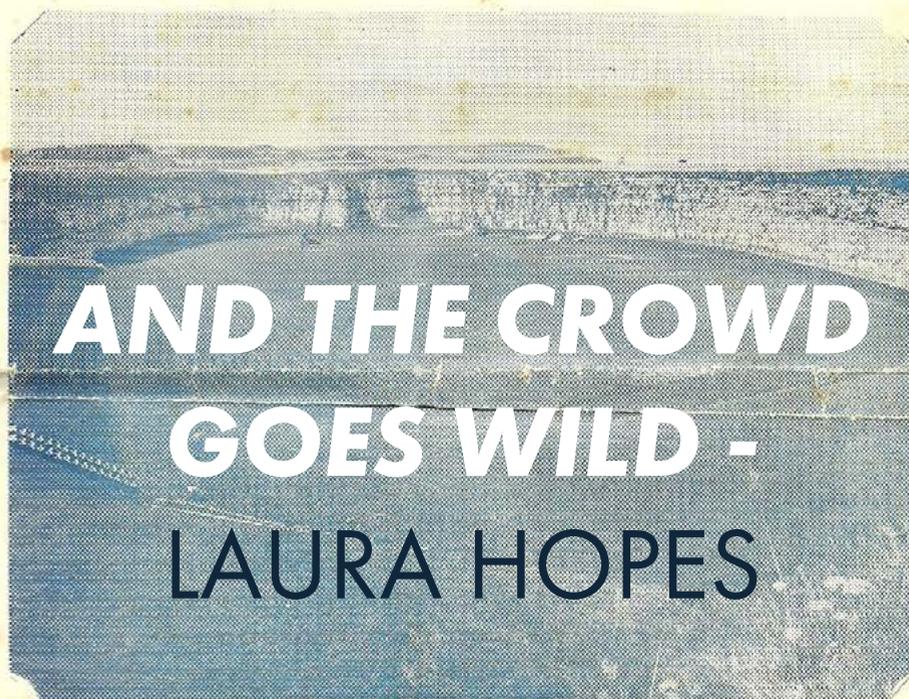


H.M. BORSTAL INSTITUTION, PORTLAND.

SOUVENIR SPORTS PROGRAMME

to be carried out for the first time in



THE BORSTAL STADIUM

(Commenced October, 1931. Completed October, 1935).

MUSIC BY THE PORTLAND TOWN BAND

(Under the direction of Mr. E. STEWKESBURY)

Microphone and Amplifier by Weyman's of Portland.

ADMISSION BY PROGRAMME

(Children FREE if accompanied by parents).

August 1st, 1936.

Price 3d.

An aerial photograph of a soccer field with three goals. A person is standing in the center circle. The field is surrounded by a dense forest. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

**AND THE CROWD
GOES WILD -
LAURA HOPES**



Benlow Winners 1967

INTRODUCTION

b-side

In 2018, b-side festival, based on the Isle of Portland, Dorset, commissioned artist Laura Hopes to create the sound-work: And The Crowd Goes Wild.

Laura came to us with the idea of creating a soundscape of football roars, songs, cheers and chants from a variety of televised football matches from around the world and playing them in the empty Portland Stadium Bowl. The prisoner-built sports stadium was created from a disused quarry and previously used by the Borstal prisoners for training, now it remains largely locked and unseen by residents and visitors alike, but remaining home to local youth football teams. With multiple speakers hidden around the perimeter of the stadium, the piece would be huge in scale and evoke championship moments, missed penalties and old rivalries!

As a ghostly reminder of matches played between prisoners and civilian teams, the soundscape would play as visitors to the stadium could pick up a ball for a kick around, practice their goal scoring techniques or set up quick 5-a-sides with other visitors.

b-side always seeks to draw attention to little used or unknown sites on the island, enabling audiences to see and experience artworks in unusual places and to engage new audiences in the island's proud natural and industrial heritage. Laura's sound-work did just that. Over 1100 people visited the piece over the festival period including ex and current staff from the prison, local residents who'd once played on the pitch and audiences from across the UK and beyond. With them they brought their stories and memories of games, training sessions and prisoner escapes from the Bowl and the island itself. As the festival came to an end, the stories were just beginning and so both b-side and Laura realised that the project wouldn't be complete without some further research and record of the impact the Stadium Bowl has had on the lives of people on Portland, as well as the prisoners and teams who played on its pitch.

