Bodley’s cricketing exploits, 1994-95:
The pubs, the players and no long words.
W. G. GRACE PLAYING FORWARD (AS A DEFENSIVE STROKE).

From photo by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton
IN THE BEGINNING.....

It all began on 15th July 1994. Quite innocuous really. Just another summer Friday, mid-morning refreshments consumed, with the latest Bodleian Library staff newsletter freshly delivered to the avid newshungry Map Room team. Moving swiftly on to page two, we were able to digest a piece about "Phoneday", delight over details of the New Bodleian's fire hose-reels, and note Peter Leggate's visit to The Netherlands. What would the "Editorial miscellany" offer? A William and Joanna double-header for this issue, Joanna concentrating on the new Exhibition Room, while William opened with a story about sweet peas - not too promising really....

Those sweet peas set William off on a series of meandering Library reminiscencies from the 60s, asking why "staff themselves no longer seem to be organizing activities such as.... cricket matches against CUL - those who participated will remember Henry Hallam attired as a latter-day W.G.Grace in blazer, cap and beard. What might be arranged?"

Mm. A quick Map Room conference. Would there be sufficient interest in Bodley? We gambled there would. A quick call to the Map Room at Cambridge established that they did indeed have a cricket team - we were transferred to their Cataloguing section and eventually made contact with their captain. He fancied a game, so we decided to try and gather together some players then fix a date.

Everybody wanted to play.... or so they said.... the date was fixed for 13th August at Cambridge and so the simple task of informing all those eager people that their time had come began. Ackland and Millea from the Map Room were there for starters. Messrs Busby and Milner needed no persuasion. Four - only seven needed. A number of enthusiasts pointed out they were on holiday, or helpfully were washing their socks on the 13th, or had a dodgy shoulder, or best of all, were at a wedding... in Cambridge. Panic set in. An advert appeared on the staff noticeboard and enticed Stephen Arnold. Nobody else took the bait. John Duffy was bullied and succumbed. Rumour had it that RSL was a cricketing hotbed, which brought us Messrs Colquhoun and Fisher, both of whom knew ex-SCONUL Andrew Mackinnon from the English Faculty Library. Nine. With two days to go, Alan Fisher did some sterling work, roping in two of his mates from West Witney. We'd done it. The Bodley team assembled outside the Great Gate on a bright Saturday morning, and the rest, you might say, is history.

Thank you William, and thanks in particular to that "short-sighted actress" who presented Mr Hodges with those three fateful bunches of sweet peas. Life has never quite been the same since.
MEET THE PLAYERS

Stuart Ackland
Bodley's Mr Consistency, Stuart has striven hard to make the coveted No.11 spot his own thanks to some spectacular hitting - inevitably straight into the hands of a nearby fielder, the only blemish to his record in '95 when the ball just evaded the Six O'Clockers' square leg and made it to the boundary. That cultured 2 not out in the first Cambridge match seems so improbable nowadays, a fading memory framed in aspic. Bowling and appealing get Stuart into the team - our loudest performer, the Ackland haka has unnerved many a weak-willed batsman into submission. Spends more time taking team photographs than batting. Best cricket: The only person within six miles (other than the umpire) to realise that one of the Rozzers was out lbw after driving the ball into the covers, made even more remarkable thanks to Stuart's keen eyesight from the fine leg boundary. Embarrassing moment: Inability to hang onto his balls - lost two in a greenhouse while batting in the nets, while his bowling at Charlbury induced another two to go missing in a neighbouring field.

Pete Allmond
Bodley's all-singing, all-tickling discovery of the season, the team's elder statesman returned to the crease after a thirty-year absence. Pete even turned his hand to writing, witnessed in Pete's Carduesque description of biblical proportions reporting the defeat against the Cowley Rozzers to the awestruck readers of the Bodleian Library staff newsletter. Best cricket: That stylish innings against the Rozzers. Embarrassing moment: That not-so-stylish run out against the Rozzers.

Stephen Arnold
Bodley's pace merchant, Stephen's propensity to make opposition batsmen leap about at the crease is great news for his team mates, but he has a nagging tendency to suffer nosebleeds when bowling too fast. He is also our most technically aware batsman and leading net advocate. Stimulating conversationalist on away trips, Stephen can turn his hand to most subjects, but then what more can we expect from our sole Cataloguing cricketer? His beer drinking guarantees him a place in the team. Best cricket: Three wickets in an over against the Six O'Clockers. Most perceptive technical observation: "Now what you've got there is a classic golfing stance" on Simon Haynes' batting technique at Bristol.
David Busby
After such an impressive innings against Charlbury and a punishing last over against the boys from Bristol who is able to recall the Buzzer's less than impressive net form? Well, Martin Kauffmann still has a bruised back to remind him and there is a girl somewhere who will forever remember those words uttered through the fence as she walked down St Cross Road, "Can I have my ball back please?", but for the rest of us it was glory at the end. David played in all the games and features well in the highest partnership table.
Best cricket: Charlbury innings.
Embarrassing moment(s): Thinking he'd been bowled at Charlbury when he hadn't, and getting off the bus for a pee after Cambridge and forgetting to stop walking when he got to the field.

Andrew Colquhoun
Stunning slip catch at Cambridge, otherwise his contributions have involved cameo substitute roles during Stephen Arnold's nosebleeds.

Garry Cooper
Bodley's all rounder. This man has the lot, second highest runs in total, best batting averages, best bowling (4 for 10 against Witney), the most wickets taken and the best bowling averages. What a bastard. Luckily for the rest of us rejects, the selectors still have the negatives and this should ensure Mr Cooper playing for us next year.
Best cricket: Take your pick.
Embarrassing moment: 28 runs against Witney, 11 not out against Charlbury, 18 not out against the Six O'Clockers, 41 against the Cowley Rozzers and 0 against Cambridge. Bloody 0, just when we needed it most.

Mick Donegan
After impressing against Bodley for Charlbury with an unbeaten 35, we decided to sign Mick up. He also impressed for us at Cambridge with an amazing catch, gritty innings, and running his captain out.

John Duffy
John's main claim to cricketing fame was the cheerful, enthusiastic way in which he volunteered to open the batting against Cambridge. He also holds a special place in some hearts for keeping all the strike to himself during his allotted over in the beer slog on the same day. Mr Duffy seems to have spent most of his time opening the batting for the Bod XI and has played four games with a highest score of 5.
Best cricket: Opening partnership with Dave Busby against Charlbury.
Special thanks: For keeping Mr Ackland company at the bottom of the batting statistics.
**Alan Fisher**
Alan's performances so impressed our opponents that he seemed... well.... more than accommodating towards them. His generosity knew no bounds, fixing up the match against his mates from West Witney; endearing himself to the Bristol Eczemas so much that they let him bat twice; and best of all being signed on as a life member of the Six O'Clock Club for his services to their cause. On the occasions when he wasn't wooing the other team, Alan's lively innings at Witney and Headington, his penetrating bowling, and that ubiquitous red cap will long be remembered.
Best cricket: The only player ever to hit a six for Bodley - against West Witney.
Unmentionable moment(s): Not wanting to finger the blame here, but what about the Six O'Clock Club?

