

CLAPPER

AUTUMN ISSUE

Editorial

The most important function of this autumn issue is to give notice to Members of the forthcoming AGM. Details of that are inside. As a consequence, this issue has been produced to a deadline rather than a standard and apologies therefore for the lack of content.

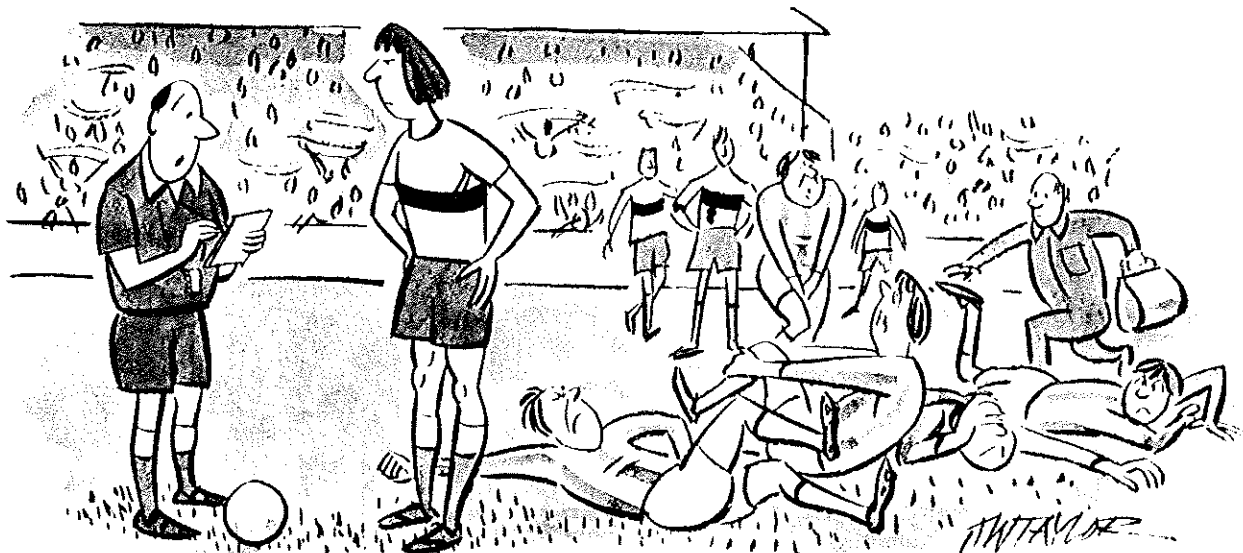
This is an important time for the Association with regard to new membership qualifications and the obvious need for future planning. Please try to attend the meeting, especially those of you who are not sports members and are therefore less often in touch.

Anyway, I hope this issue finds you bronzed, brown or perhaps only rusty at the end of a Summer which has been described by various meteorological office spokesmen as "crappy". United won the cup, Barry McGuigan sorted out the Dago and the estimated time of arrival of the Titanic in New York has now been further re-scheduled. Securing the Ashes' return finds Britain (and therefore Clapham) once again on top of the world.

Once again, no written acknowledgement that you received, liked, hated, couldn't read?? the last editorial. Is there anybody out there? I did get some verbal reviews....

"...A tatty rag..." Harpers & Queen
"...another old boys mag? Oh dear!" Gay News
"Informative, penetrating. No Clapper, No Comment" Gerry Taggart
"I should have expelled you, Leathem" C.A. Pocock
"Makes a good shin-pad" Pete Brown
"A great paper. Not too rough on the 'Aris after a Ruby" Ben Benedict

STOP PRESS: 1st XI'S JOHN MCGOWAN BANNED FOR 4 WEEKS - VIOLENT CONDUCT.



"Having said that, I can't help admiring your sheer professionalism."

