A GRAND BOOK FOR BOYS
Gregor Douglas, Ian Peedle and the rest of the Offices boys prepare to face Big Al on his return to the Bodley attack
SEASONAL THOUGHTS

Penning this short introduction to the feast of cricketing lore that is to follow, it’s really rather hard to remember anything at all about last season: it’s all so long ago. A glance at the online scoreboard reminds me that 2002 saw Bodley’s most successful start to the season ever, but the lamentable failure to keep the website up to date means that no information is forthcoming from that source about the team’s later fortunes. It’s difficult to cast one’s mind back to the beginning of the season on 7 May and to realise how many surprises were in store: that we would play Cornishmen in Derby; that Richard “The Messiah” Lindo would return to us in our hour of need; that a Mexican meal would be substituted for an Indian on Tour (though I can see that it may have been felt more appropriate to switch to the cuisine of a non-cricketing nation); that more and more of the team would turn to parenthood as a relief from the relentless demands of Bodley cricket; that this would be John Tuck’s last season as a Bodley player. What can be said definitively is that Bodley’s tactics proved far more successful than those of the national side competing for The Ashes Down Under: for a start we cannily avoided playing Australia, though the opposition in the Jack Cox Trophy sported their usual array of suspicious accents; and no-one did himself any serious damage whilst fielding, largely thanks to the positions taught us by Samantha, the team’s very own personal fitness trainer.

So much for last season. Bodley cricket now finds itself at a crossroads. It’s clear that if we are to progress towards the peak of service delivery to which we aspire, we are going to have to pay much more attention to our administrative structures. For too long we have laboured under the outmoded impression that we existed merely to play cricket and to drink. The close-season report from our management consultants, Balls-in-the-Air plc, has put us right (there go the subs), and has pointed the way to a truly modernised future. At last we are to have a mission statement; from it will be rolled out not cricket balls but service delivery standards, which will be sent to our many loyal supporters, who for the first time will know in advance exactly how many run outs and dodgy umpiring decisions to expect in each game. Behind this enhanced provision will loom the imposing edifice of an integrated committee structure. The minutes of the main committees -- fixtures, grounds and facilities, health and fitness, selection, weather, kit, refreshments and hospitality, statistics, finance and general purposes -- will be published on the website, using our new software, Office Jargon Direct. To ensure that this administrative system remains robust, a new commissariat will be set up on the first floor of the New Library (shown clearly on the latest NEWBOLD plans), occupying the suite of rooms previously inhabited by the Map Room, which is to be relocated to a purpose-built facility in St John’s Wood. The commissariat will supply erroneous statistics (a preliminary sample is provided later in this magazine) to the “It’ll be alright on the night” strategy team, which will draw together the work of the committees from a flexibly managerial point of view and apply them meaningfully to our core activities.

Thus I am happy to announce that what you are about to read represents the last haphazard antics of a group of amateurs. From next year these loveable drunkards and misfits will have been transformed into the leanest and most completely automated cricketing outfit the library world has ever seen. And about time too.

Martin Kauffmann
MEET THE PLAYERS

Sadiq Abbasi
Couldn't wait for the season to begin .... Sadiq put in lots of extra training, pounding the streets of Oxford to up his stamina levels; lots of additional sessions in the nets too .... And what happens? A combination of dodgy knees and an epic trip to Pakistan put paid to most of his cricket in 2002.
Best moment: One wicket for three runs against the Engineers.
Worst moment: Only one appearance for Bodley all season.

Stuart Ackland
A significant “first” for Stuart this year was the writing of the Tour Diary – he’s done just about everything else for the team: opened the batting, opened the bowling, baked the cakes, sorted out the photography, been threatened with the Police (against the Police), etc., etc. As ever he’s done a brilliant job. He even played a little cricket too – too little in the view of The Finger.
Best moment: Whilst trawling round the Derby record shops, a ‘virtual’ Stuart came in third in the Tour putting contest, beating two people who were actually present.
Worst moment: Wrecked with guilt after leading Bodley to a comprehensive victory at Cassington – “I should have reversed the batting order”.

Pete Allmond
The Tickler reckons he won’t be playing much, if any cricket in 2003. He says this every year, then goes and does something spectacular on the pitch as if he’d never been away. How long will this tendency to defy the years and out-bat (2002), out-catch (2001), and out-bowl (1999) his team mates continue?
Best moment: Some sublime batting.
Worst moment: Denied a place at the top of the season’s batting averages by Garry Cooper’s finger, giving Pete “out” at OUP. Only Garry finished above Pete this season – one more boundary and the prize would have gone to The Tickler.

Stephen Arnold
A season memorable for some inspired umpiring. It seemed that every time John Tuck came into bat Stephen would volunteer to don the white coat and exercise that ever-so-twitchy right index finger. Tip for any bowlers out there: hit John’s pads when Stephen’s ump-ing and don’t bother to appeal – he’s a definite goner.
Best moment: The first game on Tour – opened the batting, and remained not out at the end of the innings.
Worst moment: The first game on Tour – opened the batting, fended off a nasty lifter with his left cheek, and looked a picture with his re-modelled and re-contoured face.

Bob Biggs
At long last the person most responsible for setting up the Bodley team was eventually persuaded to play for us. Unfortunately Bob started the Tour playing for the 7Cs, but a few lagers and a powerful curry saw him rediscover his sanity and line up with the Bodleian – didn’t affect the outcome of the game though.
Best moment: Amongst the wickets in the second Tour game.
Worst moment: No room at the inn for Bob – overbooked Tour accommodation saw him staying at his mum’s house.