Using art to research and add to the archive of Portland's natural, industrial and social history is part of b-side's mission and we are thrilled that the Heritage Fund has enabled us and Laura to add to the Prison Museum archive with her film and booklet, giving residents and visitors alike an insight into the Stadium's wonderful history.

Sally Watkins
b-side Co-Artistic Director



Sports Day 1936

The majestic site, the Portland Stadium Bowl or 'Borstal Stadium', usually closed to the public, is monumental and surprising in its scale, and through it we are made aware of its industrial past, as a quarry whose stone built parts of the Borstal itself and the surrounding village. Its transformation by the Borstal boys into the stadium, under the direction of the PT instructor, Burt Bridges is shown in the beautiful archive photography held at the Grove Prison Museum, depicting Sports Day events for 'the boys', and the gleaming white Portland stone a backdrop for the carefully levelled terraces, pitches and pavilion.

In this work, I aim to share the collections of objects, images and documents in museum's archive. Football kits, team photos, boots, banners and balls are just some of the artefacts held in the museum, and each

becomes a sort of touchstone revealing the histories and memories entangled with the stadium, and the histories of people and communities which have accrued around the site; the officers of the HMPS Portland and their families, the kids who snuck onto the pitch to furtively play football, those inside the HMPS Portland now denied access to the stadium.

Through collecting oral histories, the totemic power of these artefacts can be transferred into powerful stories and memories that activate this site permanently and can be disseminated more widely through the communities than merely opening the site for a week can. The action that pushes the gate ajar, the publication and film then wedge open.

Laura Hopes

At the park with mates, kicked ball it bounced off my mate's head and went in – I felt like the king of the world for five minutes



Sean Valentine 2018

Amazing great atmosphere – really uplifting I thought I'd hate it, but I loved the atmosphere

In primary school, Mum watching from the fence and I scored, I could hear my mum's voice above everyone else's and I felt pride – it engulfed my heart

A Visitor's experience Douglas Gyte

LH: how long had you lived on Portland without knowing this place was here?

D: Three years. I was living in Portland for about four years...it's very anonymous with a brick wall, a stone wall from the outside. You wouldn't know this was here, you know? I mean even when you walk in, you suddenly see down into it, it's slow to reveal its secret of being there. But it's such a magical place; when I came to see the b-side festival, it was just even more magical because it was alive with sound. You know those sounds that you get when you go to a sporting event, not just football but just sporting events and it really evoked something as you were walking around. And it was very well done with all the speakers and lots of different parts of the undergrowth, right the way around. Really got that feeling of being in the stadium, physically in the stadium. But where are the people? That soundscape and the noises and the sounds of it and it really evoked all those feelings that you have when you go as a young child, or an adolescent to football, it really makes an impact on you. And then from there it just came, all the memories start flooding back from it, you know? So, it's... it's quite magical really, because I used to live near to a football ground, I was born a hundred yards away from Maine Road. Which is Manchester city's stadium when you used you be able to go in. Yes. And at the end of the game when you were a child you used to be able to go in at quarter time - you could hear all these sounds before you gained entry into the stadium and it evoked all of those sorts of memories for me and the sights and the smells, of pipe smoking and all the old men in the stadium and it's just really something that actually evoked the sights and the sounds and smells and the whole experience of it, which was the surprise for me. Pleasant surprise.

Transcript from an interview with Douglas Gyte

History of Portland Stadium

Portland Borstal Institution, Miscellany, Vol II, Copyright 2018, John Hutton

It is thanks to Borstal Officer (Physical Training Instructor), Burt Bridges, that this much-used Stadium was built. Burt, one day early in 1931 while walking along the ragged cliff edge of this old quarry, visualised in his mind, that this ugly hole could become an amphitheatre, with a level grassy playing field which would be an asset to the Borstal with its 400 boys and to the enthusiasm of its sports-minded staff. So, he approached Governor Henry Scott with his idea, and after much discussion and planning, he was given a free hand to achieve it, that this former quarry known as the Gardens Quarry in convict days (and marked on maps as such) would be converted into a useful asset. Work on its conversion started in the October of 1931, with the Governor Mr Scott lifting the first full spade of soil and stone, and so, nearly five years later, on the first of August 1936 the Borstal Stadium held its first Foundation Day Sporting Programme.

