-THE FINGER-

-the distressed men-

THE DIFFICULT
THIRD EDITION

-THE FINGER-
T. HAYWARD IN THE ATTITUDE FOR THE ON-DRIVE.

From photo by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.
SEASONAL THOUGHTS

Cast your mind back to the opening fixture of the season, against the mighty Plant Sciences at Mansfield Road - remember that first ball? It pitched on middle and leg, the batsman prodded it towards midwicket, and set off for a dodgy-looking run. For once, a smart piece of fielding saw the ball winging its way to the bowler's end, the batsman miles from home. Needless to say he confounded the odds, escaping a "certain run out", making his single, and Plant Sciences were on their way at one for no wicket. Things didn't change much after that. We spilled some difficult catches; we spilled numerous outrageously easy catches roughly at a combined rate of one every three overs. Nothing seemed to stick. Throughout the whole of 1997, the Bodley XI failed to bowl out any of its opponents eight victims at Sheffield and against the Chest being the best we could muster. Ah well. Last season we were blasting teams back to the pavilion - Plant Sciences (89); the Six O'Clockers (70); West Witney (96); and Cambridge (108) - still, most of this lot did the same to us (Cambridge excepted)! Not so in '97. The batting was something of a revelation: prior to this season we had posted just one half century - this year the fifty mark was passed six times, indeed on one occasion we were agonisingly close to a maiden Bodley ton. Twice we passed our previous highest team total, culminating in that magnificent 211 for 7 destroying the Chest. There were two century-plus stands; and four players averaged over 30 (only achieved once before). Dare we suggest that 1998 will see everything gelling and Bodley turning into a much feared outfit? Well, maybe not, but we can always dream! One aspect that does stand out is the level of support we receive - can't think why, it obviously has nothing to do with cricket - probably slapstick comedy is more appropriate - but do we care? There's the social side too, in The Turf or Halifax House after the match; on the bus back from awaydays; the curries; the crack. Roll on 1998.

BODLEY'S FINEST LEAP INTO CYBERSPACE

For those with access to Netscape and time to spend on "resource discovery", check out the Bod cricket team's webpage at http://users.ox.ac.uk/~ajmac. There you will find team information, along with a series of scandalous inaccuracies, libellous match reporting and unduly large image files of team photos which were being taken at the exact same time as our kit was being removed through the window of our touring minibus.
MEET THE PLAYERS

Stuart Ackland
A flashy new camera has seen a huge improvement to Stuart's already highly acclaimed photography - the team should reap the rewards next season, especially as he has a huge cache of free films from Jessops. Stuart's all-round organisational skills have kept things ticking over very nicely indeed, and his cricket was pretty good too.

Best moment: That steepling catch against the Chest.
Worst moment: Discovering the loss of the bags in the van at Housesteads.

Stuart's season:
"Did I blink and miss it, or did the season go by fast this season? Can remember really looking forward to playing again after the winter break and it all just flew by. For me the problem was the lack of away fixtures as opposed to previous seasons. Jack Cox is OK, but there's nothing like going to Bristol as a team for a full day game (real lack of all day games this year as well). Cambridge was better fun than usual, push-starting the van in Catte Street, coming close(ish) to a result and then socialising with them after the match for once, the least said about that beer coming home though the better. The tour was a definite highpoint, despite the burglary, as was the end of season meal. Lows were the general run of form on the pitch, but I think that we play to our potential most of the time, as with the football, we keep on playing against teams better than us. Either that, or we're crapper than we think we are."

Pete Allmond
The Tickler had another good season, and some good batting showed us younger players a thing or two. Shame he didn't come on tour, with all those sheep up north... Pete did enjoy himself at Cambridge though, leading the singing and organising that wonderful beer for the way back.

Best moment: Grandstand view on the bus back from Cambridge.
Worst moment: Getting third degree burns while being involved in a run out with Martin Kauffmann.

Pete's season:
Stop all the clocks! "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. The chrysalis of rumour has blossomed into the bright-winged butterfly of fact. The Tickler has turned down a place in the forthcoming England tour of the West Indies, the better to hone that perfect cricketing frame which is his body. Sacrifice is simply too small a word."
Stephen Arnold
Stephen was unique amongst Bodley's bowlers this season, in that he experimented with a revolutionary style. He had this nagging tendency to aim the ball towards the stumps, propelled at pace. Consequently he took a more wickets than anybody else, and conceded very few runs - a shame the rest of us couldn't follow suit. Interesting reading matter on tour too.

**Best moment:** All-round bowling displays, and winning the on-tour boxing sweep.

**Worst moment:** Sharing a room with "Driller" Dave and "Gargling" Gregg.

*Stephen's season:*
"A wonderful season for me, if memory serves me right. I only ran one person out, and that was entirely excusable in the circumstances. My bowling, if I remember correctly, had moved up at least half a notch, and my batting (I seem to recall) gave me at times cause to hope that I might yet one day reach my personal goal of twenty. (Dream on...). All in all, a season marred only by unseemly comments about certain articles of leisure-wear, and outrageous charges of inattention when vainly scanning the night sky for balls lost against the murky background. Away from the field, an abiding memory will be of the expression of disbelief on the face of Nick's partner as two men she hardly knew discussed with her whether a third man, whom she had never known and was long since dead, had been an orthodox priest of the Greek or Romanian church."

Dave Busby
Dave's position in the pantheon of Bodley cricketing legends rose dramatically this year - his cricket wasn't that bad either, as witnessed in this season's record partnerships section, where Dave features twice with some determined efforts, especially against Plant Sciences.

**Best moment:** The Leadmill.

**Worst moment:** Left stranded by Martin while compiling our all-time record 10th wicket partnership.

*Dave's season:*
"The 1997 season will be remembered? as one of northern nightclubs, curry houses and unfortunately criminality, but not in many players' standard of play. Andrew and Nick's knock at Heddon, the dramatic finish there, Martin's catch at Cambridge, and Gregg's bludgeoning of the Cambridge attack all stand out. The priority for next season I guess must be catching practice, plus strategically-placed binliners on all our minibuses!"
**Alan Carter**

Alan was unlucky to find that a combination of holidays, rain and a dodgy back put paid to much of his season. As ever his bowling looked useful, though he was unlucky to encounter a bowler on a hot streak of 4 for 6 (the best bowling we faced all season) on his one visit to the crease.

*Best moment:* Alan enjoyed an excellent season.

*Worst moment:* Alan enjoyed an excellent season.

_Alan's season:_

"The season was too short - I could have done with more games; much to the chagrin of my colleagues."

**Andrew Colquhoun**

The Finger has decided it would be predictable to dwell on pies at this juncture, but we would like it to be known that Andrew's chest, post-Charlbury vs West Witney made for the season's most horrific sight - very much styled on blackcurrant and apple. Patisserie aside the icing on the cake had to be Andrew's 40-odd against Physical Chemistry.

*Best moment:* Getting amongst the wickets this season.

*Worst moment:* Not getting amongst the runs against the Chest.

_Ans's season:_

"I particularly enjoyed the high level of support the team received, especially for the match where Biochemistry didn't even turn up. It was bizarre seeing so many there, watching us having practice!!! The best match that I played in was Physical Chemistry, a really competitive, good game of cricket, that was so close, we really should have won it. It was nice to score some runs for Bodley for a change. I ought to correct something from the home page: my references to pies refer to bowling. It comes from Rod Marsh's comments in 1993 that England's bowlers are all "pie chuckers". I should point out that my beer gut is the result of years of dedicated drinking. I am going on the umpiring course run by the OCA over the winter, I just hope it covers wides and run outs!!"

**Garry Cooper**

The Gunslinger had a quiet season this year, not turning out for many games, which may go some way to explaining Bodley's poor run of form. A good performance away at Cambridge, Garry was one of a number of Oxford men who felt they had a useful shout turned down.

*Best moment:* Not bowling against the Rozzers this season.

*Worst moment:* Missing the end-of-season curry. Fortunately for Garry, Forest Hill's 11-0 drubbing (when he missed a penalty when it was only 2-0), didn't occur until the cricket season finished, so we won't mention it here.

_Garry's season:_

"I wasn't really around much this season, but the high point had to be seeing John Sharp's elation in scoring runs against Elsevier when most others had failed."
**Terry Curtin**
Desperately short of players for the season's opening fixture, Terry gamely volunteered to take on the mighty Plant Sciences that evening, and hasn't looked back since. Some lively stops in the field, and a willingness to participate in the ritual pint-accompanied post-match analysis, shows Terry to be a Bodley natural.