Dave Busby
After the disappointing lack of nightlife on the Devon Tour, Dave made up for it in Derby with a late night on the Saturday, and even had the decency to be quiet on his return to the hotel in the early hours of Sunday morning.
Best moment: One of the season’s best catches in the Digitext game......
Worst moment: ......when he was unfortunately fielding for the opposition.
Andrew Colquhoun
Apart from the end-of-season Whippersnappers match and the pre-season quiz, all we saw of Big And was a cameo performance against The Crowd at Cowley Marsh. Remarkably forced to open the batting alongside John Sharp in both matches.
**Best moment:** Snapping up prizes on the Quiz Night, despite arriving late.
**Worst moment:** Having to get to the quiz from London – well worth it in the end though.

Garry Cooper
Twice we played “The Crowd”, and far from maddeningly, The Gunslinger beat them single-handed on both occasions. Otherwise Garry was awesome with the bat, and useful as ever with the ball, and what’s all this about Marmite?
**Best moment:** You might think topping the batting averages would be the obvious candidate, but no, *The Finger* was hugely impressed when trigger-happy Mr Cooper found in the bowler’s favour and sent The Tickler back to the OUP pavilion, thus depriving Pete of his rightful spot as the season’s star batsman.
**Worst moment:** Still reeling from last season’s *Finger* which revealed that Garry was the most likely Bodley player to appear on a losing team.

Colin Elliott
Saved the day on Tour by boosting the Bodley team numbers to an acceptable number on the Saturday. As ever, ex-Hall Star Colin showed he hadn’t lost his touch in the bar after the game, despite moving south to the Midlands.
**Best moment:** “I’ll play myself in first ball” quipped Colin as he made his way to the crease.
**Worst moment:** Not getting to face a second ball.

Andrew Fairweather-Tall
Never quite came close to averaging 100 with the bat, as he did for a while last season, but a couple of lively Jack Cox knocks kept our sixties singing superstar in the groove.
**Best moment:** Three consecutive boundaries to launch his innings against Engineering.
**Worst moment:** The attempted fourth consecutive boundary, and the ensuing long walk back to the pavilion.

Alan Fisher
A welcome return for Al, absent for too long. Took wickets everywhere, including a useful 2 for 12 on Tour. Took his time over breakfast too, when the legendary Fisher hospitality threatened to derail the Tour as Mike and Andy Mac were treated to an endless supply of croissants.
**Best moment:** Easy – out of action for over a year, and first game back Big Al bags a hat-trick to send the Offices reeling to a spectacular defeat.
**Worst moment:** Alan had to have his arm twisted to come on Tour, it wasn’t that bad, was it?

Colin Heathcote
Renowned throughout the North East for being a Watford supporter, and also for his uncanny knack of being given out LBW, Colin was eventually back to his best when Stuart fingered him in Derby. Took a couple of wickets too. Even kept wicket in the second Tour game.
**Best moments:** Top score in the first Tour game.
**Worst moment:** Surely that spilled catch when Chris Buffey was batting was deliberate?

Mike Hine
The season’s surprise find – it’s amazing what happens when you offer the team two cricket bats for free; on the strength of this magnificent display of generosity, what more could we do but tempt Mike with a game? He fitted in well, drinking beer and diving around in the field, and even organised a game for us, though rain prevented Bodley from locking antlers with Oxford Rescue.
**Best moment:** Man of the match in the end of season “Whippersnappers” game.
**Worst moment:** Not wearing any shin pads when close in fielding.

Andrew Honey
Bodley’s Essex man showed typically good form on the beer at Halifax House, and performed with distinction in the Whippersnappers match, putting together a lively 11 low down the batting order.
**Best moment:** His fancy dress appearance at the Library’s 400th birthday bash.
**Worst moment:** Naming his favourite football team as Billericay Town.
Chris Hunwick
“The Cannonball”, according to his non-cricketing sporting chums was the first Oxford Blue to play for the Bodley team. Better known for his scrummaging skills in the Dark Blues’ rugby league XIII, St Helens-fancying Chris made a lively contribution to the season.

Best moment: Saints beating the Bradford Bulls 19-18 to win the Super League VII in October.
Worst moment: Choosing to abandon the A40 cycle path en route to the Witney game, and bumping into a passing vehicle.

Martin Kauffmann
So desperate was Martin to see the latest edition of The Finger in print that he volunteered this succinct match report for the Engineering game:

This was the first game we lost, and Andrew Milner was going to tell us about it.

Andrew quickly responded by penning an article, so Martin’s masterpiece was in vain.

Best moments: The batting – it just got better, and better, and better.
Worst moment: Have you taken a look at Martin’s knuckles lately? They’ll show you just how brave you have to be to keep wicket.

Andy Knight
Just one appearance all season. Who’d have credited it after our “find of 2001” found numerous reasons to miss games this time round. Maybe he’s just wiser than we thought!

Best moment: Memorable catch off his toes at Cassington.
Worst moments: Anything to do with Leyton Orient.

Richard Lindo
Returned to the fold after a lengthy period of absence, and slotted in to perfection, being on the winning side in every game he played. Unfortunately his move to Worcester looks like keeping out of the team in the future.

Best moments: Helped out Bodley when they were a player short in the second Madding Crowd game and got a wicket and a run-out for his efforts.
Worst moment: Volunteering to field for Elsevier until the rest of their team showed up, then having the gall to catch Ditta.

Andy MacKinnon
Sadly missing from the first night of the Tour, for it is during the darkening hours that Andy, like a blood-sucking vampire, is at his best. Who else is better at guiding the ignorant through the delights of a strange curry menu?