The late, very knowledgeable Mr AE Andrews wrote about this achievement to hard work and skilful labour: "the work proved hard and tried the

ingenuity and endurance of all concerned; on one side of the quarry, terraces were built with a road running down beside them, down the terrace, steps were cut and cemented, turfs were taken from the Verne Citadel's South East Glacis and laid on the cleaned flattened bottom, which covered 12,000 square yards. Shrubs were planted around the field, and in other spare areas, a pavilion was built, also a rubble wall built around the top edge of the quarry, and so was born a sports arena whose field was 50 feet below ground level and 300 feet above sea level." By the October of 1935, this project was completed, and the following August Bank Holiday saw the Institution Annual Sports held in this fine arena for the first time.

Besides having a stadium for football and other ball games, it was also large enough for a 440 yards running track. The Borstal system up until the 1960's was more sports orientated for all-comers than in later years, in those days all the house lads were made to go and cheer on their team so there was more involvement for the non-participants. The highlight of the year was the Annual Sports Day, the lads'

families were encouraged to attend as was the general public. As there was no charge allowed to public funds the programmes were used to grant entry to outsiders and were sold at a small charge. There was also an enclosure for tea, and in 1936 the programme cost three pence and the enclosure one shilling. Music for the occasion was supplied by Portland Town Band, and Mr L Wayman who was a local radio and electrical dealer supplied the microphone and amplifier. This was one of Portland's first large events that was wired up for sound, the acoustics of the stadium making it the best to date.

This Borstal Stadium was also an asset during the war years when the United States entered the Second World War in 1942 it was not long before the U.S Transportation Corps took their vehicles down the slope leading from the Stadiums entrance to the sports field below and "scrimmed up"; camouflaged netting covered the trucks and tents. These soldiers were soon playing baseball, watched by local and Borstal Officers' children, but in the early hours leading up to D Day 1944, they were all gone.



Burt and Dorothy Bridges, c1931



1932, John Hutton's Collection

FREEDOM THROUGH SPORT

I have Portland YOI's commitment to prison sports to thank for my research career in this subject matter. A decade ago, as an early career forensic psychologist I was involved in the evaluation of various prison-based interventions and programmes. Having worked in partnership with Portland YOI in carrying out my doctoral research into resettlement programmes for young men in custody, I was delighted when I was invited to evaluate the legacy of Ian Wright's Football Behind Bars programme for Sky TV. The evidence for the positive impact on the young men who participated in the programme was compelling. It made good television and raised awareness of the positive role that sports-based interventions could have in engaging with people in prison, promoting education and employment opportunities and giving people hope for a more positive life beyond the daily prison regime.

At this time, as I thought any academic worth her salt should do, I set about reviewing the academic literature on prison sports initiatives and when I discovered barely any I set about with the aim of filling that gap in some way, working initially with the PEIs at Portland, and then with their counterparts throughout England and Wales. I also had the privilege of speaking with and learning from hundreds of men, women and children in prison custody and post-release who told me about the transformative potential of sport in prison and the importance of physical activity when experiencing incarceration. As well as working with PEIs - some of the most dedicated and, in my view, effective members of prison staff - I had the opportunity to learn from some of the incredible grassroots organisations working in partnership with prisons, from sports

clubs and societies to small community groups and individuals who 'get' the potential of using sport to reduce crime. The most significant community figures operating in this area were and still are James Mapstone and Justin Coleman from the 2nd Chance Project (now the Alliance of Sport in Criminal Justice) who developed their understanding of the power of sport in custody from first-hand experiences of working in youth prisons. In 2013 my book *Sport in Prison* was published by Routledge and as well as dozens of journal articles and book chapters I led the 2018 review of sport in youth and adult prisons on behalf of the Ministry of Justice. Writing this at the end of 2019 when there is little to be positive about in relation to prisons and criminal justice policy, I'm still optimistic that the growth of sports-based interventions and learning opportunities in our prisons - and the growing evidence base for the impact of such schemes - gives us something positive to work upon. This important historical project together with the modern-day testimonies it contains, reminds us that sport has long had an important role to play in the secure estate and continues to do so. I hope that it will inspire further commemoration of and commitment to prison sport, contributing to a legacy that can be celebrated in years to come.