*Best moment*: A useful-looking debut with the bat against Plant Sciences.

*Worst moment(s)*: Being picked for all the rained-off games.

*Terry's season*:
"If team spirit and general attitude determined results, then the Bod cricket team would win every match. I have already ordered my new zimmer frame for next season - in white of course."

**John Duffy**
John, another of Bodley's tourists, managed to go through the whole season batting only once. If you fancy this next season just match John's kind gift to the selectors and it will be arranged. John promises us a song to go on the home page, those of us in the know, music-wise, look forward to the sort of great piece of music you expect when sport is involved - something akin to The Anfield rap.

*Best moment*: Running out Andrew three short of his century.

*Worst moment*: Breakfast in Morpeth.

*John's season*:
"I had a very nice time. I turned up to play in the nets in the poring rain and throw balls at pepull. I got wet. I went on holiday and had sum drinks and they made me write in a book a lot. Someone threw some balls at me and I had to hit them with a stick. I didn't hit them. I went to the beach and sat down because I didn't feel well after we went to a nice place with lots of pepull that sold lots of drinks. I had my underpants stole from the van. Paul said they didn't take his underpants and everyone else said they wasn't surprised. Nick and Sturt (the big boys from the Map Room) looked after everyone and got us breakfast and made shore that we washed our teeth. One of the boys got mad one day and went for a walk and he wasn't even home by bedtime. That's it. And then I woke up."

**Danny Ferrett**
Possibly the find of the season, this lad is lightning fast between the wickets, tops the batting averages, and more to the point is dead keen - it can't possibly last. Watch out for Dan's natty range of leisure wear, not exactly Marks and Spencer, but more like Marx and Lenin.

*Best moment*: Every batting display was pretty lively.

*Worst moment*: Missing a Labour Party meeting to play against Physical Chemistry.

*Danny's season*:
"Just make sure you know where I am for next season."


Paul Firkin
Despite telling all that he wouldn't play any cricket this year, Paul still came on tour. Thank God, the rest of us say, that tackle was one of the season's highlights. Still he did well, getting amongst the wickets against Sheffield, falling asleep at Warkworth...
Best moment: Tidy bowling at Close House.
Worst moment: Sleeping off the previous night's beer/curry in the pavilion at Warkworth.

Paul's season:
"My memories of the cricket tour were being sent into Dave Busby's room in Sheffield after he had been to The Leadmill and danced with a semi-naked girl in a cage on the stage. Everybody was nervous about approaching young master David, but I managed to coax him out of his room. There was also the night myself and Simon were slightly bladdered and couldn't get into our room as our key wouldn't fit. After half an hour of much shouting and trying to kick the door down, we realised that we were trying the wrong door and ours was behind us. The honeymoon couple that we had disturbed gave us some weird looks at breakfast in the morning! I was also subject to one of the most shocking fouls witnessed. It took place at a five-a-side match on the beach, the offender, Nick Millea, hacked me down with a thigh-high tackle which put me out of the game and without a lenient referee should have seen the culprit given his marching orders."

Alan Fisher
Alan was the Bodley's "safe pair of hands" a number of times this season, making excellent catches in the deep to dismiss big hitting batsmen on more than one occasion. Alan was also one of many who had stuff nicked on tour (all his cricket gear went), but the only one to get anything back when his box was returned.
Best moment: There at the death as we scrambled to victory in Northumberland.
Worst moment(s): Eating two breakfasts on the tour's Sunday, then missing the Italian meal.

Alan's season:
"My abiding memory of the tour was of the general concern and decency of our party in response to 'The Great Robbery' at Hadrian's Wall, and of the sheer look of horror on Paul Firkin's face when he considered the possibility that his missing underpants might make a fleeting public appearance on BBC TV's Crimewatch."
BODLEY'S PAGE 7
FELLA

CHAMPAGNE BUBBLES
**Simon Haynes**

Something of a lucky charm is our Simon. We've never lost whenever he's been involved in a Bodley match; he starred in the 1995 Bristol victory, then joined us on tour with some inspired umpiring in Sheffield, nifty fielding for the opposition at Close House, before being saved by the rain at Warkworth, just as he was about to go out and bat.

Best moment: Catching Mike Webb at Close House.

Worst moment: General umpiring duties in Sheffield.

Simon's season:
"What do I do now?", when donning the white coat against Sheffield Friday.

**Martin Kauffmann**

Every season, this section begins with a comments such as "limpet-like Martin..." Why bother changing a winning formula? Limpet-like Martin is still our most difficult batsman to dismiss - in all the years he's played for us, he only ever gets out LBW (except for this year's Cambridge match). This year we were introduced to Martin the bowler, and for the record, he takes wickets quicker than he scores runs.

Best moment: The big opening stand at Cambridge.

Worst moment: Staying in Oxford to finish his book when he really desperately wanted to go on tour.

Martin's season:
Enigmatically, Martin has chosen to retain his right to silence, offering us this illustration to demonstrate how Bodley's cricket has kept up with the times:
Richard Lindo
Richard's recent good news may result in a tailing off of appearances next year - we hope not. Rich had a good tour, if not with the bat then with the ball, taking two wickets on the Saturday and a number of catches and run outs as well. We'll not mention Akinwande.

Best moment: Classy bowling display at Close House.
Worst moment: Backing Akinwande to beat Lewis.

Richard's season:
"Man, Akinwande was robbed!"

Andrew MacKinnon
Bodley's webmaster had one of the more interesting batting tasks this season, when he played at Warkworth in the thunderstorm. Turned in some useful performances (27 against the Chest), and even took wickets when persuaded to bowl. We at The Finger are grateful for the setting up of an excellent home page.

Best moment(s): Outrageous drag-back on the sands at Warkworth; setting up the web page.

Worst moment: Realising the work involved in setting up the web page.

Andy's season:
"Several key moments stand out after another characteristically bizarre season with the Bodleian cricket XI, most of them at least partially obscured by the alcoholic haze so often associated with the team... so, in no particular order, and with much greater emphasis on the drinking/social side of friendly competition, here they are... the perpetual worry that we won't win a single game in the Jack Cox Trophy... wondering why every team we've played before seems to have improved since last season, and finally concluding that we'd managed to make negative progress... having the world's most peppery peppered steak due to misguided adventurousness in the restaurant after one of the tour games... being secretly quite chuffed when one of the games got rained off halfway through when I was not out cos it would help the average along... marvelling at some of the fantastic scenery on tour and the fact that the quality of the cricket was in inverse proportion to the beauty of the setting... hammering 200 runs off 20 overs from the University Chest... putting together a webpage for the team and the ensuing bitter and bloody battle with the faculty scanner... the cricket team curry evening and the delights of alcohol-induced amnesia... fielding at slip to Ditta's bowling and being very very scared indeed... and finally, the German icecream advert which turned out to be much more entertaining than the boxing we were supposed to be watching one evening on tour..."
Nick Millea
Nick had a good season with the bat, getting 51 in his partnership with Andrew Milner at Close House, a retired 50 against the Chest, 28 not out at Sheffield, and 0 against Mansfield College. The team is grateful to Nick for organising the tour, but now we have presented him with the stolen T-shirt this can be the first occasion where I don't have to tell you all to buy him a drink, though he still deserves it. 
Best moment: That disgusting, unprofessional, cynical, dangerous foul on the undeserving Mr Firkin. 
Worst moment: Awarded a set of Boddingtons juggling balls in recognition of his inability to catch slow-moving, ballooning cricket balls in Sheffield.

Nick's season:
"Thanks for the Wallace and Gromit T-shirt Lads. I shall wear it with pride next season."

Andrew Milner
One of the wonderful things about a disappointing season has been Andrew's performance with the bat - highlighted by that masterful 97 at Close House - it is for this reason that the selectors have asked Andrew to find another team to play for next season. His experience also came in handy too when it came to helping PC Kirsopp with his enquiries at Housesteads.
Best moment(s): 97 in Northumberland, a 23-minute half-century against the Chest, 42 against Physical Chemistry, first-baller at Cambridge...
Worst moment: See John Duffy.