Best moment: Taking wickets against Far from the Madding Crowd despite giving more thought to Birmingham’s promotion chances.
Worst moments: Any hint of movement on the Tour. Medical advice prescribed a course of zero motion, which at least prevented a repeat of the legendary Yarnton juggle.

Nick Millea
A season of mainstream mediocrity, ably demonstrated when Nick was our top scorer against the Six O’Clockers with a classic innings of six. Still showing signs of suffering from “The Curse of the New Bat” which has ensnared many a Bodley victim.

Best moment: Supplying enough friends from near and far to help make up the numbers for the Tour.
Worst moment: To quote Garry Cooper, “Surely someone like you only has best moments”.

Andrew Milner
Leading run scorer and catch taker for the season. Six sixes against Ripon ensured that the new bat, if not knocked in properly before the game, was now. Andrew’s favourite website:
http://www.bbc.co.uk/england/webcams/

Best moment: You might think it was that barrage of sixes against Ripon, but no, think again. Andrew supplied the season’s comic highlight by suggesting that Big Al would now be in a position to develop his “Chinaman” delivery after his transfer to the Oriental Institute Library.
Worst moment: To be caught out by one of your best mates has to be pretty bad, missing the Tour was a bit of a downer as well.
**Dave Price**
Dave saved his best cricket till the bitter end, with a good knock to add to a “splendid running catch” in the Whippersnappers game. He was also the proud recipient of a pristine new box-cuddling jockstrap, presented to him by his family for his birthday.

*Best moment:* Played his part in Bodley winning its opening game against the Offices with some tight bowling at the death.

*Worst moment:* Nasty finger injury when batting against Statistics.

**Murray Priest**
The 2001 season took too much out of Murray, enough in fact for him to only play once this year (of course, the less charitable amongst us could say he was just a big jessie). Still, it was in a game he had organised himself so he could hardly have missed out on that. Got a wicket though. Murray has promised to play more next year and come on Tour. Which is nice as we will probably being staying at the same Barnstaple hotel of early morning alarm fame.

*Best moment:* Finding us some new friends to play with.

*Worst moment:* One game, one bloody game.

**Dan Rogers**
Having made only occasional “guest” appearances over the past few seasons, Dan seemed to become something of a fixture in 2002. Bowled tidily, batted pretty well, and took two valuable catches. He also witnessed Dave Bushy’s spectacular Botley Road bicycle accident.

*Best moment:* In one of his appearances this season Dan got a helpful (but in the end not helpful enough) 24 against Holy Trinity.

*Worst moment:* Driving back from Witney, with Chris Hunwick and the remains of Chris’ smashed up bike squeezed into Dan’s Mini.

**Ian Rose**
King of the “Carrot Crunchers” – who could possibly forget Ian’s memorable discussion with John Sharp on their geographic origins? Not sure where cricket features, but who cares when the quality of debate is so dramatic?

*Best moment:* Finding a reliable source of Beamish in tins at a supermarket in Chippenham.

*Worst moment:* His new job meant missing the annual Bodley v. Bodley thrash.

**John Sharp**
The high regard in which John is held by all went up a few notches when it was realised he, as well the person who pays our wages and the man who handles the Tour kitty beer fund, is a high-class madame for a string of “massage” parlours in Derby. Discount, apparently, is available to cricket colleagues.

*Best moments:* The Bodley v. Bodley match – check the report.

*Worst moment:* Best not mention the nine-dart finish in the quiz, eh John?

**John Tuck**
Transferred to the British Library at the season, but we hope to loan him back in 2003. Otherwise how else will the boundary laughter levels be maintained without watching John steam as Stephen sends him back to the pavilion. Take a look at the bowling averages – we’ll miss John’s competitive edge in the Jack Cox.

*Best moment:* His farewell speech in the Divinity School – John’s Oxford priorities were clear to see, and have guaranteed him selection in the team whenever he’s available!

*Worst moments:* Bowling to Mike Webb in the Whippersnappers match.

**Nigel Walker**
A winter Down Under saw Nigel ideally placed to bring The Ashes back home, but incredulously, as the English pace attack fell victim to all manner of calamities, Bodley’s speed merchant was somehow overlooked. Is there any justice?

*Best moment:* Clean bowling Ripon’s last man with a ball to spare to land us a tasty victory.

*Worst moment:* Does Nigel have worst moments? You would have thought not, but hang on, what’s this? According to the report of the Statistics game Nigel ran himself out!
Steve Waterman
Didn't play much cricket at all this year, but given his high profile exposure in The Guardian over the course of 2002, it's hardly surprising the team's only player to have ever been compared in print with a Rolling Stone was otherwise occupied.

Best moment: Ensuring Ditta's employment prospects were enhanced offering him a lucrative move to Nuneham Courtenay.

Worst moment: Not getting a chance to show off the "Reverse Dorset" on home territory.

Mike Webb
It was almost like 1995! Mike re-found his batting touch (at the expense of his much-feared Gromit delivery), and put together some classy innings.

Best moment: Top scored with 23 of the 82 runs we made in the Tour's last game. If he had scored another 63 we would have won.


Richard Webber
Richard, fresh from his honeymoon in Cyprus, was one of the few pluses to come out of our thrashing at the hands of the OUP.

Best moments: After years of threatening to do some damage with the bat, Richard's two innings in 2002 were his best ever Bodley scores.

Worst moment: Re-location to London means not much cricket from now on.

