a game of cricket was played at Hayes.

The last few years have not been kind to the OWCC as we have lost John and Janet Brittain, John Ford, Bryan Watts and Brian Morley, none of whom we will ever forget, and John and Janet's contribution to the Club was marked on President's Day by the unveiling of a memorial to them, whilst our President came up with an excellent suggestion that one end of the ground should now be known as the John end and the other the Janet end, although we have not decided which should be which yet.

All of the above would have been proud of our achievements over the past few years so I will now concentrate on the tremendous amount we have achieved this year, starting with the bare facts. The 1st XI, in only their second year in Division Two, finished third, and the 2nd XI fourth in the Kent League, whilst the 3rd XI 9th, the 4th XI 8th and the 5th XI 6th were the final positions in the Kent Regional league, although it is probably diplomatic not to mention how many teams were in the latter three's respective divisions!

There was a threat to the very existence of the Feeder League but, and thankfully, this now seems to have been overcome. The Sunday Development side won their division, suffering just one defeat, and will now play Sutton, the winners of the Surrey league, at the start of next season to establish bragging rights between the two counties. The U19s T20 side reached the final of the Kent ECB competition, whilst the Sunday social side continue to enjoy their cricket and give opportunities to both young and old alike.

The Colts season, under the stewardship of Adrian Beckett and his excellent committee and fine team of coaches, again handled the season well and, for the record, the Under 13A finished third in their league, the Under 13B eighth, the Under 15 sixth, the Under 11 fourth, and the Under 17 seventh, whilst the move to Friday evening coaching seems to have worked well for all concerned. Adrian stood down as Chair at our AGM in October and we thank him for all of his work on our behalf safe in the knowledge that he will continue to have a great input into our Club and we welcome Barrie Frampton as his more than adequate replacement. Both

the colts and senior club held end of season awards evenings and congratulations to all of the winners – a full list of which appears below – but particular mentions for the respective 'Club Person of the Year' , Barrie Frampton for the Colts and Paul Jenkins and Paul Maxwell, who shared the honour, for the seniors.

The bigger and more successful a Club becomes, and we score highly on both counts, the more work needs to be done, and these three epitomise that fact and were never found wanting. We look forward to a period of recuperation and recovery over the winter period until indoor Nets begin in January, determined to build and, indeed, improve on the successes of the 2017 season next year. Mike Pike, Secretary OWCC

Colts awards winners

Under 17 Player of the year	Syd Sherlock
Under 15a Player of the year	Daniel Nichols
Under 15a Most improved player	Fraser Baxendine
Under 13a Player of the year	Zac Desouza
Under 13a Most improved player	Ben Herbert
Under 13b Player of the year	Archie Hares
Under 13b Most improved player	Sam Cashetto
Under 11 Player of the year	Benjamin Rodda
Under 11 Most improved player	Ella Mulheron
Under 9 Player of the year	Eoin Hargreaves
Under 9 Most improved player	Joe Kendrick
Club Colt of the year	Dan Seston
Outstanding performance	James Sims
Colt Person of the season	Barrie Frampton

Senior awards winners

Ken Sawyer Trophy - 1st XI Player of the year	Matthew Abbett
2nd XI Player of the year	Chris Scott
3rd XI Player of the year	Howard Abbett
4th XI Player of the year	Shehan Sivaranjan
Brian Morley Trophy - 5th XI Player of the year	Paul Jenkins
Sunday Development Player of the year	David Pilgrim
Sunday non-league Player of the year	Matthew Abbett
U19 T20 Player of the year	Josh Lawrence
Wicket keeper of the year	Cameron Jones
Young Player of the year	Josh Lawrence
Most improved player	Stan Sherlock
1st XI Champagne moment	Michael Mitchell and Louis Pryor
Club champagne moment	Paul Jenkins
Pikey's People award	Ian Forbes
Club Person of the year	Paul Jenkins and Paul Maxwell

Additionally Matthew Abbett, Louis Pryor, Dan Seston and Jordan Thomas were awarded their 1st XI caps whilst it is also worthy of noting that Matthew, as well as being the 1st XI's player of the season in his first year playing for us, also picked up the batting award for the highest run scorer in Kent League Division Two