NOTICE OF FORTHCOMING ANNUAL
GENERAL MEETING

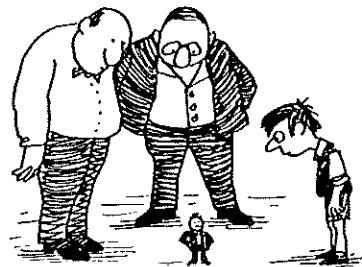
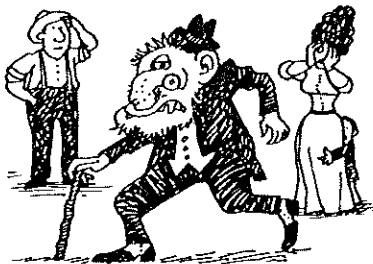
Meeting to be held on 18th October, 1985 at Norbury
at 8.00 p.m.

Please be sure to attend.

WE USED TO
SIT AROUND
THE CLUB-
HOUSE AND TELL

TALL
STORIES

"TALK ABOUT UGLY! I KNEW
A MAN ONCE, HE WAS SO
UGLY HE COULDN'T DIE.
HE JUST UGLIED AWAY."

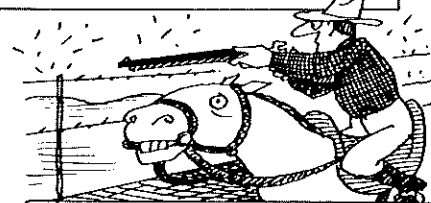


"SMALL? I RECOLLECT ONE
FELLER WHO WAS SO SMALL,
IT TOOK TWO MEN AND
A BOY TO SEE HIM."

"COLD? THE WINTER OF '08
WAS SO COLD, FOLKS' BREATHS
FROZE UP AND YOU COULDN'T
HEAR WHAT THEY'D SAID
TILL SPRING."



"MARKSMANSHIP? FRIEND OF
MINE RODE BY A BARBED
WIRE FENCE AND SHOT
OFF ALL THE BARBS."



"THEN HE LOADED HIS GUN
WITH THE BARBS AND SHOT
THEM ALL BACK ON AGAIN."

"YOU TALK ABOUT DROUGHT!
ONE SUMMER IT WAS SO
DRY, I SEEN A CLUMP OF
TREES CHASING A DOG."



MORAL? I heard a story one-time, back
in '22, so pointless it rolled right up
a hill. That's nothing - I heard...

Soccer Section

As promised, the football section Annual Dinner/Disco was a veritable extravaganza of boasting, bragging, backslapping, boozing and bopping, requiring all the editor's alliterative skills to report.

The change of venue to St. Boniface's Hall in Tooting proved a master stroke by the organisers, and whilst the disco may require some taste and volume control (according to some members: point taken), everybody agreed that the food and general value of the venue was excellent.

Not least of the joys was the fact that the regular team of workers who help to clear the school up after social events, finally got a lie-in, well deserved. It was generally conceded that the earlier-than-usual finish, thanks to our archaic licensing laws, did nothing to detract from the evening's success and thanks are due to everyone present for the swift evacuation of the premises, ensuring a warm reception should we require the hospitality of St. Boniface's in the future.

Medals and plaques abounded throughout the club, presented skillfully, amusingly and seemingly during a particularly vicious attack of St. Vitus Dance, by John McNicholas.

Clubman of the Year was Roy "Boy" Hartnett, whose Samba Soccer and studied sincerity has been a tour feature for some years.

Player of the Year: Ray Gibbs, the best player this club has seen in many years.

Heath Keogh received the Young Player of the Year Award.

Long service awards went to Mick Brien and David Murtagh both out of active service. Mick has an arm injury, not noticeable in the bar, but too severe for the rough and tumble game for which he became known. His interest in refereeing means that the teams' loss is the club's gain since we are woefully short in this department. (Anyone interested - contact the Editor).

