

ODAY'S MENU

lon Cocktail tossed in Crème de Menthe

ached Salmon Fillet

cculent Roast Turkey Breast

ney Roast Ham

ast sirloin of Beef

getarian Quiche

jestic Salad

mato & Mixed Onion

Ishly made Country Colesiaw in a rich mayonnaise

Idorf Salad Celery, Apple & Walnuts, mixed in a light mayonnaise

t New Potatoes coated in a Chive Butter

Followed by:

Profiteroles with Chocolate Sauce

Assorted fruit-topped Cheesecake

Tarte au Citron, served with Fresh Cream

Cheeseboard

Coffee and Mints

...and then the game!

WEC would like to thank the following individuals and businesses for their great help towards today's anniversary....

(TODAY'S MAIN SPONSORS) LEO MORRIS DAVID HOOPER ALISON MORAN JACKIE SHORE NICK SYMMONS TIM PARKS MARTIN LACEY (OF PEOPLE FOR PRINT LTD) MICKEY KANE and especially DEREK TOMLIN

50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF WEALDSTONE FC'S FA AMATEUR CUP TRIUMPH AT WEMBLEY

SATURDAY APRIL 16TH 2016, GROSVENOR VALE, RUISLIP, 12 NOON



TIME OF OUR LIVES

NEMBLEY 1966. A two-word combination that has neld English football in its thrall for half a century.

But for Wealdstone Football Club that phrase holds even more importance - because 'Football ame Home' for our club even before England's fream of reaching and winning the World Cup on hat glorious day in July 1966 came to fruition.

In this corner of NW London, the achievement of sir Alf Ramsey's boys was simply a footnote to the Irama that had played out at Wembley three months earlier. When Geoff Hurst's hat-trick goal with the back of the West Germany net, nobody who had been at Wembley on April 16 for the Amateur Cup Final was too bothered about people being on the pitch, or thinking that 'it's all over.... it's now'.

To their minds it was all over when Bobby Childs tuck the ball past John Swannell with barely a minute remaining of the final against lendon. Three goals to one ahead, thousands upon thousands of Stones fans, and the players



Bobby Childs' opportunist effort from outside the box slips under the body of Hendon's Amateur International 'keeper John Swannell and it's game on at Wembley

themselves, bellowed with joy at the realisation that the famous old trophy was on its way to Lower Mead.

Friendships were forged that day that have stood the test of time. Small boys and girls, heady with the delirium of seeing their heroes win on the greatest stage of all, lost their hearts to the boys

in blue and white and many of them are still fans to this day.

In many ways, that day 50 years ago forged the very soul of Wealdstone FC. It elevated a middleranking amateur club into the non-League elite, paving the way for eventual

acceptance into the semi-professional game and thence into the Football Conference.

And it's because of this that The Wealdstone Boys of 66 deserve our thanks and undying gratitude for the memories and the prestige they



The crowd erupts and scorer Bernie Bremer (No.11) leaps for joy after putting the Stones ahead with just four minutes remaining. The trophy is within reach...

brought to the club.

Last year we celebrated the 30th Anniversary our 1985 non-League Double-winning side - a terrific occasion and the chance to look back and reminisce on another famous Wembley-winning team. But when a few of our supporters started discuss the merits of Vince Burgess's 1966 Boys Brian Hall's 1985 legends, it became obvious that the two line-ups were chalk and cheese.

Long-standing supporter Jon Irvine is in no doubts. 'The 1985 team can't hold a light to the 1966 amateurs' he asserts. 'One was pragmatic, the other entertainers. I'm not sure who would win, but I know who I'd rather watch'.

Today we raise a toast to the fabulous Boys of '66. Good health, long life and never forget the joyou brought to us all.

Here today: Arthur Paisley, Mickey Doyle, Gordon Sedgley, Charlie Townsend, John Ashworth, Eddie Dillsworth, Brian Allen, Jim Cooley, Hughie Lindsay, Bernie Bremer, Roy Lavender and John Wortley

Absent friends: Brian Goymer, Bobby Childs and Vince Burgess. God bless them.

BY TIM PARK



Bobby Childs is the man in the right place after Swannell could only parry Hughie Lindsay's raking drive into his path. They think it's all over.. and it was