

# STONES

WEALDSTONE v OXFORD CITY  
**THE BIG INTERVIEW:  
HUGHIE LINDSAY**

## No one player is bigger than the club...but 60s legend Hughie Lindsay came pretty close



▲ Hugh Lindsay is pictured recently at The Vale while (above right) he flashes the ball into the net at Lower Mead

Tonight, for old time's sake, we update **Tim Parks'** interview with another Stones hero...

**W**hat makes a 'legend'? In football terms it is commonly a player, or manager, who is revered by the fans... loved by the fans... even deified by the fans.

Someone whose ability lifts himself, and the club, to a different level. Someone whose ability is so outrageous that coming generations will find it hard to accept the sheer alchemy attributed to that one player.

It's often said that no individual is bigger than the club but occasionally - very, very occasionally - a player comes along who comes close to turning that eternal truth on its head.

Hughie Lindsay is one such individual. No question. And I

never even saw him play!

Frustratingly, I missed Hughie's final appearance for the Stones by just a couple of games: Saturday August 16th 1969 was the last time he pulled a blue jersey over his head - the final appearance after seven years and 321 games in Wealdstone colours.

Seven years in midfield tandem with his great pal and fellow England and Great Britain amateur international Charlie Townsend. Seven years illuminating Lower Mead and driving our great club on from a middling Athenian League side to one of the great names of Amateur football by the mid-1960s.

*Then Wealdstone coach Dave Underwood decided that he wanted a change.*

'It was quite a shock really - a real surprise' said Hughie when I finally got to ask the 79-year-old questions I'd been puzzling over for almost 50 years.

'I'd been a mainstay in the Wealdstone side ever since rejoining the club from Kingstonian in 1962, averaging about 25 goals a season from midfield'. (According to the Wealdstone 'bible' he scored an amazing 174 goals in those 321 games).

'And that season had started with a win over Maidstone, a draw with Wycombe Wanderers

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and finally a 6-1 win at Bromley. Then there was a home mid-week Isthmian league game with Oxford City, and I turned up as usual and was preparing to get changed when someone told me I wasn't in the team. The coach, Dave Underwood, never even spoke to me."

**I**t transpired that the Stones had signed the young England amateur international inside forward John Connell from Enfield - and Hughie knew his time was up.

"If I'm honest, I knew my powers were on the wane but I was still really upset. I stormed off to Hampton, who I knew were keen to sign me, and put pen to paper that very evening.

"In retrospect it was the worst thing I could have done... Hampton were in the Spartan League in those days, a couple of levels below the Isthmian League, and the football was frenetic. Everyone charged about like lunatics.

"I had just turned 30 and was used to playing for a team that tried to slow things down and control the tempo. If I'd just waited a few days there were several Isthmian clubs who wanted to sign me - but I'd made my decision and wanted to honour it.

"Hampton was just around the corner from where I lived - and still do - and they were a lovely little club with some good people. The chairman was a young comedy writer called Alan Simpson (who created the bril-

liant *Steptoe & Son* with Ray Galton, and worked with Tony Hancock) and I'd been on summer tours with the club. I ended up staying there for three or four years but by then, the early 1970s, the game was all about workrate and athleticism - not really my thing. But the chairman opened my eyes to another world of showbiz... I played cricket and golf with him but couldn't really afford to mix in his circles!"

Hughie retired from playing in 1973 and spent a few years coaching at Hampton and Kingstonian. In his working life he was a maths teacher at Bishop Tennyson Grammar School, near the Oval, and at Sheen Grammar School, and then later became a lecturer of Maths & Statistics at Richmond Upon Thames College.

"I took early retirement at the age of 52 and then taught a bit part time. And since then I've mainly been playing golf!" he laughed.

**H**ughie has become a bit of regular this season at the Vale, after years of only seeing us at Kingstonian

and Hampton, close to his home at Teddington.

"The first time was for the 'Field of Dreams' game when Wealdstone first took over at Ruislip ten years ago - I was actually going to play, having still been playing veterans football at the time, but the pitch was actually dangerous, all rutted and potholes everywhere. At my age it would have been foolhardy to play.