Professor Rosie Meek, Dept of Law and Criminology, Royal Holloway University of London

So, I'm a PEI at Portland like I said. I've been running the football academy for about 10 years and the impact football, and sport in general, can have is truly unbelievable at times. I have seen some angry, drug-addicted, damaged men literally turn their lives around through doing a bit of sport. Sport isn't everybody's cup of tea, but neither is sitting in a classroom doing English and Maths. My job is to identify lads that have potential in sport, but also in themselves, and to nurture that to help them - sometimes just to behave but at other times to completely change how they think.

I truly believe we don't use sport enough to help these individuals and because by doing so, we help the public because we can change some of these lads' behaviours thus saving someone else from becoming a victim of crime.

We currently have 3 gym orderlies that have changed immeasurably all through doing a bit of sport and by us instilling into them the disciplines it may take to do their chosen sport. Two were drug addicts for many, many years and have changed that addiction to becoming "gym junkies" and the other was a very violent and angry young man that now, is literally a reformed character. I have got him to talk to groups of school children or other groups telling us his story: what he did, why he did what he did and why he changed.

I have done charity events with prisoners whereby we do stupid distances or times on the rowing machine and they have to push through barriers both physically and mentally to achieve the target or goal, and although we're doing it on a rowing machine, these challenges relate to normal, everyday life. I am doing another one next August where I hope to get some of our ex-offenders to come back into prison and do a solo 24-hour-row.

I would say, sometimes they let themselves down and revert back to what they used to do, but sometimes they don't...that's the best bit.

Statement from current PEI Officer, Sean Phelps

It could only happen here...

Memories and histories of the Portland stadium bowl shared by Kenny Watkins and Geoff Kirby

K: I arrived with the prison service as a PE instructor in 1973, till 78, it was the best job in the place. I absolutely loved it, so this was a regular place to be for sport on the weekend. Really enjoyable and quite a few funny incidents happened. I could tell you about them, the lads were split into houses in there, as you probably know, based on Naval admirals, Rodney, Raleigh, et cetera. And anyway, there was a match on, at the weekend down here. Anyway, so, so up goes the ball. Somebody pitches the ball, a lad whacks it, and I can see it now in slow motion. And as its just coming down three fielders from different angles came forwards to catch the ball. Nobody had the presence of mind to say; "my ball". I think three of them collided and it was a sort of collision of humanity. They exploded up, but the ball hit the deck like that. And it was one of the funniest things I've ever seen. I ended up on the ground in fits of laughter. It was amazing. I'd love to see it again. The closest thing in reality to the TV program 'Porridge'. It was wonderful, if you ever watch 'Porridge', those things really happened.

G: It was an interesting experiment when they opened the jailhouse cafe out there, which was staffed by Verne prisoners after the Borstal. I remember the guy on the next table said to one of the prisoners who were serving, why don't you run away? And he said, well, why should I? I've got a wife and children waiting out there. I've got five weeks to go. I'm never coming back in here. And I know it probably applies to the Borstal boys as well, you would see an end to your term, and they've got maybe some place good to go back to.

K: You never know though... a lad who worked in the gymnasium with me. He did his... on

average I think 10 or 11 months they did, and he went home to Cardiff. But he lived outside of Cardiff and couldn't find any transport taking him to his home. He stole a car and he'd just been released. You know, so you'd never know, you know.

G: How did the boys react to the discipline? Did they accept this or fight against it?

K: Um, not really. No, I don't think so, they really accepted that things were for a limited time, you know, and as you get to know their personalities, sure enough, they get to know yours as well. And so, I used to do the most silly things, but they knew me as a person, you know, and, they know that you can change. And I mean, I was a clerk in a mental hospital before that and you know, most of my colleagues, this is in Wales, said "he's too small, you know, and he was just a clerk. He'll never make a prison officer" and, anyway, I proved them wrong. But comedy and humour was absolutely essential. Another funny thing. If I took the lads away on a rugby match, say to Bournemouth, if there ever any aggression on the pitch, it was usually between two lads on the same team. It was always embarrassing. I used to put my head in my hand on the touchline! But it might've been a case of settling old scores...