John Wilby
The Finger is proud to have exclusive publication rights on John's first foray into match reporting - he has delivered an epic, the likes of which have not been seen since Pete Allmond's legendary Caboites essay from the mid-90s. Go straight to the Six O'Clock Club match if you can't wait any longer.

Best moments: Took some superb catches, including the one that won us the Elsevier game.

Worst moment: On the losing side against his flatmate who just happened to be captaining Statistics.

Ditta Yousaf
Has fatherhood mellowed the great man? Probably not, as 2002 saw him destroying opponents with the ball, some lively stuff rocketing Ditta to the leading wicket taker's spot and top of the bowling averages. Makes a change from heading the batting stats though.

Best moments: "Four-fors" with the ball against our more reverential opponents, Ripon College and Holy Trinity.

Worst moment: Only one fifty all season!
Great cricketing bores no. 97, the holidaying cricketer.

“Of course lads, of course I’d rather be with you lot playing at the cold, exposed ground at Ripon, where there’s nothing between you and hypothermia but a pair of thin flannels...what’s that, you’re not playing at Ripon? Cowley Marsh you say, oh well, that’s o.k then ‘cause of course I’d rather be there in the mud and the rain than here, in a taverna by the shores of the med drinking beer (bloody cheap too) from a chilled glass, eating freshly caught kalamari, giant butter beans in a rich tomato sauce and stuffed vine leaves, the evening warm after a sunny day on the beach...I’d be pretending to enjoy the holiday for the families sake, but I’d be thinking of you all”
### APPEARANCES

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Department</th>
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<tr>
<td>Sadiq Abbasi</td>
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<td>Stuart Ackland</td>
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<td>Pete Allmond</td>
<td>(Reader Services)</td>
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<td>Stephen Arnold</td>
<td>(Cataloguing)</td>
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<td>Bob Biggs</td>
<td>(Hall Stars)</td>
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<td>Dave Busby</td>
<td>(Upper Reading Room)</td>
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<td>Andrew Colquhoun</td>
<td>(ex-Radcliffe Science Library)</td>
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<td>Garry Cooper</td>
<td>(Library Stores)</td>
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<td>Colin Elliott</td>
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<td>Andrew Fairweather-Tall</td>
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<td>Andrew Honey</td>
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<td>Chris Hunwick</td>
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<td>Martin Kauffmann</td>
<td>(Western Manuscripts)</td>
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<td>Andy Knight</td>
<td>(Vere Harmsworth)</td>
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<td>Richard Lindo</td>
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<td>Andy MacKinnon</td>
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<td>Murray Priest</td>
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<td>Dan Rogers</td>
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<td>Ian Rose</td>
<td>(Tessa’s husband)</td>
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<td>John Sharp</td>
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<td>(Nuneham Courtenay)</td>
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*John Rogers and Nick Watts also came out of retirement to play in the end of season all-Bodley encounter.*
PRE-SEASON WARM UP ACTIVITIES

Early banter from Christmas 2001 following the release of the previous *Finger*. The usual suspects are involved, and fortunately Mr Arnold carefully monitored (and saved) the proceedings. As this version of *The Finger* approached publication, Stephen was quick to act:

"Nick, I trust you're not going to lower the tone of *The Finger* with this sort of degrading and sordid material..."

How could the editors resist???

[Alan Brice – Hall Stars vegan opening bat and student counsellor at Newcastle]
Truly wonderful!! Have just read thru *The Finger* and what a complete delight it is too!
Will we meet on the field this coming year? Hope so!
With all my very best wishes for the festive season and even better for the cricket season!
How I wished I lived near Oxford and/or worked for the Library - I would be so keen to be part of and to play for the team!

[Stephen]
If Alan really would like to live near Oxford and work for the Library, I could swap with him. He could come and catalogue in Bodley and I ... well, I've always fancied I could do rather well as a no-nonsense counsellor:
The scene: My consulting room.
   Me:- “Pull yourself together you pathetic wimp. It's nothing to get self-pitying about.
   If you really must take it to heart so, there's a window over there and we're on the 10th floor”. Overwrought and sensitive student:- “AAARGH”. Crash.

[Stuart]
I'm all for this swap, sounds like we get the better deal cricket-wise.

[Nick]
Stephen, sounds like a fair swap. Thanks for all you have given to Bodley cricket, and good luck with your new career in the North East.
Right Lads - Stephen who? No, I don't recollect him either.

[Stuart]
Just think Stephen, all those big northern birds who don't wear much when they go out at night. One thing though, counselling, that's a bit C20th isn't it?

[Stephen]
NOT THE WAY I DO IT, IT ISN'T, STU

[Stephen]
Big northern birds means to me the Great Northern Diver. You mean t' lassies.

[Stuart]
Some of t' lassies have occasionally been called great northern divers...so I've been told

[Stephen]
Oh Gawd. I can see this turning up in next year's *Finger*...
[Andy Mac]  
An ornithologist writes:  
“anecdotal evidence indicates an abundance of great tits in the north”

[Stuart]  
Great big tits

[Stephen]  
Lads, lads, please... It’s Christmas - we should be thinking of the baby Jesus.

[Stuart]  
Poof

Stephen was on the case again, arranging a net session in April:

“Nobody from Bod turned up yesterday despite some vague promises, so I had a net with some Physics and Offices guys. Physics pretty poor. In fact the word is that the standard is going to be way down in this year’s Jack Cox Trophy. Engineering say they have a really weak team (according to Malcolm Watson who works there) and most of the Pathology and Pharmacology stars of the last few years have moved on. So it may be our best season. We may even win the trophy, crushing all opposition mercilessly and grinding them into the Mansfield Road mud beneath the heels of our jackboots. Or not.