(Final) Saturday Averages - 1st XI

Batting - Qualification - two completed innings

	Inngs	N.O	Runs	HS	Avg
M.Abbett	21	2	728	168*	38.31
P. Weeraratne	9	0	226	62	25.11
J. Rodda	21	0	492	97	23.42
J. Thomas	19	4	346	88*	23.06
M.Mitchell	19	2	371	53*	21.82
S. Dandeniya	18	2	316	34	19.75
J.Lawrence	15	4	201	34	18.27
(Velson) Devarajulu	12	0	216	46	18.00
L. Pryor	5	1	52	45*	13.00
K. Maxwell	7	1	67	18	11.16
G. Hannah	7	5	21	6*	10.50
N. Morley	5	0	49	18	9.80
D. Ellicott- White	13	3	80	16	8.00
D. Seston	5	1	30	16	7.50
L. Roots	13	2	50	11	4.54
H. Weaver	2	0	2	1	1.00
E. Betteridge	2	0	0	0	0.00

*Not out

Also batted: D.Pilgrim 4* , T. Sulliavan 0* . S. Ranjan 13, B. Kulasena 1, G, Brindley 1 S.Lawrence 0, (Stan) Sherlock 0 , * H. Lovelock 29* and 4 , C. Jones 0

Bowling - Qualification, 20 overs

	Overs	Mdns	Runs	Wkts	Avg	Best
M. Mitchell	160.2	25	463	38	12.18	4 for 18
J. Thomas	162.1	29	554	41	13.51	5 for 15
M. Abbett	75	8	331	20	16.55	5 for 22
J. Lawrence	84.1	5	337	20	16.85	4 for 21
D. Ellicott-White	147.1	19	484	22	22.00	4 for 12
G. Hannah	68	12	249	8	29.47	3 for 29
J. Rodda	89.5	4	384	12	32.00	2 for 6

Also bowled: S. Ranjan 1.4-1-5-1, B. Kulasena 7-3-30-2.D. Pilgrim 6-1-15-1, D. Forbes 6-0-17-1, T. Sullivan 5-0-28-1, H. Weaver 15-0-87-1,P. Weeraratne 7-1-20-1

(Velsen) Devarajulu 2-0-19-0 E. Bettridge 10-0-34-1

Wicket-keeping 18 - L.Roots (12 ct, 6 st), 2 - S. Dandeniya (2 ct) 1 – C. Jones (1 ct)

Catches 9 – Mitchell, Thomas, Abbett 8- Weeraratne 7- Rodda 6 - Ellicott-White, Dandeniya, 3 – Maxwell 2- Lawrence.J 1 - (Velson) Deverajulu, Weaver, Jones, Morley.N, Pryor

LETTERS

Bob Bevan wrote to the new Editor of the Football Club news letter after around 1500 weekly newsletters produced by Mike Pike.

Hi Eggy

Didn't realise my old school friend Pikey was stepping down. You may or may not know that the newsletter was my idea in 1962 when we used to mail selection ntoices and I suggested we might as well do a small newsletter each week. I was working as a journo at the time so found it quite easy although the old fashioned duplicating maching that you will never have heard of (supllied by Mike Harris) was rather time-consuming.

I did it fr a few years then Ron Ashdown and Gerry Reasley had a shot and then Pikey did it from then. I have to say you have done a very good job with it.

I have recently done a ten-week series in the Non League Paper on the history of the two top amateur leagues – Isthmian and Northern – up until 1974 when the FA decaled everyone a player and the FA Amateur Cup ceased. I attach a copy of the final article which might be of interest to some?

Good luck

Cat

SHAMATEURISM

Bob "the Cat" Bevan MBE ends his series on the history of the great amateur leagues with his personal anecdotes.

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"Do you take the Non League Paper?" I once asked the late and truly great Jimmy Hill. "Of course I do," he replied. I had forgotten that he was President of Corinthian Casuals FC who are, to this day, the highest-placed of the true amateur clubs. Last season they only just missed out on reaching the Premier Division of the newly-named Bostik League (formerly Ryman).

"When you look at all those results pages in small print of thousands of teams," continued Jim, "you think that each one has a dozen or more volunteers all raising money to pay some fairly ordinary footballers."

It made me think too. About how times had changed since I saw my first ever live game – Dulwich Hamlet v Wycombe Wanderers in the Isthmian League in 1956. As I became a fan of my local strictly amateur club how we all despised those who "cheated" by paying their players. There were even those who were critical of anyone, even legal professionals, who took the shilling for playing the beautiful game.