**John Flynn**
Ex-Amplesforth opener John was brought in to replace the no-show Greg Slatter. His week of batting practice in the back garden paid off as he murdered the Cambridge bowling. We hope to see John again.

**Alex Hanniford**
Enthusiastic opening bowler and batsman at Witney. Pacy.

**Simon Haynes**
Roped in for Bristol, and his unorthodox bowling technique produced an unlikely wicket to go nicely with a blistering boundary during his stint at the crease.

**Francis Kauffmann**
Steady unbeaten 4 against the Rozzers, and according to brother Martin "he really can bowl!" - we hope to find out next season.

**Martin Kauffmann**
Were there no bounds to Martin's enthusiasm in 1995? Who would have blamed him for walking out on the team when struck a fearful blow on the temple by a Busby beamer while batting in the nets - Dave was bowling into another net, apparently. Martin's solid batting and efficient fielding were most welcome, while at Bristol he realised he had discovered his true niche in life as a scorer extraordinaire - if ever someone's handwriting was destined for the cricket scorebook, it was that of the precisely pressed Kauffmann pencil.
Best cricket: Two smart catches and consistently lively fielding.
Worst moment: A victim of Fisher's finger against the Six O'Clock Club, bringing to an end Bodley's longest run of "not out" innings.
Richard Lindo
A special award will go to Richard for playing excellent cricket while turning out in his work clothes. It is reported that some pitches will need two seasons or more to get rid of the damage caused by his shoes. An award will also go to the people who finally talked him into playing. The Bod team should consider itself lucky that Richard came along when he did and stepped into the wicky pads left vacant when Nick's circus trick went so badly wrong.
Best cricket: His innings of 13 against Cambridge, and general wicketkeeping duties.
Embarrassing moments: A man this cool doesn't make mistakes but, Richard, the clothes, man, the clothes!

Andrew Mackinnon
The looks of horror on the faces of the Bod team as Andrew bowled his first over against Cambridge will be an everlasting memory. The Ali shuffle to the crease, the flick of the wrist and then the ball ascends, slowly, to great heights before dropping at the batter's feet. Craned necks all round while following the ball from hand to bat then groans as boundaries are made (5 fours in the first 4 overs). A collective groan as the skipper throws Mackinnon the ball for his fifth soon turns to cheers all round as the wickets tumble. Three against Cambridge, followed by a useful 9 runs with the bat (third highest score of the day), he also likes his beer, can't be bad.
Best cricket: 16 runs against West Witney, caught and bowled at Charlbury.
Heinous crime: Going to Dublin when he should have played at Cambridge in 1995.

Nick Millea
It would be nice to remember Nick for keeping wicket so well, Two splendid catches behind the stumps and for organising all the matches but the one abiding memory will be his embarrassing attempt to steal the limelight in his over-the-top celebrations of Stephen Arnold's bowling against the Six O'Clock Club. If a wounded animal had shown the same pathetic effort at fielding on the boundary, or the embarrassing attempt to bat with a runner as he did against Cambridge then a bullet would have kind and sweet relief. He also lost us the game against Charlbury. But seriously if it hadn't have been for Nick there would never have been any cricket so we all owe him a pint.
Embarrassing moment: Putting his jumper on to go and umpire against Bristol on one of the hottest days of the year.
Andrew Milner
Andrew is our best fielder, specialising in spectacular run outs, especially working in tandem with Dave Busby as West Witney found to their cost. His batting and bowling get better and better, typified by that belligerent 30 at Cambridge, and bowling "with attitude" at Bristol to "persuade" the opposition to donate their wickets so cheaply. Also noteworthy was his growling disenchantment with the Cambridge umpires who called wides for balls shaving the stumps and refused run outs when batsmen were out by light years. Indeed, Andrew's cricket proved inspirational in relaunching Pete Allmond's career as the Cardus of the 90s.

Best cricket: The man himself can't even pick his best run out, so we won't bother either, but what about the Cambridge innings?
Embarrassing moment: That hat at Witney.

Andrew Pollock
Brave man who volunteered to don the wicketkeeping gloves at Cambridge - to the huge relief of his team mates.

Ian Rose (Mr Tessa Edwards)
Picture the scene, the Bodley XI (nine plus two friends really) sit in the changing rooms before the first match of the season. Ackland, skipper for the day as Millea has to babysit his brother, asks if any one wants to wicketkeep. He expects no answer and is prepared to do the job himself but a voice from the corner offers, ten men look round to see who would volunteer such a task and Ian is made an honorary Bod. Slight concern all round when he refuses the offer of a box though Tessa doesn't worry so why should we?

Best cricket: A useful 5 runs against West Witney.
Embarrassing moment: Promising to play in all the other fixtures and then dropping out of each, one by one.

Gary Townsend
It is with some regret that Gary only played in the Charlbury match. His all round cricketing skill was plain to see, claiming a clean bowled victim and, along with Garry Cooper nearly winning us the match with the bat. But the saddest part of all is that he has a lovely big car and would have come in very useful on the longer trips made.

Best cricket: Getting us near the total with 10 runs against Charlbury.
Quote of the year: "Well done top score Dave - but you're too bloody slow!" on the Buzzer's Charlbury innings.

Clive Turner
Useful all-rounder and occasional footballer, Clive's epoch-making contribution was to relaunch this team by bowling the first ball at Cambridge in 1994.
BODLEY’S PAGE 7 FELLA!

LUNGER GODFREY
Mike Webb
What a season! Bodley's leading run scorer and beacon of hope in the gathering gloom at Cambridge, later described by the man himself as the greatest sporting event he'd ever been involved in. What about that cover drive which had Gary Townsend swooning on the pavilion steps at Charlbury? Not a bad minibus driver either. Just one problem, Mike supports York City.

Best cricket: Top scores at Bristol and Cambridge.

Embarrassing moment: The subject of Tickler Allmond's serenade on the A421 outside Milton Keynes.