And I had one lad, he was from Cardiff and he was a boxer and he must've been quite good, because he fought...remember Joe Bugner? Oh yes. He fought Joe Bugner and the next thing I heard was that he was disqualified for biting Joe Bugner's ear. Obviously, he could handle himself. He had no problems here, you know, and he loved his reggae music and yeah, we got on like a house on fire.



Winners of the 1971 Hayward Cup, Portland Borstal Staff beat Dover Borstal Staff 4-1 7th May 1971



Inter House Boxing Shield Competitors of 1937, Foundation Day Sports Events



Benbow House football team, winners of the 1955 Athletics Shield and Cup, Grove Prison Museum Collection



1st August 1936, Raleigh House Band leading the fancy-dress parade, Bob Baker

G: What sort of homes do you think these boys came from? Were they difficult homes?

K: All sorts. You couldn't have told, when I was in the previous establishment in the detention centre there with lads coming in during the cannabis time, you know, when cannabis came to the fore and they get six months for possession of cannabis and then somebody could nick 25 cars, you know, all separate offenses and they might get three months. So, you know, lads from good homes and they'd never been in trouble before. And very often they would be the ones who wouldn't come back, you know, they wouldn't re-offend again. That was strict. Those were the days when it was more army-run.

G: I've heard quite a lot of stories about escapees, but they relate more to Verne prison than here. One story I heard was the guy who managed to get out of the Verne and he'd decided to swim for it all the way across Portland Harbour, but they were onto this and the prison officers set out in a boat, and instead of hauling him on board, they actually sailed alongside him making encouraging noises until he got to Weymouth. And then they hauled him in the boat and took him back to Portland. That's probably not a true story!

"Why did it have to be you Mr Watkins?"

K: There is one; there was an escapee who managed to get hold of a tractor. Got it started and was driving along the Portland beach road in the tractor with no lights on. Guess what? He was caught, because of not having the lights.

G: With an area like this, the boys, were they trusted enough not to try and escape? Because it would have been quite easy to get away, I suppose.

K: Well not always easy... There was an occasion when I had 30 down here and there should have been two of us. So, I carried on taking the soccer, I think it was, and this one other prison officer decided to go off somewhere. So, I suddenly found I had 29 instead of 30... interesting.

The funny thing in contrast to that was before I was here, I went off to fetch my family to have a look around the place before I was permanently established, you know, they'd allow your family to visit. On the way back from Wiltshire, I saw a lad who had been in the Borstal and I recognized him. And I pulled up the car, my wife and two children in the car, and chased him. And as I went across the field, I could see him on the other side of the hedge and the sun was splintering through the hedge. I said to him, "I know you're in there ma cocker" you see I tried to put on a good Devon accent. Don't know why. Anyway, he slithered along there and eventually I caught him up and the poor lad said, "Why did it have to be you Mr Watkins?", being a fit PE instructor, if I'd have been the fat governor, he would have gone! So I had a commendation for that...and the next thing I'm losing one you know!

Transcript from an interview with Geoff Kirby, local historian and Kenny Watkins, former PE instructor at the YOI



FOOTBALL BEHIND BARS

Professional footballers inhabit a strange alternative universe, and for the most part, this suits them. Lauded as role models and heroes, über-rich and untouchable, each post-match utterance pored over and imbued with unfathomable meaning by a media industry hanging on every word ... who wouldn't want to lounge on that sunbed?

But, as many discover to their apparent surprise, there awaits little sanctuary should any of these bronzed gods be found to hide feet of clay inside their Nike Mercurial Superfly VI Elites (CR7 special edition). Footballers who transgress, under the watchful eyes of red-top terriers with an impressive disregard for irony, often discover just how unforgiving running with the press pack can be.

