

WHO PUT
THE BALL
IN THE
MARGATE
NET?



Charlie Penny's moment of fame as his goal on a wonderful night by the seaside clinched the title.. and then (below) he got the party started in the final game against Carvey



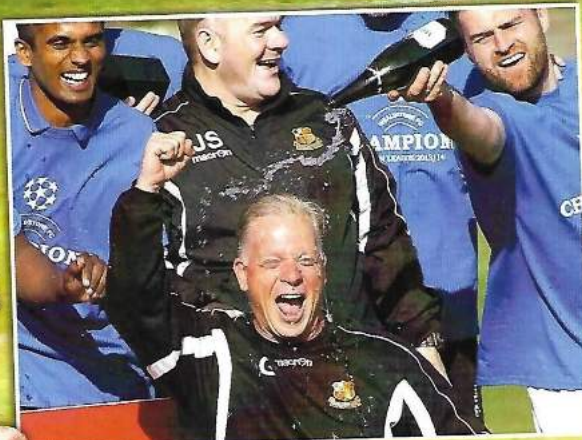
Below: the top team behind this souvenir booklet.. from left Tim Parks, Martin Read, Martin Lacey and Mark Hyde



Personal Cars
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Main image: Peter Dean's fairytale moment... to score the final goal of the season, in the final minute of the final game of the season. Just look at the joy on everyone's faces!

Right: And I think Gordon the Gaffer deserved a bottle of bubbly all to himself. Thanks Elliott!



THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

The story of Wealdstone Football Club's 2013-14 Ryman League Championship

Wes Parker

Price: £5 Every copy signed by skipper Wes Parker & manager Gordon Bartlett



Pictures by Steve Foster, Jon Taffel and Alan Palmer

INTRODUCTION HOWARD KRAIS

AN OVERWHELMING SENSE OF PRIDE



People often ask me what it means to be the chairman of this Football Club. Like any leader, one of the main things it means is having an overview of the whole club. This is far more than just the first team, but everything we try to do on and off the field.

It is a role I am honoured to do at Wealdstone Football Club, and that is because as a club I believe we are unique. We are certainly unlike any club I know, whether at our level or above.

What is special about Wealdstone FC? I'd say the answer to that is easy. We are truly 'a club', not a group of individuals. Most non-league clubs operate on a small number of volunteers but we have so many people who are willing to give up their time, or money to get involved and to help in any way they can to take the club forward.

And this sense of everyone being in it transmits itself to the management team and the players. Throughout this season there has been a great sense

of togetherness across the Club. Everyone has played their role and consequently everyone shares in our success.

We are one of the original supporters-run clubs. We don't have a 'sugar daddy' or anyone who puts in untold riches. We are used to tough times and know what it's like not to be able to do all the things that we would like to do. We spend what we can afford and focus our efforts where we can drive success. As a result our approach and our professionalism is known and respected throughout football.

Being a football club means that results on the pitch will always be the first measure of how we are doing - but they are not the only measure. But look at how we've improved the Ruislip site. Look at the fantastic year on year growth of our attendances. Look at the players we've brought to the club. And look at so many other things, such as the construction of the Bulla Stand or the success and growth

of our Ladies team to see how well we are doing.

Winning the Ryman League is the icing on the cake. It proves you can be successful by doing the right things. It proves good guys can come first. It shows we are doing it right.

We will enjoy this moment and then we will get on and start planning properly for next season, and beyond. In fact that's already started.

Looking at the six years I have been Chairman I have a huge sense of pride over what we have achieved, not just this season. I am excited by our future and I know that, together, we will continue doing what we need for Wealdstone FC to go from strength to strength.

Howard Kraiss

Chairman

MONTH BY MAGNIFICENT MONTH



A 2013-14 season that ended in record-breaking glory began with pundit Alan Ainsworth completely writing off our chances in the Stones programme's Ryman League predictions! He predicted Lowestoft to end up flying the Champions flag, with Canvey Island, Kingstonian, Maidstone and Leiston filling the play-offs slots. Wealdstone would "just come up short" and finish seventh... gives his own personal view on an extraordinary campaign that confounded so many people's expectations



▲ AUGUST 12TH SAW THE BULLA STAND PACKED FOR ITS FIRST COMPETITIVE MATCH



The squad - as photographed at the beginning of the season.

Summer 2013: What a washout...

We'd suffered a season that ended in the crushing disappointment of a second successive play-off semi-final defeat, a last-gasp goal snatching away our dreams of promotion. A summer that saw the departure of four big players, the beating heart of a successful Stones for several years: **RICHARD JOLLY, ALEX DYER, LEE CHAPPELL** and **CHRIS O'LEARY**...

Then there was a poorly-judged hike in season ticket prices that left the fans bitter and a suggested reduction in the playing budget that had long-serving manager **GORDON BARTLETT** seriously considering resignation.

That was the depressing scenario in May last year. A long summer beckoned. A team

depleted, a club in stagnation, potentially a year of decline. But this is Wealdstone. It's been said that disappointment makes the weak weaker, and the strong stronger....

Well, we should know by now that when adversity threatens there is a fire, a determination and a sheer bloody-mindedness to get this club moving back in the right direction - and that's exactly what happened this time thirteen months ago.

I shouldn't name names. But when Stones' President **PAUL RUMENS** returned from a short break, heard about the price hike, GB's state of mind and the club's apparent malaise he realised that something had to be done to lift everyone's spirits... and came up with the 'hare-brained idea' (in his own words) to build a new stand at the tea bar end of the ground.

The Wealdstone 'family'

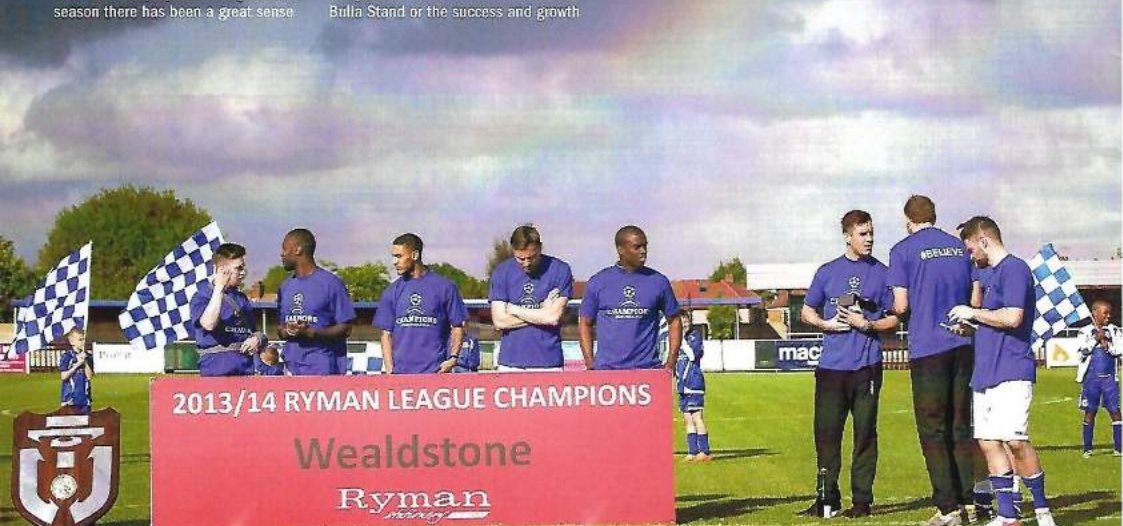
gathered round. £35,000 had to be found out of our own pockets. Remarkably, it quickly was (including a £5,000 naming deal from Stuart and Maria Coutts in memory of Stuart's father Samuel Bulla) and Mickey Kane organised our brilliant supporters in the herculean task of erecting the impressive concrete and steel construction behind the Grosvenor Vale End goal.

El Presidente had earlier phoned me to ask if it was a) a good idea, and b) achievable. I replied that a) yes, it was a fantastic idea (being one we had mulled over for years but always ruled out on the grounds of cost and common sense, regarding the short lease at the Vale) and b) he should ask Kaney if it was achievable, knowing full well that 'Bananas' and his boys can achieve pretty much anything if they put their minds to it.

Suddenly we were rejuvenated. We were a club moving in a forward direction, something acknowledged by Gordon Bartlett as being a key factor when it comes to attracting players to the Stones.

The manager's alchemy began to work. He used his contacts to persuade former Premier League star **GLENN LITTLE** - who had starred for Portsmouth against AC Milan in the Europa League just five years before - to sign on the dotted line.

Chappell was replaced by TWO quality left-backs, **JAY SIVA** and **JEROME OKIMO**. **TOMMY PETT** and **SCOTT MCGLEISH** pledged their allegiance to the Stones. Former Gillingham and Southern midfielder **MARK BENTLEY** joined a few months later to replace O'Leary. And Oxhey Jets' 98-goal machine **LEWIS PUTMAN** was persuaded that his golden future lay at the Vale.





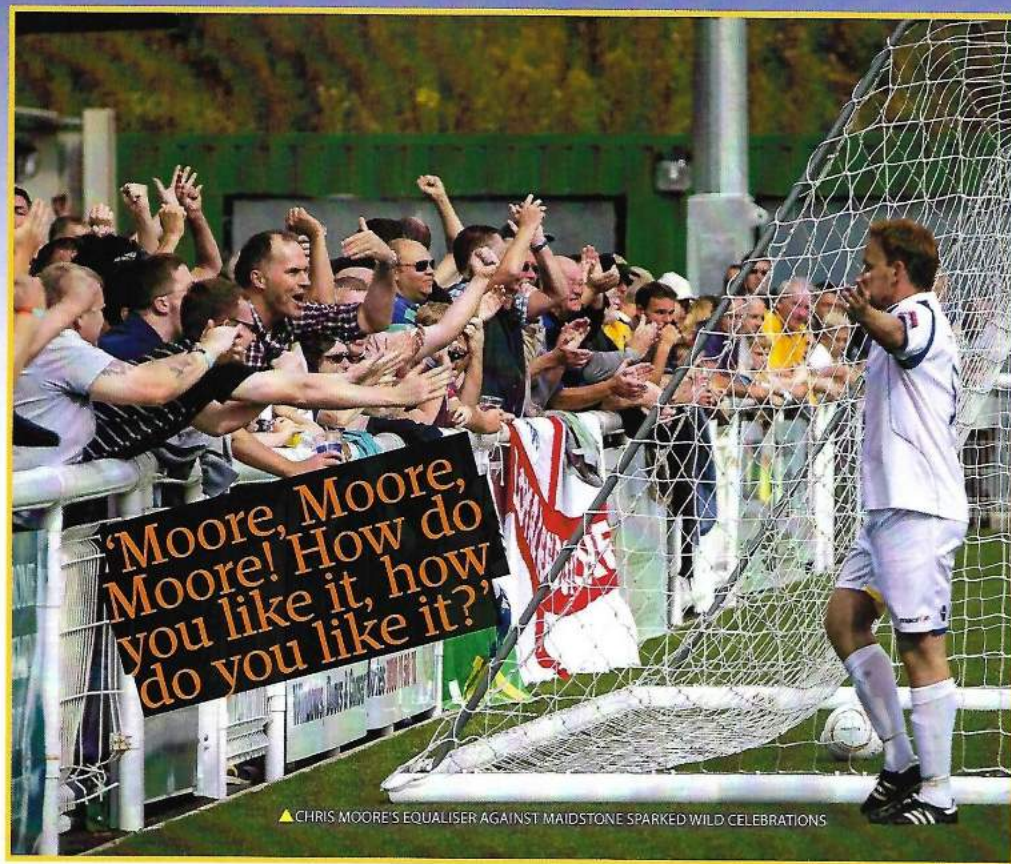
▲ POOR LEWIS PUTMAN - CROCKED BEFORE THE SEASON EVEN BEGAN, BUT WHAT AN OPTION FOR US IN 2014/15...



▲ AGAINST CHELSEA, PAUL RUMENS' CRAZY IDEA, THE BULLA STAND, WAS INAUGURATED



▲ STONES FANS TRAVELLED EN MASSE TO THE OPENING LEAGUE MATCH VS. MAIDSTONE



▲ CHRIS MOORE'S EQUALISER AGAINST MAIDSTONE SPARKED WILD CELEBRATIONS

Former Gillingham and Southend midfielder **MARK BENTLEY** joined a few months later to replace O'Leary. And Oxhey Jets' 98- goal machine **LEWIS PUTMAN** was persuaded that his golden future lay at the Vale.

The momentum was with us. The sensible re-jigging of season ticket prices appeased the fans and, just six weeks on from the agony of that play-off defeat, the summer was bursting with promise rather than trepidation.

JULY AND AUGUST

My first friendly was the game at Hitchin and, sure enough, we looked a tight and creative squad. **ADAM MARTIN** had joined from Slough - a player GB had 'been after for years' - and he smashed the only goal, with Putman looking

a class act up front. The loss of Jolly had been a real worry but now we had the prospect of the mercurial McGleish (missing for the opening couple of weeks) in tandem with a man who'd scored for fun in the South Midlands League the previous season.

But then: Disaster. Putman tore knee ligaments in a friendly against Hayes & Yeading. That was the first of four successive warm-up defeats (including defeats at the less-than-daunting Uxbridge and AFC Hayes) and the Stones contingent in the 1,000 crowd for the final, prestigious friendly against the Chelsea under-21 side at the Vale feared a total mauling by the Premier League youngsters.

But the Stones stepped up to the plate. We even took the lead when **CHRIS MOORE** (our lone surviving experienced striker) was felled in the box

and rammed the penalty home. Chelsea finally exerted a stranglehold and deserved their 4-1 win, but this was a strong performance against a quality side.

Could we repeat it in the Ryman League opener at go-ahead and newly-promoted **MAIDSTONE UNITED** - probably the toughest start we could have been handed? In front of a terrific 2,200 crowd at their new Gallagher Stadium (with its controversial plastic pitch) we quickly had the answer as the Real Stones bedded in a new 4-5-1 formation, looking solid at the back, creative and fast-breaking in the middle.

Lone striker Chris Moore got our equalising goal, taking advantage of quick thinking by Peter Dean and Pett. We might even had won all three points in added time as another new midfielder - Jack Hutchinson -

danced past three challenges and hit the post.