[Read on to see how Stephen’s pre-season predictions fared]

Andrew Milner started where he’d left off in 2001 with a top-notch webcam tip:

First webcam of the season shows some blue sky (or did when I looked)!:

http://www.bbc.co.uk/england/webcams/scenic_views/kent_royal_tunbridge_wells_spa_town_georgian_webcam.shtml

For the record, the Offices match was played out in excellent conditions.
MATCH RECORDS AND REPORTS

7 May 2002

Bodleian Library v University Offices
At Mansfield Road, Oxford
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

**Bodleian Library** 104-3
(Milner 38*, Cooper 35)
**University Offices** 96-9
(Fisher 3-10, Tuck 2-16)

*Bodleian Library* won by 8 runs

**BIG AL BACK IN THE BIG TIME**

A new season of Bodleian cricket started last Tuesday with a real cracker of a game - a match for connoisseurs (a shame no connoisseurs turned up to watch). Bodleian have several times played the University Offices in friendly matches and these have usually been grimly competitive affairs with the slanging, sledging and creative umpiring that accompanies such games. It is ironic, then, that a Jack Cox Trophy match between these old rivals should produce the most amicable contest, though with plenty of tension.

Captain Millea won the toss, chose to bat, and the Bodley innings got off to a steady if unspectacular start with John Tuck and Garry Cooper scoring chiefly in singles. When John was out, the unfortunate victim of an outrageous LBW decision, Garry and Andrew Milner accelerated the scoring with some powerful hitting, particularly notable being a back-foot swat by Garry which easily cleared the straight boundary for six. After Garry was eventually out for 35 (over half scored in boundaries), useful runs came from Steve Waterman and Nigel Walker, and the innings closed at 104 for 3 off the allotted twenty overs, with Andrew being undefeated on 38.

The Offices started confidently, with their captain Gregor Douglas and Ian Peedle scoring fairly freely and threatening to reach their target with some ease, but wickets for Cooper, Milner and Tuck and two suicidal run outs pulled the game around for Bodley. These last involved the sort of mis-calling and lack of judgement, resulting in both batsmen finding themselves together at the same end of the pitch, that used to be such a feature of Bodleian performances (see: *He ran him out! The Finger no.2*). The pivotal dismissal of Douglas saw Nigel launching an exocet return which keeper Nick just about clawed out of the stratosphere, then went to the JR for a hernia operation and was still back in time to remove the bails, so far out of his ground was the unfortunate Offices batsman. With a few overs to go, then, the match was evenly poised but still slightly favouring the Offices. At this point a change of bowling brought on Alan Fisher to bowl his teasingly flighted, agonisingly slow lobs. Crunch time. If the batsmen took a fancy to this the match could be over and lost in a few deliveries. But Alan’s nerve held.

Resisting the temptation to push the ball through defensively, he bamboozled a good player with a ball which seemed to take fully three seconds to travel the length of the pitch and only just had enough momentum to dislodge the bails. The next ball was an exact replay. For the hat-trick ball, the fielders stayed out, not crowding the new batsman, who drove hard but uppishly straight back at the bowler. Alan clung on and became the first Bodley bowler ever to achieve the hat-trick - a fantastic return to the team after a season out! Thanks to economical support bowling from Chris Hunwick and Dave Price in the closing overs the Offices’ total fell short in the end by just eight runs. A close end to an enthralling match.

*Benny Richaud*


Dodgy decisions:
Umpire: Stephen
Victim: John - LBW - “it was going down the leg side”
12 May 2002
Bodleian Library v Far From the Madding Crowd
At Cowley Marsh, Oxford
Friendly: 35-over game

Far From the Madding Crowd 96-9
(Walker 2-9, MacKinnon 2-12, Fisher 2-19)
Bodleian Library 97-8
(Cooper 49*, Colquhoun 6)

Bodleian Library won by 2 wickets

From the press box - report by Nick Millea

ST ANDREWS’ DAY

Yet another tight match, and perhaps more surprisingly, yet another Bodley victory. Never before have Bodley won their first two matches of the season. Even more astounding was the realisation that Bodley have now won their last four matches, a feat unparalleled in the team’s eight-year history. The final amazing fact of the day was that we survived an entire afternoon’s cricket without a single dodgy umpiring incident.

So, what of the game? Another council pitch, another set of difficulties. This time, Oxford City Council’s official turned up bang on time, but his master key couldn’t open the dressing room doors. Far From the Madding Crowd (formerly known as Jude the Obscure until they underwent a Marathon / Snickers-like transformation) plus Stephen Arnold were clearly prepared—they turned up fully changed. Our man from the council eventually forced his way through the “ladies” door, and we were in!

The Madding Crowd were put into bat, and before long Nigel found himself on a hat-trick. He was bowling so well that we had to withdraw him from the attack. Likewise John Wilby who snapped up an early wicket when Andy Mac hung onto skied delivery, the first of a series of auspicious events to affect our resident Birmingham City supporter during the course of the afternoon.

Runs slowed to a trickle as Stephen and Garry sent down a series of maiden overs. After much inner turmoil Martin reluctantly agreed to bowl, and saw his first delivery wickedly deceive the batsman for pace, crashing into his leg stump. Four out now. Alan bagged a couple more wickets, and the Crowd were reportedly 32 for 6 off 20 overs. Richard Webber came on and snapped up an early wicket (courtesy of Andy Mac once more), while skipper Nick clearly took pity on the opposition by spilling two chances behind the stumps off poor old Richard’s bowling. A couple more wickets for Andy, and after 35 overs Far From the Madding Crowd had made it to 96 for 9. A tassy challenge for Bodley.