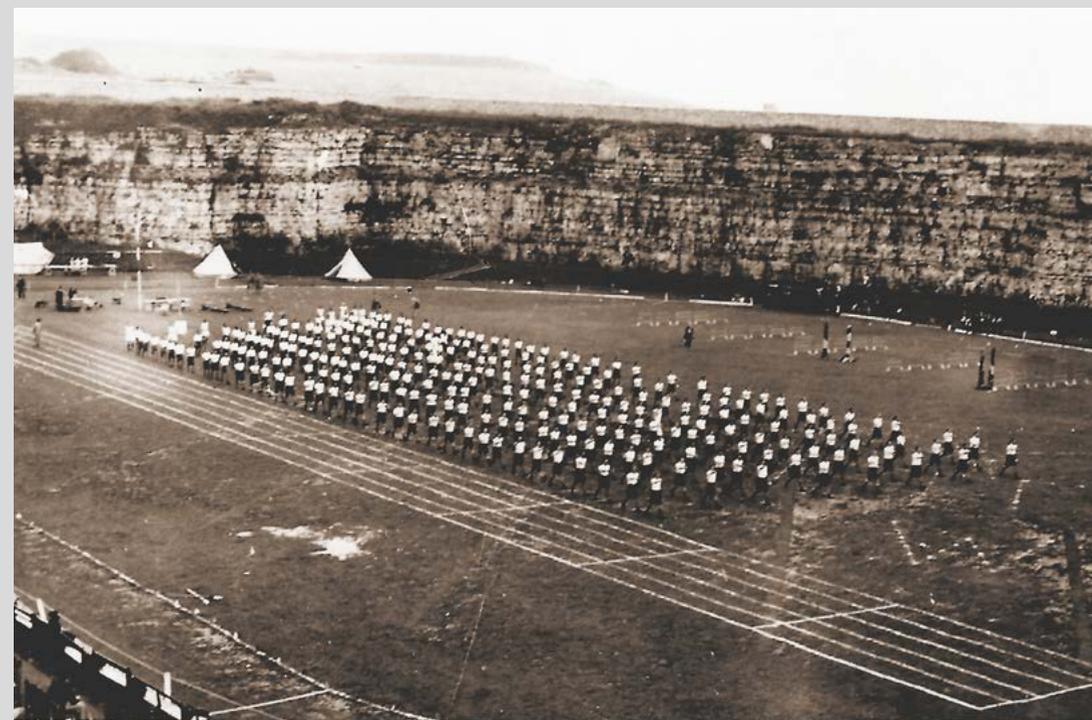
And yet soccer's adulterers, abusive drunks, even apparent racists, are generally offered a route to redemption by the court of popular opinion, should they exhibit sufficient penitence on the pitch, and make some grand prognostic mission statement on their Insta feed. There remains, though, scant access to forgiveness for those whose tabloid tales end in prison. Footballers are humans too, it turns out.

Some make terrible mistakes, some knowingly commit crimes, but, unlike many of those with whom they start living a life of confinement, they tend only to discover just how much they had to lose once they have lost it. Whereas, ultimately, society accepts the need for restoration to follow retribution for most inmates, footballers are rarely afforded absolution.

In my career as a sports journalist, seldom is the time I have felt an urge to saddle up the

high horse of morality or allowed opinions to interfere with the telling of facts. Sure, I've spent those years plying my trade almost exclusively along the liberal left wing, but I still take issue with the reluctance of the popular press to acknowledge nuance or compassion just because they feel alien. Preach to the choir if you must, but now more than ever it would be nice to think those in a position to influence opinion might seek to challenge convention and assumption every now and then.

The standard narrative – from watercooler to back page – generally revolves around whether those for whom football career progress has been halted by a stint inside should be allowed to do what they are best at while they serve time, or even pick up where they left off once they are released, as though the same limitation might also be applied to carpenters, fishmongers or website designers. Despite a wealth of evidence, both academic and anecdotal, little serious editorial consideration is given to the potential for football to have a positive impact on the mental health of these displaced pros, in the same way it allows their fellow inmates to rebuild structure through teamwork and exercise, or for society to receive back a reintegrated, even improved, member. They are forever a 'paedo winger', 'killer drink-driver' or 'jailbird defender'. The presence of a convicted villain amid the pantomime of top-flight football often proves too easy an open goal for the tabloids to miss; the propagation of foaming fury is practically an absurdist art-form for sections of the written press. Witness the Daily Mail in 2016 dredging the seabed of faux outrage as a convicted Plymouth-based goalkeeper visited a warship with his team-mates under the headline 'Killer drink-drive footballer Luke McCormick treated to battleship tour'. Comments from the



3.40 pm event Stadium Day 1936

mother of the two boys he killed on the M6 in 2008 suggesting they might all want to move on with their lives are given less prominence.