APPEARANCES

Stuart Ackland (Map Room) 7 (1994-95)
Stephen Arnold (Cataloguing) 7 (1994-95)
Dave Busby (Upper Reading Room) 7 (1994-95)
Andrew Milner (English Accessions) 7 (1994-95)
Alan Fisher (RSL) 6 (1994-95)
Garry Cooper (Library Stores) 5 (1995)
Andrew Mackinnon (English Fac. Library) 5 (1994-95)
Nick Millea (Map Room) 5 (1994-95)
Mike Webb (Western Manuscripts) 5 (1995)
John Duffy (Conservation) 4 (1994-95)
Martin Kauffmann (Western Manuscripts) 4 (1995)
Richard Lindo (Lower Reading Room) 2 (1995)
Pete Allmond (Reader Services) 2 (1995)
Andrew Colquhoun (RSL) 1 (1994)
Mick Donegan (Charlbury Hothouse) 1 (1995)
John Flynn (Sarah Flynn's brother) 1 (1995)
Alex Hanniford (Sandra in the Shop's son) 1 (1995)
Simon Haynes (Dave's mate) 1 (1995)
Francis Kauffmann (Martin's brother) 1 (1995)
Andrew Pollock (West Witney Wanderers) 1 (1994)
Ian Rose (Tessa Edwards' boyfriend) 1 (1995)
Gary Townsend (Conservation) 1 (1995)
Clive Turner (West Witney Wanderers) 1 (1994)
ALLMOND TICKLERS

Makes about 12. Gas mark 4, 180C or 350F.
1. Sweet flan pastry made with 4oz of white plain flour.
2. 3 tbsp raspberry jam.
3. 1 egg white.
4. 45ml (3 tbsp) ground almonds.
5. 2oz caster sugar.
6. 45ml (3 tbsp) flaked almonds.

Roll out pastry into a 7 inch square and line a shallow, greased 18cm cake tin with it. Spread on the jam, almost to the edges. Whisk the egg white until stiff. Fold in the ground almonds and sugar. Spread the mixture over the jam. Sprinkle with flaked almonds and bake for about 35 mins or until crisp and golden. Cool, cut into squares and serve with a feather duster.

MUTTON A LA MONGOLIA

Makes bloody loads. Boiling water.
1. 1 sheep.
2. 1 pot.
3. Water.

Put water in pot and bring to the boil. Add sheep, leave for a day, drain and serve.
1) **JACK FLAVELL**

Numerous approaches throughout the season failed abysmally.

Jack, who hasn’t wielded the willow since "Clifton Down [Bristol] in 1970" steadfastly refused to shore up the ranks, but then he would be putting his considerable reputation, (described here in the following Wisden "Five cricketers of the year" article from 1965), most definitely on the line. Having witnessed the Charlbury match, who came blame him for wanting to be associated with our motley rabble?

Worcestershire eyes will turn with a glow of pride to the County’s flagpole in 1965. Far from it in the club’s centenary year will fly the Championship pennant as a reminder of a heart-pounding season in which individual feats abounded. Outstanding among those performances which helped Worcestershire land the championship title for the first time was “Flavell’s Five”, the five consecutive matches the County won between August 8 and 25 with the aid of 46 wickets by their opening bowler for an average of 11.71.

Undoubtedly this Flavell operation, his most ruthless period in a career extending over fifteen years, could not have been timed better, as Worcestershire, with only one win in their previous six matches, looked to be losing their grip while Warwickshire piled on the pressure. This great-hearted cricketer has achieved many notable performances, but never was his value more ably demonstrated than in August 1964.

Born on May 15, 1929, just over the Worcestershire border at Wall Heath, Staffordshire, John Alfred Flavell played little cricket of note almost up to the time he joined his county the week he left the Royal Artillery with the rank of lance-bombardier at the age of twenty. At Kingswinford Secondary Modern School which he attended during the war, nearly all the male teaching staff were in the forces and cricket was not one of the sports for which there was much provision. Consequently, Flavell was fourteen before he began to show any sort of interest in the game. He got into Hinley village team as a quick bowler and later played for Stourbridge 2nd XI and was called up for National Service. By now he was carving out a career as a full-back with West Bromwich Albion with whom he became a professional at seventeen, and soccer continued to occupy much of his Army sporting life. He has vivid memories of playing in that ill-fated Army Cup final at Aldershot when lightning struck the ground, killing two players and burning hair off his own head and eyebrows.

Flavell can recall playing in only one Army cricket match, although while home on leave in July, 1949, he appeared in half a dozen Birmingham League matches with Stourbridge, taking 45 wickets. At that time the Stourbridge professional was W. H. Andrews, the old Somerset fast bowler. He quickly realised Flavell’s potential and arranged a trial for him with Warwickshire.

Nine wickets for the 2nd XI against Northamptonshire 2nd XI resulted in Warwickshire offering him terms, but Flavell considered his prospects were better at Worcestershire where a bowler was urgently needed to share the opening attack with R. T. D. Perks. He admits having no regrets over the choice he made for there is no doubt that Perks did more than anyone in bringing Flavell to the standard which at the age of thirty-two gained him the first of four England caps, all against Australia. His 106 wickets last summer was the sixth time he exceeded 100 and his 171 wickets in 1965 earned him the distinction of finishing top of the national averages. The county have had few players more popular than this son of the Black Country, whose benefit in 1963 of £6,480 was a Worcestershire record.

With nearly 1,200 wickets to his name, Flavell’s story is one of triumph over adversity in a career littered with setbacks. Though he is a most muscular and powerful player and possesses astonishing stamina, he has had far more than his fair share of injuries. Early in his cricket association with Worcestershire, a back injury virtually terminated his playing days as a footballer, though after service with West Bromwich Albion and Walsall he had a spell in non-League soccer before finally giving up the winter game. His cricket, too, was threatened; a troublesome back not only put him out of action for the best part of one season, but practically two years elapsed before he fully recovered. Then Achilles tendon trouble struck him down for half a season in 1962 and most of the county’s followers were emphatic that this cost Worcestershire the Championship (they were “pipped” by Yorkshire in the final match).

Yet each time Flavell was forced out of action by injury, he invariably returned with a resolve seemingly greater than ever, to make good. This dedication, no doubt, urged him to the supreme effort to prove to himself, if to no one else, that after breaking down in the Test match against Australia at Headingley last July, he was not a spent force at thirty-five, as some people hinted.

At any rate, he came back to the county side after a foot injury had enforced an absence of one month, and wrought such havoc among opposing batsmen that he helped himself to those 46 wickets in five matches. Moreover, he proved without question that he remained one of the outstanding seamers of his era. Essentially an attacking bowler, his control and accuracy were never better, and his unlagging determination was an inspiration to all his colleagues at a crucial time.

Twice Flavell has won nine wickets in an innings, against Sussex at Hastings in 1954 and Kent at Dover in 1955. He also points to three hat-tricks, at the expense of Kent at Kidderminster, 1951, Cambridge University at Fenner’s in 1953 and Lancashire at Old Trafford in 1963. His victims in this last feat were all leg-before decisions by the umpire, F. C. Gardner—only the second instance in the history of the game.

A left-handed bat, Flavell, rarely gives the opposing bowlers much trouble, although he can claim 34 against Worcestershire at Dudley in 1959 in twenty-two scoring strokes and only last season he showed his ability in a crisis when his 12 not out against Nottinghamshire at Trent Bridge gave Worcestershire victory by one wicket when they desperately needed the points.

