

CLAPPER

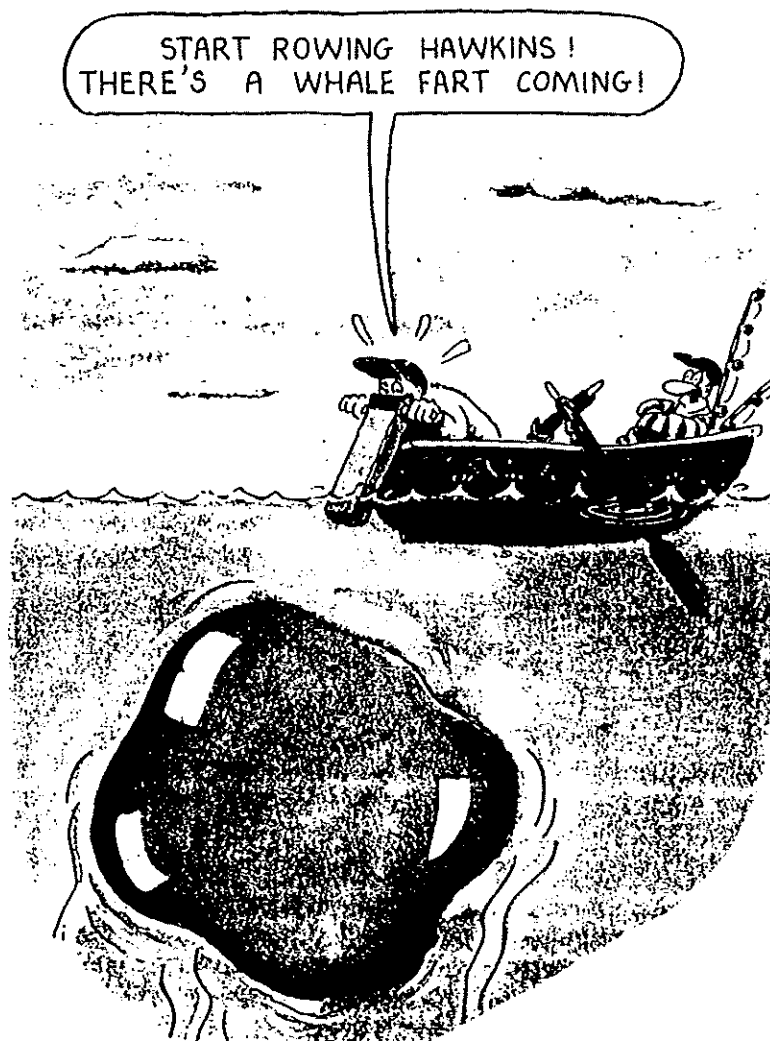


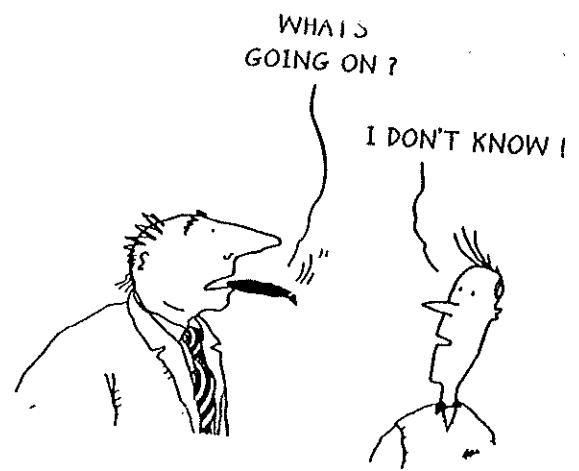
Bizarre Life

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AUTUMN '96

Right. Let's see; thirty quid for subs, six quid for match fees, a bundle for the bar and the "Stop" table. Boots, pads (back and front), towel (should've got that washed during the Summer), soap(borrow Roy's), after shave (borrow Neil's). A new season, I love it.