Dave Murtagh's era closes with his move to rural Sussex where we all wish him good luck. His career highlight was two years as captain of the ones - distinguished by constant selection of the Editor and relegation (shurely no connecckshum? Ed). In a slow (some say too slow) decline from 1st XI to 3rd XI following injuries, Murtagh's final season has been reported as one of his best ever so we are pleased that he gave us that extra year. He knows where we are, so more farewell performances than Frank Sinatra will be most welcome.

* * * * *

The new season has begun in earnest and already there are new faces in and around all elevens including the first. The competition for places is very fierce and this is naturally a good thing.

The football AGM (editor's apologies for absence) has thrown up an interesting point with regard to the appointment of second XI captain. It would appear that in a "two horse race" the incumbent

Cont...

captain Eddie O'Brien defeated the challenger Eamon Taggart solely with the support of committee members outnumbering (outmanouvering?) several players. With no committee members in, or close to, the second XI this seems an odd state of affairs.

The position requires two things:

- (1) Clarification of the situation by a committee member
- (2) Self examination by 2nd XI players on the questions of interest and commitment.

Eddie is an able and successful captain; Eamon is ambitious to succeed him. The mechanics of the situation are unclear, considering Brian Casey's "nodded through" acceptance of first XI captain stagemanaged by John McGowan.

Although we have ended up with men who are right for the jobs, lets do it the right way.

Correspondence, please.

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Norbury Maintenance: In the close season, John McNicholas made an extra special plea to all players for a Saturday's work at Norbury. This work was the most important subject of the year and received the kind of response not expected from Clapham Old Xaverians. The idea of "let somebody else do it" was particularly popular and only the first and seventh XI's showed any response (well done). Excuse me notes of being on holiday etc were not mitigated with alternative dates (four were shown for everybody). This was a disgrace to the club and if you are among the lazy, the selfish and the wingeing who say that they only place twice a year at Norbury, you too are a disgrace. People like Alan Webber, Frank Barretto, Mick Powell and Don Mulvihill simply cannot continue to do all the work unaided.

This season Eamon Taggart will have the dubious privilege of organising pre-match duties at Norbury. This is a once or maximum twice-a-year duty - support him.

BENNY JUICE



YES?

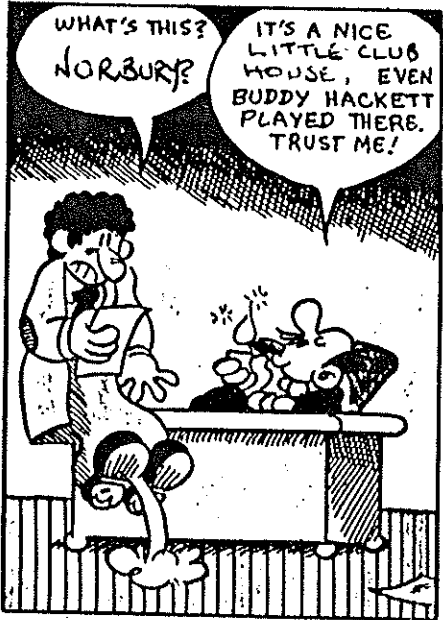
MR. BENNY JUICE?
MR. PUHTZ WILL SEE YOU NOW.



HAVE YOU FOUND ME A JOB, MANNY?

BENNY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! COME, SIT!

JOB? SURE I GOT YOU A JOB! EVER SINCE BERLE, PEOPLE WANNA SEE STAND-UP COMICS!



WHAT'S THIS? NORBURY?

IT'S A NICE LITTLE CLUB HOUSE, EVEN BUDDY HACKETT PLAYED THERE. TRUST ME!



YOU'RE SCREWING ME, MANNY! I COME TO YOU FOR HELP AND WHAT HAPPENS? YOU GET ME A GIG IN '64 NORBURY

QUIET! I'M NOT SCREWING YOU, BENNY! I THINK OF YOU AS A SON! SO BE QUIET! DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.



I'M BEING SCREWED! MANNY PUHTZ, MY OWN AGENT, IS SCREWING ME! HELP! RAPE!!