"But I watched and met up with some some old faces like Viv Evans, Bernie Bremer and Matt Farrall who'd come down for the sporting dinner with Stuart Pearce the previous night.

"When I next visited, during the 2013-14 promotion season the pitch was beautiful. I think that's the biggest advance now, grassy and true pitches - in my day the biggest problem was controlling the ball and 'reading' the pitch. Lower Mead wasn't as bad as some but they were all quagmires in winter and dust bowls in the spring, often barely a blade of grass except on the wings.

"I've had the honour of playing at Wembley a few times and, to be honest, the players just weren't equipped to play on that sort of surface! A grassy pitch was a real luxury".

So what did the Hughie think about the standard of play when he first returned to see us face Leiston in the Ryman League winning season, 2014?

"I was very impressed, particu-



▲ Hughie (right) is pictured at Lower Mead in 1964 with fellow England internationals Charlie Townsend (left) and skipper John Ashworth

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larly by the two central defenders. They used the ball well and played off one another. And the lad Glenn Little – very elegant. Knew what he was doing all the time.”

Hughie was a regular watcher at Hampton for many years, but mainly because of his pal Ray Simpson who died 18 months ago.

“To be honest I’ve always favoured Wealdstone over Hampton and I’ve thoroughly enjoyed watching the Stones over the past couple of years - I’ve always been made very welcome and it’s a good place to watch football”.

What about the performances, though? I asked him.

“It’s very hard for the manager to get a settled side with so many changes; the team is in a state of flux at the moment but there are some very good players. I think it will get a lot better next season”.

So Hughie, would you have enjoyed playing in the 21st century?

“Oh, I don’t know. The game has changed so much. Over the last 40 years there have been so many different phases – first you had to be superfit, then it was the long ball game (which put English football back 30 years in my opinion) and now the international team still gives the ball away.

“Our ethos, at Wealdstone in the 1960s, was to keep the ball in midfield and then gamble a bit in the final third by taking on defenders, or trying to thread the ball through to the forwards. This current team had a spell trying to play the same way, being patient to create openings. But the problem at Lower



▲ Wealdstone fans at Stamford Bridge for the 1966 semi-final. Bit like the Bulla!

Mead 50 years ago was often the crowd – they wanted to see blood and guts and the ball in the opposition half while we were trying to probe and move the opposition around.

“Perhaps we were a bit ahead of our time but we had some excellent players. I do think though, that if anything we underachieved during my eight years there. We kept getting knocked out of the Amateur Cup – that was the big thing in those days - by little clubs like Letchworth and Carshalton. And when we finally made it to the Final in 1966 we were very lucky!

**W**e weren’t at our best in any of the rounds really, and then came up against Alvechurch in the semi-final at Stamford Bridge in April. It wasn’t nerves – we just didn’t play well. Alvechurch were big and strong, it was windy and the pitch hardly had a blade of grass on it – a bit different to nowadays. But we held on and scored a freak winner. Brian Allen put in a deep cross from the touchline and the wind helped the ball carry over the keeper into the far corner of the net.

“I’d been to Wembley before, with Kingstonian in 1960, but we’d lost 2-1 to Hendon after leading with just a few minutes to go. So when we heard we’d be facing Hendon again I was

determined to win this time.”

All the press reports of the 1966 final (arguably the club’s finest hour with a 3-1 victory over Hendon in front of a 45,000 crowd) heap praise on the midfield mastery of the Stones’ Lindsay and Townsend... but the man himself brushes aside any credit.

“What do I remember of the Final? Well, it was a good day out! We were looking forward to being shown around the stadium on the Thursday before the game, and getting a feel of the pitch but it was under six inches of snow! In April!

“Fortunately it thawed out quickly, but of course two days later it was still very heavy. A lovely surface though – very different to what we were used to. Hendon were the favourites to win, mainly because they’d been there before. They’d won the cup only the previous year, beating Crook Town.

“But we had the edge right through the game, helped by their best player Jimmy Quail being injured and not starting the game. Dave Bassett had also broken his leg in a park game a few weeks before and was missing – we took advantage and, though we left it late, we deserved to win.”

So was that the highlight of your football career?

