

● **BARBARA** meets the wives of the men who have set the country talking. She reveals how the women help in building up Yeovil Town, the Cup team of the year.

JILLS WHO BUILD GIANT-KILLERS

SYSTEM THAT HELPS YEOVIL TO WIN



Mrs. DAVIES and Brian



MRS. DORIS COLLINS.—"Here's health to Yeovil."

The girl who didn't like football much regards it with greater favour since it led her to the hairdresser's chair and a free permanent wave.

The girl is **Audrey Hamilton**, 20-year-old wife of Yeovil player, Bob Hamilton, who lives at Horfield-terrace, Yeovil. Before the Cup-tie match against Sunderland Bob said to his missus, "I'll pay for a perm for you if we win." Audrey smiled disbelievingly. "Well, I'll pay half the bill if we draw," said the slightly nettled Bob. Audrey smiled again. "And you can pay for it yourself if we lose," said Bob as an after-thought.

Everybody knows what happened at Yeovil so it's no surprise to know that yesterday Audrey went to the hairdresser, had a new short cut and a perm—and sent the bill to Bob.

Audrey Hamilton is the baby of the players wives. Married in November, she was formerly a librarian in Chester.

She thinks that football isn't the be all and end all of life and wants Bob to take up teaching. But she knows more about the game now than she did when she was married.

"The first game I watched," she confessed to me, "I cheered madly. It was only later I discovered I'd been cheering the wrong team!"

She Lost—and Smiled

Another betting wife is curly-haired, **Madge Hargreaves** who lives with her husband at Gore-marsh-rd., Ashton Gate, Bristol. "I'm unlucky with bets," she said, "and he's always lucky—so I bet him ten bob they'd lose the Sunderland match. I lost my ten bob—but it was worth it!" Madge is from Leeds.

Gay and philosophic she doesn't reckon to have many interests outside of being a Jill, the giant-builder. "Footballers need a lot of feeding," she says, "and that's a full-time job these days."

Here's to Yeovil!

All these wives seem to have their own system for helping their husbands' team to win. Betty Wright, Doris Collins and Marjorie Stock have found the pleasantest.

Doris Collins, who we found serving behind the bar at her husband's inn, the Wellington, Yeovil, explained it. "We always get together before the match and have a lucky sherry apiece. We reckon our three glasses of sherry equal three goals for Yeovil, and when we go up north for the next round we're taking a bottle of sherry with us just to make sure!"

Doris Collins, who admits to having a daughter of 12 and having been 13 years wed, doesn't look more than 25. In navy slacks and sweater with her curly dark hair brushed back from her face, she was still hoarse from shouting encouragement for Yeovil four days after the match itself.

She was the girl next door when Vic Collins married her. Both Londoners, they knew each other from the time they were youngsters, when Doris used to laugh at him for being so keen about games. She learnt, though. Now she's his severest critic—"and not a bad one" Vic admitted from the parlour side of the bar.

Mrs. Bryant was out of Yeovil at a family wedding when we called on her—but Mrs. Doris Blizzard, another Londoner

who's settled down in Yeovil so happily that she wouldn't go back to London now if you paid her, was well and truly at home. Buckets of water were on the stove in her cosy kitchen, in readiness for a bout of laundry. Her 17-months-old son was in his cot having a nap, and until the water boiled Mrs. Blizzard was cutting and pasting, making yet another scrapbook of pictures and stories about the Yeovil team.

She's got every word and picture that's been printed and takes it all so seriously that every game is pure agony to her.

"I walk up and down and get more and more het-up all the time they're playing," she said, "and I don't think I could face watching a game again. I always used to go, but now I just can't face it. Twenty-three, tall and with a wide smile, she loves pictures and dancing.

She believes in plenty of red steak for building footballers—and plenty of her ration finds its way into her husband's mouth. "It's worth it, though," she says admiringly, "he's a grand player."

Football Mad!

The most frustrated wife of all the players must be **Iris Hickman**, tremendously keen fan who hasn't been able to see any matches for three months because of a very serious motor accident before Christmas which has kept her in hospital for weeks. She's on the mend, now and staying with her mother in Wells.



Mrs. Iris Hickman's mother, Mrs. H. Lumber, told me, "Iris has been football-mad since she was a kid. We're all fans in this family, and manager Mr. Stock often says we know more about the game than the players themselves! You should hear Iris if she hears anyone criticising Yeovil. She doesn't half let fly at them whether she knows them or not!"

Iris met her husband at a cricket match. They've been married five years now.

Only locally-born Yeovil man in the team is **Ralph Davies**. He lives with his 28-year-old wife **Ursula** in a prefab, at Montacute near that famous and beautiful Montacute House. Ursula was right in the throes of housework when we called—a rosy-cheeked, fair-haired girl who could never be mistaken for anything but someone born and bred in the country. She has two children, Brian, aged 3, and Margaret, aged 6, and they keep her busy enough. "Washing, mending, ironing, cleaning—that's my day," she says.

Hates the Camera

Happy-natured **Marjorie Stock**, Alec's wife, hates being photographed. "People only want to hear about the boys," she said, but laughingly denied that her aversion to the camera was due to being a schoolteacher.

Mrs. Stock is the daughter of the village postmaster at Shoscombe, near Bath. Although her husband was born in the neighbouring village of Peasedown, she did not meet him until the beginning of the war, when Alec was centre-forward for Queen's Park Rangers. She went to school at Midsomer Norton and then entered London University College. She returned home to teach at the school which Alec had attended before winning a scholarship to Dartford Grammar School.

At the moment she is busy answering the heaviest private mail she has ever received. Among letters of good wishes and congratulations that have arrived at 36, Cedar-grove, are



MRS. HARGREAVES . . . "un-lucky, but worth it."



MRS. BLIZZARD with her scrapbook.



Mrs. DYKE, darning her son's stockings.

those from her college friends and Alec's brother officers.

Mrs. Hall said: "Football is Stan's only real hobby, but he has an old car that he takes to pieces and puts together again every few days. His chief indoor pastime is spoiling our five-year-old daughter Carol, who tells her little friends that Daddy is going to play at Wembley."

"Stan does some training at home, skipping and jumping and P.T., and I am frightened that one day some of the ornaments and furniture will go flying. He has a little front garden full of bulbs which George Tuck gives him, but really he has little time for gardening. He works from eight to five, and sometimes overtime."

Stan was an ideal husband and father, she said.

Proud Mother

Only one man who played in the historic match against Sunderland is unmarried. He is **Dick Dyke**—and the woman in his life is his grey-haired, widowed mother.

Tall, slim and dignified, Mrs. Dyke's life is centred round son Dick and daughter Edna. Widowed in 1940 and blitzed out in the same year, Mrs. Dyke found a mews flat for them with a bit of garden where she grows magnificent raspberries and treasures a fine old pear tree.

Ask her about Dick and she hardly knows for a minute who you refer to. To her he has always been Victor, his christened name. While he was away in the RAF she took a job but is just a housewife again now. She hardly looks the type to go to a football match, but she watches Dick play now just the same as she used to watch him playing the schoolboy game.



MRS. AUDREY HAMILTON—she got her perm.