It was hugely encouraging. And with our next two games against **BOGNOR** and **WINGATE & FINCHLEY** at the buzzing Vale - with its fabulous new Bulla Stand - surely it would be seven points in the bag? Alas and alack! Both ended 2-2 and we were rooted in mid-table. Three points from three games.... Okay, the boss had warned that it could take a couple of months for all the new players to gel, and the loss of Putman was a huge blow, but suddenly the harbingers of doom were climbing onto their soap boxes and clearing their throats.

The next two games were both away, and the epitome of trickiness: **HAMPTON & RICHMOND** (the last team to beat us in a competitive game, 3-1 the previous April) and bitter rivals Harrow Borough. This was real

Potential for Disaster Time. No wins in five games? That would be an incredibly disappointing start to the season, even bearing in mind GB's pleas to allow his new signings to settle in. But the Stones came out roaring that Tuesday night at the Beveree, producing a performance of grit and verve. With Jerome Okimo giving the defence more solidity, Tom Pett and Jey Siva roaming the wings and Scott McGleish making his first start alongside fellow veteran Moore we took the game to Hampton and Peter Dean settled the 3-0 win with an audacious clincher - stealing the ball after a defensive misunderstanding and slotting home from an angle, way out by the touchline.

We were up and running now, fully deserving the points from a 2-0 win at Borough... although it seemed an age before we finally made the second

half breakthrough. The roar as Chris Moore bulged the Harrow net took the decibel count at Earlsmead higher than... well, higher than the last time we played there.

Stones were now up to eighth in the table and the visit of **ENFIELD TOWN** - just two days later on August Bank Holiday Monday - assumed the mantle of 'straightforward home win'. Hadn't we taken Enfield apart 4-1 at the Vale the previous season? And beaten them twice at Donkey Lane, 2-1 in the league and 6-1 in the County Cup the year before?

Yet this game became, for me, a huge indicator of the season to come. Quite simply, the Town played us off the pitch for the opening half an hour. We were 1-0 down and going nowhere. Glen Little was sitting on the bench, looking agitated, and then suddenly - in an

unprecedented move - Gordon made an early substitution with the off-colour Deano the victim.

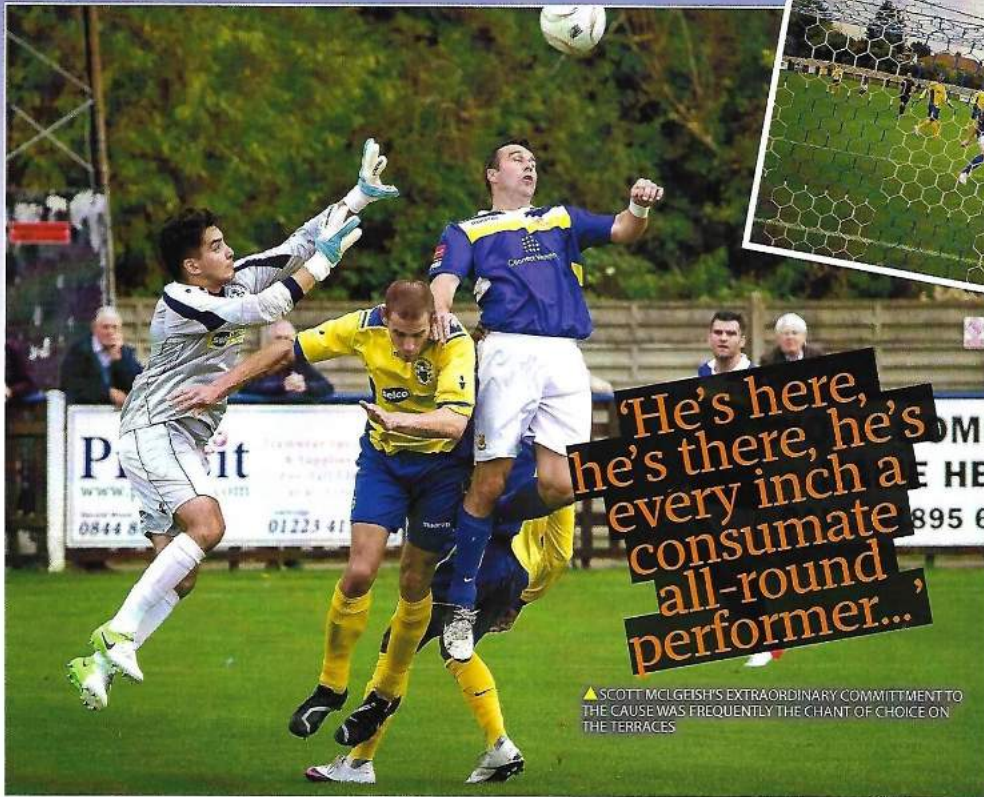
We weren't expecting fireworks. Little, still suffering an old knee injury, had only been able to offer the odd cameo appearance up to that point. Fans of the clubs he had graced in the past warned us that Glenn could 'pass teams to death' and now, in front of a 602-strong yet unbelievable crowd on the Vale's green carpet, we saw his powers wonderfully enacted.

The Enfield match report, published a few days later, fully admitted that this was a one-man masterclass and that 'Town just couldn't cope with the control, dominance and range of passing from the former Burnley, Reading and Portsmouth star, who simply took over proceedings once he was introduced on 37 minutes.' His slide-rule pass sent Tom

Pett scampering away within a couple of minutes, and a terrific cross was met by an unstoppable Chris Moore header at the back stick. An own goal from the shell-shocked behemoth at the centre of the Town defence, Chris Wild, sent us into the break an improbable 2-1 ahead and Scott McGleish (playing against his old club) and Pett himself sent the crowd home buzzing with a 4-1 win. All talk was now of Glenn Little. How could one man have dictated a game so utterly?

SEPTEMBER

The next few weeks were party time at the Vale as the Stones, seemingly inspired by their new talisman, put **GRAY WANDERERS** (7-1, league) **KINGS LANGLEY** (6-1, FA Cup), **THAMESMEAD** (2-0, league) and Haringey Borough (4-1, FA Cup)



'He's here, he's there, he's every inch a consummate all-round performer...'

▲ SCOTT MCGLEISH'S EXTRAORDINARY COMMITMENT TO THE CAUSE WAS FREQUENTLY THE CHANT OF CHOICE ON THE TERRACES



▲ JEROME OKIMO TAKES OFF DOWN THE WING AGAINST LEISTON IN OCTOBER

HARINGEY BOROUGH (4-1, FA Cup) to the sword. The Cray game was particularly enjoyable. Seven different goalscorers queued up to fire the ball past the hapless Andy Walker, still remembered for squirting supporter Miriam Goodman with water when he was the Wingate keeper. 'But that was ten years ago!' Walker cried out in disbelief. The fans' taunts rang out with every pot shot that nestled in his net.

Away from home the fine form continued. 'Moore Moore Moore, how do you like it, how do you like it' echoed from the terraces as we took the lead at fellow front-runners **AFC HORNCHURCH** and were only denied by an injury-time leveller. That came a few days after the Stones had chalked up a first-ever league win in Suffolk, Tom Pett's goal enough to beat the tricky Bury Town

side at Ram Meadow.

In the midst of that run came a 2-2 draw with also-unbeaten **LEWES** – a bit of a warning shot as we had again squandered a 2-0 lead. Moore and Pett scored the goals but there was a fragility in midfield and defence that was concerning Gordon Bartlett...

OCTOBER

...and those particular chickens came home to roost in a dreadful display when mid-table Margate were next to visit. Charles Adameno put the Kent side ahead after just two minutes and, in truth, they could have been out of sight after ten. The remaining 80 minutes were a tale of tepid Stones pressure and we had lost our unbeaten record. Ironically, **TOM HAMBLIN** – a terrific capture from Conference North side Gloucester side –

came on as sub to make his debut in this game. He had moved to London for business and family reasons, just a few weeks after **JONNY WRIGHT** had been snapped up from fellow Connie North side Workington in a similar scenario. Both players had been recommended to join the Stones... the benefits of having a good and honest reputation as a club.

Both Tom and Johnny would soon be thrust into Gordon's team as the promising start evaporated in an embarrassing 6-1 FA Cup defeat at **AFC HORNCHURCH**.

Hamblin must have wondered what he'd let himself in for as Hornchurch learned the lessons from the football masterclass Stones had served up at the same ground just weeks earlier – doubling up on Little and Pett and playing three up front to bewilder a seemingly complacent

Stones.

The 220 blue and white clad fans in the 500 crowd witnessed a rare event that season: Wealdstone outplayed. Stefan Payne, the 'Orms ex-Sutton striker, had the game of his life, claiming a deserved hat-trick although his opener after just ten minutes appeared offside. He then cracked a stunning 20-yarder for 2-0 but the game was really up when skipper Sean Cronin rashly challenged the wily Leigh Bremner out by the touchline and the eager referee showed him a straight red.

We were second best and lethargic all over the pitch, and Hornchurch took their chances well to rack up an unbelievable 6-0 lead. Only the Stones fans' gallows humour made that second half at all bearable; the puzzled looks on the gloating Hornchurch supporters' faces as we lifted the roof off the stand,

celebrating Jerome Okimo's totally pointless consolation goal, was a joy to behold. We do irony so well!

But the questions had to be answered: Could we bounce back with victory in our next game, a long seven days later at **LEISTON** in the Trophy? Would GB be ruthless with his under-performing stars? Could we earn a bit of sponsors' cash after the grievous blow of exiting the FA Cup so early?

Happily, the answer on all three counts was a resounding 'yes'. Elliott Godfrey replaced Brooks in the holding midfield role; Mark Bentley came in for an assured debut alongside Glenn Little and Okimo's power tightened up the left-back position, allowing Jey Siva a less restricted role on the left wing. It all translated into a balanced, fast-raiding performance with McGleish the lone raider up

front. Leiston, dangerous opponents at home, were routed 3-0 and the Stones had set a benchmark that would not waver for (almost) the rest of the calendar year.

Next up were newly-promoted **GRAYS ATHLETIC**. They proved a tough nut to crack and, as if to prove that the Stones were slowly gathering momentum, it took 50 minutes to make the breakthrough in front of a raucous Bulla Stand, now definitely becoming a key element in our great home form. Grays were already 1-0 ahead and – as in the Margate home defeat – might have added more but we slowly turned the screw.

Referee Mellor (I've always loved that name, whether belonging to dodgy ex Fulham and Hereford goalkeepers, or gormless gap-toothed playing-away-from-home-with-models-in-Chelsea-strip politicians) did

us a huge favour by handing Scott McGleish a penalty equaliser after a defender had inadvertently handled.

We then had our first proper sight of Jonny Wright, Wright, Wright. The Cumbrian striker, all powerful limbs and blistering pace, came on as sub for the labouring Chris Moore and, sadly, this was the beginning of the end for the popular Moore in a blue shirt. Grays didn't know which way to turn with Wright tormenting them on one flank and Tommy Pett on the other, and Hamblin and Pett netted the late goals to send all but the Grays contingent home happy. 3-1!

NOVEMBER

The FA Trophy 2nd Qualifying Round draw was a doozie; **MAIDSTONE UNITED** at home. There had been plenty of

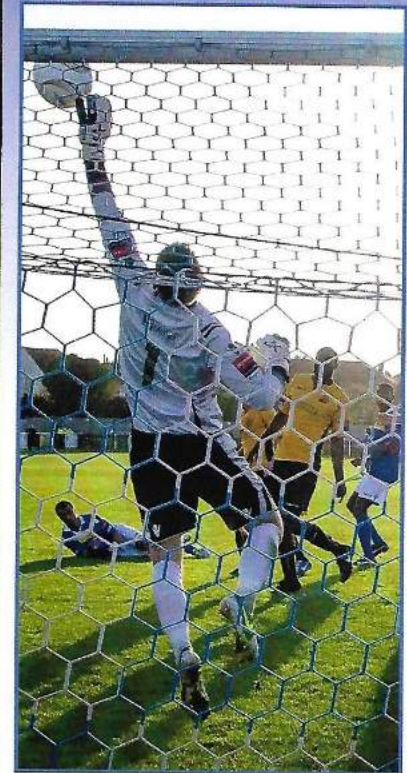
banter between the two clubs since the opening-day draw – mostly centred around beer-throwing and a lack of segregation – and there was clearly some trepidation among the 150 travelling fans. But they needn't have worried. And who couldn't take their eyes off the enthralling battle on the pitch, anyway? This was possibly the best game of the season as play ebbed and flowed from one end to the other, with the (Real) Stones surviving early scares before putting together the most accomplished half hour we'd seen for seasons.

With Jonny Wright (on his full debut) rampaging at the Kent side's back four, McGleish sharp as a tack and Pett and Little finding angles to release the fast-breaking Siva and James Hammond, we all but blew Maidstone away. It was keeper Lee Worgan against the rest as



OH, TOMMY TOMMY!

▲ TOM PETT. TORMENTED MANY A DEFENDER - AND AGAINST MAIDSTONE WAS NO EXCEPTION



header, watched Pett's effort rebound from the crossbar and then stop another better from Little. But he could do nothing to keep out Tom Hamblin's decisive header from another Pett cross. And the crowd (now packed into the new extended 'Crouch Corner' covered terracing) exploded again as Hammond and Wright interchanged brilliantly to set up McGleish for 2-0.

Wealdstone were irresistible and the game would have been all over but for an remarkable Worgan save from another point-blank McGleish effort. And yet... with a breathless crowd now just waiting for half time, some chronic indecision between Siva and Okimo allowed Alex Brown to pull a goal back. It was a pivotal moment.

Maidstone had a lifeline and in a much more even second half there were chances at either end. Frannie Collin missed two

good chances for the Ambers while Jonny Wright and Bentley were denied by Worgan yet again. And then the final agony, and controversy, in the 97th minute when referee Davies told Tom Pett he couldn't contest a drop ball deep in the Maidstone half (when we had possession and a Maidstone defender mysteriously fell to the floor). The ball, hammered towards our half, rebounded off Pett into touch and Mr Davies insisted it be re-taken. This time the ball reached our corner flag, Jonathan North played it into midfield where we promptly lost possession and... well, you know the rest. Maidstone sub Alex Flischer ran through to equalise and our hopes of another long Trophy run were extinguished.