HAVE I EVER SCREWED YOU BEFORE? PLAY NORBURY THEN TELL ME I'M SCREWING YOU!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, **BENNY JUICE!**

CIGARETTE?

Christopher Brown

Personalia

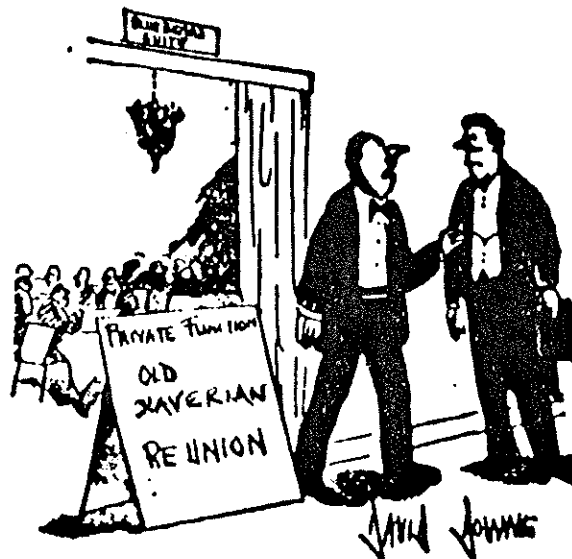
Congratulations to Mick and Bena McLoughlin on the arrival of young Frank. Good news for Ken Bates as the attendance potential at the Bridge rises by one.

Seen in the City looking far too healthy and wealthy, Noel Curran. Sends his best to classroom contemporaries and phone number with the editor.

Paul Tehan's first fixture of the new season was versus Sian Williams. Wedding congratulations.

The word is that Harry Hickland also tied the knot this summer, but with no sign of celebratory jigs in the bar this intelligence remains at status 3—"vicious rumour re confirmed bachelor."

Belated congratulations to Bernard Plummer (1951) now living in Spaldwick, Hants., a New Year's Honours List OBE.



**"I've lost an MBE in the
alphabet soup."**

INJURIES

Following the advice upon injury treatment at Crystal Palace Physiotherpaist, the idea of forming a list of particular exercises to relieve particular strains was devised. Any information would be gratefully received (via the Editor).

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BANNED CLUBHOUSE EVENTS

In the correspondence of recent issues, particularly with regard to the "Ladies Evening", the reply on behalf of the committee referred to "...events of a dubious nature...". It is fully accepted that in this case this was an unfortunate choice of words and in no way meant to reflect on that particular event, but on events in general. The editor apologises to the ladies involved for any embarrassment caused.

Correspondence on this subject is closed.

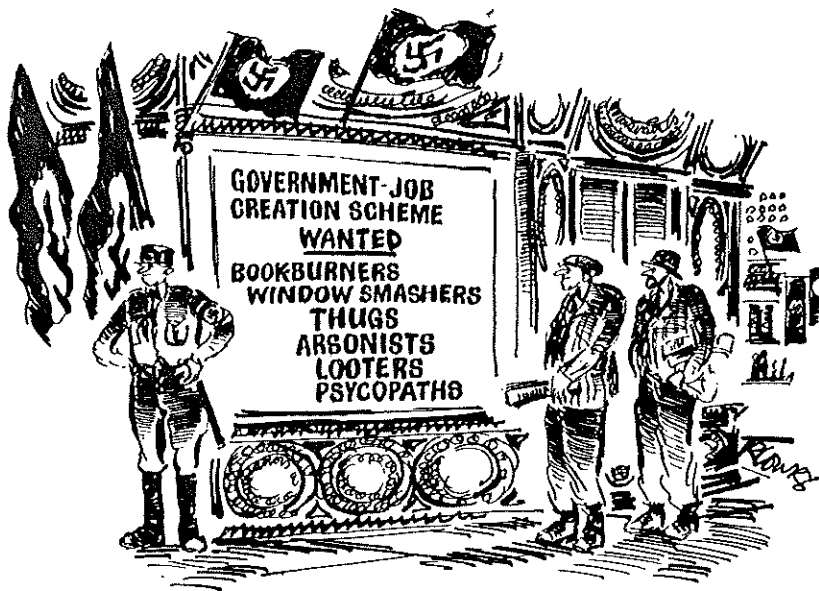
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CARREERS

