



BEFC JAPAN NEWS

News, views & rues of the British Embassy Football Club, Tokyo - Japan.



BEST SEASON EVER!



TML 2nd Div
- Champions -



TML CUP final
- Runners up -

BEFC's best ever season was rounded off nicely by a tremendous cup run through the long, hot Japanese summer. After surviving the group stage hard fought victories were gained against the French & BFC. The run was built on a growing team spirit that culminating in a Final against the dreaded Swiss. Having never defeated the Swiss in a competitive match, this seemed like an excellent occasion to amend the history books. Before the kick off half the Swiss players had to exchange meishi's due to some 'unknown faces' appearing in their line up. BEFC began rather tentatively as the Swiss slipped into their passing game. We only began to perform 'as we know we can' in the last 15mins after a clear BEFC penalty was denied. This got the adrenaline pumping, leading to a storming finale by the lads. The tide was beginning to turn as the referee blew the final whistle - to the relief of the Swiss who held on for a 2-1 victory. Stepping into the first division next season will provide us with two more opportunities to gain our Swiss revenge.



Cup run ends in Final

AIKAWA VILLAGE.



The green green grass of Aikawa village provide's much of the incentive for this regular fixture - despite a two hour train journey followed by a 40 minute car ride. As the teams lined up Fernando remarked that he knew the Maradona look alike - a former Argentinian international called Ortega - not that Ortega!. He may have been nearly 50 but he knew all the "tricks!". The hospitality was excellent, the grass was great - the day then ended with a photo around the British Oak tree planted by the team on a previous visit.



Biffa graciously accepts the TML Second division trophy from Sid the TML Chairman. Note: the trophy was last seen in public later that same night - somewhere in Roppongi!

The SPOT Bar

by
Cai

If cleanliness really is next to godliness, Lucifer himself must own at least one of the whisky bottles that adorn the sticky walls of the Spot Bar. While Hanzomon's premier watering hole is a shrine to mysterious stains and odours, however, it has been a favourite haunt of BEFC players across several generations. This is partly due to a lack of alternatives; Hanzomon on a weeknight is a bit like Rhyl in January. But it is also due to the warm welcome extended by the Spot's proprietors (who will remain nameless, largely because I don't know their names) and the homely atmosphere they have fostered over the years. You won't find too many bar owners in Tokyo prepared to shunt a table-full of salarymen into a dark corner to make room



The team discussing tactics before a big game!

for a herd of sweaty foreigners. At the Spot, this is par for the course on a Wednesday night. In terms of food, the menu is a classic holding midfielder: short but committed. You can order sausage & chips; egg & chips; sausage, egg & chips; or just chips. To my

knowledge, no one has ever threatened anarchy by ordering just sausage & egg. Alternatively, if you're after a healthy option, you can order a radiation-blasted vegetarian pizza. It is true that the Spot Bar's role as BEFC's unofficial clubhouse was diminished somewhat by the sad departure of Les Cooper, the greatest narrator of seafaring odysseys since Melville, and Donaldinho Spivey, the greatest organizer of "excuse-to-get-wasted" fundraisers since Nero. But as long as players still turn up every Wednesday to drink flat beer and imperil their arteries, the BEFC spirit will forever permeate the fetid atmosphere of the Spot Bar.



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