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THE SUNDAY EXPRESS LONDON APRIL 17 1966

# WEALDSTONE OWE TRIUMPH TO HUGH LINDSAY

Hendon 1 Wealdstone 3: by DENIS COMPTON

MY OLD club Hendon (then Hampstead Town), for whom, I am reluctant to divulge, I played 30 years ago, failed in their efforts to retain the Amateur Cup. They can, however, have no recriminations or excuses, for Wealdstone won in the most decisive manner.

Wealdstone, very definitely the underdogs before the start, gave a display of magnificent and intelligent football which Hendon were never able to compete with. The man of the match was Hugh Lindsay, Wealdstone's international inside left.

His glorious distribution and tremendous shooting power brought inspiration and stimulation to all his colleagues especially in the forward line.

He was the main architect in all their precision, short-passing moves and they consistently left the Hendon defence floundering.

## WRONG TACTICS

Hendon relied mainly on the long ball. These tactics I considered were wrong under such conditions. Yet although the contrasts in style were quite pronounced, the spectacle was exciting and absorbing throughout.

Hendon got off to the ideal start when they took the lead after four minutes. A corner taken by David Hyde was punched out weakly to centre-half Geoff Kiddy, who hooked the ball into the net.

Hendon moved with marked authority for the next 10 minutes, and it looked as if their task was going to be a comfortable one.

Yet suddenly and quite dramatically the Wealdstone boys weathered the storm and recovered their poise.

They started to hold the ball, racing to the open spaces. And made every pass felt. Two glorious shots from Lindsay went desperately close, and a beautiful header from Jim Cooney crashed against goalkeeper Swannell's legs.

Wealdstone kept up their relentless assaults and international

Swannell was surprisingly shaky under pressure.

The well-deserved equaliser came after 40 minutes. Bobby Childs took possession on the left wing and his low right-foot shot from an acute angle went in as Swannell dived much too late.

After the interval Swannell temporarily made amends when he saved brilliantly from the menacing Lindsay.

Wealdstone continued to dominate play and centre forward Cooley was a most dangerous leader, making full use of the promptings of Lindsay.

Against the run of play Hendon had one golden opportunity, but centre forward Swain failed lamentably from six yards.

'This turned out to be their last opportunity.

Just when we were all thinking of extra time Wealdstone got their just reward. Four minutes from time a corner taken by Allen on the right was headed down to Bremer and his half-hit shot rolled slowly over the line.

Then just on the stroke of time another Lindsay pile-driver was only parried by Swannell, and the oncoming Childs swept the ball into the net.

Both sides had revealed remarkable powers of stamina, but Wealdstone had played great football as well and thoroughly deserved their triumph.

Bill Fisher, Hendon team manager, said: "Well, let's face it, we went out to the better side. The thing that surprised us most about Wealdstone was the manner in which they quickly settled down."

Vince Burgess Wealdstone coach, said: "You have got to be tremendously proud of 11 players who are a goal down in five minutes and fight back non-stop to a glorious victory in their first appearance at Wembley."



Keeper John Swannell dives to rob inside right Bobby Childs, of Wealdstone's F.A. Amateur Cup Final triumph, at Wembley.

Amateur Cup Final coverage: Former Hendon player (and England cricketer) Denis Compton wrote in the Sunday Express that 'Wealdstone thoroughly deserved their triumph'. Left: the Stones' Cup Final strip was supplied by Southgate's Don Goodman Sports. The invoice states: No charge.

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"No, actually I don't think so. That was playing for Great Britain in the Rome Olympics of 1960. An amazing experience. (It was the only time that GB had qualified for the finals of the Olympics, although we had a team in the 2012 London Olympics under Stuart Pearce).

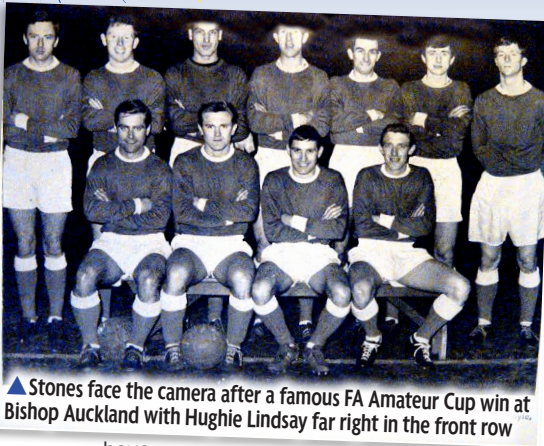
"Our 19-man squad was selected in matches between the four home nations.