Andrew's season:
"As the nights draw in and a winter chill descends over our damp corner of this green and pleasant land, I find my mind drifting hazily back to the glories of this summer past. Sun dappled meadows, warm beer, cold pasties, hot curries and the thwack of leather on shin and ankle as Bodley's finest employed all manner of unorthodox footballing skills in a fruitless bid to deny the opposition runs. It's true that we didn't win many matches and the "auld enemy" beat us yet again at fortress Gonville and Caius (an occasion that found more than one of us, perhaps unwisely, seeking solace from a bottom of a glass or two as we made our weary way back to Oxford), but I think we can safely say... it's not the winning it's the taking part, isn't it? Not for us the glory, more the gory (damn, and for reasons of taste I wasn't going to mention that Cambridge minibus trip again), that's always been the Bodleian XI way and let's not change that now. Low point of the season? Losing a bag of kit at Hadrian's Wall. High point of the season? The realisation that the thieves would be sifting through a bundle of dirty socks, underwear and cricket boxes as they looked in vain for anything of value."
John Sharp

Last year we heard all about John's match-winning catch against the Chest. This year, the only things he was catching were parking tickets, but, as predicted in The Finger, the runs started to flow, as did the adrenalin when he fended off a venomous "throat ball" hurled his way by an Elsevier bowler.

Best moment: In the runs this season.  
Worst moment: Sitting next to Dave on the bus back from Cambridge.

John's season:

On the green they watched their sons, playing till too dark to see,  
As their fathers watched them once, as my father once watched me.

Forefathers by Edmund Blunden

"Another summer, another season. As the cricket flannels are folded back into their Lillywhites tissue paper for a winter in the bottom drawer, the mind wanders back over a season of rain punctuated by the bright colours of victory. I recall standing by the team bus in Catte Street waiting for the rest of the bunch to arrive before our away match against Cambridge and being immensely surprised as the Captain announced, with a far away "land fit for heroes" look in his eye, "this is the finest team I have ever led". It is possible that he was referring to our technique at the bar rather than our talent at the wicket, and it has to be admitted that the most frequently played shot over the summer was the beer glass lift. As is the way with "finest teams", we lost, but not without a fight. Throughout the season two men held Bodley's eleven together and deserve special mention. Andrew Milner, whose daring batting made Victor Trumper look like a bit of a plodder, and Stephen Arnold whose express bowling would have made Douglas Jardine rethink his selection policy. The biggest disappointment for me this season, was the continuing failure of the touring team to play a match against Bodley. The Australian team failed to return any of Nick's telephone calls and even letters remained unanswered. It is very sad to see such a consummate cricket team running scared, happy to thrash mediocre opposition when they could really prove their ability against the Library's team and its unpredictable bodleyline bowling. As in previous seasons, the most vivid memories were of the pleasantries after the match. Sitting on the grass outside the club house, watching the sun go down and dreaming of leg glides."
Gregg Slatter
We were lucky to see Gregg at all this season - still, he gave the fish a rest, and left his golf clubs at home for a while, induced to travel to far-flung destinations with the lads, on the dubious strength of tales of trout in the Tyne and carp in the Cam. Will he take the bait again next season?
*Best moment:* General tour performance.
*Worst moment:* Not showing up for the Elsevier game.

Gregg's season:
"Well what a year, the Bodley XI invincible - well at least we hoped. Me being "Gregg (I'll be there) Slatter" did in fact turn up on a few occasions and put in some reasonable enough performances, but not as good as I'd hoped. The only problem being the cricket taking up too much of our time to consume the "amber nectar", this being the only reason the cricket team and the football team was formed, I think. Everyone though put their heart and soul into it when we played, every game was played in good spirit, and no one begrudged the other side whether they won or lost (except maybe Cambridge) - I f*!*g hate them. For me the player or players of the year were Andrew Milner for his all-round consistent batting and bowling, and "Paul (Warne) Firkin" for his tremendous display of finger spin on our tour of the North (less said about that one the better, although we did not lose a game) which had me in stitches on the sideline. But fair play to Paul, he did bowl very well. All in all I'm glad I played in the games I did and am looking forward to next season."

Steve Waterman
Holidays seemed to prevent Bodley's 1996 sensation from too many appearances this time round. His team mates were of the mistaken belief that his time spent away from the Library was linked with talent-spotting forays, and perhaps a major signing for next season was on the cards? Ah well, we can dream on, but the man from "the wilds of central Dorset" did look very useful with his swashbuckling 48 against Physiology.
*Best moment:* Extending Ditta's contract.

Steve's season:
"A cricket team known as the Bod
Thought they'd win all their games on the nod
But without any training
They lost - especially when raining
So built an all weather pitch in the Quad"
**Nick Watts**

A useful man to have around. Need a pair of goalkeeping gloves in a hurry? - Nick's the man for you; thigh pads? - Nick's bound to have a pair at work; spare tickets for West Brom's next home game? - Nick'll sort you out. Nice to know we've got a decent wicketkeeper in the squad too.

*Best moment:* Five catches while wicketkeeping against Physiology.

*Worst moment:* Missing a penalty in the first football match of the season.

**Nick's season:**

"I didn't play for much of the season, but was lucky(?) enough to be a part of the Cambridge experience. My abiding memory isn't, I'm afraid, Martin Kauffmann's splendid catches in quick succession, it is Dave Busby hurling his tea out of the minibus window as we sped through Milton Keynes. Never did like the place anyway. I also found the games I participated in frustrating on the batting front. Bowled third ball in my first game, the overs all completed before I could bat in the second, and run out by a very ambitious Pete Allmond in the Cambridge match. Three matches, no runs. The high point would be a close run thing between Dave's vomiting antics and taking a whole season's worth of wicketkeeper's catches in my debut match."

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**Pace Bowler Stephen Arnold was noted for his intimidating run-up.**
Mike Webb

Mike's quest for batting perfection knew no bounds in 1997. He wandered to the crease against Elsevier, along with what he described as a "decent bat" pilfered from the opposition's kit bag. This all too brief spell in the middle was ended when he proceeded to be caught for nought by a fielder who Mike later claimed "wasn't there".

Best moment: Buying a new bat.
Worst moment: Being told by Ditta that the new bat needed to be broken in for six months, then gently warmed up in the nets next Spring, then it might just be ready for the start of the 1998 season.

Mike's season:
"Match 1: long hop outside off stump. Leave it, there's no hurry. No, I can smack this out of the ground. Clunk of ball on edge of bat. Mid-off running backwards. Must fall over. Sticks out hand... out. Match 2: no pressure, play yourself in. But wait, here's a long hop outside off stump. I can smash this to kingdom come. Mid-off has his back to the ball. Turns round to find the ball lobbing towards him. Out. Match 3: quick runs needed. And here's one to hit. Not middled, but should clear mid-off. But wait... a leap, a hand shoots out. Hoots of delight. Never caught one before. Out. Match 4: learn by your mistakes. Cut out that shot, play straighter. But look at this, can't miss out on this one. Whirl of bat. Mid-off sets off at a run, dives full length. Remarkable catch. Never even played cricket before. Didn't know he had to catch it. Match 5: very disciplined innings. Leave everything outside off stump. Smash. Stumps cartwheeling in all directions. "Tubby" Walker has got his in-swinging yorker to go after 35 years. Match 6 produces a classic century off just 44 balls. All elegant fours and massive sixes. Wake up to find it raining. At least my team mates piled up some record breaking totals this season, though most 50s were made with at least three chances going down at mid-off. The Grand Tour to the North must be the highlight of the season. This was spoiled by the Great Van Robbery, where our gear was nicked. Mine was taken through a window in the middle of the offside of the van, which was very unlucky."

Ditta Yousaf

Ditta is our Mr Relaxed. This man runs nowhere - why should he, when he scores all his runs in boundaries? Why should he bother rushing in the field? Well, we don't know. Still, put the ball in Ditta's hand, and this lad is electric. All we can say at The Finger is that we're glad he's on our side.

Best moment: A glorious 69 against the Six O'Clockers.
Worst moment: Letting the lads down by not scoring 50 in two overs against the Chest.