There are two things to consider from here, neither of which sports journalism, or journalists in general, are particularly good at. The first concerns what role either should have in fermenting a narrative of objective populism – such as that dictating the right of professional footballers to continue with their career after being in prison – or whether there's room for a more humanist position. Prison sentences should benefit society, for a whole host of reasons, and it would be worth remembering that scalding footballers for 'enjoying' themselves on the inside purposefully ignores the fact they would almost certainly be happier filling in their own tax returns if it meant doing so with their mates in Nando's.

Secondly, it would probably be a good idea if journalists stopped pretending that professional footballers should be role models for anyone

other than professional footballers. As the Guardian columnist Marina Hyde put it far better than I ever could, 'those who affect serial disappointment with the personal decisions of people whose job is kicking a ball seem more deserving of medical assistance than a polite ear'.

Perhaps if we, as an industry, learned to stop being so humourless and alarmist about this brilliant, transformative but lovably ridiculous sport and those who play it, we might enjoy it more, and also feel able to forgive those who commit foul acts on or off the field.

Mike Baker (Guardian Sports Journalist)

MEMORIES OF THE STADIUM

An interview with Les Horton, former Borstal officer

LH: So Les, you used to work at the YOI?

L: Yes, I did for a number of years. Things have obviously changed a lot since then. When I started here it was originally a Borstal, and the boys used to come out through the gate down here and into the stadium for all of their gym. This end of the Borstal was actually out of the secure area which finished outside the library. If you've been inside, the library's halfway up. And all of this was the workshops, classroom and education areas. As soon as they came through there, they were allowed to go in this area, and this was their recreational area. It used to have a football field with a running track round the outside of it when I was here initially. And then gradually with all the new regulations coming in, they stopped using it ...basically it was just staff. I played football on there a couple of times for the staff, us against the Verne, and the works department against the education department a couple of times. We had a rugby match here once against the Verne, but, I mean initially it was all purely for all of the boys in there. And they would come up and be brought out through the gate down into there, pretty secure.

When I was a kid, we used to be able to go on the bus past here and look over the wall down into here. The buses used to come past the officer's quarters, which was a proper little village to the side of here, a load of houses and they would come back. So, must have been the main buses that come past and then you could come past, stand on the seats and look over the gate and look down into here. We would come back and I can remember looking over the wall and then being told all about it from here. As far as I know, most of the stone for the breakwater from Portland came out of here. That's what I was told. But we used to use it, basically you had two more football fields over the other side of the wall there and then here they had the main football field. That's where most of the matches were played. They used to play against local teams and the staff used to play local teams. I can guarantee you that the local teams would much rather play the inmates than against the staff because it was a lot less violent!

I mean it was always closed, when I was a kid, when the buses came back, the gate was always shut so you could only look over the gate. And then it was only when was when I was working here that we could come out down here and go onto the running track as it were.

And they had what they called the Borstal bash here, which when it was open to the public then, because my lads used to make bits and pieces to sell, it was almost like an open day. So we would make stuff, go down there and it'd be the Borstal bash and we would have a couple of lads, three or four lads out down here, setting it all up and we'd have three or four lads, it was far, far more freedom for the lads then to come out and be able to do a bit.

I was in the workshop just over there. Our lads used to come out, go to the gym, get changed. And then you could see them coming through. I was a civilian, so it wasn't my job to bring them down here. But you could see them coming down in groups and it was always pretty well behaved until they decided that they're not allowed to march them anywhere, which is the best way of getting a group of people from one place to another place.

LH: Why were they not allowed to march them?

L: Regulations came in and you weren't allowed to march them, I think they found it demeaning, so they couldn't come here. It's just a fact that if you're bringing a group of 30 odd down, then you keep them in a group, and you march them. It was always that way, if you brought them down here, they marched. And to be quite honest, you knew, that if you'd behaved yourself, you could come out and play and the minute you misbehaved, you just don't come out. And actually, everybody behaved. I took groups out to do some renovation work on Weymouth Seafront, you'd just say: "I'm gonna go down, have a nice day on the seaside. You can come and put these seats in, but anybody misbehaves and we're back" and you wouldn't want to be the one what's misbehaved if you'd kept another eight lads in, another 14 lads in for another week when they could be out in the sun. They certainly didn't want that. They always behaved themselves. It's the same here. You used to see them behaving themselves coming out here. You wanted to

give them something that was good. The only time I ever came down here was when the staff were playing.