More drama though, of course, in the Tuesday night replay at the Gallagher Stadium.

Blues fans, cruelly penned into a small corner of the stadium after their outrageous behaviour on opening day (i.e. standing with home fans who refused to change ends, and having beer thrown over them) could only stand and watch as Worgan again earned his cash with a series of saves, and rode his luck with Scott McGleish holding his head in disbelief on at least three occasions. Northy pulled off a great penalty save from Collin in the second half but, as the game again ebbed and flowed between two excellent sides, it was Maidstone's Zac Attwood who grabbed another late goal (92 minutes) to win a home tie with Conference South front-runners Eastleigh in the next round.

Stones fans, and players, woke the next morning feeling pretty grim. But revenge would soon follow. And defeat would

not be tasted again until after Christmas!

CARSHALTON rolled into Ruislip the following Saturday and everyone was now focusing on the Ryman League title. Could we put together a decent run in the nine games between now and December 21st, when leaders Maidstone next visited the Vale? The Kentish Stones were really flying, seven points ahead of us in the table with our club officials with their myriad duties) it was off to Bromley to play **CRAY WANDERERS**.

Although, to be honest, it was just like a home game... packed with Stones fans, precious few opposition supporters, while the Robins weren't going to make it easy. With the Stones attacking the Bulla Stand downhill after the break, the first half was a familiar tale of nip and tuck. We were fast realising that a half-time stalemate was no bad thing; Tom Pett had put us ahead with a scrappy goal, Adriano Moraes quickly levelling, but the second

half siege began in earnest and Elliott Godfrey, with a majestic strike, and then a typical poacher's goal from McGleish tied up another 3-1 win. With our rivals dropping points we moved up to fifth.

Next on the agenda: an away game. Yes, really! After weeks of the clash at high-flying, total-football-playing Dulwich Hamlet in a fortnight's time. Pubs were being planned, transport arranged and the worry was that we'd underestimate fast-improving Leiston, who were next at the Vale.

But the fears were unfounded. The script was laid out, McGleish was again here, there, and every blooming where, snapping up two early goals from fantastic Pett-Wright interplay. Pett made it 3-0 with Stones in total control, although inexplicably Leiston grabbed a consolation after they'd been reduced to ten men after Boardley's assault

on the battered and bruised Pettzsta.

THAT goal... Onwards to **DULWICH!** (Although there was a small matter of a midweek Ryman League Cup clash with **HARROW BOROUGH** at the Vale, the much-changed Stones bowing out 4-3 on penalties after a 2-2 draw).

Saturday, November 30th and Champions Hill was buzzing for the 4th v 3rd clash. Two great old amateur adversaries, meeting in the league for the first time in a decade. Pure football v pure football. Erzhun Oztumer v Glenn Little. The mouth watered and everyone wanted to be there.

There was the added spice of Stones' last (important) visit to Champion Hill in 2004, when Gordon Bartlett's men won the famous penalty play-off to

THAT goal...

snatch promotion to the Ryman Prem from under Hamlet's noses... the pink and blues had taken a decade to climb back up and there was a certain poignancy, and mutual respect between the fans at least.

And what a game it was! An afternoon when Wealdstone produced their most complete performance of the season against the best footballing side we'd played so far. In fact, Hamlet probably played too much football which suited GB's game plan to a tee: to concede possession, soak up the inevitable pressure and then exploit Dulwich on the break.

And it was devastating. The home side played keep-ball for much of the opening 20 minutes with Hamlet's celebrated Turkish playmaker Oztumer flitting around dangerously. But we looked impenetrable... and suddenly irresistible... and



forward. Pett and Little, and the ever-improving Luke Pigden were giving Dulwich's laissez-faire defenders kittens whenever they got on the ball and, to the delight of the 250 travelling fans, we were ahead on 34 minutes. Little slung over an inviting cross and Pigden climbed above his marker to loop his header beyond the groping fingers of home keeper Phil Taylor.

It was a feeling Taylor would get accustomed to... and very quickly. The chunky custodian was picking the ball out of his net again just three minutes later as the marauding Little swapped passes with McGleish and angled a delicious cross from the right to the far post... and then watched, in transfixed delight, as the ball arced into the far corner with Taylor floundering.

As we cavorted about the terraces, celebrating a 2-0 lead

over our rivals, it seemed that life couldn't get much better than this. But we still hadn't experienced THE MOMENT...

If you're anything like me, you've probably only watched Lawrence Mason's YouTube clip of Glenn Little's first-half injury time wonder goal, er, 30 or 40 times. And it keeps getting even better, doesn't it? Personally, I like to slow it down at the moment the aforementioned goalkeeper realises that he's just about to wave an impotent paw as a football sails beyond his gloves for the third time in 12 minutes. He looks like a fat man hailing a bus, knowing there's no way he'll get to the stop before it disappears over the horizon in a haze of diesel fumes.

But I digress. If you've yet to see our third goal that afternoon, basically Glenn Little collects a flick from Elliott Godfrey 12 yards inside his own half and

ambles towards three covering midfielders with the ball tied to his laces. Then (the first amazing bit) this 38 year-old somehow finds 20 yards of turbo-charged acceleration that takes him past the midfield bank and amongst a nonplussed defence.

Only Scott McGleish is offering any sort of passing option - and that a good 10 yards behind Little - so Super Glenn embarks on a series of step-overs and dropped shoulders that sees our hero shaking off the attentions of two centre-backs as he reaches the fringes of the penalty area.

Surely he'll be dispossessed soon? The crowd are jumping now, desperate to see what the Wizard of Dribble can conjure up. But we weren't expecting this: a sublime chip, a sand wedge of exhilarating beauty, that (as I believe I mentioned earlier) left poor Mr Wilson

clutching thin: SE22 air.

Then it was just a raucous bellow of delight from the fans - and from the players who ran from all corners of the pitch to celebrate a truly special moment.

I have friends of faith who describe a moment of Epiphany when they finally see the light... well, trying not to be sacrilegious, this was the moment when I truly believed that this season would be one to remember.

The rest of the game passed by in a bit of a blur. Dulwich were shellshocked and we might have had more than the fourth goal added by McGleish's head. Oztumer got one back. It didn't matter. We were in a state of bliss and the mirage of the Championship flag began to flutter over the Vale as we returned for more celebrations that evening. We had moved up to second in the table, a

couple of points behind AFC Hornchurch but with two games in hand.

DECEMBER

But there was still a long, long way to go. And again there was a brief interruption as **UXBRIDGE** visited Ruislip in the Middlesex Senior Cup - a game that again went to penalties after a 2-2 draw, but with the Stones this time emerging 4-3 shoot-out winners.

We were desperate to get back in the Ryman League groove for a sixth successive win. Bbut waiting at Grosvenor Vale, with a truncheon to stick in the spokes of the Stones promotion bus, were the officers of Her Majesty's **MET POLICE**. Not that (probably any) of the Met's players are policemen you understand. No, instead they are all non-League journeymen

bizarrely choosing to play under the banner of The Plod.

A works team not represented by even one member of the workforce. Financed indirectly by the taxpayer, and by a workforce who are so keen to monitor their Lottery investment that barely a dozen of them bother to turn up to watch. What is the point of that?

You might realise that I'm not a fan of clubs like the Met. Or the University Team Bath outfit of a few years ago, financed by Government education grants and able to put a 'works' team that won successive promotions while, again, watched by nobody. Why should we taxpayers fund the opposition?

Thus the Met Police turned up at Ruislip with their usual well-drilled, non-supported side. And how frustrating was it that we couldn't beat them? An early Jonny Wright goal settled us

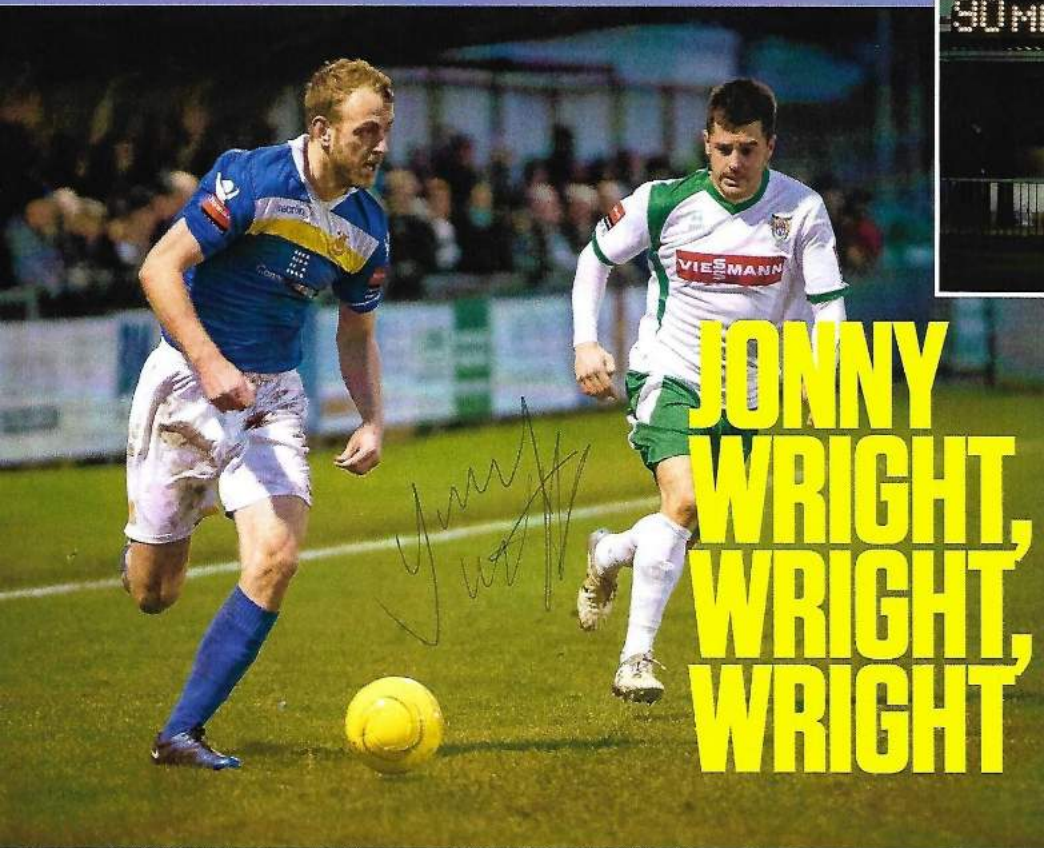
down, and (as in the case of our last few games against the Met) 1-0 would have been enough... except that on this occasion a horribly mistimed header back to Jonathan North by skipper Sean Cronin gave the Police's Charlie Collins the gift of an equaliser. And this time was lacked the guile to prise open a packed defence. It finished 1-1.

But at least we had only to wait a couple of days for our next game... the eagerly-anticipated Monday night trip to **KINGSTONIAN**. In contrast, the Ks are a proper club and they were lurking in third place, just behind the Stones, and eager to test our resilience to the full. But this was a 'mini-Dulwich' performance by GB's boys. We soaked up the pressure and went for the jugular on the break. On a misty night, Scott McGleish was the Phantom of our Opera as he pounced for

the only goal after 20 minutes and then performed a theatrical somersault to the delight of the 170 travelling fans. It might have been more but for the agility of home Rob Tolfrey - notably plunging to his right to keep out a Sean Cronin penalty in the second half - but 1-0 was enough. We were still second and now just one point behind leaders Hornchurch.

Even the old-timers were now getting a bit excited. Octogenarian Lew, a regular both home and away with his equally-aged pal John Knight, was getting through his trademark sweets at a rate of knots and confessed 'I'm enjoying this season more than any other for years. Our football is terrific, even if some of our players are only a couple of decades behind me!'

They were down on the coast at **BOGNOR** the following



JONNY WRIGHT, WRIGHT, WRIGHT

Saturday, courtesy of Miriam Tours, for another stern test. There was the worry of keeper Jonathan North's unavailability – apparently for a holiday, but what could be nicer than Butlin's just along the coast? – but Gordon signed the experienced **MIKHAEAL JAIMEZ RUIZ** on loan from Hayes & Yeading for the occasion.

He was leaping around his goal in the early stages as the Boggies threatened to extend their recent winning run. We rode our luck a bit before Mr Little took over proceedings like a benevolent Uncle becoming a little tired of indulging the kids. He first sent Tom Pett scampering away on the left to round the Rocks keeper and slide into an empty net. And then, as Bognor over-played at the back, Super Glenn stuck out a telescopic leg to steal the ball away before simply sticking it

past keeper Zawadski into the corner of the home net.

On paper, with the Rocks in a rich seam of form, this should have been a tricky game but the Stones clamped down all over the pitch and Jonny Wright clinched the point with a well-taken third from Jerome Okimo's clever pass. Dodd's late strike for Bognor was, again, just a diddy consolation.

And so, at last, the day of our titanic home clash with **MAIDSTONE UNITED** had arrived. The target had been a 'decent run' leading up the Battle Of The Stones IV... and it had turned into a fantastic run with six wins in the seven games since Carshalton, with just those two points dropped against Not Police.

Could we sustain that form against our nemesis from Kent? Well, you wouldn't have got good odds against the Other

Stones extending their hoodoo when the halftime whistle blew at Grosvenor Vale. We were 1-0 down to a tremendous Zac Attwood strike, despite again having the majority of possession and chances on a dark, rainy afternoon lit up by the terrific atmosphere at both ends of the ground.

But when that second 45 minutes began it was a different story. Wealdstone were simply a force of nature, roaring down the slope with a baying Bulla urging on the blues. We needed an early goal and it arrived within three minutes – Luke Pigden picking his way through tackles into the box like a pot man collecting empties in a crowded pub, until he was dragged down by the desperate Jack Parkinson. The Maidstone midfielder also handled the ball for good measure.

No dispute about the penalty

then... and no chance for the brilliant Lee Worgan as Sean Cronin's penalty rocketed past him to bulge the net. 1-1! This was now a game to soak up and enjoy, neither team giving an inch. Real Stones pressing hard for an opening and Maidstone ducking and diving, looking for a counterpunch of their own. The atmosphere was crackling and finally, finally, the game swayed – and possibly the whole complexion of the title race – with the slice of good fortune that had stubbornly refused to shine on us in the previous three meetings.

The wonderfully-monikered **BOBSON BAWLING** on loan from Watford, came on as sub and danced his way through the middle, jinking the ball to Tom Pett who in turn found Glen Little. Back it came to Petty, now out on the right and he took a couple of touches before

flinging the ball towards the predatory McGleish in the box. Again, the video clips are study in disappointment, anticipation, and then a Krakatoa of pure joy as Pett's cross seems to be woefully overhit before dipping and diving like a demented kite. The perplexed Worgan has no chance as the ball drops over his head and into the net at the far post! 2-1!

The noise echoes off the houses around the Vale as the blues see out time – and, in fact might have added another through the irrepressible McGleish – and then the referee is blowing his final whistle to signal a hugely significant victory that put us on top of the table at last.

I had to rush to Ruislip station to catch the Met Line back home and it struck me then, as I was walking back and joshing with dozens of Stones fans of all ages,

and seeing more delirious faces on the platform, that our club is becoming a real, vibrant part of the community and no longer a minority interest for a couple of hundred forty-somethings – as it had seemed at Northwood just a few years before. That smile didn't leave my face for the whole of Christmas.

Ah, Boxing Day in Enfield. Not unusual for me, as I had lived in EN1 for almost 30 years before moving to Harpenden last summer. And, with links to Enfield FC, and **ENFIELD TOWN** going back the three decades since I'd first reported on their games for the local paper, I knew how much this first Christmas game since the opening of the Queen Elizabeth Stadium meant to them.

Like ourselves, Enfield Town (the genetic continuation of the our old Enfield rivals, in my eyes) had been homeless

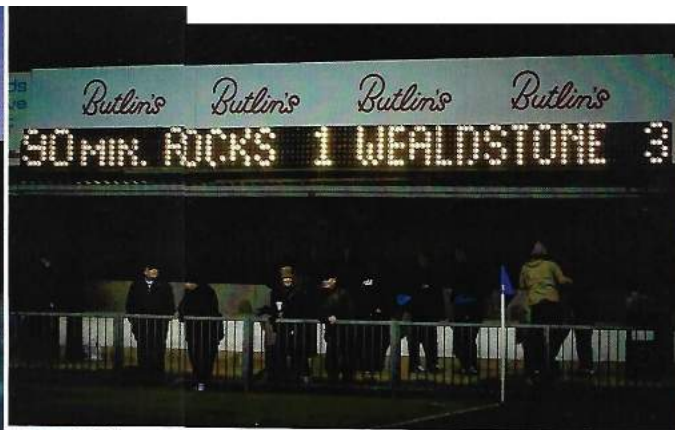
since formation in 2011, groundsharing at bleak Brimsdown Rovers until the old Donkey Lane athletics stadium was transferred for their use in 2011. Now at last they were back in Enfield town – indeed, only 400 yards across the park from their former ground at Southbury Road. Loads of the characters from the 80s glory days are now following The Towners and (not surprisingly considering the Enfield-Stones rivalry of that era) were desperate to put one over on us in their shiny new home.

And there was the added dynamic of Scott McGleish. Scotty had joined Stones from the Towners the previous season – his goals keeping them up in their first Ryman Prem campaign – and it was no secret that the veteran frontman, now coaching as his day job, was looking to get into managing

at a decent level in the near future. When manager Steve Newing was axed by Enfield Town in December, McGleish put his name forward and we had several weeks of dread, fearing we'd lose our top scorer and talisman.

But, happily for us (though perhaps not for Scotty) the Towners decided to hire George Borg instead. This seemed the perfect solution for all at Grosvenor Vale! The first game after the appointment of G.Borg was... yes, you've guessed, Boxing Day at the Donkey Dome!

The script was simply written for a virtuoso performance from our Peter Pan-esque striker... and Scott delivered big time. With astonishing athleticism, he ran Enfield ragged in the first half and grabbed his first goal, close range, from Jonny Wright's teasing low cross.





Picture: Andrew Rowland

Our ex-keeper Noel Imber was having an afternoon to forget, taking his usual ribbing from the Stones masses behind the home goal, and then the ignominy of conceding a second from McGleish. The ageless striker picked the ball up 30 yards out, ran to the edge of the box and rifled it unerringly into the bottom corner... before setting off on a run of jubilation and remonstrations to the Enfield Town bench!

Why hire an over-rated, overweight manager when you could have had a dynamic player-boss with goals in his boots?

There were many in the 600 home crowd wondering the exact same thing as Scotty continued his one-man show after the break, helping set up the alert Tom Pett for the third goal – Tom collecting on the halfturn and slotting past the

exposed Imber with ease.

There was a late scare as the Towners rallied. Liam Hope bundled one in from a corner and then new signing Bertie Brayley volleyed a fine second goal for 3-2, but it was Stones who finished well on top as Pett ran through unchallenged in the final minute to slot past Noel Imber. 4-2 winners at Enfield. Oh happy days!

My Christmas had featured the usual family gatherings and, at one, lubricated with bonhomie, I made the mistake of suggesting that my wife, two of my siblings and a nephew came to watch the mighty Stones against **HAMPTON & RICHMOND** at the Vale the following Saturday, December 28. End 2013 on a high, I thought, what could possibly go wrong? Now I don't know about you but bringing non-football people to Wealdstone is NEVER

a good idea. My wife Harriet turned IT down flat. She had an afternoon of childcare and Radio Four planned. My younger sister Lucy's not too bad. She understands the ethos. She even came to the Dulwich play-off in 2004 and got into it so much that she bought a replica shirt. Unfortunately it was a Dulwich shirt (well, pink and blue is quite fetching on a girl). My nephew Edward is an avid Watford fan so I was keen to get his comparable views on the Stones...

And as for my brother Guy, well, this was the real mistake. He's an architect. Into cars and structural engineering and, er, caravans. He's only been to watch Wealdstone twice and they were a) a 0-1 home defeat to Bletchley in 1972, and b) the 0-4 defeat at QPR in the FA Cup in 1978. Not really a lucky omen.

But they enjoyed a bit of

hospitality in the fish bar. Guy even complimented the décor. I splashed out £4 on Mark Lloyd's Predictascore having seen our full-strength team sheet. It was all going so well.

It was when we filed into the Bulla Stand and took up residence at left hand side that it all went wrong. Now, normally I stand in the centre section and enjoy a good old sing song with the Taffels, Rawals, Allens and Marshalls of this world but, well, when you've got your family with you you can't really do that can you? Instead we were standing behind Ginge and his crew and the sights, sounds and, well, the smells of Wealdstone were intoxicating. Guy wore his usual gormless expression but I caught Lucy and Edward's eye and they could have won first prize in a smirking competition.

The atmosphere was actually pretty good, with a season's best



▲ GLEN LITTLE'S ABILITY TO PICK OUT THE KILLER PASS WAS EXTRAORDINARY

Picture: Andrew Rowland

833 crowd doing their best to lift a Stones side that appeared to finally be believing its own publicity. No two ways about it, we were poor. Stones actually took the lead, kicking downhill in the first half, when Pett was clipped in a run across the area and Sean Cronin blasted the spot-kick home with gusto.

But then Hampton's game plan – much like our own away from home – exerted its iron grip, with the league's top scorer Charlie Moone looking increasingly threatening on the break.

Tom Hickey levelled in style on the half hour and that man Moone took advantage of some slack defending to put Hampton ahead right on half time. And much as we then pressed, attacking Couch Corner, keeper Rodney Chiweshe could have been stretched out on a sofa for all the on-target efforts we

mustered. Hampton's Turner fired past North for 3-1 and it was goodnight Vienna, and goodnight to my family. Don't rush back, I told Guy. 'Yes, see you for a game in another 36 years' he quipped as they waved farewell. Too soon, I thought.

JANUARY

So hello 2014! The hiccup against Hampton would surely be just that, a mere blip on the Stones' relentless march to the title. Unfortunately we had reckoned without the weather. Rain had been falling almost constantly since the start of December, but not claimed any of our home games thanks to the brilliant work of groundsmen Adam Rowland and Finger Fruin. But even that pair could not hold back the relentless rise of the water table and, by the morning of the much-anticipated New

Year's Day clash with Harrow Borough, it was (almost literally) lapping at the dugouts.

The disappointment of missing out on a 1,000 holiday crowd lengthened as successive away games at Wingate & Finchley and Hendon also fell victim to the rain. Our main rivals at that time, Maidstone United, were merrily playing games on their all-weather plastic pitch and reaping the benefits. Dulwich and Kingstonian, with their well-drained surfaces, were also getting games on and, within the space of a few weeks we had slipped down to third place.

The irony for Maidstone, of course, was that the Conference had decreed that they would not allow promotion to clubs with an artificial surface. As pressure grew from that part of Kent – not unreasonably citing that FIFA allowed World Cup qualifying games on such a

surface – the Conference clubs took a vote for acceptance... and still turned it down. The issue rumbled on for the remainder of the season with Maidstone threatening to go to the Court of Human Rights, but still not knowing if they would be allowed promotion if they finished as Champions or in a play-off spot.

Tellingly, the Ryman League altered its own rules as pressure grew. They would now allow a club with an artificial pitch to take part in the play-offs if they finished in the top five.

But all this uncertainty seemed to affect Maidstone more than any other club as the monsoon season extended into Spring. We may not have been playing many games ourselves, but all around us our promotion rivals were busily shooting themselves in the foot.

When the Stones finally

WEALDSTONE FC 1ST TEAM SQUAD — SEASON 2013/2014



1. Gary Studwick, 2. Mark Gill, 3. Leo Morris, 4. Wes Parker, 5. Charlie Penny, 6. James Hammond, 7. Garry Malone, 8. Micky Johnson, 9. Jonathan North, 10. Michael Malcolm, 11. Luke Pigden, 12. Tom Pett, 13. Scott McGleish, 14. Peter Dean, 15. Scott McCubbin, 16. Luke O'Nien, 17. Sean Cronin, 18. Jonny Wright, 19. Carl McCluskey, 20. Jerome Okimo, 21. Reece Grant, 22. Tom Hamblin, 23. Stefan Bailey, 24. Mark Bentley, 25. Jey Siva, 26. Jack Hutchinson, 27. Jason Scannell, 28. Gordon Bartlett, 29. Glen Little, 30. Elliott Godfrey



managed a bit of Ryman League action I wasn't able to get there, my aged Ford C-Max finally expiring on the morning of the game at **CANVEY ISLAND**. Thus I was subjected to the purgatory of Twitter. Amazing how just one push of the 'refresh' button can send one's spirits soaring, and then cruelly flattened...

That was the story at Park Lane that afternoon as we hit back from conceding an early Jason Hallett goal to take a well-deserved lead through Tom Pett and Jonny Wright. New striker **MICHAEL MALCOLM**, released by Maidenhead United, was in for the unavailable McGleish and he looked a lively prospect, setting up Tommy for his goal yet missing a couple of good chances. We were left reflecting on those as Canvey built up a head of steam going into the final 10 minutes.

Back at home on Twitter I

was blissfully unaware of the drama in Essex, building up my own head of steam as I put the kettle on and waited for the final, congratulatory messages. Aaargh! Settling down with my cuppa, the grim news came through that Canvey's Strickland had equalised. I could barely stand flicking 'refresh' again. Injury time. Oh well, settle for a point I suppose. One more 'refresh'. Bloody hell. Lost 3-2 to a 91st minute header. Sometimes I hate football. Especially when I can't get there.

So, two defeats on the spin. Were our title hopes sinking into the muddy lake formerly known as Grosvenor Vale? The agony continued as games at East Thurrock and at home to Billericay fell foul of the weather. Until finally – Saturday January 25th. Home to **BURY TOWN**. Nervously waiting for confirmation from Fingers that

it's playable. Game on!

The crowd were just as relieved to get back into the swing as the players, and it seemed they'd never been away as the Stones piled forward from the kick-off. We were again attacking the 'wrong' end in the first half – the Bulla Stand – but it didn't matter as the vociferous fans were soon acclaiming a Wealdstone goal, the inevitable McGleish blistering the ball into Marcus Garnham's net after the Bury keeper had half-saved Malcolm's low shot.

Garnham, always a stubborn opponent, waged a one-man war against McGleish and Pett for the remainder of that half as finished 1-0. The biggest worry, however, was now the weather. The ominous black cloud seen hovering over Ruislip from early afternoon, scattering mere droplets in the first half, emptied the whole bucket load

on the hour mark and the 707 crowd huddled under cover. Play carried on, both Stones and Bury resembling drowned rats, until lightning flashed and thunder cracked the skies. Referee Green sensibly took the teams off and we had a nervous ten minutes while the officials debated whether the game could continue.

Finally Mr Green appeared alone, match ball tucked under one arm, and proceeded to sprint around the pitch, kicking the ball ahead of himself to see if it was still running true despite the ever-growing puddles. 'That's rubbish control, ref!' we jeered, and he grinned back content that he could re-start the match. Phew!

The relieved Stones tore back into Bury from the kick-off, finally settling the issue when the lively Malcolm – who had cost Tottenham £1m from

Wycombe as a child prodigy – got his head on the end of a wicked Pigden free kick to send the ball past a static Garnham. The spray skittered off the Couch Corner net. 2-0!

McGleish headed a third and we were back on track... up to third and with three games in hand on leaders Kingstonian and Dulwich.

We were due to travel to Lewes the following Tuesday night but that game was also a victim of the weather – though not before dozens of fans had forked out for train tickets to that lovely, pub-laden part of Sussex. I'd actually taken a chance and jumped on the early train at 2.29pm, not having heard the 2.15 pitch inspection via Twitter. Three minutes later my phone lit up again with the inevitable news: Game Off.

And then the next Saturday, January 31st dawned bright,

dry and sunny. Hurrah! Football again at last! Then the sinking realisation that the Stones actually had a blank weekend after having brought forward our game with Cray after being knocked out of one of the cups. What were the chances of that?

FEBRUARY

Never mind. The drinkers among our fanbase (a not unhealthy number) were tickled by the fact that **LOWESTOFT**, and its splendid Triangle Tavern, away was next on the agenda. Stoft weren't having a great season, by their usual standards, and we were hopeful of perhaps a first ever win over our 'friends' from Suffolk. The game survived a lunchtime pitch inspection but it was a filthy night over by the North Sea – a terrible playing surface, standing water and a fierce, unpredictable wind. We

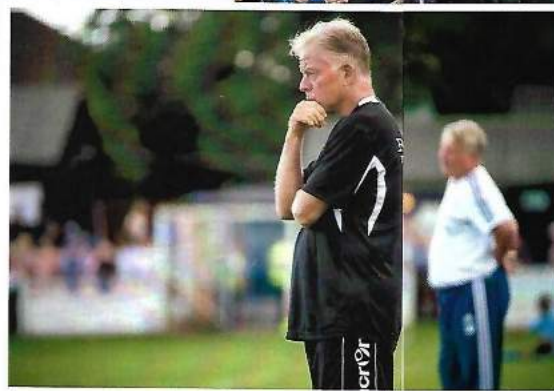
were happy to get out with a 1-1 draw. McGleish capitalised on an under-hit back pass to put us ahead right on half time, and it would be churlish to deny that the Trawler Boys deserved their 56th-minute equaliser through Jake Reed.

As the storms raged over England it was no surprise that scheduled home games against Lowestoft (again) and a Middlesex Cup tie with AFC Hayes failed to pass the Fingers welly test. But just as we were primed to expect the worst news from our next trip – to the unlovely Thamesmead Town, an as-yet undiscovered part of the Essex badlands – news filtered through that the game was on. Brilliant! And as against Bury Town, there was no sign of any rustiness as the Stones were quickly into their stride on an unsurprisingly sticky surface. Newly-promoted Thamesmead

were behind after just two minutes when James Hammond's excellent cross was cracked in on the half volley by Michael Malcolm. The Harrow-born striker was fast becoming a fans' favourite, and his darting runs caused the home side all sorts of problems before Sean Cronin (after Luke Pigden had been crudely felled in the box) wrapped up the win from the penalty spot. 2-0.

As the pitches began to finally dry out there was a dawning realisation that we had an awful lot of football to cram into the final three months of the season. Fourteen games had to be squeezed into the next 42 days alone. Was our squad big enough to cke out enough points in this hectic schedule?

Certainly the next three games, all at the Vale, would have a huge bearing on our season: AFC Hornchurch,



Hendon and Harrow Borough. Monday lights under the lights in Ruiship were becoming a real draw for regular fans and our new 'floaters' - mainly Watford and QPR supporters enticed to games by the half-price-for-season-ticket-holders-at-pro-clubs offer. Close to 700 were in the ground for the Hornchurch showdown, creating a terrific atmosphere, and that rose to over 800 for the Borough derby - also an evening game.

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- also an evening game. Nick DuGard, in his online report, neatly summarised the 2-0 win over **AFC HORNCHURCH** as 'a triumph of brain over brawn' - and certainly the Essex side tried to impose the muscular, pressing game that was so effective in the FA Cup whitewash four months earlier. But this was a more intelligent, more intense Stones and McGleish put us ahead with a typically sharp finish, on the second half saw a barrage of Stones attacks - finally paying off when subs Scott McCubbin and Little combined to set up Pett for a curling 12-yarder past defiant keeper Irigo Echepearé. There was then the small matter of Middlesex Senior Cup progression past **AFC HAYES** - Wright and Malcolm getting the goals in a match played on the artificial surface alongside

the Hayes and Yeading ground to beat the still-unpredictable weather. The tail end of February then saw us stage two crucial matches in three days at the Vale. And how grateful we were for even a point in the first! **HENDON** were on a fine run and, with our former midfielder Lee O'Leary keen to make a point against a surprisingly lacklustre Stones they might well have been further ahead, going into the closing stages, with skipper Taggart's solitary goal. But this Wealdstone side are nothing but dogged and we grabbed an unlikely equaliser through sub Jonny Wright's quick spin and crashing shot from the edge of the box. You almost felt sorry for Hendon. Nah, only joking! We certainly weren't going to feel any sympathy for **HARROW BOROUGH** two days later, and Stones ripped into Dave

Anderson's men from the start, urged on by a crowd seemingly transformed by the chill night air and added drama of a game under lights. Sean Cronin was our saviour with a tremendous sliding goal line save from Harold Odamateye, with Jonathan North for once beaten, and it was a pivotal moment as Malcolm soon leaped to head in Jerome Okimo's fine cross. Tom Hamblin was concussed against Hendon and, with skipper Wes Parker also injured, Mark Bentley showed his versatility with a terrific performance at centre back. Our dominance was helped by Borough's inexplicable readiness to shoot themselves in the foot in these one-way-traffic derbies - and sure enough left back Adam Louth was dismissed for a second yellow card after keeper James O'Shea, the highly

rated ex-Arsenal youngster, completely lost his bearings in the face of some withering Stones pressure. A teasing cross saw O'Shea unnerved by McGleish's challenge and the diminutive Elliott Godfrey stole in to net "off my beard" as he claimed after the game! We soon added a third, Luke Pigden's wicked left-wing cross sailing on and into the net to the delight of the Bulla Stand, with O'Shea this time distracted by the firefly Malcolm. 3-0! We were right back in the title frame now, two points behind leaders Maidstone and with three games in hand... **MARCH** There was (once again) the small matter of a Thursday night Middlesex Senior Cup semi-final to squeeze in against **HAREFIELD UNITED** at the Vale - and a decent crowd saw the

rehabilitation of forgotten striker Lewis Putman continue in a comfortable 4-0 win. Lewis grabbed one of the goals, Dean Mason, Malcolm and Cronin the others - and the even better news was that the Final, against Hampton, would be staged this year at Grosvenor Vale. An exciting end to the season guaranteed! But could we possibly have also won promotion by then? Thanks to the welter of postponements, we now faced FIVE away league games and just one at home on the spin... in the space of just 17 days! It would be the mark of champions to average two points a game from this testing schedule - as Gordon the Gaffer targeted - and privately most Stones fans just wanted us to be within hailing distance of the impressive Dulwich Hamlet side by the time they visited the Vale for the

March 29 showdown. As it turned out, of course, this three-and-half-week spell was as crucial to our title hopes as Wealdstone's legendary five-wins-in-eight days was in March 1985, en route to winning the Conference National and a place in all our hearts. So could this class of 2014 achieve GB's target of 12 points from those six tough games? No - they picked up an incredible SIXTEEN! The only points dropped were in a goalless draw against our nemesis side Hendon. This is how it panned out: Saturday March 8th, **CARSHALTON** (away) W4-2 Tuesday March 11th, **WINGATE & FINCHLEY** (a) W2-0 Saturday March 15th, **EAST THURROCK** (h) W5-0 Monday March 17th, **HENDON** (a) D0-0 Saturday March 22nd, **LEISTON**

(away) W2-0 Tuesday March 25th, **LEWES** (a) W3-0. An amazing run, based on hard work, defensive diligence and some quality finishing. Five successive clean sheets is testament to the brilliance of Northy and Co, as we kept grinding out the points to the dismay of our title rivals - who suddenly all suffered a mini crisis of form. Maidstone and Dulwich simply hit the buffers as the Real Stones runaway train steamed past on the fast line to success. And where were Hornchurch, Bognor, Kingstonian and the rest? Stuck in a siding desperately shovelling coal, that's where! When they finally craned their necks from the footplate, we could barely be glimpsed through the steam. "What happened to Wealdstone?" asked one perplexed observer on the



Maidstone forum at the end of March. "We were level with them a month ago but now they're 17 points ahead. How did they get to be so good? Have they turned pro, or are they forking out for Conference players, or has it all just come together for them?"

The answer, of course, isn't the money. But we have got Conference-standard players – and that's why it had become crystal clear – with a month still to play – that the Stones were going up as Champions.

Let's just look back at those defining games. Carshalton, already looking doomed to relegation under Paul Dipre's eccentric stewardship, actually caused us more problems than the rest put together as they hit back to take us into half-time at 2-2 at Colston Avenue. Malcolm, 'sharp as a pointy thing with sharp bits' had twice put us

ahead but we were wobbling until midfielder Stefan Bailey – who had played a peripheral role since the Hornchurch FA Cup debacle – popped up to head an unlikely goal from James Hammond's cross. And then another, stooping to convert a low corner for 4-2! The ex-QPR man had belted in a 25-yard free kick against Cray in August but this was unexpected territory – yet very welcome as we all retired to the Hope Tavern to celebrate.

Three points, three days later at **WINGATE & FINCHLEY** would see Stones rocket to the top of the table for the first time in 2014. We weren't to know it, but it was a position we would never relinquish. A goal in each half from Bentley and turn-of-the-year capture Carl McCluskey (from Hendon) were enough to beat the North Londoners in an uninspiring game watched by a

subdued 200 Stones following – but we were back in voice for the hugely enjoyable Saturday visit of East Thurrock. This was what Lou Reed was getting at. A perfect day!

It had started at lunchtime with 80 people sitting down for a meal in the clubhouse to welcome the return of genuine Stones legends George Duck and John 'Willie' Watson. With a heartfelt speech from club record goalscorer George, auction items, awards and a question-and-answer session that was the perfect vehicle for Willie's dry humour, it was the perfect aperitif to the afternoon's football. And the party atmosphere continued on the pitch as two goals from McGleish and (yet another) header from Stef Bailey sent us into the break 3-0 ahead. When McGleish completed his first Stones hat-trick there followed

a bit of over-the-top celebration from the usually laid-back Mickey Kane, who sheepishly admitted that he had 4-0 on the roll-over Predictascor.

With a couple of hundred quid headed for his back pocket, the three minutes of added time played and the referee poised the blow the final whistle, Kane was loudly bragging of how he'd spend most of his winnings over the bar...

When Tom Pett decided to try his luck from 30 yards. The shot beat keeper David Hughes all the way to his bottom corner and 'Bananas' simply went bananas with rage! Of course, Kane got huge sympathy from the rest of the Bulla Stand for, oh, all of 30 seconds. Winners and losers and all that.

The following Monday it was back to reality. Away to in-form Hendon at Earlsmead, where the Greens were now ground

sharing. This was the acid test, in many people's eyes, as to whether we could maintain the five-point gap that had now opened up over Maidstone. Well, it wasn't pretty or even very entertaining – and I only had to watch the last half-hour having rushed away from work – but the point gained from a goalless draw was the only statistic that mattered. The crowd of 575, Hendon's best for many years, must have comprised over 300 from Wealdstone and we would have been happy to pay our tenner and settle for the draw before kick-off. Not me, obviously, as I got in for nothing at half past eight. (Note to self: Must send Hendon a fiver. Or maybe give it to Kane.)

As for the 100-mile Leiston away trip, well I couldn't make it but 120 of our bonkers fans did. It was beginning to look like divine intervention that had led

to my pal Jon Taffel (aka Ronnie Raffle) taking redundancy from his latest accountancy job the previous Autumn, creating a bit of head space to take in the Ashes tour and, as it turned out, a whole extra few months of leave to follow the Stones willy-nilly across the South of England. A bit like being retired, but with all your faculties. Okay, we're talking about Jon here so scrub that last bit.

He joined the Drinking Ultras for another long day out, taking in a terrific pub in Walberswick and some other hostilities on the Suffolk coast on the way to Leiston, a village team (not to put it unkindly) close to the Sizewell B nuclear reactor. The well-oiled travelling contingent (the Adnams Family, gedditt?) seemed unaffected by any stray radiation, possibly due to an alcoholic forcefield, and gleefully reported back our 2-0

win via Twitter. Leiston had lost just once in 12 games – and not to anybody at home since we'd won there in the FA Trophy back in October. And we were missing Glen Little, Michael Malcolm, Stefan Bailey and Tom Hamblin through injury... but this was when our bigger-than-ever squad kicked in. Actually, it's not so much size but quality: with a bench featuring names like Jonny Wright, Wes Parker, Carl McCluskey, Scott McCubbin, Jey Siva and a new addition, young Millwall loanee Charlie Penny, we are so much stronger this year than at any time in the past. And I include the 80s glory years in that, when our squad barely numbered 14.

Young Charlie had first appeared in the WFF bout at Hendon, and his diminutive frame was much better suited to this encounter by the sea. He buzzed about in tandem with Scott McGleish – old enough to be his granddad (well, in Suffolk anyway) – and opened the scoring in the first half. Twitter was telling me that Leiston were foundering against our brick-wall defence... and then joy as my screen lit up with news of McGleish's opportunism 'with a superb turn and instantaneous strike'. It was his 20th league goal of the campaign. Not bad for an old man.

I followed enviously on Twitter and by phone the next Tuesday as the Stones rolled down to Sussex for the long-awaited **LEWES** awayday. Did we have any fans there? You betcha! Did they find any decent pubs? You betcha!

What nobody was really, really expecting, was to stretch this amazing run of away wins on a ground where we'd not won for 20 years. The previous two years we'd returned home, hoarse from singing, with memories of unjustified 1-0 defeats. But – well, I've said this before, but the class of 2014 are a different breed. We were, apparently, fantastic in the first half.

Facing our ex-keeper Rikki! Banks (and like all exes, keen to make life uncomfortable wherever possible) we were

all over Lewes in a yellow-shirted swarm in that first 45. Tom Pett eventually made the breakthrough, rounding Rikki from Charlie Penny's sublime pass. Lewes made a better fist of it in the second half, and might have recovered but for a not-so-good fist by Banks, Luke Pigden's tame shot spinning off his hand and shin and into the net for 2-0. And then, the 'Goal of The Season' from Scotty McGleish, according to those lucky souls present. Where was our cameraman, Lawrence Mason, when we needed him most? Was Steve Foster, intrepid cameraman, changing his lens? Or sneaking (another) pint?

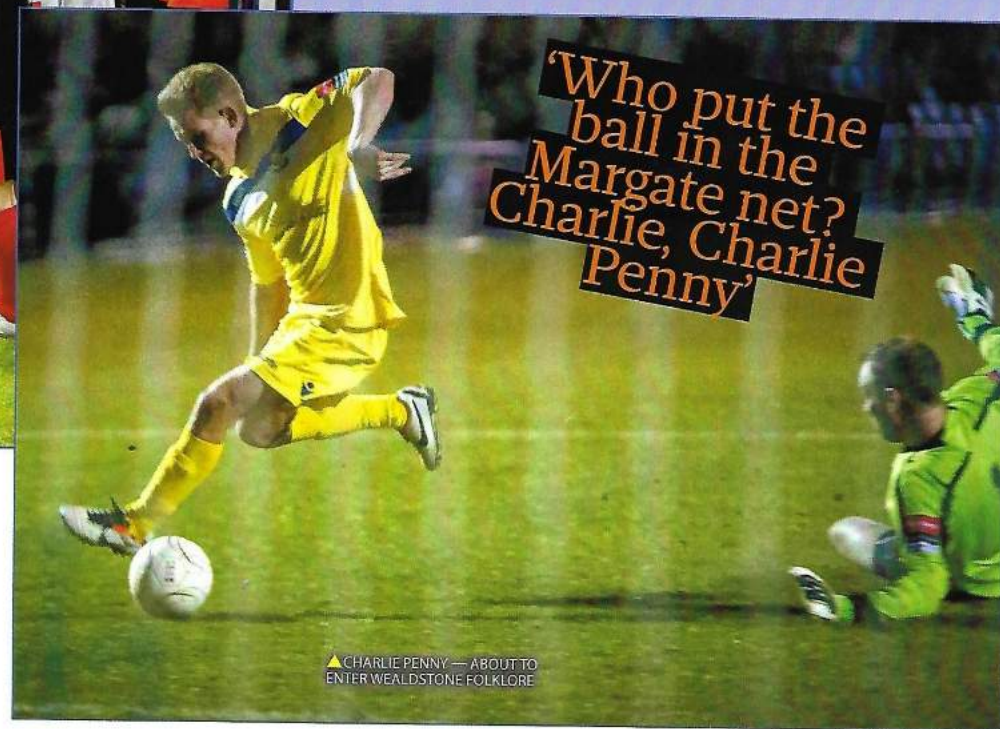
All that us remote fans know was that Scott, 35 yards out on the right, took one touch and then smacked his shot beyond the dumbstruck Banks to find the far, top corner. Wow! Just writing it gives me goosebumps. What could it have been like to have actually been there? No sympathy please. Okay, just a little bit. Thank you.

With those Sussex memories warming the next few days, Twitter and the Stones Forum was abuzz with expectation for the Saturday showdown with **DULWICH HAMLET**. The Hamlet's 'Rabble', their quirky, leftie, raucous supporters with their flags, Che Guevara banners and even a pink and blue 'voodoo stick' were a little dubious travelling in numbers due to 'Wealdstone's notorious fans'. Eh? Had they been listening to Maidstone's slightly blurred version of events earlier that season?

As it turned out, Dulwich arrived in force and contributed hugely to a brilliant game, watched by a brilliant crowd of 1,151 – the biggest Wealdstone attendance for a home league match since the 1988 visit of table-topping Barnet in the Conference. And considering that the 1,556 crowd that day comprised close to 1,000 Bees fans, this Ryman League clash saw undoubtedly the highest league turnout of Stones fans for over 30 years. For the record, we had crowds of around the 1,100 for the visits of Lincoln City and



▲ SING UP FOR THE CHAMPIONS



'Who put the ball in the Margate net? Charlie, Charlie Penny'

▲ CHARLIE PENNY — ABOUT TO ENTER WEALDSTONE FOLKLORE

Wycombe Wanderers in that last Conference season at Long Mead... imagine how many would cram into the Vale if we were facing the same opposition today?

The Rabble have been widely praised for passionate, sustained support of their pink and blue heroes even when things aren't going well - but even their devotion was tested as half time arrived at the Vale with Dulwich trailing 2-0. As for the noisy home support... Well, we were simply breathless with excitement after McGleish, with a lightning conversion of Wes Parker's flicked-on corner, and Pett (with a clinical conversion of Charlie Penny's cross) had put us in dreamland. We were already 10 points ahead of Dulwich & Co. At this rate we'd have the title wrapped up in a fortnight!

But we seemed to take our foot off the gas. With an hour played, Hamlet sub Tommy Kavanagh cracked in a sensational, low swerving drive that gave North no chance from 25 yards - and the Rabble's songs intensified. They quietened a little when Glen Little appeared within a few minutes of the goal - minds flashing back to the devastation

he wrought at Champion Hill, no doubt - and the Stones might have put the game to bed when the maestro's pass put Pett in for a brilliant chip somehow palmed over by keeper Phil Wilson. Perhaps he'd been practising his leaps since the game in November - it certainly looked like he'd lost half a stone.

That proved a turning point... and how many of those had we seen already this season? Dulwich got their passing game together and we fatally backed off as marauding left back Ahmed Deen carried the ball 40 yards before trying his luck from a further 30. The Rabble were in ecstasy as Deen's drive arrowed across North to find the perfect spot a foot inside his upright. Flags, banners, the voodoo stick and even a pink flare exploded in the background as they celebrated the most unexpected of points, just as their own promotion chase seemed to be faltering, 2-2.

But at least we only had 48 hours - less in fact - to wait until the chance to put it right. **BILLERICAY** - big, strong uncompromising Billericay, freshly relegated from the Conference South - were our Monday night visitors and there was a crackling sense of

anticipation around the Vale. And it was, in many ways, my favourite game of this amazing season.

Not just for the flowing brilliance of the football or the obstinance of the opposition. More for the fact that, bruised and battle-weary after a succession of high-intensity matches, the Stones dug in yet again and outplayed a typical Craig Edwards side. It's a cliché to say that we had to fight for the right to play our football, but that's exactly what happened. As against Dulwich we kicked off playing the 'wrong way', towards the Bulla end, and an engrossing, attritional first half ended goalless. Surely we needed to score at that end to have any chance?

The talisman McGleish then limped off, replaced by Penny, but we had the bonus of Jonny Wright's return after his bruised buttock injury. And it was bottoms up (sorry) when Stones finally made the breakthrough with just 20 minutes left. Charlie boy bursting into the box only to be felled by left back Imudia. Cue Sean Cronin and his rocket-fuelled penalty boots... And the roars of relief echoed from the houses opposite Couch Corner as the net billowed, 1-0!

Billericay tipped the ante with man mountain Ricky Sappleton particularly threatening - and he struck the inside of the post with a late free kick - but by then we already 2-0 ahead thanks to one of the goals of the season. Pett linked with Pigden to send a terrific pass inside the full-back to the overlapping Okimo, and his low cut-back was swept irresistibly first-time into the net by the galloping Wright. The Couch End erupted again.

As the euphoria died away and we drifted off home, basking in the glow of another vital 2-0 win, I reflected on that new covered end, erected in memory of long-time, unassuming fan Roy Couch who had passed away the previous summer. What a shame he'd missed the final resurrection of his beloved Stones. Enjoy it while we can, I thought. How Roy would have loved a night like this!

APRIL

However, there wasn't much opportunity to look back in quiet reflection as the Wealdstone title rollercoaster continued at breakneck pace. Just three nights later our braves were patched up and ready for action at **EAST THURROCK** - the

side we'd beaten 5-0 just three weeks before. But since that one-sided afternoon they'd won and drawn against Maidstone - and walloped Hendon 6-1. Crikey. It looked like another battle in Essex and, sure enough, the opening stages were end-to-end. But step forward from the shadows Carl McCluskey! The utility man, who'd had fleeting chances since signing at the turn of the year, looked a world beater as he scored two cracking goals - pushed up front with Charlie Penny - to totally deflate ETU. Charlie had put us ahead with a sharp finish but C-Mac had the crowd gasping with a flashing header from Jey Siva's left-wing cross. And his second was a beautiful clipped finish as keeper Hughes rushed from his line.

The 3-0 scoreline meant that the Stones could conceivably win the title - and automatic

promotion - on goal difference if we won the next game, at **MET POLICE** two days later. With six matches still to play!

Our record in the 17 games since the defeat at Canvey in January was: Won 14, Drew 3, Lost 0. Unbelievable! But still to come was a salutary lesson: if you take your foot off the pedal, even for a moment, any team in this division will jump up and bite you on the Wright buttock.

Thus, the final furlong was a testing as the home straight at Aintree. With as many daunting hurdles. Nobody wanted to be the team to hand the title to the Stones and we passed up the opportunity to celebrate against Met Police (away, lost 2-1). **LOWESTOFT** (home, 0-0) and **GRAYS ATHLETIC** (away, 1-1). Victory in any of those three game would have been enough. Hundreds of Stones fans were at each game, willing us to cross

the finish line. But in the end, as fate decreed it must (it was the only game I was unable to get to, boo hoo) the night of Tuesday, April 15th is the date that will be engraved in the memory of every Wealdstone fan. **MARGATE** away. The chance to Buster Bloodvessel!

On the morning of the game, someone (perhaps fellow old-timer Gordon McMay) pointed out that the date seemed awfully familiar - then flagged up that it was exactly 40 years to the day since the Stones had gloriously clinched the Southern League Div One South title at Gravesend and Northfleet. Was this an omen?

Well, Stones would have to be on their mettle to grab the single point needed to pip Bognor Regis, the only team who could now overhaul us. As the afternoon wore on, Twitter

was a-flutter with messages of support across the non-league football world. And peppered with news of our fans making their way to deepest, darkest Kent. All we needed now was for the Stones to properly turn up - for the first time in four games - and get the party started.

When we look back on this glorious night, even decades from now, I for one will be supremely grateful that events turned out as they did.

For it could have been a pretty flat occasion: Bognor were beaten 4-3 at Hampton that night and we could have lost at Margate and still been crowned champions... or worse still, won by 'default' without even having a game that evening.

But it turned out magnificently. With around 200 nervous Stones fans at Hartsdown Park, the football gods were smiling as Jefferson



Louis and Charles Adameno both fluffed presentable chances. Then, as the second half progressed, with the score still 0-0, Twitter became ablaze with news that Hampton were 3-1 up against Bognor!

The celebration songs were cranked up by Stones fans pressed together in the stand behind the home goal – with the first proper airing of the Jez Albert-approved 'All I care about is Wealdstone FC' first splitting the Margate skies.

I can only imagine the pure, unbridled joy when, against this partying backdrop, we scored the winner with seven minutes left. Tom Pett conjured it out of nothing with a sweet pass to find the sprinting Penny and the teenager rounded the keeper before slotting into a gaping net. Cue absolute bedlam behind the goal!

What about you though Tim,

you're probably thinking, stuck at work watching a dreary Champions League quarter-final while wishing you were 100 miles away celebrating with your mates? Aw, thanks for thinking of me. I'm quite touched.

Well, I did have Twitter and a welter of YouTube clips, plus Lawrence's video highlights, so it was ALMOST like being there. And I had snatched conversations with a few fans at the game... although when I managed to get through to Taffel in the dying seconds, he just croaked out: 'It's absolutely brilliant... hold on, that's the final whistle... I'm going on the pitch now... byeeee!'

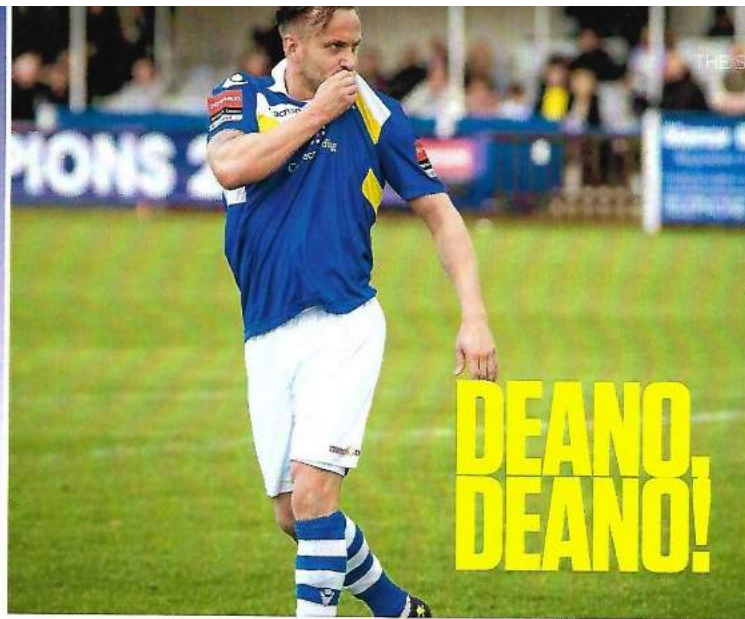
As for the rest of this historic season, well the immediate aftermath of clinching the title was a bit anti-climactic. The following home game - against

KINGSTONIAN - was billed as a Championship Party yet Jonathan North's harsh sending-off (and penalty concession) after 20 minutes gave the half-pace Blues a mountain to climb. It ended 0-4, prompting joy from the Ks' fans – who could celebrate an almost certain place in the play-offs – and a beautiful indifference from the Stones faithful.

Unfortunately the pattern was continued at **BILLERICAY** on Easter Monday as Gordon Bartlett rotated his squad again – and even gave a start to young striker Alex Witham who had shown promise in the reserves. But with none of the first-choice midfield (Pett, Little, Pigden and Godfrey) appearing Billericay's raw power won the day, 4-2. Sean Cronin put us ahead from the penalty spot and Jonny Wright grabbed a late consolation, but most of what

went between was Billericay. Okay, so the title was wrapped up but we didn't want to see this brilliant season to end on a flat note. We wanted Prokofiev's Romeo and Juliet, mixed in with Verdi's Requiem, performed by the London Philharmonic with a bit of Nessun Dorma thrown in. And Katherine Jenkins on vocals. But would our last day opponents **CANVEY ISLAND** play ball?

With another healthy crowd packing the Vale (906 to follow on the 895 who attended the Kingstonian game) there was a colourful opening as members of the Stones' youth teams provided a blue-and-white chequered, flag-waving entrance for the Champions. And some sparking interplay might have seen us 3-0 ahead but for wasted opportunities by another new front pairing – Michael Malcolm and Charlie Penny – and a spanking Pigden effort



that the keeper clawed over the bar. There were murmurings as the midfield of Pett, Godfrey, Pigden and Luke O'Nien (a teenage Watford loanee) failed to gel after that promising start, looking lightweight against Canvey's wily old campaigners.

What we needed was a bit of experience. A bit of physicality. No Little or McGleish on the bench, but we DID have Jonny Wright and... (who's that warming up? Surely not, it can't be?) ...yes, Peter Dean, who had returned from St Albans City a few weeks earlier to bolster the Stones squad for our run-in. And suddenly we looked more composed, more threatening with Wright's sheer size creating problems for the Canvey back four, and Dean settling things down in midfield with some neat touches.

Canvey might have been two goals to the good but

for a couple of smart stops by Jonathan North – and a sensational goal-line stop by Cronin when he was finally beaten – but it came to pass that, with just eight minutes left to play, Wealdstone orchestrated the perfect end to a perfect season. Wright's blast had been beaten out by the keeper; O'Nien's looping header had hit the bar; Pigden shot just wide; but then Jonny Wright collected the ball 30 yards out and his sharp pass sent Penny free.

It was Margate all over again... the crowd held its collective breath... keeper Josh Vickers raced from his line... Charlie composed himself and slipped the ball wide of the keeper and... just inside the post! 1-0! The Bulla Stand roared with relief!

Canvey were a spent force and the Stones finally produced – for the first time in a few games – the compelling,

irresistible football that made them Champions. Dean was everywhere, scampering about like a ten-year-old and the celebrating crowd were singing "If Deano scores, we're on the pitch". But they were just songs of jubilation. It could never happen....

Yet with the referee signalling that added time was being played, the Stones poured forward again and an intricate passing move ended with Dean's shot blocked from 10 yards. Oooh! roared the fans. Deano's nearly moment. Seconds later it was Canvey rocking again as Dean arrived at the near post to flick the ball back toward the lurking Wright... who stretched in anguish as his shot beat Vickers but ricocheted off the post. And... oh joy! The rebound fell perfectly for a disbelieving Dean to side-foot home from six yards for a goal that lifted the roof off the Bulla Stand.

True to their word, dozens of fans invaded the pitch – including the shamelessly topless 'Ginge' – and five minutes later, order was restored. Some of us realised that Dean's fairytale moment provided our 99th league goal of the season, and there was just time for Elliott Godfrey to

so nearly hit the three figures with a close-ranger blocked by a posse of desperate Canvey bodies.

Then the final whistle. Happiness, unbridled joy and anticipation as the players went off, the trophy and medals came on... and then the delicious moment as Ryman League Chairman Alan Turvey presented skipper Wes Parker and his deputy Sean Cronin with the Champions trophy. A crescendo of sound filled the Vale, exploding as the pair held the cup aloft and then danced a jig of joy with their ecstatic team-mates.

Then there was champagne, and beer, and a whole lifetime of memories that came spilling out as the afternoon turned into evening. And what an evening! More songs and laughter at the awards night in the clubhouse as over 300 people stayed on to celebrate with the players.

And when we were left with quiet reflection on the last day, the words of fellow fan Mick Fishman stayed with me. "Tell you what" he said, "The ones who really let their hair down last night were the older players, the ones who have been around the block a bit. The younger ones set and smiled, imagining that this is the norm at the end of a season."

"Well, they'll find out that it's not. That's why the older lads were partying. They know that this sort of season comes round just a few times in a career, if they're lucky. The young lads, like Petty and Charlie Penny, should know that in 20 years there will be middle-aged blokes coming up to them and saying they had the best night of their lives at Margate when we won the league, and that night at the awards, and how proud they should be for making that happen. It could be the best moment of their careers".

SUCCESS BREEDS SUCCESS

You are reading these words because we are the Champions of the Isthmian league, yes Champions and not the also rans of yesteryears, how good does that sound?

This achievement ranks right up there in the annals of this club's 115 year illustrious history and you better believe it - "Wealdstone are back!" We are, for a club of our stature, now going to ply our trade in the hurly burly of Conference South football. It's our default setting at long last.

The work ethic of this great club has been in overdrive since the end of last season's heartbreaking play off defeat and boy did we bounce back with a vengeance. The spearhead for galvanising the fans, to overcome this disappointment, was the frantic & substantial fundraising which culminated in the building of the Bulls Stand & Couch Corner together with plenty more around the ground. We then set about the creation of the new commercial team by mid June and then turned our attentions to improving the overall appeal with the clubhouse threshold and car park resurfacing together with licks of paint and new signage. There is more to come again this close season both in the house and in the stadium. So far so bloody good!

During this period from early May, we had lost no fewer than 5 very senior players and together with Jolls early retirement (I did try to entice him back with a few decent Merlots in the boardroom from



time to time but we don't seem to be missing him too much anyhow!)

The club really was hurting on the playing side and Gordon could see the initiative taken with the fans and responded with some astute and canny signings to match the mood that was now coursing around the club in pre season and the lead upto Maidstone away in the first league game and the rest you know is history as they say.

I cannot single out one player because, to a man, they have been one immense fighting unit of a squad and ultimately, that above all else, has seen us through an increased 46 game campaign and deliver on our aspirations! So well done to each and every one of you, a truly outstanding achievement in the face of adversity when you look back to those very dark days back in early May.

There are very many challenges going forward for all of us and some are pretty well underway as I write this. We want to hit the ground running as we are not going up to make up the numbers. If we want to achieve at this level, then we must settle in well and keep our house in order for us to kick on. We have a talented squad who all deserve their chance at this level.

It's been a roller coaster of a ride since moving here in 2008 and long may that continue. We have made many new friends at the Vale, together with lapsed fans coming back in numbers as well.

We must continue to do so and keep making people feeling wanted and part of our family. Good manners and a welcoming smile cost nothing. It is my intention to see us reach further into the local community of which much of it still remains untapped. This area is a footballing hotbed and although our gates are rising very well we must never ever get complacent. I want to see regular gates of a thousand down here and that is going to take a lot of work to achieve but one thing is for sure I am ready for the challenges - but are YOU? Success breeds success as long as you put the right people, tools and mechanisms in place to maintain that. I set very high standards and "it'll do" WON'T do going forward.

Let's more than enjoy these moments because they are rare - but with a strong work ethic then maybe not as rare as you may think.

Paul

PRIDE PASSION HISTORY

Picture by STEVE FOSTER

LITTLE THINGS

GORDON BARTLETT THE BOSS



It's all little things added together that bring success and I just wanted to share a few of my moments as I reflect on this fantastic season.

In my speeches on the presentation evening, I mentioned the importance of surrounding yourself with good people. I must personally thank my management team of Leo, Gilly, Mickey and Jason who convinced me to have another crack this year. Last May was a very low point for me after the play-off defeat against Concord, the lack of finances and six players leaving. After 18 years, I was seriously questioning my appetite to rebuild yet another team. They convinced me we could do it and what a good decision it has proved. Howard called a couple of days later and said finances were slightly healthier than anticipated and that was the final lift I needed to get cracking on the rebuilding process. My wife heard me on the phone speaking very positively to Lewis Putman and she knew I had my energy back and I was up for the new challenge.

Lewis was the first new player on board and it was then about building the rest of the squad. The contract players all re-signed and gradually things were taking shape. The two players who've made an enormous impact this season have quite contrasting stories of how they committed to the club. I went with Elliot Godfrey to a local pub and by his own admission he knew he hadn't played well last season. I was confident he was a quality player and he desperately wanted to put things right. I'm delighted to say he silenced the critics and proved us both right by sticking with it, deservedly winning the management's player of the season award by the end of the season.

Daren Linden called me in the summer and said he was friends with Glen Little's brother and he had told him Glen had been released by Wrexham but he hadn't received any calls. I said we'd have no chance, but I'd give it a go anyway. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. He came to a couple training sessions, enjoyed it, and the rest is history.

With things shaping up well, I decided to have a last minute break in Turkey. We promptly lost against Hayes & Yeading, Lewis Putman got badly injured and I arrived back for the 4-0 disaster against Uxbridge. After the game, Northy started to doubt if his recovery was going quickly enough with the season so close. I nipped that one in the bud and reassured him that we were totally confident he'd be back to his best in no time and once again, he has been excellent.

I remember speaking to Gary McCann on the coach on the way to Maidstone at the start of the season. He said he'd never heard me sound so worried. I knew we were not right and 3 draws at the start of the season proved the point, but in fairness, we were encouraged by the performances. However, there was lots of criticism on the terraces, on twitter and on the forum.

After a poor performance and a couple of missed chances, Scott McGleish hung his boots up after the Hampton away game. A little concerned, I left it till the following day before having a long chat on the phone and I'm delighted to say he changed his mind. A few weeks later, it made me smile after the Maidstone game when someone stated on the forum, Bartlett needs to go out and get a proven striker! Fortunately we trusted the one we already had!

I soon got calls from Dave Meyhew, the Gloucester manager asking if we needed a central defender and then our own Don Cross, who had learnt that a striker from Workington was moving down South. It turned out Tom and Jonny were both moving into our area for work reasons and after showing them the club they both signed.

I also remember a brief conversation in the car park with Tom Pett around that time. I felt he should be scoring more goals and believed he needed to change his attitude in front of goal. My example was Scott McGleish who expects to score and looks disappointed, whereas Tom just hoped to score and it's a bonus when he happened. He needed to be more clinical in those areas and a lot of it was down to attitude in the box. One look at the goal scoring charts proves this is bearing fruit.

We've had some difficult decisions during the season with Jack Hutchinson, Kurtney Brookes, Chris Moore and Peter Dean all moving

through lack of match action. I'm glad we won the League or there will always be the "what if" factor and criticism for letting someone go!

Coming in the opposite direction was Luke Pigden. As soon as Tommy Williams left Carshalton, we were quickly in discussion over Luke who I always felt was the right person to give us the balance we needed in the midfield. It has proved another very good acquisition.

My biggest disappointments of the season were undoubtedly the FA Cup and Trophy defeats. But we used those set-backs to our advantage and I believe those set-backs galvanise the squad.

The high point must have been the away win at Dulwich and the wonder goal by Glen just before half time. It turned out to be an outstanding defensive and counter attacking performance and a goal to be treasured.

On reflection, I must mention some pivotal moments of this magical season. Glen's first-half substitute appearance against Enfield and then the stupid double hand ball which resulted in the Hampton player getting an early bath. In both games we were being outplayed until that moment and more recently was the nailed on penalty not given early in the game v Fast Thurock. How fortunate was that!

Another big influence was the two defeats on the bounce against Hampton and then Canvey. The latter proved a huge wake-up call and we promptly went on a long unbeaten run.

The mid-season rain also had an amazing effect on proceedings. It didn't do me any favours personally with all the flooding in my area but the team benefited unbelievably. While we were being called off, everyone started to drop points and then our consistency in March proved too much for the others.

Scott McGleish put me on to Neil Harris at Millwall when both Michael and Jonny were ruled out for the run in. We loaned young Charlie and what a little diamond he has turned out to be.

I must mention the senior player's impact on proceedings throughout the year. Glen, Scott, Elliot and Mark have all played a massive part of winning this Championship both on and off the pitch. Their experience, knowledge and sheer professionalism have been an important influence on the younger players and a massive thank you goes to all those lads.

Fed up with the disappointment of being the bridesmaids over recent seasons, the moment Charlie rounded the GK at Margate and I knew we were champions, was a huge emotional moment for me. I really enjoyed watching everyone celebrating, which is just reward for the hard work so many people do at our unique football club.

The texts, emails and voicemails I got over the next few days were incredible. In excess of 250 from fellow managers, 'ex' players and various people in the game made me feel very proud and humble.

It's the same as any walk of life, you get stronger from your setbacks and disappointments and I am confident those experiences have made us mentally stronger to deal with things this year.

The season culminated last weekend with a final league win against Canvey and the presentation of the League Trophy. I must confess a little tear in the eye when the fans hero, Peter scored the second goal which seemed such a fitting finale. Great celebrations ensued in front of a 900 plus crowd and then onto the evening where the carnival atmosphere continued. A brilliant footballing weekend was completed when I managed the Wealdstone legends to a 4-3 victory over the Watford legends. It was brilliant to see 18 of my old players and the banter in the changing room was soon in full flow and it just made me remember what great characters they were. They absolutely loved it and all said how much they miss the camaraderie, banter and team spirit. It was a magical weekend and we've still got the County Cup Final and champagne lunch next week.

I just want to finish by saying thank you to everyone involved and especially the fans. You have played a major part in our success and now we can all go off and reap the rewards by enjoying the new ventures in the 'Connie South' next year. Well done again, and enjoy the summer everyone - Gordon

Photo: Andrew Rowland

League Table

	Home			Away			Overall			Wealdstone Results						
	P	W	D	L	W	D	L	W	D	L	F	A	Dif	Pts	H	A
1 Wealdstone	46	13	7	3	15	5	3	28	12	6	99	43	56	96	—	—
2 Kingstonian	46	15	2	6	10	8	5	25	10	11	80	44	36	85	0-4	1-0
3 Bognor Regis Town	46	16	3	4	10	4	9	26	7	13	95	65	30	85	2-2	3-1
4 Lowestoft Town	46	15	4	4	9	8	6	24	12	10	76	40	36	84	0-0	1-1
5 AFC Hornchurch	46	11	5	7	13	6	4	24	11	11	83	53	30	83	2-0	1-1
6 Dulwich Hamlet	46	15	3	5	10	4	9	25	7	14	96	65	31	82	2-2	4-1
7 Maidstone United	46	12	10	1	11	2	10	23	12	11	92	57	35	81	2-1	1-1
8 Hendon	46	8	4	11	13	3	7	21	7	18	84	69	15	70	1-1	0-0
9 Leiston	46	10	5	8	9	5	9	19	10	17	73	71	2	67	3-1	2-0
10 Billericay Town	46	9	3	11	10	6	7	19	9	18	66	64	2	66	2-0	2-4
11 Margate	46	9	6	8	9	4	10	18	10	18	70	67	3	64	0-1	1-0
12 Hampton & Richmond	46	9	3	11	9	7	7	18	10	18	72	70	2	64	1-3	3-0
13 Canvey Island	46	10	6	7	7	5	11	17	11	18	65	65	0	62	2-0	2-3
14 Grays Athletic	46	9	6	8	8	4	11	17	10	19	74	82	-8	61	3-1	1-1
15 Bury Town	46	8	5	10	9	4	10	17	9	20	60	65	-5	60	3-0	1-0
16 Lewes	46	9	8	6	5	9	9	14	17	15	67	67	0	59	2-2	3-0
17 Metropolitan Police	46	9	3	11	6	10	7	15	13	18	58	59	-1	58	1-1	1-2
18 Harrow Borough	46	7	9	7	8	4	11	15	13	18	66	72	-6	58	3-0	2-0
19 Enfield Town	46	9	6	8	4	6	13	13	12	21	64	90	-26	51	4-1	4-2
20 East Thurrock United	46	8	4	11	5	6	12	13	10	23	66	84	-18	49	5-0	3-0
21 Wingate & Finchley	46	8	4	11	6	3	14	14	7	25	57	84	-27	49	2-2	2-0
22 Thamesmead Town	46	7	7	9	5	3	15	12	10	24	61	90	-29	46	2-0	2-0
23 Carshalton Athletic	46	3	3	17	5	3	15	8	6	32	40	101	-61	30	3-1	4-2
24 Cray Wanderers	46	3	4	16	4	1	18	7	5	34	40	137	-97	26	7-1	3-0

Appearances

	MINUTES PLAYED			APPEARANCES MADE							WFC CAREER	
	As Starter	As Sub	Total Minutes	RPL Start (Sub)	FAC Start (Sub)	FAT Start (Sub)	ILC Start (Sub)	MSC Start (Sub)	TOTAL Start (Sub)	WFC CAREER Start	WFC CAREER Sub	
MAX POSSIBLE				46	3	3	2	3	53			
1 Elliott Godfrey	4,437	—	4,437	45	2	3	1	— (1)	51 (1)	57 (5)		
2 James Hammond	4,448	73	4,521	41 (2)	2	3	2	3	51 (2)	142 (12)		
3 Jonathan North	4,500	—	4,500	45	3	3	—	—	51	159 (1)		
4 Tom Pett	4,242	—	4,242	44	2	3	— -1	1 (1)	50 (2)	112 (11)		
5 Sean Cronin	4,138	154	4,292	42 (2)	3	1	1 -1	1 (1)	48 (4)	180 (9)		
6 Scott McGleish	3,533	25	3,558	36 (1)	3	3	2	—	44 (1)	53 (2)		
7 Jerome Okimo	3,702	146	3,848	35 (3)	— (1)	3	2	3	43 (4)	43 (4)		
8 Luke Pigden	2,838	18	2,856	31 (1)	—	2	—	1	34 (1)	34 (1)		
9 Tom Hamblin	2,285	126	2,411	23 (3)	1	3	1	—	28 (3)	28 (3)		
10 Jey Siva	2,175	100	2,275	16 (5)	3	3	1	2 (1)	25 (6)	25 (6)		
11 Wes Parker	1,956	138	2,094	20 (3)	2	—	—	2	24 (3)	148 (6)		
12 Glen Little	1,776	370	2,146	20 (11)	1	2 (1)	— -1	—	23 (13)	23 (13)		
13 Jonny Wright	1,583	208	1,791	18 (7)	— (2)	2	—	1 (1)	21 (10)	21 (10)		
14 Stefan Bailey	1,605	134	1,739	13 (9)	2	— (1)	2	3	20 (10)	22 (12)		
15 Chris Moore	1,451	117	1,568	13 (3)	3	— (1)	1	1	18 (4)	34 (12)		
16 Scott McCubbin	1,485	249	1,734	13 (9)	2	—	1	2	18 (9)	92 (20)		
17 Mark Bentley	1,108	95	1,203	7 (3)	—	2 (1)	1	3	13 (4)	13 (4)		
18 Michael Malcolm	1,017	—	1,017	10 (1)	—	—	—	2	12 (1)	12 (1)		
19 Charlie Penny	917	178	1,095	11 (3)	—	—	—	—	11 (3)	11 (3)		
20 Peter Dean	650	243	893	6 (14)	— (3)	— (1)	2	1	9 (18)	165 (59)		
21 Carl McCluskey	399	250	649	6 (9)	—	—	—	—	6 (9)	6 (9)		
22 Adam Martin	241	66	307	3 (4)	1	—	— -1	—	4 (5)	4 (5)		
23 Kurtney Brooks	360	61	421	1	2 (1)	— (1)	1	—	4 (2)	143 (18)		
24 Luke O'Nien	360	8	368	4 (1)	—	—	—	—	4 (1)	4 (1)		
25 Jack Hutchinson	270	223	493	1 (8)	1 (1)	—	1	—	3 (9)	3 (9)		
26 Aldi Haxhia	180	—	180	—	—	—	2	—	2	3 (1)		
27 Garry Malone	180	—	180	—	—	—	—	2	2	2		
28 Josh Hill	156	—	156	1	—	—	1	—	2	2		
29 Orlando Rodrigues	154	45	199	2 (1)	—	—	—	—	2 (1)	2 (1)		
30 Alex Witham	66	—	66	1	—	—	—	—	1	1		
31 Dean Mason	90	—	90	—	—	—	—	1	1	1		
32 Lewis Putman	90	116	206	— (3)	—	—	—	1 (1)	1 (4)	1 (4)		
33 Luke Bartlett	120	—	120	—	—	—	—	1	1	1		
34 Mikhael Jaimez Ruiz	90	—	90	1	—	—	—	—	1	1		
35 Reece Grant	120	148	268	— (6)	— (1)	—	— -1	1	1 (8)	1 (8)		
36 Sebastian Schoburgh	63	—	63	—	—	—	—	1	1	1		
37 Bobson Bawling	—	36	36	— (3)	—	—	—	—	— (3)	— (3)		
38 Georges Ehui	—	28	28	— (1)	—	—	—	—	— (1)	— (1)		
39 Junior Fatai-Somuyiwa	—	32	32	—	—	—	—	— (1)	— (1)	— (1)		

Key: RPL = Ryman Premier League, FAC = FA Cup, FAT = FA Trophy, ILC = Isthmian League Cup, MSC = Middlesex Senior Cup, MCC = Middlesex Charity Cup. Figures in brackets = appearances as playing substitute. * = Pending confirmation

Goals

	RPL	FAC	FAT	ILC	MSC	TOTALS	WFC CAREER
1 McGleish	23 (1)	3	2			28 (1)	33 (1)
2 Pett	16	1	1			18	29
3 Moore	9				1	10	14
4 Cronin	8 (8)	1		1 (1)	1	11 (9)	18 (11)
5 Malcolm	5				2	7	7
6 Wright	5				1	6	6
7 Godfrey	4					4	4
8 Little	3		1			4	4
9 Bailey	4					4	4
10 Grant	2	1				3	3
11 Parker	1	2				3	17
12 Pigden	3				1	4	4
13 Penny	4					4	4
14 Dean	2	1				3	65 (5)
15 McCluskey	3					3	3
16 Hamblin	1		1			2	2
17 Hutchinson	1	1				2	2
18 Bentley	1					1	1
19 Hammond	0			1		1	1
20 Mason	0				1	1	1
21 Okimo		1				1	1
22 Putman	0				1	1	1
Own Goal	2			1		3	



Fixtures & Results, Season 2013/2014

					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	14	15	16	17 / GK	
AUGUST																					
10	Maidstone United	RPL	D	1-1	2,138	15															
12	BOGNOR REGIS TOWN	RPL	D	2-2	544	15	North	Hammond	Siva	→	Parker	Okimo	Bailey	⇒	Dean	⇒	Martin	Moore	Godfrey	Pett	Hutchinson
17	WINGATE & FINCHLEY	RPL	D	2-2	425	16	North	Hammond	Okimo	Parker	⇒	Cronin	Hutchinson	Dean	⇒	Martin	Moore	Godfrey	Pett	Siva	Cronin
20	Hampton & Richmond	RPL	W	3-0	429	10	North	Hammond	Okimo	Parker	→	Cronin	Godfrey	Bailey	⇒	Martin	Moore	Godfrey	Pett	Siva	Cronin
24	Harrow Borough	RPL	W	2-0	452	8	North	Hammond	Siva	Okimo	Cronin	Godfrey	Dean	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Martin	Moore	Godfrey	Pett	Siva
26	ENFIELD TOWN	RPL	W	4-1	602	5	North	Hammond	Siva	Okimo	Cronin	Godfrey	Dean	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Martin	Moore	Godfrey	Pett	Siva
31	CRAY WANDERERS	RPL	W	7-1	460	3	North	Hammond	Siva	Hill	→	Cronin	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Martin	Moore	Godfrey	Pett
SEPTEMBER																					
7	Bury Town	RPL	W	1-0	737	2	North	Hammond	Rodrigues	Parker	→	Cronin	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Martin	Moore	Godfrey	Pett
10	AFC Hornchurch	RPL	D	1-1	251	1	North	Hammond	Siva	Parker	→	Cronin	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Martin	Moore	Godfrey	Pett
14	KINGS LANGLEY	FAC1Q	W	6-1	332	2	North	Hammond	Siva	Parker	⇒	Cronin	Godfrey	Martin	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore	Hutchinson
21	THAMESMEAD TOWN	RPL	W	2-0	686	1	North	Rodrigues	⇒	Siva	Parker	⇒	Cronin	Godfrey	→	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore	Hutchinson
23	LEWES	RPL	D	2-2	651	1	North	Hammond	Siva	Parker	→	Cronin	Godfrey	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore	Godfrey	Pett	Hutchinson
28	HARINGEY BOROUGH	FAC2Q	W	4-1	314	4	North	McCubbin	Siva	Parker	→	Cronin	Godfrey	Brooks	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Moore	Godfrey	Pett	Hutchinson
OCTOBER																					
5	MARGATE	RPL	L	0-1	591	4	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Parker	→	Cronin	Godfrey	Little	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
7	HENDON	ILC2R	W	1-0	207	4	North	Haxhia	⇒	Hammond	Okimo	Brooks	Hamblin	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Moore	Godfrey	Pett
12	AFC Hornchurch	FAC3Q	L	1-6	506	4	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Hamblin	Cronin	Brooks	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Moore	Godfrey	Pett
19	Leiston	FAT1Q	W	3-0	184	5	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Hamblin	Cronin	Brooks	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Moore	Godfrey	Pett
26	GRAYS ATHLETIC	RPL	W	3-1	554	6	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Hamblin	Cronin	Brooks	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Bailey	⇒	Moore	Godfrey	Pett
NOVEMBER																					
2	MAIDSTONE UNITED	FAT2Q	D	2-2	524	6	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Hamblin	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
5	Maidstone United	FAT2QR	L	0-1	944	6	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Hamblin	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
9	CARSHALTON ATHLETIC	RPL	W	3-1	446	5	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Hamblin	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
16	Cray Wanderers	RPL	W	3-0	226	4	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Hamblin	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
23	LEISTON	RPL	W	3-1	492	3	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Hamblin	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
26	HARROW BOROUGH	ILC3R	D	2-2 (L 3-4, Pens)			Haxhia	⇒	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
30	Dulwich Hamlet	RPL	W	4-1	843	2	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Hamblin	Cronin	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks
DECEMBER																					
3	UXBRIDGE	MSC2R	D	2-2 (W 4-3, Pens)			Bartlett	⇒	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
7	METROPOLITAN POLICE	RPL	D	1-1	516	2	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
9	Kingstonian	RPL	W	1-0	491	2	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
16	Bognor Regis Town	RPL	W	3-1	506	2	North	McCubbin	⇒	Okimo	Hamblin	Cronin	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
21	MAIDSTONE UNITED	RPL	W	2-1	743	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
26	Enfield Town	RPL	W	4-2	591	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
28	HAMPTON & RICHMOND	RPL	L	1-3	833	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
JANUARY																					
11	Canvey Island	RPL	L	2-3	397	1	North	McCubbin	⇒	Siva	Hamblin	Cronin	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
25	BURY TOWN	RPL	W	3-0	707	3	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
FEBRUARY																					
4	Lowestoft Town	RPL	D	1-1	446	3	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
15	Thamesmead Town	RPL	W	2-0	195	3	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
17	AFC HORNCHURCH	RPL	W	2-0	685	3	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
19	AFC HAYES	MSCQF	W	2-1	151	3	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
22	HENDON	RPL	D	1-1	693	3	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
24	HARROW BOROUGH	RPL	W	3-0	801	3	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
MARCH																					
6	HAREFIELD UNITED	MSCSF	W	4-0	130	3	Malone	⇒	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish
8	Carshalton Athletic	RPL	W	4-2	441	2	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
11	Wingate & Finchley	RPL	W	2-0	265	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
15	EAST THURROCK UTD	RPL	W	5-0	686	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
17	Hendon	RPL	D	0-0	575	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
22	Leiston	RPL	W	2-0	374	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
25	Lewes	RPL	W	3-0	356	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
29	DULWICH HAMLET	RPL	D	2-2	1,151	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
31	BILLERICAY TOWN	RPL	W	2-0	726	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
APRIL																					
3	East Thurrock United	RPL	W	3-0	299	1	North	McCubbin	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
5	Metropolitan Police	RPL	L	1-2	354	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
8	LOWESTOFT TOWN	RPL	D	0-0	852	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
12	Grays Athletic	RPL	D	1-1	473	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
15	Margate	RPL	W	1-0	429	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
19	KINGSTONIAN	RPL	L	0-4	895	1	North	McCubbin	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
21	Billericay Town	RPL	L	2-4	424	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
26	CANVEY ISLAND	RPL	W	2-0	906	1	North	Hammond	⇒	Siva	Okimo	Godfrey	Little	⇒	Pigden	⇒	McCubbin	⇒	Brooks	McGleish	Moore
MAY																					
3	HAMPTON & RICHMOND	MSCF																			

■ Yellow Card → 1st substituted player = 2nd substitute used | Goal
■ Red Card ← 1st substitute used = 3rd substituted player | Penalty scored
■ Straight Red ⇒ 2nd substituted player = 3rd substitute used | Underlined = Man of the Match