Ditta's season:
"It rained a lot."
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>(Dave and Paul's mate)</td>
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<td>Martin Kauffmann</td>
<td>(Western Manuscripts)</td>
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HE RAN HIM OUT

After the runaway success of the 1996 Run Out of the Season or ROOTS award, this year's efforts have been something of a damp squib, with, of course, one notable exception. All who were present at that game will know precisely what The Finger's panel of experts have in mind - an unforgettable piece of cricket theatre, the likes of which were not, incredibly, witnessed in 1996, nor are they likely to be repeated in future Bodley performances. For those unfortunate enough to have missed this year's unopposed ROOTS winner, let us commence by ruling out some of the rather mundane efforts on offer during the course of the year.

An impressive start to the season saw Messrs Millea and Milner lock swords against Plant Sciences, followed by a sublime cameo from Martin Kauffmann who accounted for both Pete Allmond and Terry Curtin in a ruthless display of aggressive running. One can only summise that after being rated as Bodley's safest running partner last year, Martin felt his image needed an early boost.

Physiology, Astrophysics, Mansfield College and Sheffield Friday produced not a single run out - were we learning? You bet we weren't!

On to Close House, where Andrew Milner was elegantly guiding Bodley to a comfortable victory, and within sight of a languid maiden Bodleian century, when in strode John Duffy. What a performance! Andrew had eased his way to 97, John battling on to make two, when Yer Man called Andrew for a dodgy looking run, mayhem ensued, and Andrew walked. Tragic. And this isn't even the 1997 winner? Not on your life!

The second fixture in Northumberland was devoid of run outs; Nick Watts and that man Pete Allmond did the business at Cambridge; a clean bill of health against Physical Chemistry and the Six O'Clockers; Nick Millea calling Stephen Arnold for a suicidal single in the quest for daft runs to stretch Elsevier - not even that one was good enough to claim top spot.

Yes folks, picture the scene. 31st July against the Chest. Bodley have rattled up 211 for six and there's one ball to go. Facing the bowler, Pete Allmond, with Stephen Arnold as non-striker, and crucially Andrew Colquhoun umpiring (he later said "I was pissed", but he bowled fine, so he can't have been - on second thoughts, he probably was). A gentle, looping, wide, (very wide actually), delivery sailed way down Pete's leg side; Pete bowed his head, did some pitch gardening, and naturally enough waited for Andrew to signal a wide, as he had done most impressively throughout the innings; Andrew was motionless; Stephen wasn't; head down, Stephen charged down the wicket; when Pete looked up, Stephen had just run past him; the fielders, sensing they might be on for an extra wicket, eventually returned the ball towards the bowler, at which point, Pete now in fits of apoplexy was walking towards the pavilion, resigned to his fate, while Stephen was slowing down after his supersonic sprint, somewhere en route to the boundary.

The pavilion posse were ecstatic. They knew there and then what they had been privileged to see. So come on down, Pete, Stephen and Andrew - congratulations on winning ROOTS '97, you were outstanding.
Against Cambridge, 27th July
(dodgy beer not pictured)

The tourists
(Annie Lennox not pictured)
MATCH RECORDS AND REPORTS

30th May 1997

Bodleian Library v Plant Sciences
at Mansfield Road
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Plant Sciences 141-5
(Colquhoun 2-16)

Bodleian Library 63 all out
(Fisher 19, Colquhoun 13)

Plant Sciences won by 78 runs

From the press box
Report by Martin Kauffmann

Cricket Lovely Cricket

In 1598 John Derrick of Guildford, who was about 59 at the time, recalled that as a boy at 'the Free schoole of Guldeford... he and several of his fellowes did runne and play there at Creckett and other plaies'. This appears to be the earliest English reference to the Library's favourite summer sport. 'Who would think', wrote Miss Mitford in 1832, 'that a little bit of leather, and two pieces of wood, had such a delightful and delighting power?'—though this is unlikely to be a reference to the period before the introduction of the third stump by the Hambledon Club in 1775.

I say all this to try to distract attention from the scale of Bodley's defeat in the first match of the season last Friday.

Our first opponents in this year's inter-departmental competition for the Jack Cox trophy were the men and woman (a University and County player, moreover) from Plant Sciences. The day had already seen a certain amount of hectic activity, as our leaders struggled to find eleven willing players; to the rescue came Terry Curtain, making a welcome debut. The Plants batted first and scored 141 for 5 from their statutory 20 overs, including an unbeaten 50 by the opening batsman. Stuart Ackland, who bowled an economical spell, and Andrew Colquhoun, who picked up two wickets in as many overs towards the end of the innings, earned a mention in dispatches.

What happened next proved sorely disappointing to our band of hopeful supporters, as Bodley slid to its total of 63 all out: possibly our lowest ever score, perhaps reflecting the number of hours of patient net practice put in by our batsmen over the winter months.

Only Messrs. Colquhoun, Fisher, and Kauffmann were to reach double figures; and the latter's innings was marred by the gratuitous running out of Peter Allmond, who had looked set to make a century at least. Nor was this the only run out of the innings, as several batsmen made early bids for The Finger's coveted prize for the worst such dismissal of the summer. Perhaps the Business School wasn't such a bad idea after all.

Vermiculus
4th June 1997

Bodleian Library v Physiology
at Mansfield Road
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Physiology 167-7
(Cooper 2-16, Waterman 2-22, Fisher 2-25)

Bodleian Library 96-5
(Waterman 48, Webb 18*)

Physiology won by 71 runs

From the press box
Report by Andrew Milner

Bodleian Library v Physiology
Like a fine wine it seems a Bodleian cricketering win has to be stored and nurtured the better to be savoured.

Unfortunately, so far, the Bodley XI has served up only the most 'nouveau' of Beaujolais Nouveau. Against a strong Physiology team, who we later learnt were runners up in the competition last year, the Library was always struggling.

The Physiologists batted first and immediately set about some loose deliveries helpfully provided by a certain, nameless, opening bowler. At least the Bodleian fielders got plenty of exercise as they haplessly chased after the ball as it headed for the boundary. Highlights of our spell in the field included Nick Watts taking five catches behind the stumps on his wicket keeping debut. Bowling honours went to Gary Cooper, Steve Waterman and Alan Fisher who all took two wickets apiece. The Physiologists reached 167 off twenty overs. A record both for them, and us, in the competition.

In reply the Library sent in the imperturbable RSL pairing of Andrew Colquhoun and Alan Fisher to face the barrage from the Physiologists' pace bowling. Wickets started to fall at an alarming rate. It was only when Mike Webb and Steve Waterman came to the crease that we looked like achieving a respectable total. Steve's 48 was specially memorable, played with shots peppered all parts of the ground. A final Bodley total of 96 was by no means a poor score against such good opposition.

Andrew Milner
10th June 1997

Astrophysics v Bodleian Library
at Horspath Road
20-over game

Bodleian Library 93-7
(Colquhoun 35, Milner 24)

Astrophysics 95-5
(Arnold 2-9)

Astrophysics won by 5 wickets

From the press box
Report by John Sharp

Bodleian's Eleven vs. Astro Physics Eleven.

It is rumoured that England's new found success is partly due to pictures of Winston Churchill being hung on the wall of their dressing room. It might be seen as clutching at straws, but Bodley's eleven might be well advised to adopt a similar decoration for their dressing room, if only to give the 'out' batsmen something to distract them from the awful fate befalling their team mates out on the pitch.

In losing their last two games, Bodley had failed to show the same resilience and cohesion that had blossomed in the previous season. Bodley, therefore, approached this game, against gentle opposition, as an opportunity to re-discover their elusive form. Unfortunately things did not go according to plan. The thickening gloom and increasing rain served only to underline Bodley's dampened hopes.

Yousaf and Colquhoun opened the batting when Bodley chose to ask the Astro Physicists to take the field. Bodley's new signing, a veteran of Oxford Asians Eleven who had cast a critical eye over some of the team's antique equipment, was unlucky to be out for a duck. There then followed a procession of cameos, bound together by Colquhoun's forceful 38, as Bodley failed to 'get after' some lose bowling. Bodley closed just short of a hundred.

The Physicists' innings began well for Bodley. Stephen Arnold quickly found his line and had taken three wickets before his spell drew to a close. At this stage the scientists were in a poor position, but two of their batsmen put together a useful stand to set their side on the right road. They were eventually parted by Webb's now world famous 'Barnes-Wallis' delivery. A delivery that bewilders the batsmen by the unpredictable number of bounces required for it to reach the batsman. After a flurry of wickets, run-outs and boundaries, the Physicists reached their target with only a couple of balls to spare.