Even more of a tasty challenge was tea. Given that the pitch was far from the pavilion, we chose to go al-fresco, paper plates and plastic bags dancing around the outfield, as a succession of sandwiches, pies, scotch eggs, crisps and cake were heartily munched, washed down with orange juice. Andy Mac was now umbilically attached to his radio. “I think it’s nil-nil” he said, nervously. Both sides ate, Andy listened.

Now for our go at batting. Andy Colquhoun and the reluctant John Sharp went out to bat. “I won’t be out there for long” proffered John. Well, he stayed out there longer than Andy, Nick and John Wilby, eventually succumbing to Judy Reading’s other half a third of the way through the innings. Andy Mac had also been umpiring, switching his radio on at the end of each over. Still 0-0.

We’d been accumulating runs slightly more steadily than losing wickets, and Garry was starting to look ominously good. Andy’s thoughts were now in Cardiff, and we’re not sure where Nigel’s were, so with six wickets down, we needed another 59 to win. Alan kept Garry company for a while, then Stephen came in to witness an enormous six from The Gunslinger, before himself succumbing to a copycat effort. Andy, now joined by the rest of the MacKinnon clan, looked anxious on the boundary. Which result was causing him greater consternation? Bodley’s run chase or Birmingham’s play-off trauma? Eight wickets down, 17 still required, enter Martin. A quintessential Kauffmann innings followed: he blocked everything, while Garry blue-eyed his way towards the target, seeing us home with four overs to spare, ending up 49 not out (not even scorer John Sharp could lend a touch of creative accountancy to see Garry past 50). Martin, as ever, nought not out. For the record, other than “Extras”, Bodley’s next highest scorer was Andrew Colquhoun with a barnstorming six.

Handshakes all round, and more bonhomie across the road in the Marsh Harrier, but not until Andy modestly commented “we’re in the Premiership”.

An epic afternoon’s entertainment, which is far from over for the season. We lock antlers with the Madding Crowd once more in July—should be a cracker!

15 May 2002
Ripon College v Bodleian Library
At Ripon College, Cuddesdon
Friendly: Timed match

Bodleian Library 168-9
(Millea 57, Milner 47)
Ripon College 105 all out
(Yousaf 4-4, Walker 4-15)

Bodleian Library won by 63 runs

From the press box - report by Nick Millea

REVS OUT-REVVED

Possibly the most exciting Bodleian game ever – now there’s a claim! To add to the drama, when the tension reached its peak, there was the added attraction that there wasn’t the slightest possibility that we might lose the game. It would either be a Bodley win or a draw.

As has become the norm, our old friends the vicars suggested a “timed” match. The first team bats until tea at 4pm, then carries on (should they have the good fortune to not to be all out), eventually making a declaration. The second team then bats until 6pm, then has 20 overs left. If they don’t make the runs but have wickets to spare, then the match is a draw. This complicated formula had undone Bodley in the past, but this time we felt we understood the requirements of the game.

Yet again we won the toss and elected to bowl. Ditta and Nick quickly overcame the unpredictable bounce to post an rapid 50 opening stand before Ditta had the misfortune to find their only decent fielder, and was well caught. Enter Andrew Milner. Andrew had been keen to test the new team bat, and even though we weren’t convinced it was fully “knocked-in”, within a few minutes it soon had been as Andrew blasted six sixes in a whirlwind knock of 47 before being bowled with the score on 125, and still nowhere near the 4pm interval.

Andrew’s departure saw the run rate fall back, and wickets began to fall. Mike, Andy Mac and Stephen perished before tea. During the interval we discussed a declaration, and chose to bat on until five. Nick didn’t last long after the break, spectacularly snapped up by Ripon’s other decent fielder for 57, and the steady loss of wickets continued apace. It was decided to give our last pair at the wicket, Nigel and Dan one more over, when Dan was conveniently run out as the college clock chimed five. So, the vicars needed to score 169, and Ditta confidently claimed “we’re in the box seat now lads”.

First ball of Ripon’s innings went soaring into the neighbouring field for a massive six. “Game on”, we suddenly thought. A nervous opening over saw the vicars up to eight for no wicket, but our early panic was eased as the next four overs sent down by Nigel and John only yielded a couple of singles. This early squeeze induced a mild panic attack, and before long our opening bowlers had sent the first four opposition batsmen back to the pavilion. The Ripon innings was held together by a lively 48 from David Wallis, but otherwise wickets tumbled regularly – three for Nigel, one for John (courtesy of Dan’s splendid catch), and four from Ditta. When the college bell tolled six, Ripon were way behind the run rate for the final 20 overs. Wallis was soon caught by Andrew, and with a dozen overs remaining there were only two wickets to take, and only novice batsmen left. The vicars showed no interest in going for the runs, and decided to hang on for a draw. Alan and Andy Mac endeavoured to tempt them into a rash shot. Unprecedented in Bodley cricketing history, all the fielders crowded round the bat. If a ball was missing the stumps, the batsman would leave it. If it was going straight, the ball would be blocked. With nine overs to go, Alan induced a false stroke from the batsman, and the ball looped gently into Andrew’s hands. Only one to get now. The final pair hung on. Over after over passed. Not a nibble of a chance. Hardly a run scored.

With two overs remaining, radical changes were required to force a result. Ditta bowled a superb penultimate over, but the batsman clung on. And so to the final over. The crowd had grown steadily, keen to see a valiant Ripon rearguard action rewarded with a heroic draw. Nigel took the ball, and his first four deliveries were close, but not close enough. The fifth however was spectacularly different, smashing back the batsman’s stumps, and Bodley had triumphed once again, overcoming the unbearable tension in spectacular style, leaving Ripon 105 all out. Phew!