"We played in a group with Brazil, Italy and China and although it was supposed to be all-amateurs there were some great players involved.. the Eastern European countries were really army teams, full-time professionals paid a wage to play, while the Italians for instance could play professionals up to the age of 19.

"Our first game was against Brazil in Livorno, and the South Americans had four players (including Gerson) who later played for the full side in World Cups. There were no substitutes in those days and our full-back Tommy Thompson broke his leg when we were 2-1 ahead. It was really tough playing 10 against 11 and we finally lost 4-3 in a great game.

**“W**e then faced Italy in Rome in our second game.

Another full house at the Stade Flaminio, which is now a rugby stadium. I've got film of the second half with a terribly biased commentary by Kenneth Wolstenholme! We drew 2-2 on a hot night and maybe should



▲ Stones face the camera after a famous FA Amateur Cup win at Bishop Auckland with Hughie Lindsay far right in the front row

have won, but we were effectively eliminated that night as Italy beat Brazil to win the group and qualify for the semi-finals. We then beat China 4-3 in our last game to finish third in the group but it wasn't enough".

Yugoslavia won the competition, beating Denmark in the final, and Great Britain were beaten in qualifiers for the 1964, '68 and '72 Olympics before 'amateur' football was officially abolished by the FA.

That elimination in 1964 still rankles with Hughie to this day. "We had to play Greece in a qualifier over two legs, and were confident after beating them at Stamford Bridge in the first game" he said.

"But I was dismayed when I was denied time off from my teaching job to play in the second leg in Athens. Then that turned to joy when the game was postponed because of the death of the King of Greece... it was played a couple of weeks later in the Easter holidays so of course I could get time off then. We were beaten and lost 4-3 on aggregate – but there

was another sting in the tail because the Greeks had played a professional in the first leg at Chelsea and were disqualified!

"Talk about complicated! We were all set to be reinstated, and ready to play France in another qualifier for the Tokyo Games when the organisers realised that the schedule was too tight due to the Greece game

being put back. And they just disregarded us and put France through to the next round!

"I've still not forgiven the King of Greece for dying!"

**T**he high standard of amateur football in the '60's was illustrated when Great Britain faced Bulgaria at Wembley in an Olympic Qualifier in early 1968. Britain won 1-0, and a few months later the same Bulgaria team (all Army players) returned to face the full England team in a friendly and drew 0-0 with Alf Ramsey's World Champions!

"Yes, a lot of players preferred to stay as amateurs if they had a decent job" said Hughie. "The maximum wage in the pro game was £20 a week, only going up once that was abolished in 1961 but still not a lot for most players. As an amateur you were paid expenses and of course that varied a lot from club to club. Even the pro clubs 'bumped' up your money – I remember going training with

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one of the London pro clubs (I won't name them) and being asked to claim travel expenses when I arrived. I went on the train with my railcard but the club suggested the full fare plus a taxi from Hammersmith station!"

Hughie was one of the highest-profile amateurs of his day and courted by several professional clubs. In 1960 he signed (as an amateur) for Second Division Southampton and made two appearances against Leyton Orient and Stoke. Hughie refused to forsake his teacher training and turn pro, but the Saints kept his League registration until 1966 when they were promoted to the top flight.

Instead, Hughie stayed touchingly loyal to Wealdstone – only to be repaid by coach Underwood's rejection in 1969.

### ***Surely he should have stayed at Lower Mead and fought for his place?***

"I was simply told that the club wanted to sign John Connell and that was it. He took my role and those days the team was pretty much fixed, with just one substitute who was usually an impact player – a forward, ready to bring on to change the game. You have to understand that clubs didn't have big squads in those days, it was pretty much 13 or 14 players and you'd see the same 11 every week for months."