PERSONALIA:

James Leathem, sometime midfield genius, sometime naughty boy, sometime juvenile bon viveur (and Editor's bruv) celebrated, with Maria, the birth of Sarah, in April. Nice one.

We hear from Sts Simon & Jude, Streatham Hill, that new chandeliers were installed above the pulpit, in memory of Alex Begley. These were the gift of a Mrs Rushworth. Can anybody expand on this story? Please write.

Who remembers Jim Chambers? He turned up many years ago, at the school when social events were held there, as part of Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band, on a night that few who were there will forget. Well now he's back in the local papers' Leisure Sections as part of "The Bill Posters Will Be Band" (Kyaak, kyaak, geddit?). Jim glories in the nickname "Golden Boots", but I don't think that's anything to do with his prowess in the school team way back when.

Eamonn Taggart Found Alive. Friends of Eamonn Taggart were still in shock today after finding him alive at Norbury Clubhouse on May 19th. He had been celebrating his 40th Birthday in some style and had not been expected to last the night. Among the revellers were Tim "Gelatin Tallow & Semen" Hixson, Tom "Mr Pastry" McLoughlin, Kevin "It Can't Be My Round Again" McKenna, Sean "Bacon Regurgitator" O'Sullivan and Chris "Plod" Taylor. All of these guys sorely missed for their varying degrees of talent and influence in the football sides. Many more regular faces from the club were also there as of course were the Longworth Squad, admirably skippered by Rosie, and various Thorntons, headed by Jim's dad, John. The club's band, well known to regulars, indulged the Birthday Boy in a big way as he treated his guests to virtuoso performances from his, now extensive, repertoire. The Editor could report more widely on this event if he could remember more. Mary Taggart wasn't there. (Gutted).

News reaches us that Mine Host at the King & Queen, High St, Caterham on the Hill, is Martin Boyd, one of the fine band of OX referees on the League's books. Ex-traffic warden Martin will probably not move you along quite so enthusiastically if you park yourself at his bar. (When told that the reason for yellow lines round a traffic warden's hat was so that cars didn't park on their heads, Martin said no it wasn't.)

By the time you read this, Arthur Williams will have decamped to Australia with Hilary and Georgia. Long time 1st XI player and recently 2nd XI skipper, Art will be sorely missed on the pitch, at the bar, at the Bridge and on Tour having starred in all of those, most demanding, positions. So long too, to Hilary, a captain's wife who consistently rated football as somewhat lower than a snake's belly, but was always considerate and patient during many a Friday night/Saturday morning player-short-phone-blitz. (Mind you, when the Editor and Rob O'Brien and Steve Mannell left Art leaning against his front door one night after the Derby, we didn't rely on Hilary's patience; we just rang the bell and ran away.) We'll miss them.

Susan Jordan did all the hard work on 21st August to present Frank with a baby boy, Eamonn Matthew. Congratulations.

Personalia (continued)

Congratulations to David Sanders and Jenny who tied the knot at St Augustine's church in Datchet on August 3rd. It was an occasion which saw a great gathering of Old Xaverians; apart from the groom himself, there were his dad and three brothers, his uncle, Phil Leeder, five members of the Carter clan, Mick Burke and John McCarthy. A wonderful reception was followed by an energetic knees-up with music provided by the Carter connection once again, and a great time was had by all.

Sports fans among our footballing readers will know that a small band of OXs have been travelling the country (and the world) in recent years, to witness major sporting events. Roy Hartnett, Vic Roszkowski, David Leathem, Mick Burke and Jimmy The Jug Burke have seen Derbys, Grand Nationals, Olympics, World Cups, Test Matches, even World Darts Championships (fantastic). This year, Vic, David and Mick were joined by Paul West and could be seen at the Tour de France for two stages in the mountains. Tour report next issue.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

OVAL OLD XAVERIANS

Could it be that the Oval is now the "in" place for Old Xaverians to meet during the Summer? Even a casual observer would have spotted some of the following during the course of the 1996 season:- Brian & David Sanders, Mick Power, Ben Benedict, Barry Mitchell, Jim & Kevin Howard, Phil Leeder, Mick Grice, Peter Keenan, Joe Davorn, John Hickey, Stan Miller, Paul (Cheesey you mean?- Ed) Carter, Dave (corporate) Leathem, and Vic Roszkowski. You could pick a useful cricket team from that lot, with a 12th man, two umpires and two scorers. (We leave it to the readers to decide who would actually play, and who would fulfill the other duties.)
- Brian Sanders.