Bodley's eleven consisted of: Ackland, Colquhoun, Webb, Kauffmann, Sharp, Arnold, Busby, Milner, Yousaf. I shall, as usual, leave the last word to popular commentator Geoffrey Boycott, who said, 'The most important thing in cricket is to play as a team. like I used to do.'
17th June 1997

Bodleian Library v Mansfield College
at Mansfield Road
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Mansfield College 119-7
(Arnold 2-8, Fisher 2-24)

Bodleian Library 62-7
(Arnold 15)

Mansfield College won by 59 runs

From the press box
Report by Steve Waterman

Bad Day on Mansfield Road

It was a calm, early summer's evening, warm but not too hot, with skeins of fleecy white clouds moving gently across the Oxford skyline. Swallows swooped over the closely mown turf and Swifts screamed and wheeled further overhead. The company was good and the conversation flowed.

Why then spoil such a perfect evening with a game of cricket?

The Bodleian season continues to present a number of challenges compared with which the successful co-ordination of the Oxford University Library service will be a piece of cake. We thought we had a chance against Mansfield College and for the first few overs that seemed to be the case. Steve Arnold and Stuart Ackland opened with an accurate spell which brought two wickets and very few runs. Getting rid of their opening batsman only brought in others who were equally capable of dispatching the odd bad ball, and the score which was contained at about 19 after 6 overs raced away to 129 at the end of 20. Special mention must however be made of Martin 'Two Catches' Kauflman and Alan Fisher who held on to a 'rocket' which was on its way to a certain six if he hadn’t got his hands in the way. As he said later (having dropped a slower one previously) he does do better if he doesn’t have time to think. Wickets were also taken by Andrew Milner, Andrew McKinnon, Alan Fisher and Pete Allmond.

The Bodleian collapse began early against (we would like to think) some accurate, fast bowling, with the balls swinging in the aforementioned balmy summer evening air. A certain amount of credibility was established with stands between Stuart Ackland (6), a measured 15 from Steve Arnold and an even more measured 4 runs from Martin Kauflman. Together with 'extras' providing a further 27 runs we scrambled to only 1 short of our previous lowest total but 31 more than Glamorgan’s.

The Secretary of the Library (out very early on) and Bodley’s Accountant (did not bat) tried to be of some use to the team effort by trying their hand at scoring during Bodley’s innings and provided a little light relief in their desperate attempts to reconcile the various totals on the score sheet. The final Bodleian score was therefore somewhere within a standard deviation or two either side of 62. The Bodleian deficit is safe in their hands.

To be fair the Accountant was somewhat distracted from his task by having to explain throughout the innings the finer points of cricket scoring to a young lady sitting just to his right.

Where do we go from here? Compulsory nets seems to be the only answer. Even if this does break the long tradition of amateurism proudly upheld by the Bodleian eleven. However the next match is against the Chest so no stone can remain unturned in our efforts to secure this one.

Squeak
Northumbria Police have finally issued descriptions and photographs of the people they believe are involved in a recent spate of thefts from vehicles at the region’s main tourist areas. A quote from an un-named source amongst the fil...sorry, police said "these people are an highly organised talentless bunch of tarts and need to be stopped as soon as possible". He then went onto say "Still, it were only Southern shite they knows, deserve alz they gets. Up the Toon".

No names were given, only the aliases are known to the Police.

From left to right: Ugly, Ugly, Ugly, Ugly and Ugly.
Andy Mac's tour diary....

11th July 1997
Sheffield Friday v Bodleian Library
at Niagara Sports Club, Sheffield
22-over game

Sheffield Friday 124-8
(Webb 2-1)

Bodleian Library 125-4
(Millea 28*, Milner 27*, MacKinnon 25*)

Bodleian Library won by 6 wickets

SHEFFIELD SPORTING CLUB

(In Association with the Sponsors, Whitbreads PLC)

present
an evening of summer entertainment, featuring cricket
between

SHEFFIELD FRIDAY CRICKET CLUB

and the touring

OXFORD UNIVERSITY

over 22 six ball overs per side
at the Niagara Sportsground, Sheffield
to begin at 5pm on Friday 11th July 1997

In the event of adverse weather, snooker, dominoes, darts and cribbage will be played in
the bar

On 11 July, the Bodleian cricket team set out on its first ever tour, to Sheffield and Northumberland. Those history-making tourists were: Stuart Ackland, Stephen Arnold, Dave Busby, John Duffy, Paul Firkin, Alan Fisher, Simon Haynes, Richard Lindo, Andy MacKinnon, Nick Millea, Andrew Milner, Gregg Slatter and Mike Webb.
Friday 11 July
Weighed down by a preposterous amount of clothes, equipment and reading matter for the long journey ahead, I staggered out of the house on the first morning of the tour with not a clue of what lay ahead. The first sign that things might go well came when I was spotted languishing at the bus stop by Stuart, who was driving past in the minibus on the way into town. The first problem arose when we realised that we couldn't set out from the Bodleian driveway because Broad Street had been cordoned off by police. Shrugging off such inconveniences, we took the welcome opportunity to accustomise ourselves to the adoration of enormous gatherings. The Magnificent 13 were flattered to be given a rapturous luncheon send-off from the huge crowds congregating outside the Bodleian, and the portents were good as even President Mandela of South Africa took time out to wave us a fond farewell. All bags and players were jammed into the minibus, and we were off, a seething, sticky and dubiously talented collection of manhood on a mission to terrorise The North, in the capable hands of chauffeurs Mike and Stuart. The journey to Sheffield was uneventful, and we arrived at Hallam University's Woodville halls of residence for 3.30pm, collecting keys, dumping bags, and trying to block out the unpleasant memories such a place evoked for many of us. I was particularly taken by the way the microwave was bolted to the kitchen top. Back on the bus and off to the ground, a South Yorkshire Police facility at Hillsborough, with an impressive social club attached. Our opponents were Sheffield Friday, a scratch team composed of policemen, their mates, and Glen from Whitbread, who had miraculously procured brewery sponsorship for the game. Ever keen to enter into the spirit of things, Bodley announced their arrival by downing a couple of pints each prior to the Sheffield innings, encouraged by their genial hosts, who had also supplied the lavishly-produced match programme. Lurching gamely onto the pitch, the game began - a 22-over thrash, each player bowling two overs and batsmen retiring at 25. Clearly unhappy with the state of ace scorer and match ball sponsor John Duffy's shinny new offering, an unnamed Bodley bowler gave Sheffield batsman Bowling the opportunity to tonk the ball down a ravine into the River Don - (it was next seen the following morning below a viaduct on the A1(M), rapidly heading for the North Sea). Sheffield scored steadily and Bodley dropped catches as if on a five-pint bonus per chance spilled (our wicketkeeper was clearly very thirsty). Disgusted by the lack of on-field refreshment, the fielders trooped off to the bar whilst awaiting the belated arrival of Sheffield's lower order batsmen, the final total after 22 overs 124 for 8, Mike claiming two wickets for just one run.
Having maintained a hugely consistent 100% record of defeats so far this season, the team were a little daunted by the size of the target, but unbeaten 25s from both Andrews and Nick brought an unlikely but very welcome victory by six wickets with eight balls to spare. Disagreements over the batting order set one particular team member off on an odyssey through the seedier side of Sheffield night life, but we are, of course, too discreet to identify him. The post-match celebrations went well, although the deflationary processes to which the beer kitty were subjected over the weekend baffled economists the world over.
Presentations were made, everyone receiving a Strongbow T-shirt and there were Heineken sweatshirts for the respective Men of the Match - your correspondent claiming ours. The buffet was ravaged, people filling up for the evening unaware that our opponents (top bunch of lads), were about to suggest a late night curry. Half the squad went off in search of further liquid refreshment, whilst the rump were ferried off to the nearest balti house. One very salty curry later, it was back to the digs, up the far too many flights of stairs, and so to bed.