So didn't players get injured in those days? "Well, I think we played with niggling injuries. We often played through the pain – I

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Joy reflected in spectators' faces as the winning goal is scored.

## LINDSAY'S GREAT WINNER

Wealdstone 6, Stevenage 5

NEVER in front until a 35-yard free kick by Hugh Lindsay screamed into the net in the last minute. Wealdstone achieved a fantastic 6-5 win over Stevenage in the third qualifying round of the F.A. Cup at Lower Mead on Saturday.

Saving a seemingly lost cause, Lindsay had completed a hat-trick in seven minutes and scored for the fourth time after the professionals had held and lost the last four times.

Small wonder a section of the 2,539 crowd erupted on to the field to cheer their heroes off, as indeed some of them had done a couple of minutes earlier, believing Cashmore's unsuccessful effort to hook Lindsay's shot off the line to be the last kick.

Stevenage afterwards attributed their defeat to the referee, Mr. D. S. Adey, who ordered the former 'Spurs and England' forward, Brooks, off the field for bad language just before the interval.

The fact is that without him, Stevenage were leading 5-3 with only seven minutes to go. They then collapsed before a magnificent rally that was slow to build up but irresistible when it got under way.

An 83rd minute penalty was an obvious one, the ball being handled when destined for the net; the equalizer was beyond dispute; and Lindsay's last superb shot will be remembered for years.

Normally sympathy might be felt for a team so near success when a player short. But Stevenage merited none. Some of their tackling was nothing short of brutal, the wingers Bremer and Allen being the special target.

All this marred a match that exploded into action with three goals in the first seven minutes. With Goymer still unfit and Childs failing a late test, Wealdstone began apprehensively, the ball quickly being put back three times to Smith.

This did nothing to increase the young goalkeeper's confidence and after two minutes

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he was beaten by a low shot by Sheriffs, who seized his chance when an attempted clearance by McKendry was charged down.

But Wealdstone were at once head kick by Dilsworth being thumped into the back of the net by Cooley, and it was then hammer-and-tongs. Chandler shooting well for Stevenage and Cooley forcing Peacock to save at the foot of the post.

After seven minutes Stevenage were in front again, Cashmore going through unchallenged when a Wealdstone attack broke down and Walker stationing himself near the far post to nod the expected centre home.

As Wealdstone stormed back the visitors panicked and a profusion of corners and free-kicks and Dilsworth made the score 2-2 by forcing the ball home from close range after Cooley's shot had been blocked.

That was after 21 minutes and Stevenage were still under pressure. 13 minutes later when a good shot by England from 30 yards out got past Smith to put Wealdstone behind for the third time.

With the interval near came Brooks' dismissal. After a bad foul on Alan Townsend lobbed the ball into the penalty

area and Mr. Adey ruled that a forward had been fouled.

The decision seemed harsh and there were vehement protests before Lindsay was able to take the kick and lap the ball past Peacock. The protest redoubled and Brook was sent off.

Re-appearing with a leg heavily bandaged as the result of first-half "marking" Brems was badly brought down right at the start of the second half. Another name was taken and Stevenage had lost their last impartial friend.

Yet Wealdstone seemed quite unable to capitalize on their numerical advantage and Stevenage took up the running.

England was especially dangerous and when Doyle, an almost impeccable, steady influence in the first half, pulled him down just inside the area, Cashmore easily scored from the penalty spot. Almost immediately Sherriff was unlucky to see a hard shot bounce off Smith for a corner and with Wealdstone still off the boil a fifth goal by Walker after the minutes promised to be decisive.

But Townsend and Lindsay were continuously at work probing for openings.

At last, a dual effort between Cooley and Dilsworth induced the game's third penalty and Lindsay's powerful kick heralded a few minutes of glory and triumph, the equalizing goal being cleverly hooked in by Lindsay.

Wealdstone: R. Smith, M. Doyle, D. Richards, Townsend, J. Ashwell, McKendry, B. Allen, J. Cooley, E. Dilsworth, M. Lindsay, A. Bremer.

Stevenage: R. Peacock, M. Cashmore, T. Pettiflow, D. McAuliffe, M. Freeman, J. Sherriff, P. Walker, R. Chandler, J. Brooks, R. England.