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RETURN TO PITTSBURGH

A man goes into the British Airways office in Regent Street, to get a ticket to Pittsburgh, USA. When he gets there, the girl behind the desk is very beautiful, and in possession of the most staggeringly large pair of breasts. After waiting in line for five minutes or so, staring at them the whole time, it is his turn to be served.

"Can I help you ?" says the dead-heat-in-a-Zeppelin-race,

"I'd like a return ticket to Tiltsburgh," says our hero, at which the embarrassed sales girl rushes off to the ladies`, in tears.

"What was that all about?" asked the male assistant at the next desk; our man explained.

"Don't worry about it, mate," says the BA chap, "I'm always saying one thing when I mean to say another."

"Really," says the customer, "like what?"

"Well, for instance, this morning I meant to say to my wife `Pass the marmalade, darling`, but instead I said to her `You've ruined my life, you bitch.`"

The Micky Walsh Column

So. Brendan's gone then, eh? Makes no difference, he was a crap goalie anyway. What I don't believe is Leathem in his place; nothing but trouble; how's he going to discipline consistently booked players God only knows; maybe he'll use his vast experience of bans and fines.

Hold on. Keiron Brady to be refereeing this season? I don't think so.

Well done Jim Thornton, 2nd XI stalwart and deservedly Player of the Year. Pity someone didn't make sure he was at the Presentation Dinner. Come on, the Committee, you can do better than that.

I only played 5 or 6 games last year, so I managed to avoid the skipper's gaze in the Clubhouse and swerved me Subs. This year at £30 it's even more important to duck and dive a bit. Watch this space.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Tony Morrish;

Penbryn, 178 Kimbolton Road
Bedford, MK41 8DW

Dear Mike,(Power)

What a lovely surprise to receive, this morning, the cheque for £50 (2nd prize in the Feb 96 100Club draw.) Thank you.

June and I were trying to remember my last win in the 100Club draw; we think it was in excess of 10 years ago - maybe 12 or 13 years ago and it was 1st prize (£100). Whenever it was, it is providing, so far, a far better return than my weekly "investment" in the National Lottery.

I hope all is going well for all my friends in COXA and especially COXASS, those that still remember me.

God bless you and yours,
Sincerely,

Tony Morrish.

(Perhaps a little "Jug-shy" at the time, Tony has allowed his £40 prize of May '91 to slip his mind - Statto.)

From Rev Joseph Warrilow

Quarr Abbey
Ryde, Isle of Wight
PO33 4ES

Dear David,

thank you for sending me a copy of Clapper - the Old Boys' publication for Easter. I am glad to see that I am still an honorary member, and I am proud to be one. It is just seventy years since I left the College, but I still treasure my links with the Brothers. I kept up with Br. Ambrose till he died on October 25th last year, and I am very grateful to have a copy of the homily preached at his funeral Mass at Mayfield. He was not at the College in my time, 1920 - 26, but we met at the Centenary celebration of the Xaverian Congregation in 1939, and kept in touch afterwards. I valued his friendship.

As far as I know, nearly all my contemporaries are dead, both staff and boys; as I am 87, that is not surprising. Many kept up with me for a while, and I was invited to the Mass that formally closed the College, but I could not attend.

Thank you again for your kind communication, Very gratefully,

Joseph Warrilow.

(Ed: - Like a note from a favourite uncle, this letter had ten pounds folded into it. Although five pints of Stella was tempting, I've tucked it into the Association mattress. Gratefully received).

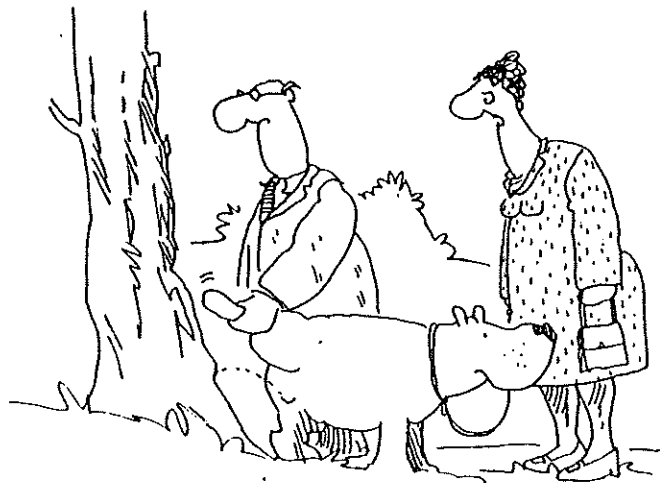
IMPORTANT DIARY DATES

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE CLAPHAM OLD XAVERIANS' ASSOCIATION WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE CLUBHOUSE ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH 1996, STARTING AT 7.45 PM

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE CLAPHAM OLD XAVERIANS' SPORTS AND SOCIAL CLUB WILL FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual Mass of Remembrance for deceased Old Xaverians will be on Sunday November 10th, at 11.00 am, in the Chapel of St Francis Xavier College, in Malwood Road.

As part of the Association's Centenary celebrations in 1997, a flashy-dashy lunch will be held at the Oval in January. By the next issue, seats will probably be gone, so call Mick Power soon for details and to reserve your plate. (0181 644 9873)



'You spoil that dog, Roy.'

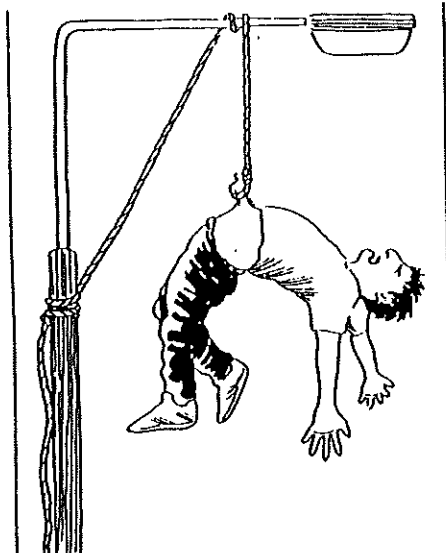
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Rachman Corner:

Over a year ago, the 'Bungalow' at Norbury was extensively refurbished and made habitable and even comfortable. New floors, roof etc. A tenant was found but has now left and the place is vacant. If it was a palace, we would not be asking only £300 a calendar month, but really, it should be seen. Two double bedrooms. Anyone interested should contact the Editor or Mick Power.

1897 AND ALL THAT

Really really Old Boys will tell you that the College Centenary will be celebrated in 1997. A dinner is planned for September of that year, but there should be room for other events and commemorative action (suggestions include Ties, Jumpers, Port and Claret; perhaps a sponsored horserace). Think hard out there and give us the benefit of your ideas or your experience of other clubs' arrangements.



After years of research car manufacturers have finally found a way to deter car thieves

From Mick Power,

David,

well done on the Dinner front, a most enjoyable evening. (see elsewhere - Ed). David Nix phoned me the next day, and on being quizzed on his absence, said that he was at home watching TV and waiting for his tickets to arrive. (??!!)

I had a cracking day at the Oval on Tuesday (May 28th), Surrey v. Yorkshire B&H. Within minutes of the start, I was joined by Brian Sanders, within half an hour, Phil Leeder and Peter Keenan had tacked on. Ben Benedict then barged in and we were brought to order by Jim Howard and his brother Kevin (ex-St.Gerrard's). But to cap it all, the Greater Grice gatecrashed the party. Much wallop was consumed as Surrey were in decline. Jim was in his Spoofing Blazer; Ben, never one to miss an opportunity, had us spoofing for rounds in The Surrey Tavern after the match. Of course I went home broke and in another fine mess. I have been doing penance in the form of decorating ever since.

I enclose papers relating to the death of one of the Honoraries, Fr. Alphonsius Tierney; he appears to have taken to the Church rather early, so therefore he must have been a boarder. Other omissions amongst the Honoraries are Fr. Terry Creech (my mother confirms he is still preaching a hot sermon), and Bishop Peter Smith(?) - (Any news?- Ed.)

I was pleased to mug Mick Grice for a Life Membership at the Oval, so please tack him on.

Cheers, Mick.

A note from Isobel Nielson tells us that she and husband Mick Collins have moved from Sunny Sutton to 26 Grange Meadow, Banstead, Surrey SM7 3RD. Footballers of a certain age will remember Mick's legendary contribution as Captain and regular leading goalscorer in the 3s,4s,5s and 6s. He was also known to frequent the Norbury Bar from time to time, a practice now unknown for certain lower-eleven captain-types.

Jim Howard reports from Bangkok that Clapper is not in a one horse race for news reports concerning Old Boys. The Bangkok Post's report of an assault trial at Camberwell magistrates court detailed the jailing of a thug for knocking out a referee during a Sunday football league game. Who was the Biffed Bloke in Black?... none other than Jim's brother-in-law, John McGuire. A month in chokey for the perp. and justice is seen to be done. John was subsequently none too much the worse for wear, and all those at the club who have played under his supervision (though rarely super vision, eh? - Ed), can reflect on what might have been if the eccentric umpire had pushed them over the edge!

**In the centre page pull-out section:- "I never touched 'im" says convict.

" It would have been 5 years in my court," - R.Benson

" When the seagulls follow etc, etc, etc" - Gary McGuire

FOOTBALL SECTION

This year's Annual Dinner was held, for the fifth year, at the Directors' Club, in the City. Retiring Club Captain Brendan Williams gave us a cracking speech, through gritted teeth and rapidly deteriorating throat; he couldn't even face a bucket of beer, so a good effort just to be there. Brendan has been the most successful and popular Club Captain for a generation, and the Club will need to work extra hard to replace him. I hope he will continue to play in his usual goalkeeper-to-centre-forward-availability role, although his knees are shot. The Club's appreciation for his efforts were shown in some silver and enamel cuff links, in the Club colours, presented on the night.

Dean Wardley, star of many lower eleven performances, should see his Young Player of the Year award develop into a First XI opportunity. His performance this year was not however, unique, and the good news is that his erstwhile team mates Owen Rigby, Steve Ellis, Greg Ryan (son of John), Dominic Roszkowski (son of Vic) and First XI regular Matt Arnold will also be up there with him. This particular set were showing sterling qualities in the Stella Artois area.

It is possibly a good thing that Jim Thornton was unavoidably absent from the dinner, since his triumph as undisputably Player of the Year would have, had he been present, caused a celebration that would have pressed the Directors' Club bar and probably Norbury later. Well done Jimmy, a has-been in the Fours who was heading for the Fives, has this year proven himself in the Twos.

Anybody who pays attention (and that's not everybody), will know the part played in this club by Chris Megoran; recruitment of younger players, rejuvenating inspiration of older players, alternative Tour supremo, senior member of our playing force. Few other guys have worked as hard this year. Clubman of the Year to Chris, and quite right, too.

70 people turned up on the night, (76 paid), for a 7.30 start and a midnight finish. Next season's Captains will be expected to improve on that. We don't get many opportunities to socialise with our women alongside, apart from at Norbury where, let's face it, our facilities are brilliant, but only for blokes.



The 1st XI Captain writes:

Season 1995/96:-

The 1st XI saw a false dawn at the start of the season; by November, we were in the top 5 of the Premier Division, with our sights set higher. However, as with the previous year, when the rain came down and the pitches became heavy, we started losing heavily throughout December, January, February....

The 'home' games are now back at Norbury and the season started with a 4-0 win over newly-promoted Isleworth. This was followed by a draw at Tennysons' with only 10 men. (The referee having had a sheltered upbringing in New Zealand, took offence at Steve Webb's building site language, sent him off after 7 minutes) (The Editor is given to understand that Tony "Tosh" O'Shea was guilty of more than one missed sitter on this day... "oh well, there go the points" as we used to say.)

Despite the early season league form, our cup tradition of recent years was upheld once again - Played 2, Lost 2, next cup game 10 months away.

Of all the games played, three stand out:-

Due to play Ignatians at Enfield, our centre forward failed to turn up at the Oval. Martin Donald was quickly promoted from the 3rd XI. We arrived late for the scheduled kick off time having broken nearly every rule in the Highway Code (well we were not stationary long enough to park on a double yellow line) and promptly (surely tardily - Ed) beat the champions. Martin played well enough to keep his place, and Dennis Sekula an outstanding game.

The lowest point of the season was at Old Danes, who had played 12 lost 12, this soon became Played 13, Lost 12, Won 1.

Now we had three games left against the top teams in the Division, and a minimum of two points needed to stay up. Bring on Meads; we stopped them from winning the title on the last day of the previous season (Steve Webb scoring direct from a corner with four minutes to go) and this time we sent them packing again with the old "Nul points" - Norwegian Eurovision Song Contest style. Earlier in the year, they had thought revenge was sweet when they gave us a 5-0 drubbing, but everyone at Norbury subscribes to the old South London adage "He who laughs last, Rodney, laughs last."

Fines for late arrivals were reintroduced this season; Tosh and Mark Conneally taking out standing orders at the bank, Steve Maloney contributing generously.

Some new faces (faeces? - Ed) managed to break in to the Ones this year; Mick Leathem had to explain away his introduction of Peter Box who was not satisfied giving away a penalty in the first half of his debut, gave away another in the second half.

Matt Arnold won the 1st XI Player of the Year laurel this year. He kept enough clean sheets to keep the jugs flowing all year (hold on... "hammered all Winter, done by Danes, Boxy giving pens all over the place. I make that about one jug - Ed).

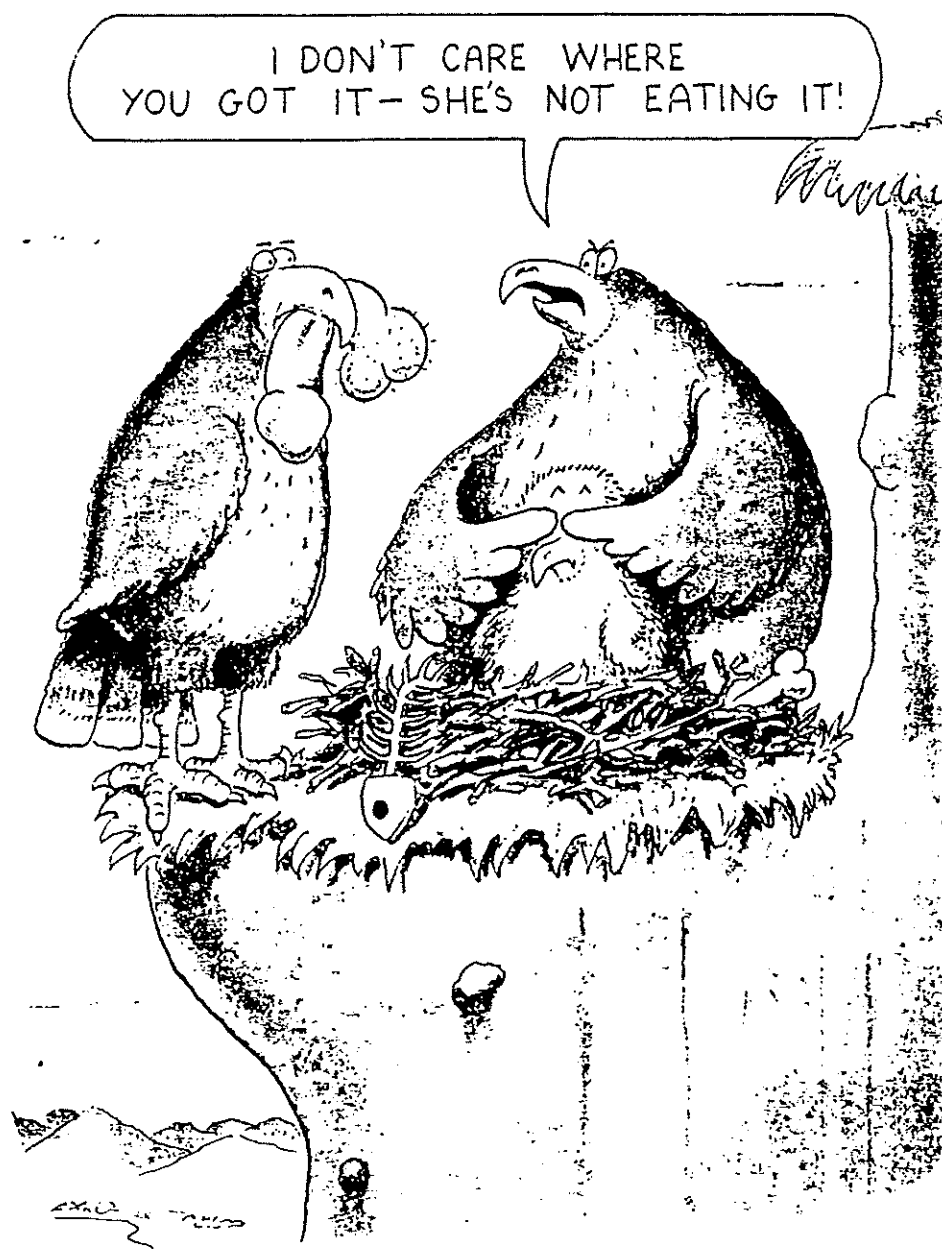
For the first time in years, we had a left footed left back. Julian McManus was doing fine until he had his leg broken at Cardinal Manning (oh really, Cardinal Manning? - there's a shock). This almost led to John McGuire making a comeback at 52. Although he was named as sub,

we packed him off in the ambulance to annoy Julian. The 10 men came back to earn a draw. Julian is on the mend, and we hope to see him soon.

For next year, we are threatened with the loss of John McGowan. He says he likes Croydon on a Saturday and that his massive thighs are well suited to lawn mowing and car cleaning. Or maybe we'll get one more year out of our best player for a long time.

Roll on next season: we are still a Premier side and look forward to the challenge of staying that way.

SPENCER McGUIRE.



COXAFC FOOTBALL TOUR 1996, COVENTRY.

"The thing about tour is, that it really doesn't matter where you go, as long as you go."

Well, we'd been to Coventry before; we'd been to Lowestoft, Torquay, Dublin, Glasgow, New York, Berlin, Amsterdam and Prague in between but now we're back in the Midlands. The Lady Godiva Hotel did not, alas, boast naked staff, but this was seen to be only a matter of time (oh really?). Within minutes of our arrival, base camp was set up at the Holyhead Arms and strategy for the Saturday match, next afternoon, was discussed. "Ten men to the golf course, ten men to the pub, let's meet up later". Later, much later, the assembly found itself in the ballroom of the Godiva at that which is known locally as "The Old Bags' Ball". Editorial sensitivity would normally cause me to gloss over following events, but the collective romantic achievements of the group was a total score of ZERO. Not even Adrian DeCoursey Bertie; not even Roy "Angel Face" Hartnett (spoken for, anyway, and an expectant father; nice one Roy); not even Steve "Charisma" Parker; not even etc, etc, etc.....