Saturday 12 July
Up for breakfast a mere five hours later, the squad underwent the first of a series of trials by full English breakfast (just one non-appearance here), then it was back on the bus for the trek to Morpeth. The more geographically-challenged amongst us had imagined that seeing as how we were already oop north, Morpeth would be about half an hour up the road. Three and a bit hours later we pulled into Morpeth and found our B&B, and the scramble for rooms began. In the spirit of team togetherness, Cottage View had thoughtfully made most of the walls so thin you could easily hold a conversation with the people next door. This was something we were particularly grateful for when the World Championship Snoring began in earnest that night, and the cumulative effects of two curries on the trot began to filter through. A toastie and a pint all round at the Red Bull and we were back on the bus heading for our second game. This was at Newcastle University's ground, Close House, near to Heddon-on-the-Wall. A couple of brief glimpses of Hadrian's Wall on the journey gave us all a taste for tourism and after some ten minutes of off-roading through a forest we came upon the ground, a fantastically remote expanse of greenery with venerable pavilion, and adjacent golf course, deep in the Tyne Valley. The comedy possibilities of golfers shouting "fore" to the bemusement of fielders when the cricket ball was nowhere near the boundary remained largely unexplored, possibly because I've just made them up (hohohohohoho). The cricket pitch was immense, the boundaries stretched to the far horizon and the turf seemed manicured - we were being spoiled and felt a little unworthy of the setting. Our opponents for this and Sunday's match were the Hall Stars, a team of workers from Northumberland County Council, for whom our illustrious leader had been known to turn out in the past.
Andy Mac's tour diary....

12th July 1997
Northumberland County Hall Stars v Bodleian Library
at Close House, Heddon-on-the-Wall
40-over game

Northumberland County Hall Stars 177-5
(Lindo 2-14)

Bodleian Library 179-7
(Milner 97, Millea 51)

Bodleian Library won by 3 wickets

13th July 1997
Northumberland County Hall Stars v Bodleian Library
at Warkworth
40-over game

Bodleian Library 71-7
(Slatter 36, MacKinnon 14*)

Match abandoned

The 40-over game saw the Hall Stars batting first, rattling up a very respectable 177 for 5, the star of their innings being the son of one of the other players, who after a tentative start scored an excellent 67 and was unluckily run out off the last ball. Richard bagged two wickets, and Bodley's fielders, as thirsty as ever, spilled Jack Flavell's match ball with alarming regularity. Our victorious 125 from the previous day's game had been our record score to win when batting second, so this represented a considerable target. A quick tea (venerable pavilion = no bar), and the Bodley reply began. Andrew Milner and Nick proceeded to put on a remarkable 116 for the first wicket, a Bodley record for any wicket, and the cricketing highlight of the weekend. Nick was stumped for 51 and Andrew went on to make a magnificent 97, again a Bodley record and one unlikely to be beaten in the near future. It was all over bar the drinking, or so it seemed. In a characteristic attempt to salvage defeat from the jaws of victory, the Bodley middle order collapsed from 163 for 1 to 171 for 7, Alan and Rich scrambling the winning runs with only three balls to spare, the drama of the situation heightened by the sudden onset of the Northumberland monsoon in the final few overs. Wet, happy, and no longer on the verge of a collective nervous breakdown, we boarded the bus for a quick couple of pints in Heddon, before returning to Morpeth for a night on the town. Yet again, Jack maintained his record for supplying matchwinning cricket balls.

With several of the team resplendent in their Strongbow T-shirts, we managed a quick tour of the pubs and hit the best local curry house, hoping for a considerably less salty offering than the previous night's. The food was excellent, the booze plentiful and the comedy abysmal. Most interest centred round the sweepstake on the imminent Lewis-Akinwande fight which was being shown in the TV lounge back at the B&B. The team's boxing expert predicted an Akinwande win (which considerably dented his credentials with the rest of us), everyone else going for Lewis. We commandeered the TV lounge, Stephen cleaning up in the sweep and ploughing his winnings straight back into the beer kitty, the more foolhardy of us ordering shorts from the bar (vodka and coke not recommended). The evening's comedy was not yet complete, as Mr Firkin, despite having the key to right room and the right room number was unable to open his door, and spent what seemed like several hours wandering the corridors in search of a home, trying doors at random on the off-chance he'd get in. The reaction of the honeymooning couple disturbed at 2.30am was not recorded. One rousing of the night porter and a skeleton key later, peace reigned save for the well-lubricated giggling of drunken cricketers and the seismic snoring of just about everyone.
Sunday 13 July

Another early start, another ordeal by fried breakfast, another green polo shirt? A post-breakfast recovery period and it was back in the bus and off to the beach at Warkworth - a great sandy expanse where Dave and Gregg demonstrated the finer arts of rounders batting. A game of beach football was soon in progress, watched by a bleary-eyed, hungover group of non-participants, visibly withering under the sunlight. The game itself was notable for the cynical and suspiciously intentional foul perpetrated on the aforementioned Mr. Firkin by Nick (one of the only things he caught properly all weekend). Your correspondent, imbued by the samba spirit of beach football, also executed a deeply uncharacteristic drag-back to beat Stuart, who was clearly traumatised by the disparity between this and the usual rhino-like grace of my play. I later attempted to walk through the shallows to Denmark, foiled only by the calls of anxious team-mates and the prospect of playing the afternoon’s match in soaking wet underpants. This is also the part of the diary where I’ll do the joke about fielding in the deep, when I can find a way of making it funny.

The afternoon’s match, again against the Hall Stars, was staged at a ground in the shadow of the highly impressive Warkworth Castle. A failed attempt to track down the world’s best lemon meringue pie gave rise to a standard bat display from everyone except Gregg, who scored a swashbuckling 36. The sky was split down the middle, with blue sky on one side, threatening storm clouds on the other. The storm eventually won out, hovering over the ground and blocking out the sun like the mothership in “Independence Day”. I was 14 not out when play was abandoned with Bodley tottering on 71 for 7, batsmen reporting being distracted by forked lightning behind the bowler’s arm. Two hours of torrential downpour later and it became clear that the game couldn’t continue, although the blow was softened by the early opening of the bar.

Reckless enthusiasm and paddling lust led us back to the beach at Druridge Bay when the skies cleared, and yet more cricket, though the fact that the “pitch” became unusable every three overs or so interrupted the flow of the game a little. Extra fun was had on the ride back to Morpeth by bombing through the enormous puddles on the coast road in the minibus. Pausing only to shower and visit Durty Nelly, we met up with the Hall Stars in a local Italian restaurant. The carafes of wine were emptied with alarming regularity, the peppered chicken was far too peppery, and a good time was had by all (except for the one absentee). We staggered back to the B&B and again commandeered the TV lounge, conducting an in-depth media survey of German ice-lolly advertising.

Monday 14 July

Seeing as we were so far North already, we decided en masse to go and do the touristy thing on Hadrian’s Wall before setting off on the six-hour drive to Oxford. We duly motored off to Housesteads Roman fort, yomped up the hill, wandered along the Wall for a bit, and took advantage of the numerous photopportunities. Unfortunately, while we did this, some opportunistic scallies were taking advantage of our absence from the bus by nicking a load of bags from the van. After staggering back down the hill we discovered the theft, and then had to hang around for an hour or so awaiting the arrival of the Police. The unlucky eight who’d had stuff taken spent the time compiling lists of what had been in their bags. A bit of a downer to end on, but Mr. Firkin’s vow to be “a changed man” and to establish a local neighbourhood watch scheme provided a comedy highlight, and, in true tabloid cliché style, we wuz indeed robbed. Otherwise, Mike’s departure from the bus at Cotteslowe, carrying only his glasses case was another poignant moment. We should all just about have recovered in time for next year’s jaunt, and of course Bodley’s cricketers remain unbeaten north of the Trent and west of the Cotswolds!

Thieves bowl team out

A TOURING cricket team was stumped – after thieves stole thousands of pounds of its gear.

The Oxford-based team stopped off at Housesteads, on Hadrian’s Wall, near Haltwhistle, to take in the picturesque views of Northumberland.

But as they were visiting the ancient site thieves broke into their minibus to steal cricket equipment.

The team found they had been robbed after returning to the bus at yesterday. They lost almost £2,500 of gear and clothing in the raid.

Thieves broke in through an open window and police are advising visitors to Northumberland to lock up before going to see the sights.

The theft came at a time when police have launched extra patrols along the Wall after a spate of thefts from tourists’ vehicles in car parks.

Since the operation was set up at the beginning of the summer season, police chiefs say car crime in the area has been reduced.

Det Insp Wyn Churchill said: “At the beginning of the summer sea-
17th July 1997
Bodleian Library v Physical Chemistry
at Mansfield Road
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Physical Chemistry 142-6
(Webb 1-13)

Bodleian Library 139-5
(Colquhoun 42, Milner 42)

Physical Chemistry won by 3 runs

From the press box
Report by Sarah Flynn

Cricket
Bodleian Library XI vs Physical Chemistry

After a spell of cancellations due to adverse weather conditions, last Thursday Bodley's finest walked out onto the reprieved turf of Mansfield Road once more. Unusually, the opposition went in to bat first, in the course of time reaching an impressive-looking 142 for 6. Nevertheless, Bodley had exhibited a certain cohesiveness in the field. The first man in was caught and bowled by Mike Webb for 19, to the glec of the boundary crew; three more were run out for 5, a duck and 1 (I thought it was us that was supposed to do that), while the other two were bowled for 16 (Andrew Mackinnon) and caught out for 18 (Andrew Milner off Andrew Colquhoun) respectively.

All in all, a more creditable performance by our boys than the score might suggest. Despite gloomy prognostications of downfall by the New Media Librarian at the end of the first innings, in the next Ditta Yousaf and Andrew Colquhoun opened the batting in style. Yousaf's brace of fours made the spectators (and the opposition) sit up, and helped him to his (high for this lot) opening total of 19, while Colquhoun was eventually caught for a slightly unspecified but equally four-rich score in the mid-40s (you can thank the crack scoring team of Gartner, Groom and Kauffmann for the fissiparous nature of the evidence). An equally strong performance by Andrew Milner (including 3 fours and 2 sixes—we think) ensured that by the eighteenth over Bodley only required a dozen or so runs to, in fact, win. Tension ran high; alas, our heroes snatched defeat from the jaws of victory for 139. A fine effort, quand même. And the less said about the spoiling tactics of a certain Map Room umpire, the better. The (postponed) Chest match should be a doddle, now(?!).

Bodley's team was Yousaf. Colquhoun, Milner, Waterman, Mackinnon, Ferrett, Millea, Webb, Kauffmann, Curtin and Allmond.

'Spirit of the SCG'
27th July 1997
Cambridge University Library v Bodleian Library
at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge
40-over game

Cambridge University Library 236-6
(Milner 3-58)

Bodleian Library 141 all out
(Slatter 54, Arnold 14)

Cambridge University Library won by 95 runs

From the press box
Report by Jonathan Ringer

UL v. The Bodleian, Saturday 27th July, Gonville and Caius Cricket Ground

The UL went into their most important game of the year with two disappointing performances behind them. Improvement was necessary if we were to reverse the result of last year's fixture in Oxford. And improve we did, despite being two players short. The UL's performance was the best I have seen since restarting the UL side five years ago.

The UL batted first and paced their innings beautifully. Howard and Ringer provided the side with a solid start, seeing off the opening bowling of Slatter and Cooper, who, while using the advantageous conditions well, failed to achieve the breakthrough they would have liked. The score had reached 61 before the UL lost its first wicket, Howard caught well by Kaufmann for 27. Enter Frost. How different things might have been if the first ball chance Mark gave had been held, but the chance gone, the UL raced away. Frost and Ringer accelerated the scoring, taking the total beyond the 100 mark, before Ringer was run out for 28. But the momentum was taken up first by Squire (20) and then by Bird, whose 29 included a massive six over mid-wicket. It was Frost though, batting at the other end, who stole the show. A mixture of elegant late cuts, powerful clips on the on side, and straight drives accrued a wonderfully crafted 79; it was only a shame he did not go on to score a deserved hundred. With Frost gone, Clarke, Cruickshank and Ringer (T.) all added runs at the death to push the total up to 236 for 7, a superb score which was the result of some fine individual batting and partnership building.

The Bodleian set about chasing the UL's total in fine style after tea. Slatter smashed a good half century, supported by Kaufmann. In fact, the Bodleian raced to 73 before losing their first wicket, Slatter caught in front by a quick yorker from Bird. From that point on the UL turned the screw, runs dried up and wickets fell at regular intervals. Two wickets in two balls for Ringer (J.), the first a leg spinner caught at slip by Frost, the second a leg cutter to dismiss the in-form Milner, together with the scalp of Kaufmann, captured the over before, all but killed off the Bod's challenge. Further wickets for Squire (2), Bird (3) and James (who bowled his 7 overs for just 16 runs) brought the innings to an end. The other wicket to fall was a run out, well picked up by wicket keeper Clarke. The Bodleian finished on a respectable 141 all out, the UL winning by 95 runs.

So ended another great UL-Bodleian match. Perhaps as satisfying as our own performance, with bat, ball and in the field, is the spirit in which this fixture is played, and the sense of fun that pervades it. Thanks to all who turned out to make this a wonderful day, especially to the Bodleian players, skippered by Stu Ackland.
The annual Bodley fixture against the Six O'Clock Club took place on Wednesday. The Bodley XI, whose belief in the continuity of life makes defeat so much easier to bear met up for their traditional start to all matches in the Berkshire Arms before hand to discuss tactics, football and life in general so as to gear themselves up for the match ahead.

With team spirit still high after an enjoyable, if not successful, trip to Cambridge three days before we were looking for our second consecutive win at the University College ground. Ditta Yousaf and Andrew MacKinnon opened the batting, Andrew was soon back on the pavilion steps but Ditta, batting for just under an hour had a marvellous knock, putting 69 runs on the board, including one 6 and eight 4s in one of the finest batting displays by a Bodley player. Danny Ferrett also batted well with 21 runs while the three other batters failed to break double figures. Bodley's innings ended on 114.

Bodley started well in the field, with Stephen Arnold carrying on a fine bowling spell by picking up a wicket in his second over and finishing with figures of 18 off 4 with 1 wicket but things soon started to go wrong with the remaining Bodley bowlers all proving expensive, Ditta having four 4s off four balls in his last over and Alan Fisher having a 6 off one of his balls immediately after getting a wicket. Mike Webb got the third of our wickets. The Six O'Clock Club passed our total in the eighteenth over, and were worthy winners, especially considering their best batters were still to appear. We thank them for organising another friendly game.

A fine, though expensive, tea with talk of next year's game, possibly at Mansfield Road as the changing rooms at the College pitch seem to get worse every year. The team thank Richard Gartner for an excellent job scoring.
31st July 1997
Bodleian Library v University Chest
at Mansfield Road
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Bodleian Library 211-7
(Milner 52*, Millea 50*, MacKinnon 27)

University Chest 104-8
(MacKinnon 3-9)

Bodleian Library won by 107 runs

From the press box
Report by Mike Webb

Chest Looted

Bodley notched up his highest ever total and his biggest ever win on Thursday night as the Chest was taken to pieces in the latest Jack Cox trophy fixture. Any questions as to which keys would be required to un-lock the Chest were left aside as Bodley’s batsmen set about it with big wooden sticks in a smash-and-grab raid. Captain Millea bludgeoned his way to 50, and has now notched up 100 runs against the Chest in two innings without losing his wicket; Andrew Milner smashed an unbeaten 52 in just over 20 minutes. With 8 fours and three sixes, he only needed to run twice in the course of his innings. Mackinnon and Ferrett scored swift 20s, and Ackland kept the momentum going with a late 16, so that even when Ditta Yousaf, the star of recent Bodley performances, failed to get the 50 in 10 balls demanded by his captain, Bodley still reached a colossal 211 for 6 in 20 overs.

In reply the Chest managed 104 for 8, with Mackinnon helping himself to three wickets, in steadily more persistent rain. The bedraggled Bodley supporters were heard to ask how many overs were still left on more occasions than strictly necessary in such exciting circumstances, some clearly not feeling that the glow of a victory by more than 100 runs was compensation enough for the extra time in the pub that a 200 run victory might have allowed. The scorer would like to deny rumours that the Chest’s scorecard was complete in his book some 30 minutes before the innings closed.

The Naweb of Batodley
20th August 1997

**Elsevier v Bodleian Library**
at Jesus College, Bartlemess Close
18-over game

**Bodleian Library** 69-8  
(Millea 16, Waterman 15)

**Elsevier** 71-3  
(Ackland 2-17)

Elsevier won by 7 wickets

—from the press box—

Report by Stuart Ackland

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**Sports Report**

A mixed week of Bodley sport saw defeat in cricket and our first victory at rounders. Rounders first. The Bodley have been playing occasional games against the R.S.L in the Parks after work this summer, losing the two games played before Tuesday. As usual we started badly, losing three wickets in the first three balls. collective glee for the R.S.L, collective gloom for the Bodley. Things started to turn round though, and thanks to a wonderful partnership between Dave Busby and Sam Whittaker from P.P.E the team managed to end with 27 rounders, remarkable as we only scored two in our previous inni6g5, cheered on by the rest of the players the two, despite the heat, managed to last long enough to push our total beyond the reach of the RSL who scored a very respectable 18 in response.

The cricket team on the other hand continue their run of poor form for the season, on the field at least, by losing to Elsevier at Jesus College ground on Wednesday. A friendly game against strong opposition saw good batting from Steve Waterman, Nick Millea and Andrew MacKinnon. Nick and Stephen Arnold taking part in the customary run-out. John Sharp was two not-out despite facing a ball which would have unnerved many a lily-livered Southerner. A closing total of 69 was overtaken with two overs left, and the bar opened, thus finishing the evening the way we know best. Garry Cooper and Stephen Arnold bowled well with Mike Webb taking a smooth one-handed catch for the first wicket.

Stuart Ackland
THE GREAT BUSBY

[With apologies to a certain Scott Fitzgerald!]

It was at a grand party that I first met him. "I'm Busby", he said suddenly. "What!" I exclaimed. "I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host". He smiled understandingly - one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in a life. When the smile vanished - I was looking at an elegant young roughneck, a year or two above thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Later he showed me a photograph he said he always carried - it was of half a dozen young men in blazers loafing in the Bodleian archway with a minibus in the background. There was Busby, looking a little, not much, younger - with a cricket bat in his hand. "I'm going to make a big request of you today", he said pocketing the photograph, "so I thought you ought to know something about me. I don't want you to think I am just nobody. You see I usually find myself among strangers because I drift here and there trying to forget the sad thing that happened to me". "Do you mean that dagger that is sticking through your head?" I enquired. "You'll hear about it at lunch", he replied mysteriously and departed.

A few moments later another guest at the party came up to me and said "Fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at and a perfect gentleman". "Yes". "He's an Oggsford man". "Oh". "He went to Oggsford College in England. It's one of the most famous colleges in the world". "Have you known Busby for some time?" I asked. "Several years", he answered in a gratified way. "I made the pleasure of his acquaintance and discovered him to be a man of fine breeding. The kind of man you'd like to take home and introduce to your mother and sister". He paused. "I see you're looking at my cuff buttons". I looked at them and noticed they appeared to be composed of oddly familiar pieces of ivory. "Finest specimens of human molars", he informed me. I suddenly realised where I had seen them before. "Busby gave them to me... he said they were trophies obtained from some crunching tackle at football... or was it when he bowled that beamer for Bodley?"

Alan J. Fisher
Against the Six O'Clock club, 30th July

Against Elsevier, 20th August
(Alan, surprisingly, was still getting changed)
STATISTICS

BATTING

Highest score

97  Andrew Milner v Hallstars (Close House)
69  Ditta Yousaf v Six O'Clockers
54  Gregg Slatter v Cambridge
52* Andrew Milner v Chest
51  Nick Millea v Hallstars (Close House)
50* Nick Millea v Chest
48  Steve Waterman v Physiology
42  Andrew Colquhoun v Phys Chem
     Andrew Milner v Phys Chem
36  Gregg Slatter v Hallstars (Warkworth)

Individual runs total

256  Andrew Milner
155  Nick Millea
101  Gregg Slatter
99   Ditta Yousaf
96   Andrew Colquhoun
83   Andrew MacKinnon
72   Danny Ferrett
70   Steve Waterman
58   Mike Webb
51   Alan Fisher
40   Stuart Ackland
39   Stephen Arnold
27   Martin Kauffmann
17   Pete Allmond
15   Garry Cooper
8    Richard Lindo
6    John Sharp
2    Terry Curtin, John Duffy
0    Dave Busby, Alan Carter, Paul Firkin, Nick Watts
### Batting averages
(Qualification: 3 innings)

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### Also batted

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### Sixes hit

- 5 Andrew Milner
- 2 Nick Millea
- 1 Gregg Slatter
  - Ditta Yousaf
BOWLING

Best bowling

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<td>2-14</td>
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<td>2-16</td>
<td>Andrew Colquhoun</td>
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Wickets total

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<td>Martin Kauffmann</td>
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Bowling averages
(Qualification: 10 overs)

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Also bowled

Dave Busby 3.2-0-38-0
Alan Carter 4-0-32-0
Andrew Colquhoun 9-0-67-4
Danny Ferrett 7-0-36-2
Paul Firkin 8-1-39-1
Martin Kauffmann 2-0-21-1
Richard Lindo 8-0-24-2
Nick Millea 2-0-10-0
Gregg Slatter 9-0-42-1
Steve Waterman 9-0-60-2

FIELDING

Catches

5 Nick Watts
4 Andrew Milner
   Mike Webb
3 Alan Fisher
   Martin Kauffmann
   Nick Millea
2 Garry Cooper
   Danny Ferrett
   Richard Lindo
1 Stuart Ackland
   Andrew Colquhoun
   Andrew MacKinnon

Most catches in an innings

5 Nick Watts v Physiology

Stumpings

1 Danny Ferrett
Highest partnerships

116  Nick Millea & Andrew Milner (1st) v Hallstars (Close House)
104  Nick Millea / Andrew MacKinnon & Andrew Milner / Ditta Yousaf (3rd) v Chest
73   Gregg Slatter & Martin Kauffmann (1st) v Cambridge Ditta Yousaf & Danny Ferrett (2nd) v Six O'Clockers
71   Mike Webb & Steve Waterman (5th) v Physiology
60   Andrew Colquhoun & Andrew Milner (2nd) v Phys Chem
56   Nick Millea & Danny Ferrett (2nd) v Chest
47   Andrew Milner & Mike Webb (2nd) v Hallstars (Close House)
38   Ditta Yousaf & Andrew Colquhoun (1st) v Phys Chem
33   Andrew MacKinnon & Stuart Ackland (5th) v Chest

Highest partnership by wicket

1st  116  Nick Millea & Andrew Milner v Hallstars (Close House)
2nd  73   Ditta Yousaf & Danny Ferrett v Six O'Clockers
3rd  104  Nick Millea / Andrew MacKinnon & Andrew Milner / Ditta Yousaf v Chest
4th  19   Gregg Slatter & Alan Fisher v Hallstars (Warkworth)
5th  71   Mike Webb & Steve Waterman v Physiology
6th  12   Stuart Ackland & Stephen Arnold v Mansfield College
7th  32   Stephen Arnold & Martin Kauffmann v Mansfield College
8th  19*  Danny Ferrett & Martin Kauffmann v Astrophysics
9th  5    Pete Allmond & Dave Busby v Cambridge
10th 14   Martin Kauffmann & Dave Busby v Plant Sciences
DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

1997

Saturday 6 December

**Cricket Club Disco**

at Mansfield Road, 7.30pm

1998

Saturday 11 July

**v Northumberland County Hall Stars**

at Worcester College, 2pm

Sunday 12 July

**v Northumberland County Hall Stars**

at Mansfield Road, 2pm
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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

* To the Hall Stars from Northumberland County Council for being such excellent tour hosts;

* To Sheffield Friday (and Whitbread plc) for their hospitality and sponsorship;

* To our opponents for daring to take us on (in many cases for the umpteenth time), and proving to be such genial hosts;

* To Bill Baker, the Mansfield Road groundsman, for the preparation of the pitch, occasionally opening the bar, and use of the club's cricket kit bag;

* To Richard Gartner and Andrew Milner for providing the photographs;

* To John Duffy and Jack Flavell for their regular supply of cricket balls;

* To Jacqueline Dean for all her efforts in setting up the Christmas disco and buffet;

* To John Duffy and Richard Gartner, (again), for their scoring acumen;

* To the Bodleian Library for assisting in funding transport costs for the visit to Cambridge;

* To the man who came to fix the van so we could go to Cambridge;

* To our long-suffering supporters - far too numerous nowadays to mention by name, but always hugely welcome at every game;

* And finally to Stuart Ackland, Alan Fisher, Rosemary McCarthy, Andy MacKinnon, and Nick Millea, without whom *The Finger* would not have been possible.
"...end of play..."