LH: Is it a nice pitch to play on?

L: Yeah, it is actually. My football skills are... extremely basic! I could run around a lot... it was good, and it was a strange experience because we had people watching us which you don't normally get, sat round on the terraces, which was a new experience for me.

LH: How many people would you have?

L: Not many. Usually just usually just family. I do remember one of our members of staff that when we were down and playing that his wife was stood on her own. And everyone was saying "Who's that player chopping down all our players?" Yeah, I played squash against him, I played badminton against him and I played football against him. And you always ended up on the ground because he had to win at all costs.

Extract of interview with Les Horton





1938 Grove School Cup Winners Football Team

PORTLAND YOUTH FC

PUYFC is a community football club which was founded in 2001 by two parents. We have teams from ages 7 - 18, playing in the Dorset Mini-Soccer League and Dorset Youth Football League. For the 2019/20 season we are fielding seven teams.

We are a family-centred Club and always welcome new players, coaches, fund-raisers and parents who simply wish to help, so please come and join us! The club has two home grounds, with the Mini League playing at the "The Bowl" Football Ground, Incline Road where we have four pitches, and the Under 11's and above play at "The Grove Playing Fields", Grove Corner, Grove Road where we have two pitches.

All of our teams run training sessions throughout the week to advance our players skills. We have the use of facilities at the Atlantic Academy, Budmouth College, Osprey Leisure Centre, Royal Manor Playing Fields, as well as our two home grounds. If you would like to sponsor one of our teams, please contact our Club Secretary.

Victoria Mynes

Thanks to

All at HMPS Portland but especially Hayley Scattergood, Sean Phelps, Danny Terrey, Sophie Johnson, Monica Duarte, Emily Joy, Tony Walker and Kevin Jess.

John Hutton, Grove Prison Museum for providing access to the museum's and his own personal archive.

Professor Rosie Meek, Royal Holloway, Professor of Criminological Psychology.

Mike Baker, Guardian Columnist and Lecturer in Journalism, College of St Mark and St John.

The continued support of b-side: Amanda Wallwork, Alan Rogers, Sally Watkins, Sandy Kirkby

Portland United Youth Football Club:

Anna and Geoff Franklin, Victoria Myles

Sean Valentine, documentation and film editing

South West Film and Television Archive for granting reproduction of section of 'Putting them on the Bill'

Interviewees: Former YOI employees Kenny Watkins and Les Horton. Geoff Kirby, local historian and Douglas Gyte.

Grove Prison Museum

The Grove Museum on the Isle of Portland is a small museum documenting the history of the HMYOI, during its periods as a Convict Prison, Borstal Institute, Youth Custody and Young Offenders Institute.

Open every day except Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 am to 2pm Admission is free.

Grove Prison Museum, 104 Grove Road, The Grove, Portland DT5 1DL

01305 715726 (during museum hours)

Jhutton12@sky.com

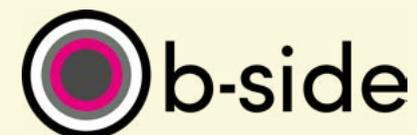
dorsetmuseums.co.uk/grove-prison-museum

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Published in 2020 by b-side www.b-side.org.uk

This project was made possible through support from the Heritage Fund



TO OUR SPORTS DAY VISITORS.

The expenses connected with a Borstal Institution Sports Day are not met by official funds.

The Committee is therefore forced to cover these expenses by the admission charge to adults of 3d. per programme.

This year's programme is a special Souvenir Programme to mark the first **Sports Day** to be held on the new **Borstal Stadium**.

If you spoil your first copy buy a second.

Please do not give cigarettes, sweets, or in fact anything (unless applause) to the lads, and finally **Please do not clamber up or down the grass banks.**



"Wot's Moswalo looking so down about, Bill?"

"Oh! 'e's a bit 'omesick. It's Sports Day at Borstal, and 'e's wondering 'oo's the 'ind legs of the camel this year."

WALL'S ICE CREAM

Salesmen have the Sole Right of Selling
:: ICE CREAM inside the Stadium. ::

EVEN THE STADIUM HAS WALLS!