Nobody went quite as far as the late Alan Hardaker who once said “I wouldn’t hang a dog on the word of a professional footballer.” This not only showed a dislike for footballers but also indicated he wasn’t much of a dog lover either. More worryingly he was Secretary of the Football League. In 1974 the Football Association finally gave up and declared everyone players so you could take money or not as you wished.

So now, over 40 years on, fans are quite happy to raise a few quid to get a better player for their team and although I, now classed as an old fart, miss the old days of the Amateur Cup, I have to admit that the standard of non league football has improved beyond all recognition. Coaching, fitness and tactics are so much better because of the influx of money into the game which has largely been to overall benefit.

Of course, there are downsides such as the influx of major individual sponsors who treat clubs like live Subbuteo sets, piling in money, signing top players and then departing suddenly when the toys come out of the pram. Non league history has many such stories of sides who suddenly fall through the trap door when the money stops. Hard though it is, responsible committee members should be careful of accepting such instant wealth without securing long-term commitment.

Even so this must be better than the old days when if a player left to turn professional legally he would never again be allowed to play for an amateur club. One of the great examples was legendary cricketer Micky Stewart who was a fine amateur player with the Casuals and an England amateur international.

In fact he was so good that they tried to fly him home to play in an Amateur Cup Final replay at Middlesbrough in 1956 but the plane was late and he missed the game. I did ask him who paid for the flight. He certainly didn’t and neither did the club. But a supporter was the boss of a major company and apparently he is thought to have funded it.

In the same year Micky was picked for the Great Britain team in the Melbourne Olympics. In those days, the GB team was formed of the amateur sides of the four home nations. In between being picked and leaving for Down Under he took a telephone call from the secretary of the FA, Stanley Rous, who would later be knighted and become head of FIFA. Stanley told Micky that as they had discovered he took money for playing cricket for Surrey he was not eligible for the GB team!

Unsurprisingly Micky got the hump and turned pro with Charlton, then in the old First Division. He didn’t quite make it at that level and had to settle for semi-pro football in the Southern League with Guildford City never to play again for his beloved Corinthian Casuals. What made this stance even worse was the fact that pretty well every other player in the GB squad was getting a few quid in their boots while Micky was playing for nothing and even paying subscriptions for the privilege.

In fact Micky tells me that his father had threatened to throw him out of the house if he took money while being an amateur. Not that he wasn’t offered the chance. He said that if he had joined Wimbledon a match fee coupled with a job from their Chairman could have netted him £80 a week which, in these days would be equivalent to £1600! Far

above legal full-timers who were on a maximum wage of £20 a week or less. Think that's far-fetched? Billericay are said to be looking at a wage bill of £30,000 a week!

Down south Dulwich were the other club who would not pay. In 1958-59 they remarkably came second in the Isthmian League to Wimbledon who were alleged to be the biggest payers. Woking had an all-international forward line but two ended up at Wimbledon as did Les Brown, Dulwich's star player. Les's Dad, Harry, was a Dulwich Committee Member and the story was that he refused to speak to his son after that.

In that Dulwich side was a star centre-half Dennis Joyce. He was very unlucky not to get a cap and as the 58-59 team broke up he went to Bromley who were also known for offering some "expenses".

In 1993 I spoke at the Hamlet's Centenary Dinner and at least half of the 58-59 team turned up including Dennis. I was presenting Six-O-Six on BBC Radio 5 at the time and at the end of the evening Dennis asked me to sign his menu. "This is role reversal," I said. "I once ran across the car park to get your autograph." He said "I hope I gave it you as I could be a bit miserable in those days?" I was happy to confirm that he did. We then fell to talking about the old days and how we used to boo him when he came back to play against us with Bromley, where he was never the same player for some reason.

He confirmed that he had gone for the money and the final straw was the first game of the season at Dulwich against St Albans. "Some player raked his studs down the back of my leg" he said, "and tore one of my new socks." In those days Dulwich players had to buy their own shorts and socks. He went to the Secretary and asked for a new pair only to be told it would cost him half a crown (12.5p). "I had a wife and two kids, was only earning five pounds a week before tax and couldn't keep forking out for new socks". So he left and went to Bromley. I wish I'd known. I wouldn't have booed him.
Around that time I was at a dinner in Manchester sitting next to Sandy Busby, son of the great Sir Matt and who ran the shop at Old Trafford at the time. We feel to talking about the old days and I must have told him that I could never get my father interested in football. I had managed to get him to a game against Kingstonian. It was 4-4 at half-time and ended 6-6. He never came again so I gave up.

Sandy listened politely to my tale and then said "I played in that game." He did too. I looked up the programme when I got home and there he was. Number six, S.Busby. Apparently they flew him down from Manchester every week those amateurs!

There are so many tales from those days. Amateurs were not allowed to play on Sundays. It was against FA rules. So did they? Of course they did. In the late 1960s I was secretary of my Old Wilsonians FC (Southern Amateur League) sports ground and I used to let out our two magnificent full-size pitches on a Sunday morning for £800 a season. Today's equivalent £13,500. Two of our tenants were members of a bookmakers league - Ken Munden and Jimmy Rose. Big crowds and a great deal of betting went on and I soon recognised some of the players as coming from clubs such as Enfield and Hendon. They were all playing under assumed names of course to get round the rules. It's all changed today, of course. We are free to go and play when we like and for whom we like and for whatever money we like.

Let’s end with sad news and good news. Sad news is that the aforementioned Jimmy Rose, who loved football, as a director of Crystal Palace and later manager of Dulwich Hamlet two years before the FA made everyone a player. Until 1972 the Hamlet were struggling but when he took over it all picked up. We must assume that he paid some players at the time. I knew him and liked him but something must have gone badly wrong somewhere because, one day, alone in a hotel room, he took his own life.

Now the good news. Micky Stewart took over as President of Corinthian Casuals when Jimmy Hill became too unwell. He goes to most games and at the end of last season Casuals were due to play Greenwich Borough in the Ryman South play-off semi-final.

Micky was torn because it clashed with the Surrey County Cricket Club Annual General Meeting which he had not missed for 60 or more years. After much soul-searching he opted to watch Casuals. Surrey were distraught and called him to say they had planned to make a presentation so they moved the AGM to earlier in the day. Micky went along. “I thought they were going to give me a tie or something.” At the end of the meeting they were all led out onto the pitch at the Oval (where in the 1950s Casuals used to play) and Micky was asked to turn and face the Members’ Pavilion. They had named the stand after him. Not an emotional man but he had tears in his eyes as he headed off to watch Casuals win 4-3. Sadly they lost the final to Dorking Wanderers.

Extra Box

President Micky Stewart was at the Casuals a couple of Mondays back when I joined him to watch a pre-season match with Bristol Rovers. Rovers Chairman, Steve Hamer, is an ex-Casuals captain and manager from the 1970s and he brought them along to help Micky and the club. He also invited seven former players from those days and presented the club with a framed team picture of his Casuals side.

Sky commentator Martin Tyler, who doubles up as assistant coach at National South Hampton & Richmond, is another ex-Casual and he too turned up for the game. Casuals have lost eight of last season’s successful team. Nothing new at this club who don’t even pay expenses. So it was a surprise to see how well this almost new side played. They beat Bristol Rovers under 23s 3-1 and did so in style. Josh Uzun scored two penalties and a superb free-kick and was unlucky not to get another spot kick.

Will he and the others be there for the season? Will he be there at the start? One thing is for sure Micky and his fellow officials will be because they love the game so much. There is no other reason for them to be there.

Bob 'The Cat' Bevan

This article is reproduced by kind permission of the Non League Paper available every week from all good newsagents and some dodgy ones too!

This year it is 50 years since Bob spoke at his first dinner – the OWA at the Oval - and the other speaker was Micky Stewart. Bob went on to make a very successful career as an after dinner speaker, TV presenter, host and MC for many high profile events.

TENNIS CLUB

OWLTC awarded Tennismark+ accreditation

We are thrilled to let you know that we have achieved a Tennismark+ accreditation. Tennismark+ is the elite tier of accreditation for tennis venues. It recognises our venue as safe, welcoming and inclusive and that our venue provides a high quality tennis programme, alongside the right environment to ensure the welfare of our members.

Jack Petchey Foundation Winner

Club members have recently been voting for this term's award winner in the Jack Petchey Foundation Achievement Award Scheme. I am pleased to announce that the winner is:

Daniel Seston - for "attending Jake's coaching sessions and being a member of OWLTC for the past 10 years", "having a great attitude towards sport, playing in both junior and adult club tournaments, as well as representing OWLTC playing for junior and adult teams against other clubs", "being a great addition to the coaching programme, helpful in the classes and having an excellent rapport with the children", "working hard encouraging the youngsters he coaches", "being a great role model to the young members of the coaching programme", "always being diligent and thoroughly professional on and off court".

Very many congratulations to Daniel. He will be awarded a £250 grant to spend in such a way as to benefit as many 11-25 year old members of the club as possible. We hope to find a time in the near future when Daniel can be formally presented with his award.

Linda Seston
Jack Petchey Achievement Award Coordinator

Old Wilsonians' Association

SUPER DRAW 2017

Draw Promoter: Graham Watts

Tel: 0208 698 1134 *(h)* 07956 462 685 *(m)*

Email: grawat@ntlworld.com

WINNERS LIST

DATE	NO	NAME	PRIZE	DATE	NO	NAME	PRIZE
AN 1	15	M PILGRIM	£170	JUL 1	69	D STEWART	£170
AN 15	5	N SPENCER	£70	JUL 15	66	D SMART	£70
EB 1	5	N SPENCER	£170	AUG 1	11	P JENKINS	£170
EB 15	11	P JENKINS	£70	AUG15	37	C. SMITH	£70
IAR 1	17	D COOMANSINGH	£170	SEP 1	30	T ADAMS	£170
IAR 15	73	A SIMPSON	£70	SEP 15	4	M BOXALL	£70
PR 1	58	R HALL	£170	OCT 1	7	G ADAMS	£170
PR15	27	J. HOUGHTON	£70	OCT 15	14	A BRICK	£70
IAY 1	35	J. LLOYD	£170	NOV 1			£170
IAY15	47	A. SMITH	£70	NOV15			£70
UN 1	44	J. TROUT	£1000	DEC 1			£1000
UN 15	33	J GUNDRY-WHITE	£70	DEC 15			£70



If you want join in and buy a number for just £12.50 a month by direct debit, then please contact Graham Watts as above



GOOD LUCK

The SUPER DRAW is part of the OWA Lotteries
All payments to Old Wilsonians' Association fund raising lotteries will be used to improve facilities in the Club House and on the Grounds for the benefit of all members

Old Wilsonians' Association

PRIZE DRAW 2017

Draw Promoter: Graham Watts

Tel: 160208 698 1134 *(h)* 07956 462 685 *(m)*

WINNERS LIST

DATE	NO	NAME	PRIZE	DATE	NO	NAME	PRIZE
FEB 7	99	C COWELL	£50	JUNE 20	44	W NEWMAN	£25
FEB 14	79	J MATTHEWS	£25	JUNE 27	153	J KENDRICK	£25
FEB 21	89	DONATION	£25	JULY 4	26	I BAILEY	£25
FEB 28	13	S SMITH	£25	JULY 11	104	N. KENDRICK	£50
MAR 7	149	L BARRY	£50	JULY 18	68	Mrs M SAWYER	£25
1/03/14	23	G. ROBINSON	£25	JULY 25	141	M ALLEN	£25
IAR 21	32	L ALLEN	£25	AUG 1	164	G KENDRICK	£25
IAR 28	65	A CLARKE	£25	AUG 8	195	I FORBES	£25
APR 5	180	G ROBINSON*	£50	AUG 15	78	A. ASHDOWN	£50
1/04/12	186	I FORBES*	£25	AUG 22	97	NIGHTINGGALE	£25
PR 19	183	D RUSSELL*	£25	AUG 29	182	D. McCARTHY	£25
PR 26	52	J GUNDREY-WHITE	£25	SEPT 6	25	A FORBES	£25
IAY 2	164	G KENDRICK	£500	SEPT 13	200	I BOND	£25
IAY 9	187	D TAYLOR	£25	SEPT 20	195	I FORBES	£50
IAY 16	38	M MACE	£25	SEPT 27	124	C PECKOVER	£25
IAY 23	152	G PRINCE	£25	OCT 3	91	S MILLWARD	£25
IAY 30	1	A McCLINTON	£25	OCT 10	115	A KENDRICK	£25
UNE 6	115	Mrs A KENDRICK	£50	OCT 17	187	D. TAYLOR	£25
UNE 13	54	V. TAYLOR	£25	OCT 24	186	I F0RBES	£50.00
				OCT 31	43	SAM FORBES	£25

If you want join in and buy a number for just £25 a year then please contact Graham Watts as above