In these times of rising uncertainty in jobs, any advantage to be gained by a school leaver is a bonus and an edge over the competition in job-hunting. With this in mind, David Leathem and Tom McLoughlin are offering a day's experience of their particular jobs to two school leavers of 1985. Tom sells communications systems to international corporations for Plessey. Dave is an insurance underwriter. All day plus lunch (and a visit to Lloyd's with a broker). We feel it may be useful to anyone undecided on carreers or particularly interested in either field. Qualifications: A suit and tie (sorry!) and the best reasonf or wanting to in writing c/o the Editor.

Are there any more Old Boys who could do this for our school leavers? Any better ideas?

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ANNUAL MAYFIELD PICNIC

As predicted, the picnic this year was a resounding success, attracting more people than have been seen for many a year. We were blessed with a beautiful sunny and warm day (you must recall it, there were only 3 this summer) and the majority congregated at about 1 O'Clock in the garden of the Bicycle Arms just outside Mayfield.

Quarter past two saw several convoys of cars wind their way to the school grounds where the effects of fresh air and several pints demanded immediate barbecue action. The following running of the Annual Barbecue Oneupmanship Stakes was won for the second year running by Alan "Slow or Fast Furnace" Webber who offered a choice of two grills. Jimmy "Zap!" Thornton's new turbo charged cook-out was just touched off into second place. There are always five or six (this year nine or ten!) barbecues and those without are always welcome to burn their burgers -thanks to all the "professionals" for that accommodation.

Lunch was followed variously by cricket, rounders, target golf, long walks, tennis, driving lessons for Jane Powell or just forty winks.

To give absent friends an idea of the company, I took the register for Cecil Pocock, who turned up for a chat around tea time:-

John McGuire plus family - regular visitors
Alan Webber and two car loads of rent-a-kids
Aidan Colletta and family "At last I've found the Bicycle Arms"
Seventies crowd Taggart, McKenna, Thornton and Leathem with assorted good ladies.
Brendan Williams, Paul Williams, John Williams plus seven assorted Williams'.
Mr. & Mrs. - Paul Hixson, Kevin Band, Scotty MacDonald and children.
Frank, Chez, Sue and marion plus Adam; Tom and Lin McLoughlin with entourage of five (including two spare women of indeterminate mid-European origin!)
Derek, Sheila and Elizabeth Rowe.
Mick Powell with Pat plus sons, daughters, neighbours, hitch-hikers, the lot.
Colin Garvey and the Garvettes were absent for once - on his hols.

So you see, over 70 people in all turned up for an afternoons relaxation in a beautiful field in Sussex. Seven thirty or so saw the crowd disperse homeward some direct, some via Surrey or Kent pubs. Try it next year.

BOB'S YOUR UNCLE

Introducing Big-hearted Bob the Norbury Agony Uncle.
Problems to the editor.

Dear Uncle Bob,

Every Sunday morning when I wake-up, I discover that someone has been sick all over me as I lay asleep and all my money is gone. This only happens in the football season and has just started again. Please help.

Metal head.

Dear Metal head,

Try to avoid the all-nite card table when Mad boy and Ben are in attendance and steer clear of the Maharani for a couple of weeks.

Dear Uncle Bob,

My wife has left me, I've lost my job, I've been evicted and just lost my driving licence. What can I do?

Desperate.

Dear Desperate,

Meet me in the Pied Bull for a sharp one in half an hour.

Dear Uncle Bob,

Despite constant training, regular scoring, buying beers for everyone from Derek Rowe to Trevor the Gipsy, I keep getting dropped. Whats wrong with me?

Puzzled.

Dear Puzzled,

Your face doesn't fit.

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