Dodgy decisions: None, though Mike might want to contest that, eh Stephen?
23 May 2002

Bodleian Library v Engineering
At Mansfield Road, Oxford
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Engineering 116-9
(Milner 2-7, Abbasi 1-3, Fisher 1-3)

Bodleian Library 93 all out
(Yousaf 19, Fairweather-Tall 12, Kauffmann 12)

Engineering won by 23 runs

From the press box - report by Andrew Milner

SHOCK! HORROR! BODLEY LOSE

A great start to the season by Bodley: three games and three straight victories. Offices, the vicars of Ripon and the bibulous Far From the Madding Crowd had been put to the sword by a rampant Library XI. Now a chance for Bodley's finest, in game four, to go on and see out May undefeated. Or not. As the case may be.

We didn’t play badly. We just didn’t do enough to win. We lacked the killer punch that is a necessary requisite for any successful side in the JC tournament. Perhaps it’s a case of Old Father Time quietly creeping up on some of our senior players, tapping them on the shoulder and saying: "Isn’t about time you took up something less taxing? Like bowls perhaps?" Sage advice that has already been heeded by one or two of our number incidentally. Is it me, or like policemen and SCONUL trainees, are our opponents in this competition getting younger every year? The Engineers seemed to be entirely drawn from some Southern Hemisphere academy, schooled on the hard wickets of Durban, Perth etc., no doubt. Not only that but many of them had majored in sledging, albeit of a not particularly bellicose variety. More comical really. Every ball was given the running commentary by their keeper: “Nice bowling Smithy, you nearly had him there, this one won’t last long” etc., etc. All to the accompaniment of exuberant appeals for lbw from deep midwicket. No Stuart, you are not the only person who, though standing at ninety degrees to the square, thinks it’s worth a shout.

Engineering batted first with the unlikely pairing of Hardy and Anorak (at least that’s what it says in the scorebook) facing Bodley’s preferred opening bowlers; Nigel and Ditta. The ever-reliable Nigel frustrated the attacking instincts of the Engineers and with admirable Yorkshire thriftiness simply refused to give away any cheap runs. Anorak was duly bowled in short order and Nigel’s figures of one for eight off three were just what the Bodley doctor ordered. Ditta bowled some fiery stuff but without any luck whatsoever. Sometimes bald stats in the scorebook do a bowler no justice at all. The Engineers never raced away and indeed lost wickets at regular intervals as Bodley’s change bowlers acquitted themselves well. 116 all out after 20 overs represented perhaps a par, or slightly above, total for Engineering.

Once again the Bodleian batting, as so often in the JC Trophy, showed about as much depth as a Will Young record. Once Ditta had gone, c & b on 19 when looking a sure fire 50, the Library found it difficult to score freely. Only Andrew F-T, Martin and Bodley’s most consistent player “Mr Extras”, made it into double figures. 93 all out off 20. If we could have put together a decent partnership at some point in our innings, who knows, we might have nicked it. Ah, another if only...

Long Leg


Umpire decisions:
Victim: John - LBW - "fair enough, but the last one wasn’t!"
2 June 2002

_Yarnton / Cassington v Bodleian Library_

At Cassington

Friendly: 40-over game

_Yarnton / Cassington_ 81 all out
(Yousaf 3-12, Fairweather-Tall 2-3, Cooper 2-5, Ackland 2-5)

_Bodleian Library_ 82-2
(Cooper 28*, Yousaf 25)

_Bodleian Library_ won by 8 wickets

 From the press box - report by Stuart Ackland

**TWO VILLAGES LAID TO WASTE AT ONCE**

Bodley’s best took on the combined strength of two villages on Sunday, and still came out on top! Determined to do better than England’s opening World Cup game that morning Bodley won the toss - despite stand-in skipper Ackland’s confusion at being asked to choose which hand the home team captain had the ball in as opposed to the normal method of flipping a coin being hampered by the lack of coin to flip. Despite fielding in sticky and hot conditions Bodley field and bowl well, and Cassington are often on the back foot having to defend against balls of commendable line and length. Excellent opening spells from Stephen and Andrew Milner get us started with both bowling maidens in the spell. First change brings wickets as Andrew Fairweather-Tall and Ditta soon send wickets tumbling or have fielders pluck catches from the sky; high up in Dave’s case and off his toes for Andy Knight. With just over half of their allotted 40 overs taken Cassington were all out, Ditta gets three, Garry and your reporter claim two apiece and others join in, keeping the runs required down to a do-able (but lads, lets face it, we’ve often got less) 81.

Bodley went straight into bat with tea promised in a while. Ditta starts a promising partnership with John Tuck and the runs soon build up. Soon the game’s best moment happens. John is batting, Stephen Arnold the umpire. John is in front of his wicket and a loud shout of HOWZAT! is heard. Stephen has for the last two games - showing admirable disregard for career prospects - given John out LBW. Bodley spectators hold their collective breath; would he do it again? Could he for the third time running? Dare he?...unfortunately not, the Arnold digit remained firmly within pocket, disappointed sights from the boundary and next in bat sits down again - (word on the boundary was the Stephen had yet to hear that the Deputy Director was leaving the sinking ship for pastures Londonish). John is soon replaced by Garry who sets about getting us the required runs, a blistering six from The Gunslinger shows his intent from the start and it isn’t long before Bodley have their fourth victory in five games...it will never last.