▲ The extraordinary story of that 1965 FA Cup win over Stevenage

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remember having my big toenail hanging off my right foot for three weeks, so much so that I couldn't kick with that foot - and I was primarily right footed! So I just used my left foot until it had healed.

Thankfully Hughie had no such injury problems in the winter of 1965 when the one game came along that changed many Wealdstone supporters' lives forever.... the one game that every Stones fan of a certain vintage never stops recalling.. and the one game that every younger Stones fan wishes he (or she) had been at. To this day, it's the seminal moment of so many Wealdstone fans' lives: the 6-5 win over Stevenage at Lower Mead and THAT freekick.

"Ah" laughed Hughie, "I wondered when you'd get round to asking about that game!"

**J**ust to patch in the details, it was an FA Cup 3rd Qualifying tie against the Southern League semi-professionals. Stevenage were a very good side. But the sheer butchery of their tackles on the Stones' clever midfielders and wingers quickly lost them the support of any neutrals in the crowd.

"I think I got four goals that day, two of them penalties, but the winning goal was a bit of a dream. They had Johnny Brooks, the ex-Spurs player, sent off just before half time for complaining about our first penalty that made it 3-3. But then Stevenage got a couple



cinema. We got another penalty for handball and I just blasted it up the middle for 5-4. They lost the plot a bit and we just attacked and attacked... I managed to hook in an equaliser that their fullback nearly got off the line and some of the crowd came on the pitch thinking the game was over".

So talk us through that amazing last kick of the game, Hughie...

"Well, we won a freekick about 30-35 yards out from goal. Every time I read about it the distance seems to go up five yards or so! They just had a couple of people in the defensive wall as it was so far out. So I used my usual technique, whacking the ball with the outside of my right foot with a bit of spin and hoping it would move in the air enough to fool the goalkeeper.

"I struck the ball a bit like Carlos Alberto, the Brazilian left-back who made the ball move six yards in the air - remember that amazing goal he scored against England when the ball was aimed way beyond the far post? Well, my technique was

of cracking goals to lead 5-3 with just seven minutes left.

"It looked all up for us, but we had no option but to plunge forward. We just went mad, playing down the Lower Mead slope towards the

similar but less controlled - the ball was heavier in those days and every ball seemed to be different. I just tried to aim for the far post and hope to get some movement in the ball as it travelled. You'd look a bit daft if you aimed beyond the post and the ball just went in a straight line.

"Luckily, on the occasion I hit it very true and it bent a bit in the air. The keeper didn't even seem to move and it was in the net for the winning goal!"

**L**ong-time supporter Graham Clark described that moment as 'astounding'. "The memory of the ball hitting the back of the net, still rising, after that 35-yard missile of a freekick, will live with me forever".

Hughie reckoned that it was harder to score from close in, because of the defensive wall. 'Refs were rubbish at pacing out the ten yards... on one occasion I was almost shaking hands with the defenders! So I often used to move the back back a few yards to give myself more space."

But how did he engineer such power? He was just 5ft 7in with a slight physique - and far bigger players could only dream of hitting the ball that hard.

"It is just timing I suppose" he said. "That, and hours and hours of practice with my dad when I was growing up. He was brought up in industrial Scotland in the War years and played junior football for Vale of Leven. He coached me endlessly... though he was a bit of a pain in later years to be honest. He came to see every  
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game I ever played, even in the Rome Olympics, and was forever bending the ears of England selectors at Lower Mead. I tried to ban him from coming to games!"

Hughie's penalty technique was also memorable. He never seemed to miss, just lashing the ball into the top of the net with his trademark power.

"After missing a couple I changed my style to simply latching the ball as hard as I could. Although, many years

later I took one for Hampton and the ball hit the crossbar so hard it rebounded down to the other end of the pitch and the opposition scored!

"But my main memory of those happy years at Wealdstone was the social side. Every Saturday night after the game there would be a band, or a dance, in the Lower Mead social club and nearly every player would be there with his wife and family. And often if you were playing the Enfields

and Hendons, their players and families would be there too.

