

CUP FEVER GRIPS YEOVIL

To the tune of the Gleaners' Anthem, eleven men of Yeovil roll into battle. Cinderellas of soccer, their giant-killing cup exploits have made them famous overnight. In the "Wellington" where the host is one of the team, it's all skittles and no beer for Yeovil's Southern Leaguers. The serious part of their training comes on their sparsely-lit ground, every evening after work. There, in semi darkness, they plan the tactics which the whole town hopes will take them through the next round. Though they're not newcomers to the game, they aren't the glamour boys of soccer. But their achievements have brought their town and their team right into the headlines. Famous for its gloves, Yeovil, with its nineteen thousand inhabitants, is bubbling over with cup fever. Team forecasts and experts' opinions are the study of every supporter, and who isn't in this town! Theirs is a team mostly made up of part-timers, of men like Arthur Hickman, a groundsman by day, a footballer on Saturdays and teacher Bob Hamilton, master goal-getter. And Les Blizzard (centre-half) an electrician employed by chairman, Albert Smith.

And there is Ray Wright, an aircraft fitter, whose hobby is gardening when he isn't on the field. They are the little men whose victory over the Big 'Uns has brought nation-wide admiration. From the women's supporter club the team got a complete new kit. Everyone wants to help. The town's grand Old Man, Stanley Johnson (fairy Godfather to Yeovil soccer) officially receives the gift on the team's behalf. Player-Manager Alex Stock gives his side an even chance of beating Sunderland, and sums up:

SOUND