The game was an easy win for your team, which is a shame for those who would have preferred a longer, tougher test but the weather held, the birds sang and there was chocolate cake for tea so all left happily. Off to the pub for post-match discussion on performance (Stephen), the World Cup (everyone else) and the crap choice of beer (Bass or, ehm, Bass anyone?)

Bodley XI: Yousaf, Tuck, Cooper, Milner, Arnold, Knight, Fairweather-Tall, Webb, MacKinnon, Ackland, Busby.

Dodgy decisions:
Umpire: Stephen
“Victim”: John - plumb LBW, but strangely not given out.
18 June 2002

Bodleian Library v Atmospheric Physics

At Mansfield Road, Oxford

Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Atmospheric Physics 21-6
(Tuck 2-1, Wilby 2-6)

Bodleian Library 22-2
(Yousaf 10*, Walker 4*)

Bodleian Library won by 8 wickets

From the press box - report by Chris Hunwick

ATMOS NOTHING TO FEAR

Initial fears at the antipodean noises emanating from the opposition dressing room evaporated when it came to light that Atmospheric Physics had only managed to muster seven men and one woman, who didn’t fancy batting or bowling.

After winning the toss, Millea elected to field first, giving the rest of the Atmosphercics a sporting chance to turn up. They didn’t have long, however, as the Atmospheric batsmen crumbled before some thrilling bowling from Bodley’s men. Wilby and Cooper opened, the former taking two wickets for five runs, the latter with some sturdy low-run overs for no reward. Tuck then opened his spell with a double wicket maiden, whilst Yousaf at the other end added another scalp to this season’s tally. The sixth wicket partnership fell immediately with a disastrous run out. With five ducks, the Atmospherics had amassed but 21 runs.

Atmospheric bowling, however, was not to be sniffed at, and, with the early fall of Hunwick’s wicket for 0, and Millea soon after for 2, both bowled by the pacy Marsh, Bodley were for a time not actually achieving a run rate good enough to surpass 21. Yousaf and Walker formed a steady partnership, however, and were ready to finish with a flourish at the end of the seventh over on 17 for 2. They were denied the opportunity, though, when the bowler, Norton, threw a huge no-ball, which went sailing a good three feet over the heads of batsman and wicketkeeper, and sped away for four.

Thus ended another short but sweet victory for the Bod in the Jack Cox Trophy.

23 June 2002

Bodleian Library v Six O’Clock Club
At The Leys, Witney
Friendly: 30-over match

Bodleian Library 50 all out
(Millea 6, Fairweather-Tall 5, Arnold 5)
Six O’Clock Club 51-3
(Wilby 2-21, Yousaf 1-18)

Six O’Clock Club won by 7 wickets

From the press box - report by John Wilby

To remember a cricket match played in June while the November sky descends into the sodden streets is truly an exercise in creative recall. For weeks I had been gorging myself on tea and cake in a Proustian effort to summon up the ghost of temps perdu, attempting to reawaken the distant echo of leather on willow, of the ever-fading cries of frustration and expletive-laden anguish which characterised that Sunday afternoon in Witney, when the Bodleian cricket team went down to the Six O’Clock Club like so many ears of grain before the harvester’s scythe: but to no avail. Time’s flood had washed my memory clear, as the bright spring showers gorges the fleecey on Cumnor’s fair slope. It was with great relief, then, that following a refreshing luncheon at the King’s Arms, I discovered in the bowels of the bookstack a curious collection of papers and manuscripts belonging to the little-known Anglo-American modernist poet, S. Toilet. Incredibly, the original draft of his magnum opus, ‘The Chaste Hand’, appeared to contain a fragmentary – indeed, at times almost incoherent – account of the very match I was vainly endeavouring to recollect. The piece is a meandering, densely allusive meditation on the futility and emptiness of modern existence; one can understand why the late Mr Toilet chose this particular match as his primary ‘objective correlative’. I herewith append the relevant passages, leaving out the bits about rivers and clairvoyants and stuff.

--- “Samuel Scholar”

June is now the cruellest month, breeding
Complacency out of early results, mixing
Hope and pride, stirring
Memories of glories past.
Summer surprised us, with no shower of rain
Over the Farmoor Reservoir by the dark road,
The A40. We waited in the pavilion,
And drank water, and talked for an hour
Before the other team showed up,
The Six O’Clock Club, keine Oxonian,
Echt Witney. We locked away our chattels
From young men carbuncular, and headed off to
Bat. And the trees gave no shelter,
The cricket no relief...

[...]

...who were
Those souls, so many, I had not thought
The bowling had undone so many, who with
Sights, short as their innings and infrequent
As their runs, flowed up the hill and back down
Soon enough? Millea and Rogers, Hunwick and
Fairweather-Tall, sinking like the ships at Mylace,
All for a handful of runs – I will show you fear
In a handful of runs – only Busby putting forth
Roots that clutched among stony rubbish
For a brief stay of dispatch.
And the thunder spoke, calling “Ditta!”
With “Damn!” as he was caught on the boundary
For four.
I, Tiresias,
Have foresuffered all, being run out by
John Sharp the previous week and Pete Allmond
Today. Common denominator? Ho hum. The tail
Is told, Bodley drags its slimy belly
From the crease for tea, allowing one half-formed
Thought to pass: ‘Well now that’s done:
And I’m glad it’s over.’

Unreal Score.
Who is the third who always walks beside you,
O partners at the crease?
The extras. Top scorer with sixteen.
No-one got above six.
Twenty-three overs,
Fifty all out.
Unreal.

[...]

...Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques,
Dormez-vous? