

Yeovil dances after the giant-killers' victory



PLAYER-MANAGER Alec Stock was carried shoulder-high at the victory dance and cabaret after Yeovil Town's defeat of Sunderland in the fourth round of the F.A. Cup on Saturday. Even visiting supporters described the home team's effort as "a well-deserved win."

Police told the fans: We win

From RONALD DOWNING

YEovil, Sunday.

SUPT. JOHN HANHAM, Yeovil's police chief, told me today of "a few agonising minutes" toward the end of yesterday's fourth round F.A. Cup match here, when he feared his giant-killing team might be disqualified as crowds rushed the pitch during extra time.

"When the referee blew his whistle for a free kick I was horrified to see the crowd surging on to the pitch, shaking and slapping the Yeovil players," he said.

"I took the microphone and started calling 'Get back,' but it was touch and go until they seemed to understand.

"I had never seen anything like those last few minutes. I was pretty excited myself, but near me were women crying and wringing their hands as they implored the referee to sound the final whistle."

With the superintendent at the match was another enthusiast—the Chief Constable of Sunderland, Mr. George H. Cook—who congratulated the superintendent on relaying, by police loud-speaker cars, a broadcast of the match to crowds outside the ground.

TOWN'S IDOLS

For the Yeovil team this has been a quiet day. Eight of them met in the bar of the little Wellington Inn and discussed the game which made them idols of the town and a sensation in the football world.

Twenty-eight-year-old player-manager Alec Stock, the only full-time professional in the side, chatted with 22-year-old Dicky Dyke, solicitor's clerk, the team's youngest player and its only amateur.

Oldest player—and Alec Stock says he is the greatest—is 37-year-old left-half Nick Collins, landlord of the inn.

Then there were Ralph Davis, a glove-maker, Les Blizzard, an electrician, Bob Hamilton and Ray Wright, clerks, and Eric Bryant, corn chandler's assistant.

Tractor-driver Arthur Hickman had rushed off after the game to his wife, injured six weeks ago in a car smash from which he himself escaped.

Commercial traveller Bob Keaton and engineer Jack Hargreaves, who both live away from Yeovil, had gone home.

Alec Stock summed up the discussion: "All we are thinking of now is tomorrow's draw for the fifth round. We feel we won fairly yesterday, without any fancy blackboard methods."

And all Yeovil agrees that the famous sloping pitch of their ground had nothing to do with the defeat of Sunderland.



AND special award—a kiss from Eric Bryant, the centre forward who scored Yeovil's winning goal to his pretty wife Glenis—went to take his team into the next round for the Cup.



ERIC BRYANT (left) who scored, celebrates with Nick Collins, licensee of the Wellington Inn, and (right) goalie Dicky Dyke, who made two saves in the last 15 minutes of the match.



LESLIE BLIZZARD, Yeovil's centre half, took Leslie Blizzard, junior—he's only 19 months old—to see the game.