Saturday in Coventry saw the team travelling to Leicester (!) for a match with some of Arthur Williams' colleagues in the construction racket. A friendly match between some proud Midlanders and some dizzy, hungover Londoners was hurtling towards a Nil-Nil draw when Steve "Placid" Pagett biffed their star player, who had mistaken sloth for cowardice. The match resumed with 11-a-side as both sides sneaked a substitute on to the pitch while the ref wasn't looking. The Leicester boys won 1-0 (or was it 2-0?), so we went to the pub and bought them some drinks while they watched Bath nick the Pilkington Cup from under their noses, on the telly.

McGrannigans Paddy and Kevin, cousins of Eamonn Taggart, were our guides to this Second City on our third visit here. So it was their Sunday side who were given the privilege of facing a distinctly bar-weary Tourist side on Sunday morning. Four-nil down after after half an hour, we rallied to lose 5-3, with a display a running, kicking, throwing and vomiting from Mick O'Sullivan that will long be in the memory of any who witnessed it. Unfortunately, this included some women and small children, who are now receiving counselling. Back at Counden Social Club, it was some time before former "Beer Monster" Mick was back to his old self. Meantime, Eddie "Le Grand Petomaine" Walsh was tucking into the local Mild at £1.05 a pint. At seventeen stone and 5ft10in, this mobile road block on his first tour has attracted the attention of agents Scully and Mulder; his uncanny room-clearing was however, more X-rated on the nose than cause to open an X-file.

Once again, the strange thing that is Coventry's social life found us all on the wrong side of the bouncers for all of the favourite pubs, on a Sunday night. How then did we all manage to get completely slaughtered? Monday's train journey home after an extended lunchtime session was the world's first wind-assisted card school. Thanks due to Vic, Art and Eamonn for organising everything, and to Jimmy "The Jug" Burke, for just turning up.



A BELLY FULL OF BEERS!

MEMBERSHIP

A (most welcome) phone call from John Woollard put the Editor straight about his life membership status, a detail I am happy to correct. Any other top supporters in this bracket who were left out of the list last month, please get in touch. One such is Nick Scott (to his mates), who sent me a £75 cheque anyway, but said he thought he was already a life member. Well, we'll check it out, but even though we don't get that many cheques from a Right Hon, MP, and a KBE at that, we won't bank it. (specially since the bottom's fallen out of the asking-questions game.)

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Last issue's honorary members list included Rev G.C.Furey; a call from St John Fisher in Warlingham informed me that Gerry Furey died some fifteen years ago. Apologies to anyone who may have been caused some distress at seeing his name or receiving his mail. It is never too late to remember our Old Boys in our prayers, so let's do that.

Also regrettably included was the late Fr Alphonsius Tierney, OSB, who died on Feb 28th 1992, aged 81. He was Headmaster of Douai School, Woolhampton from 1952 until 1973, and then parish priest of Woolhampton until 1986 when he retired to St Gregory's, Cheltenham, where he died. May he rest in peace. Our thanks to Fr Dermot Tredget, Bursar of Douai Abbey and School, for this information.

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W.L.Booth does not live at 124 Southpark Rd SW19 anymore; the present incumbent writes:
"Please Please remove W. Booth from your mailing list . You have been sending this for 9 years and he has not lived here for at least 11 years. Save the paper, postage and energy; we have returned this annually. Can your mailing list really be so out of date? (YES, we regularly send mail to dead people, but at least we aren't forgetting them - Ed) I suggest a major overhaul is due before we reach the Millenium. Yours exasperatedly."

Weeeell ! That told me, didn't it. If the Membership Sec does not locate W.L.Booth and delete 124 South Park Rd, I'm for the high jump, I reckon. It is very nice to get our mail back with suggestions, but if we send anything else to our (anonymous) correspondent, including this issue, perhaps chucking it in the bin would be less troublesome, eh? (or read it.)