Gardening, golf, and coaching a local youth cricket association of approximately 30 teams occupy Flavell when he is not playing cricket. He takes prizes with his roses at flower shows and the sight of his chrysanthemum blooms and greenhouse tomatoes makes one readily appreciate that, as in cricket, his only goal is perfection.
### MATCH RECORDS AND REPORTS

13th August 1994

**Cambridge University Library v Bodleian Library**

at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge

40-over game

**Cambridge University Library**

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**Bodleian Library**

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Cambridge University Library won by 141 runs
What the papers said

Cambridge University staff bulletin, 28th August 1994
Report by Arthur Iles

RINGER SELECTION SINKS SUBDUE BODLEY

Billed - as you will have noticed - as ULC’s match of the season, this was a ‘must’ for our cricket team’s honour and pride. Our opponents on Saturday 13th August on Gonville and Caius Ground were to be that bastion of co-operative cataloguing, the Bodleian Library. Oxford’s Map Room (unlike RHF’s emporium) has a tradition (i.e. experienced umpire Betty Fathers) of cricketing superintendents, and thus it was appropriate that Nick Millea, currently i/c, should issue the challenge and captain a side against us. Some of the names in the ULC team will not appear in our telephone list, but no matter, we did include a token lady, who developed a liking for hedgehogs while fielding in the deep.

Mark Frost (Oxford undergraduate and 1992 ULC summer temporary) and captain Jonathan Ringer launched the Cambridge innings. Numerous fours from the pair elicited gentle applause from the rest of the team. The first wicket fell at 51 (Frost 28), and then a big partnership between Ringer and Howard really sealed the fate of the game. Ringer scored 55 and his athletic landlord was caught three short of his century. Six bowlers were tried by Bodley, but they could not prevent ULC’s total ascending to 225 for 8 wickets in 40 overs.

Names known to you: John Clarke 14 not out, Mark Nicholls 7, John Wells 0.

ULC, into the pavilion for tea, were well pleased. Support from Jayne Ringrose, Helen Gray, Robin Edgley, and Louise Rogers’ family was much appreciated by our excited team.

Perhaps Bodley’s strength was to lie in their batting. Two batsmen caught and bowled by Mark Frost soon upset any aggressive intentions of the Oxford men. Jonathan R. had chosen his bowlers well: Dad Ringer and Brother Ringer were both among the wickets. 41 for 5, 68 for 8, and all out for 84. ULC had won the 1994 fixture and now are in training for home and away (not television) next year. The ground floor back corridor with its polished parquet floor seemed an obvious winter net practice area - but our Map Room and its inbuilt cartographical priorities is filling it up with sealed boxes of maps. This would not have happened in Millea’s Bodley, especially as he top-scored with 23 runs!

A.J.I.

PS If you want to test your eyesight and leg-stamina just try umpiring for five hours!

Compare this to the next report. Any thoughts?

11.15 hrs The 11th man narrowly avoids missing the team bus (the only catch he made all day!)
12.40 hrs Pies stop (I think that’s what the man said). Dave Bushy had a giant pastie instead.
13.20 hrs Bedford - home of the giant green jelly fold stack joke, now a reading room one - sorry Mark!.
13.45 hrs Cambridge - The Library tower visible on the approach until we reach the Elysee Fields (Convile & Calef excellent pitch ‘n’ pavilion).
14.05 hrs Kick-off, cr, toss-off or whatever it’s called. Cambridge in to bat first with most of us dotted about the field, erm, fielding.
16.10 hrs Cambridge University Library C.C. ... 22/5 FOR 8 WICKETS

No need to recount all the gory details save to mention sterling performances by the first three Cambridge batsmen, while on our side Andrew Mackinnon (of the English Faculty Library, ex-iled, Seoul) made an impression by taking four wickets, the innings being also noteworthy for some ferocious fielding performances, especially from Stuart Acland out on the boundary.
16.30 hrs First-class tea served in the pavilion. Desperate team talks and high-level political manoeuvring for places in the batting order. “Votes for Duffy and Calquhoun to open the batting—carried by a majority of nine to two” (thanks a lot, Skipper, NOTT).
17.00 hrs The moment of truth. With the exception of C Captain’s innings of 23 from Nick Milen and sturdy performances from the middle-order batsmen A, Mackinnon and A. Milner as well as from the players on loan from West Witney (Messrs. Pollock and Turner) no real heroics, but a good-natured and invigorating game.

18.20 c. hrs Bodleian Library C.C. ... 81 (all out)

There was enough time after the main event for a “five over thrash” in which the Bodleian had the chance to salvage some of its (not too badly) dented pride perhaps we were slow starters for we sneaked a result, winning by a couple of runs.

19.00 hrs After a pint in the Pavilion, with our excellent hosts it was time to move on to drink in the sights of Cambridge - the inevitable tour of cashpoints revealing little apart from Mr M——’s amazing unintentional “pulling” technique forcing us to seek refuge in a local hostelry to save him from being mobbed. Erm, it gets a little hazy from here on but I will ever retain lurid images of Dave “Godfrey” Bushy’s transformation into “Mr Karaoke” (even if it was only for the theme tune from “The Archers”) and his attempted demonstration of the ancient art of bag snorckelling following on from a lively general debate on the true nature of Mongolian cuisine. An excellent day out which all are determined to repeat - preparations are already underway for next season.

Meanwhile many thanks to our victorious hosts - with the hope that we will be able to lay claim to that title next year!

John Duffy
West Witney Wanderers v Bodleian Library
at The Leys, Witney
40-over game

West Witney Wanderers

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<td>lbw</td>
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<tr>
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<td>b Fisher</td>
<td>6</td>
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Bodleian Library

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<td>b Harflett</td>
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<td>I Rose</td>
<td></td>
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<td>A Fisher</td>
<td>c Thompson</td>
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<td>A Mackinnon</td>
<td>c ?</td>
</tr>
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<td>S Ackland</td>
<td>c Oakey</td>
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<td>S Arnold</td>
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<td>M Kauffmann</td>
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<td>J Duffy</td>
<td>c Davies</td>
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<td>D Busby</td>
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West Witney Wanderers won by 44 runs
What the papers said

Bodleian Library staff newsletter, 9th June 1995
Report by John Duffy

A Farewell to Witney
(High Noon-ish!)
Sunday 4 June 1995

The Record Book officially states 'conditions—black' and so they were.
The eleventh man turned up early for once (honest) only to have his hopes
rudely dashed by the arrival of the rest of Uncle Tom Bodley's XI (all of those
prayers and devotional candles to SS.
Antony, Jude, Emidius and Muireadach for
lashings of rain and hail must have fallen
on stoney ground). After a misguided tour
of Witney (to the strains of Miles Davis'
version of 'Witchcraft', which is probably
what Bodley needs to return to in order to
gain a victory), we arrived at The Leys
ground and the world's smallest changing
cupboard (ever see the Marx Bros. 'A
Night at the Opera'?).

