

Even the cricket and hockey fans were enthralled

By **ANDREW CHATFIELD**

IT was not a typical Sunday at High Wycombe Sports Club, that noble church of cricket and hockey on London Road.

There were plenty of batsmen, bowlers and hockey stick handlers. But something unholy was happening. Where once the stick-sports banner proudly fluttered, the multitude gathered in sinful worship of that oth-

er game – satanic soccer. Where once had echoed the noble sound of leather on willow, now blasted the sound of satellite television commentary.

Not that I could hear a word of it. When I wandered into the clubroom at 1.45pm, Wanderers were already trailing by a goal. The assembled

multitude was full of frustration, downing beer and chips with increasing frenzy, rending the air with cries of anguish.

The miracle of Satellite TV brought pictures across vast tracts of space to us – a miracle made all the more bizarre by the fact we were only three miles east of the Adams Park shrine, whence they came.

For one moment in the first half, I

had an apocalyptic vision not only of Wanderers crashing out of the cup, but also of thousands of fans for miles around, all fixed intently on the big brother-style telescreens, hooked in grim, mind-warping fascination on the developing tragedy.

The second West Brom goal went in and the commentary was now overdubbed in the room by a great wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Yet, lo. There descended from the skies the man they call Creaser, who with one header did smite the Albion and hail the resurrection.

By the time that the saviour Thomo blasted in his divine equalising shot, there was great rejoicing – viz shouting, weeping, frightening of children and spilling of beer.

It may not have been cricket, but it was certainly a bloody miracle.