"You formed some great friendships - in fact my wife, Anne and I still go on holiday every year with Tony Slade and Dave Leonard (two team-mates from the 1960s) and their wives. We go to Portugal, play golf and have a marvellous time. And reminisce a bit!"

And when it comes to playing golf I bet Hughie sinks a mean 35-yarder. With a bit of spin of course...

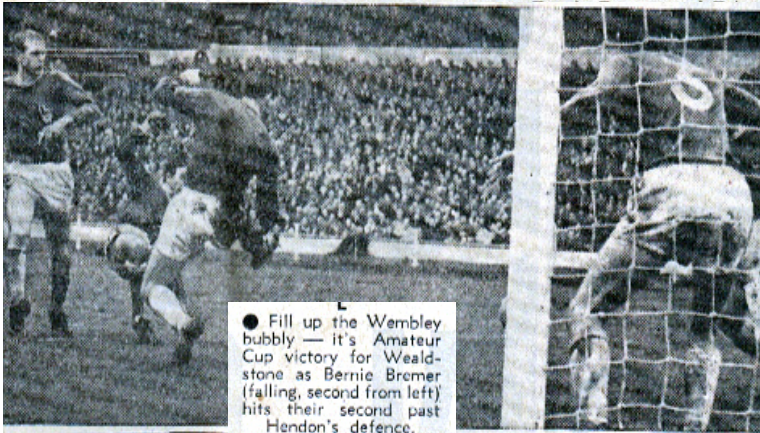
*The People Sunday April 17, 1966*

# Hendon retreat lets in Lindsay

Hendon 1, Wealdstone 3 By JOE HULME

**BRILLIANT** Hugh Lindsay stamped his authority on the Amateur Cup Final. He made sure the trophy would go to Wealdstone for the first time. The tactics of using Lindsay, with his immaculate ball control and made-to-measure passes and Charlie Townsend, with his impeccable ball control and made-to-measure passes and Charlie Townsend, with his impeccable ball control and made-to-measure passes on the slippery Wembley turf.

These two had Bobby Cantwell and his fellow defenders slipping all over the pitch. Wide gaps were created for the fast-running Bobby Childs and wingers



● Fill up the Wembley bubbly — it's Amateur Cup victory for Wealdstone as Bernie Bremer (falling, second from left) hits their second past Hendon's defence.

Bernie Bremer and Brian Allen.

A jubilant Lindsay said afterwards: "The space left by Hendon's defensive tactics was fine. I always play it by ear, though sometimes I'm a bit off-tune."

It was sweet revenge for Lindsay, too. He was in the Kingstonian side beaten by Hendon in the final six years ago.

Hendon scored in the fifth minute through Geoff Riddy. Despite this shock Wealdstone calmly played their way through the shakedown period and exploited Hendon's mistaken tactics of pulling Roy Sleep back in defence.

Explained Bill Fisher, the Hendon coach: "We planned for an early goal and then to stay on the attack. But we were not allowed to. Wealdstone pushed us back and kept coming at us."

Townsend and Lindsay revealed in the midfield freedom and set up move after move to threaten Swannell. He was surprised by the speed of Bobby Childs' 23-yard angled shot off the turf and dived too late to prevent the equaliser.

Swannell also knocked down a fierce drive in injury time but the ball only ran to Childs who cracked it into the empty net.

A few minutes earlier Bremer had put Wealdstone in front.

The injury hoodoo struck again in this fast-moving game. David Shacklock went off for five minutes late in the game with a washed shin and Welsh cap John Evans had treatment for a leg injury after colliding with Lindsay.

**HENDON:** Swannell 5; Hagwood 6, Riddy 7, Cantwell 6, Cooner 6; Shacklock 6, McVann 8, Slean 7; Churton 6, Swell 6, Nye 6.

**WEALDSTONE:** Gosmar 6; Doyle 6, Ashworth 7, Dillworth 7, Souding 8; Townsend 8, Lindsay 6; Allen 6, Childs 7, Cooley 6, Bremer 6. Referee: N. Burtenshaw (Norfolk) 8.

The Sunday People report underlines the role Hughie Lindsay played in the Stones' renaissance in the final, alongside his England pal Charlie Townsend