West Witney Wanderers rolled into bat
as the 2.10 chimes resounded round the
park. The early promise of their opening
partnership was eventually nullified by
correspondent Bodleian pressure with catches
by Milner, MacKinnon and Aelaid and a
superb bowling performance from Garry
Cooper who took four wickets in six overs
at a cost of ten runs. Other solid bowling
performances were turned in by Stephen
Arnold. Andrew Milner, Andrew
MacKinnon, Alan Fisher and Stuart
Aelaid with special mention for Ian Rose
who kept a tidy wicket all afternoon.

Tea-time interrupted proceedings with
West Witney at 182 for eight wickets
after 39 overs; the tea was excellent and
plentiful and smacked of sabotage (go-on
lads, have yet another cake, and then try
walking, let alone waddling).

Thus engorged our gallant opening
partnership bestrode into the setting sun
like a colossus, erm. no, like two colossi,
no, like [cut the pathetic clichés...]. Well
anyway, we took the game to them with
good middle order scores from Alan Fisher
(six fours and a six), Andrew MacKinnon
and Steven Arnold with thirty runs
between them and another six fours from
Garry Cooper.

Um, that's it I'm afraid - we lost, all
out for 129 runs but it was an
improvement on our performance at
Cambridge last year, and we do have the
making of a reasonable squad (especially
if the weekday net practices are anything
to go by). Thanks must go to West
Witney Wanderers for giving us such a
good day and a good game played in the
right spirit, to Nick Millea and Stuart
Aelaid for organising the fixture and to
those people who turned out to offer us
their support.

The Bodleian XI are still three players
short for the match at Leicester. If you
are inspired by the Witney performance
and want to be involved, please ring Nick
or Stuart in the Map Room on 77013.

John Duffy
### Charlbury Hothouse v Bodleian Library

**at Charlbury Cricket Club**

**16-over game**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Charlbury Hothouse</th>
<th>Bodleian Library</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grierson</td>
<td>D Busby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donegan</td>
<td>J Duffy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horne</td>
<td>A Fisher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geeson</td>
<td>M Webb</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lysley</td>
<td>G Cooper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovett</td>
<td>G Townsend</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extras</td>
<td>N Millea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(for 3 wickets)</td>
<td>(for 5 wickets)</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnold</td>
<td>2-0-17-0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Townsend</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fisher</td>
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<td>Ackland</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grierson</td>
<td>c Lysley</td>
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<td>Donegan</td>
<td>b Horne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horne</td>
<td>b Saville</td>
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<td>b Geeson</td>
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<td></td>
<td>c ?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>b Lovett</td>
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<td>Extras</td>
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<td>(for 5 wickets)</td>
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<td>Lovett</td>
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</tr>
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<td>Woolley</td>
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Charlbury Hothouse won by 2 runs
Defeat snatched from the Jaws of Victory

Charlbury will forever go down in the history of the Bodley cricket team, surely the most important book never written, as the place where it almost happened. A plaque, soon to go up at the pavilion will try to convey the atmosphere of those last few overs. It will fail.

With the first challenge, that of trying to find the ground, safely out of the way, the next is soon met, to have a pint of 6X before, during or after the match. The team, with thoughts of sporting endeavour firmly to the fore ignored the example of our travelling supporters and kept off the stuff till later.

Charlbury bat first, with 16 overs they manage 105. The Bodley take 3 wickets, Gary Townsend, Alan Fisher and Andrew Mackinnon claiming the spoils. Then it's our turn. A plan by the Charlbury skipper to win the match by getting us to put in our weakest bat if they give their weakest bowlers a go nearly backfires when Mr. Bushy, like some medieval knight, strides in to take guard. With an excellent display of stroke work, including three fours, the hero of the match gets a top score of 23. With Alan Fisher's useful 21 and Mike Webb's quick 13 the thought of victory starts to form.

Gary Townsend and Gary Cooper get us to a stage of needing 18 off the last two overs, then 8 off the last. First is hit for a single, us is the second and then the third is blocked. Six to win off three balls, the lads are looking OK until disaster as Gary Townsend is clean bowled attempting a shot which, if he'd connected would have won us the match and still be in orbit.

So, with two balls left and six runs needed, the hopes of the flood rest on the shoulders of Nick Milen, a man who came close to playing for the opposition (maybe that explains it!). First ball hopelessly missed and the last gets hit for three.

To come so close and lose by just three runs was disappointing but with hindsight and 6X we realised that we were improving all the time and that this game would lead us nicely on to Bristol. Your embarrassed scribe would like it known that we probably would still have lost the game even if he hadn't had two balls hit for four in the last over.

Stuart Ackland
Bristol: The Bodley XI try not to notice as one of Dave's balls drop.

Bristol: As the sun beats down on the hottest day of July, Nick goes out to umpire in a jumper. Rumour has it the colour will change for next season.
23rd July 1995

Bristol Alternative Therapists (The Eczemas) v Bodleian Library

at The Optimists Cricket Club, Bristol

40-over game

Bodleian Library

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<tr>
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<td></td>
<td>1-0-8-0</td>
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<tr>
<td>A Fisher</td>
<td>lbw</td>
<td>Cray</td>
<td>5-2-5-2</td>
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<td>M Webb</td>
<td>c ?</td>
<td>&quot;Dan&quot;</td>
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<td>c Dawson</td>
<td>Cray</td>
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<td>Bartlett</td>
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(The all out)

Extras

TOTAL

The Eczemas

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(The all out)

Ackland 4-1-12-1
Arnold 3-0-8-2
Milner 3-1-3-2
Fisher 2-1-2-1
Haynes 2-0-10-1
Mackinnon 2-1-1-0
Busby 1-0-12-2

Bodleian Library won by 55 runs
What the papers said

Bodleian Library staff newsletter, 28th July 1995
Report by Andrew Milner

Cricket Report

The Bodleian cricket team left Oxford for Bristol last Sunday determined to improve on their disappointing performances against West Witney and Charlbury. Surely the hours of net practice, the training runs, the ceaseless toil in the gym would reap their reward.

The team gathered at the Gondano service station to talk tactics over a fortifying lunch of pasties and pork pies before moving on to the aptly named Optimist C.C. ground ready for the fray against the Bristol Alternative Therapists.

Rodley batted first and the partnership of Milner and Millen started to score quickly, helped by the lightning-fast outfield. From 31 for 0 the Bodleian slumped to 38 for 4 and it seemed that the Library's losing streak would continue. Mike Webb then steadied the innings with a magnificent 37, ably supported in partnerships with Mackinnon and Arnold. By the 27th over out of a scheduled 40 the Bodleian team was all out for 111. Tight bowling and sharp fielding would be required to defend a fairly modest total. The whole team responded superbly. Ackland and Arnold, opening the bowling, supplied the breakthrough with quick wickets. High-fives all round. Further wickets from Milner, Fisher and Bushby left the Bodleian well on top.

By the 17th over the Alternative Therapists had been dismissed for 56 all out, a convincing run-win by the Library. To rub salt into the wounds, the Bodleian then went on to win a 15 over "beer match"!

Andrew Milner
16th August 1995

**Six O'Clock Club v Bodleian Library**
at University College, Oxford
20-over game

**Six O'Clock Club**

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<td>c &amp; b Ackland</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jay</td>
<td>b Milner</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T Cannon</td>
<td>retired</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodley</td>
<td>c Kauffmann</td>
<td>23</td>
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<td>P Tyler</td>
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<td>Baxter</td>
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<td>L Tyler</td>
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<td>4</td>
</tr>
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<td>P Cannon</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
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**Bodleian Library**

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<td>L Tyler</td>
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Six O'Clock Club won by 79 runs
Fisher's Fish Inn Finger

Gaydwr Leitch arranged the match (or was it mis-match), between the six o'clock club from the Fish Inn at Sutton Courtenay, and the in-form Bodleian XI. Bodley's winning streak came to an abrupt end, ably assisted by over-generous fielding, over-aggressive opposition batting, and Alan Fisher's over-active index finger.

The six o'clock club batted first, lost an early wicket then raced to 138 for 1 until an Andrew Milner wicket in the penultimate over, then a blistering three in five balls from Stephen Arnold "wrapped up" their twenty-over innings at 134 for 5. Enthusiastic fielding from Dave Rusby plus tight bowling from Andrew Mackinnon helped keep the score down.

A full order for Bodley was rendered worse by early dismissals for Fisher and Milner. Alan chose to wreak a terrible revenge but unfortunately on the wrong team: Nick Millea, Stephen Arnold and Martin Kauffmann each fell victim to Alan's twitchy right finger as all three were rapidly dismissed - LBW. Gary Cooper's well crafted unbeaten 18 and Mike Webb's 14 were the only respectable scores. To a short story even shorter, Bodley were all out for 65 - grim, but not that grim as Stuart Ackland smote a boundary to register his first runs of the season, before reverting to type two balls later.

The post-match debate was deep and memorable for both an excellent supper (John Dally's second of the evening), and one of Alan's fidgety finger's victims claiming "it was at least three feet down the leg side".

The general impression is that the lads must do better, while Alan's expressive umpiring could see him relieved of this onerous task for the foreseeable future.
Six O'Clock Club: "John, John, the camera's this way".

Cambridge, 1995: "We can win this", the captain says. Luckily the photo was taken just before we all collapsed in a giggling fit.
Cowley Area Beat Officers v Bodleian Library
at Headington Cricket Club
20-over game

Bodleian Library

A Milner c & b Kearney 2
A Fisher c Kearney b Griffin 27
G Cooper b Griffin 41
M Webb b Kearney 0
S Arnold retired hurt 12
P Allmond run out 7
R Lindo not out 4
F Kauffmann not out 4
Extras 8
TOTAL 105

Griffin 5-0-25-2
Kearney 5-1-22-2
Lambden 3-0-16-0
Raw 3-0-15-0
Oakley 2-0-11-0
Benson 2-0-8-0

Cowley Area Beat Officers

Griffin b Cooper 57
Clayton c Webb b Ackland 4
Kearney lbw b Milner 5
Lambden run out 19
Raw lbw b Cooper 0
Benson not out 18
O'Ryan not out 0
Extras 4
TOTAL 107

Milner 5-1-24-1
Ackland 3.4-0-23-1
Fisher 4-0-18-0
Cooper 5-0-37-2

Cowley Area Beat Officers won by 5 wickets
The Caboites (Cowley Area Beat Officers)

There is a side in the affairs of men when they are summoned from the distant shores of their separate lives to meet, as one, the challenge of a common foe. And so it was on that 27th August day of our Lord, that eleven men to Bodley true, marched upon that Field of Headington to face an unknown tribe east of the Great River. The Caboites.

A talisman flashed and spun in the early evening sun. We were to wield the willow first. An unspoken consent, born of cowardice, found common voice, "Andrew Milner can bat first". All eyes looked up, and o'er the brow of a distant hill, moving even closer as saving grace, came he: "Come on Andrew, you're batting first."

The eyes narrowed. "Don't rush me," they said. There is a laid back quality to this English Ascension that sometimes borders on the mystical, which those of us forged into nervous walking tics by the cares of this fleeting world, can only wonder at, but are somehow strengthened by its presence. And so it came to pass, with Alan "the King" Fisher at his side, that he strode out that eye, broad-batting aside the unwanted attentions of etherial demons which only he could see, for only he had garnered well that bygone might. Half an hour slipped by. Don't Rush Me reached the crease, yawned and took guard. But restless spirits such as these seemed never to tarry long, and 92 short of what would have otherwise been a majestic century, it was time to leave.

But there remained the Kingfisher, flashing proud like his namesake, with 27 to his name and our delight, and seeming to knock on the doors of greatness. But the skies of hope darkened then in the glazing of his eyes and the pricking of his ears, for he had heard the homing call of the pavilion which runs through his team as irresistibly as the returning of the urge of the wild salmon.

There is a higher and unknown land to which few may travel, save by some fabled and unwritten chart passed down by word of mouth by storeperson to storeperson.

Such a one is Gary "Storeys" Cooper. From such a place did he return that day, bearing in his blade an innings of 41 so blessed with grace and other worldly calmness that it will echo in the cries of wheeiling birds when we are long gone.

There is a solitude to such greatness, but so too a generosity that gathered us in its embrace that day.

Such peaks are seldom scaled. But there followed then a greatness of a different ore, carved out in an act of unbridled generosity seldom witnessed in this post-Thatchertite age. The deliberate sacrifice of Mike "Quacky" Webb, allowing himself to be bowled first ball, for only he had seen the prowling, brooding grace that is Dave Busby, pencilled in at no. 11 with "comest the hour, cometh the man" tattoos across the broad and noble forehead.

But if you have tears, prepare to shed them now. There is no part of the human frame upon which the Cataloguers Cramp will not at sometime fasten. For Steve Arnold it was the groin, 12 runs and a limped exit. And who did not shudder at the mighty, mid-run crash to earth of "Tickler" Almond, and his desperate, flagging, mud-drowning and all-four'd crawl to gain the sanctuary of the crease, so cruelly denied by the golves and padded Cabo guardian of the triple stumps whipping off the bulls.

Those of us brought up within the womb of the Christian faith have always been content with ten commandments. We are not greedy. But with Richard Lindo there is a hunger for more. Therefore God in his great goodness has granted unto him an eleventh commandment which is now, and unto the ages of ages, ever shall be, "Thou shalt not take a single quick single." And behold a twelfth, "Thou shalt not break sweet." Amen. He honoured both. But he remained firm and, together with Smiler Kaufmann, brother of Martin, took the final total from 20 overs to 105.

And so the Caboite response. Many moments remain etched in the memory, some too precious to divulge, but suffice a few, for today we have naming of puns. Who can recall, without a reddening of his cheek, the ball that brushed the pad of the third Caboite, fourteen ints as the crowd flies, outside leg stump, and the moment's silence that followed before that blood-curding and baneeee-wailing "howl" came howling up from the deepest reaches of the third man boundary. Only those with ginger hair seemed blessed with optimism of this kind. From this maniac ascension his erstwhile team mates fled, some to the Foreign Legion, and others, damaged beyond hope, to the British Library.

Someone by way of distraction, pointed to a passing pigeon, "Go look, a pigeon." Embarrassed staggerers and the shuffling of feet prefaced the proffered apology to the wronged Caboite, "Sorry mate, he's from Barcelona". A nod of understanding (these are generous men indeed) and the moment passed.

Who can call to mind without a quickening of the pulse, the fearless ascent of Dave Busby to retrieve a lobbed six from from the rooted netting of a neighbouring garden, and the cruel wager offered by first slip to wicketkeeper, that upon his descent from K2 Dave would break both his legs and the skull of him upon whose generous shoulders he perched.

But time, that plucks at every sportsman's heel, moved on and the Caboites harvested well. As darkness fell, and with it hope, the faintest glace to the third man boundary and we were caught and overcome. But say not that the struggle brought advantage, and the labour and the wounds are vain, for in this splashing world of doubt and ceaseless change, a tradition, fiercely won and dearly held, had been maintained. We'd lost.

Pete Almond
26th August 1995

Cambridge University Library v Bodleian Library
at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge
40-over game

Cambridge University Library

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<tr>
<td>Farr</td>
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Bodleian Library

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<td>R Lindo</td>
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Cambridge University Library won by 11 runs
What the papers said

Bodleian Library staff newsletter, 15th September 1995
Report by Nick Millea

Bodley bravado bemuses canny Cambridge

Could it really have been a year ago?
That black afternoon when Cambridge University Library put Bodley's brave to the sword by a massive 141 runs - same place, same opposition, same result, but oh so different.
The portents were not good. Greg “I'm definitely playing” Slater pulled out two days prior to the match; Nick Millea couldn't walk; Stephen Arnold “pulled something” against The Cabotites; Pete Allmond's knee had doubled in size after his tragic run out in the same match; Gary Cooper tweaked a hamstring the day before Cambridge. So the unlikely rabble set off, Mike Webb piloting the minibus east, taking in the customary pie stop outside Milton Keynes where Dave Busby undertook the ritual demolition of his giant pastie.

Once at the ground, Cambridge expressed a desire to bat first, and conveniently won the toss, immediately recalling painful memories of 1994. However, the script soon went woefully wrong as the third ball of the day was ceremonially progressing towards the cover boundary until Mick "I'll field where the action is" Donogan (one of Bodley's two guests, as opposed to Cambridge's eight!) leapt salmon-like to his right and plucked the ball from the air. CUL 6 for 1! Good tight bowling, aggressive appealing and enthusiastic fielding saw the opposition restricted to 178 for 7 off 40 overs. Stuart Ackland put paid to Cambridge's top batsman with the season's loudest bow, shout supported by a truly Fisheresque unspiring finger, and alongside Gary Cooper and Andrew Milner claimed two wickets thanks to some naggingly accurate bowling. The fielding display was outstanding by Bodley standards, and Richard Lindo's smart wicketkeeping was matched only by his "sports casual" cricketing wardrobe.

At tea, Cambridge's skipper Slater, who chipped in with his usual 50 was at pains to point out how difficult it was to bat compared to last year, and expressed his pleasure at their total. Were Bodley unscarred by this psychological intimidation? Well surprisingly enough, not OK, so a certain quick bowler with a penchant for nose bleeds paid the pavilion bar some attention, but otherwise Bodley's new look opening duo of John Flynn (Sarah's brother who'd been practicing his batting all week in the back garden on the likely assumption that Greg Slater would not show), and Nick Donegan put on a solid 50 for the first wicket. This only brought in Mike Webb, who remained to the last, defiantly unbeaten one short of a richly deserved half century. Around Mike, others came and went. Gary Cooper's rich scoring sequence ended; Andrew Milner hit a belligerent 30 helping bring the Cambridge target into reach; Hopalong Millea wobbled to the crease in readiness for a “captain's innings”, which was worth all of four runs until he was run out by a mile; Richard Lindo's colourful attire was matched by his batting; and then it was Pete Allmond's turn - he was soon on route back to the pavilion, stumps spreadagled, when out of the gathering gloom a waggish voice bleared “no ball”. That umpire bore an uncanny resemblance to Bodley's No.11. The restored Pete and inspired Mike dragged Bodley onwards, inducing Cambridge into constant time-consuming field changes, which along with nightfall enabled the home side to restrict Bodley to 167 for 6.

Just eleven runs in it!

No Cambridge match report would be complete without a brief resume of the return trip. Keen followers of this column will recall Dave Busby's karaoke performance of The Archers theme tune in 1994. This year Pete Allmond took the musical honours with his reworking of that 1984-85 coalfield classic “Ere we go, 'ere we go” - same tune, different lyrics, that went something (well exactly like this:

"Michael Webb, Michael Webb.
Michael Webb,
He can drive, he can bat,
he can field,
And he's even got his own head of hair,
Michael Webb, Michael Webb."

The rest of the evening's repertoire - is Buckinghamshire really "God's own?" and the diversion to look at the £19 million Bedford by-pass were up to the required standard.

As for next year, we hope to see more people emulating our sole supporter, Robert McNell, who made the long journey east to witness ten minutes of thrilling entertainment. The date for your diaries is Sunday 28 July. See you there?

Nick Millea

Alan Fisher would like it to be known that over the August Bank Holiday weekend his index finger was (alongside the rest of him) on a cricket tour of the Isle of Wight and has therefore the perfect alibi as regards responsibility for the Bodleian team's cricket defeat at Cambridge.
**Bodley Beaten**

It would be folly to deny our readers the chance to read of the latest victorious exploits of our cricketers. On a Gonville and Caius oasis of green at the bottom of Barton Road, Saturday 26th August witnessed a victory over our favourite opponents, the Bodleian Library. 40 overs batting for each side produced 177 for seven wickets for ULC, and 167 for six wickets for Bodley. A close match, which induced lots of hand-clapping, chess-like manoeuvring of fielders, umpteen appeals, and chaotic incidents suitable for video or TV replay.

Highlights for those who find continuous sentences difficult:

1. A studious captain Ringer’s 54 runs.
2. An energetic tonsured Ben Bridgen (late of Rare Books) scored 28 runs and frightened Bodley’s batsmen.
3. Tom Ringer’s three wickets - along with David Farr (two wickets) - he bowled excellently at the death, to secure victory.
4. John Clarke’s appeals and relentless physical activity behind the stumps.
5. Bodley’s captain, Nick Millea, exerting his influence, even though he had stepped on a cricket ball and damaged his foot a few days before. He batted with a runner, and this caused the usual hilarious confusion.
6. Bodley’s opening bowler retired with a nose-bleed after eight misses.
7. The absence of ULC support - thank you Linda, Louise, and Hugh Taylor.
8. Admirable fielding from all eleven UL fielders, despite the gathering gloom and intense pressure!
9. Admiration for all who don the white coat: I lose more friends that way, for no batsman likes to leave the crease.

Well done UL, and thanks to Bodley, even though we were not able to let them loose on our open shelves!

The moral of the story - maybe Cambridge are a better cricket team, but there’s plenty for them to learn about writing match reports.
STATISTICS

BATTING

Highest score

49* Mike Webb v Cambridge, 1995
41 Garry Cooper v Cowley Rozzers, 1995
38 Alan Fisher v West Witney, 1995
37 Mike Webb v Eczemas, 1995
30 Andrew Milner v Cambridge, 1995
28 Garry Cooper v West Witney, 1995
27 Alan Fisher v Cowley Rozzers, 1995
24 John Flynn v Cambridge, 1995
23 Nick Millea v Cambridge, 1994
   Dave Busby v Charlbury, 1995

Individual runs total

113 Mike Webb
98 Garry Cooper
97 Alan Fisher
68 Andrew Milner
44 Nick Millea
40 Stephen Arnold
39 Andrew Mackinnon
24 Dave Busby, John Flynn

19 Mick Donegan
17 Richard Lindo
10 Pete Allmond, Gary Townsend
  John Duffy
  Clive Turner
  Stuart Ackland, Andrew Pollock
  Simon Haynes, Ian Rose
  Alex Hanniford, Francis Kauffmann, Martin Kauffmann
  Andrew Colquhoun
Batting averages
(Qualification: 3 innings)

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Also batted

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<td>Clive Turner</td>
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Sixes hit

1 Alan Fisher
Highest partnerships

57 Garry Cooper & Stephen Arnold / Pete Allmond (4th) v Cowley Rozzers, 1995
56 Mike Webb & Andrew Milner v Cambridge, 1995
50 John Flynn & Mick Donegan v Cambridge, 1995
48 Garry Cooper & Alan Fisher (4th) v West Witney, 1995
37 Mike Webb & Andrew Mackinnon (5th) v Eczemas, 1995
35 Dave Busby & Alan Fisher (2nd) v Charlbury, 1995
33 Alan Fisher & Andrew Mackinnon (5th) v West Witney, 1995
27 Andrew Milner & Alan Fisher (1st) v Cowley Rozzers, 1995
26 Nick Millea & Andrew Milner (6th) v Cambridge, 1994

Highest partnership by wicket

1st 50 John Flynn & Mick Donegan v Cambridge, 1995
2nd 35 Dave Busby & Alan Fisher v Charlbury, 1995
3rd 18 Dave Busby & Mike Webb v Charlbury, 1995
4th 57 Garry Cooper & Stephen Arnold / Pete Allmond v Cowley Rozzers, 1995
5th 37 Mike Webb & Andrew Mackinnon v Eczemas, 1995
6th 26 Nick Millea & Andrew Milner v Cambridge, 1994
7th 17 Andrew Mackinnon & Stephen Arnold v West Witney, 1995
8th 5 Andrew Mackinnon & Martin Kauffmann v West Witney, 1995
9th 13 Andrew Mackinnon & Alan Fisher v Cambridge, 1994
10th 4 Martin Kauffmann & Alan Fisher v Eczemas, 1995

Garry Cooper & Stuart Ackland v Six O'Clockers, 1995
BOWLING

Best bowling

4-10 Garry Cooper v West Witney, 1995
3-14 Stephen Arnold v Six O'Clockers, 1995
3-59 Andrew Mackinnon v Cambridge, 1994
2-3 Andrew Milner v Eczemas, 1995
2-8 Stephen Arnold v Eczemas, 1995
2-12 Dave Busby v Eczemas, 1995
2-23 Garry Cooper v Cambridge, 1995
2-27 Stuart Ackland v Cambridge, 1995
2-33 Andrew Milner v Cambridge, 1995
2-37 Garry Cooper v Cowley Rozzers, 1995

Wickets total

8 Garry Cooper
7 Stuart Ackland
   Stephen Arnold
6 Andrew Milner
5 Andrew Mackinnon
4 Alan Fisher
2 Dave Busby
1 Simon Haynes
   Gary Townsend
Bowling averages
(Qualification: 10 overs)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Overs</th>
<th>Mds</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Wkts</th>
<th>Avge</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Garry Cooper</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>111</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>13.87</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stephen Arnold</td>
<td>28.2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>114</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>16.29</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stuart Ackland</td>
<td>31.2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>143</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>20.43</td>
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<tr>
<td>Andrew Mackinnon</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>122</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>24.40</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alan Fisher</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>111</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>27.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew Milner</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>168</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>28.00</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Also bowled
Dave Busby 1-0-12-2;  
Mick Donegan 4-0-16-0;  
Alex Hanniford 6-0-30-0;  
Simon Haynes 2-0-10-1;  
Gary Townsend 2-0-13-1;  
Clive Turner 5-1-18-0;  
Mike Webb 9-1-51-0

FIELDING

Catches total
3 Andrew Mackinnon
2 Stuart Ackland  
  Martin Kauffmann  
  Nick Millea  
  Andrew Milner  
  Mike Webb
1 Andrew Colquhoun  
  Mick Donegan

Most catches in an innings
1 numerous players

Stumpings total
0
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Finger wishes to place on record its thanks to the following:

* To the Hall Stars form Northumberland County Council who proved that it was possible to play cricket, drink beer, write a yearbook, drink beer, travel the country, and drink yet more beer;

* To our opponents for daring to take us on, and for proving to be such genial hosts;

* To the Mansfield Road groundsman for letting us use their cricket kit;

* To the Bodleian Library for funding our second expedition to Cambridge;

* To all the players who sacrificed their post- (and occasionally pre-match) liquid refreshments, by offering to drive to away games;

* To our long-suffering supporters, Jacquie Dean, Helen Langley and Chrissie Webb, as well as those who dared witness one match and will hopefully return for more – Angela Arnold, Alice Blackford, Tessa Edwards, Anne and Jack Flavell, Carole Hubbard, Alan Jenkins, Gwydwr Leitch, Martin Maw, Robert McNeil and Jackie Raw;

* And finally to Stuart Ackland, Dave Busby, Julie Anne Lambert, Rosemary McCarthy and Nick Millea, without whom The Finger would not have been possible.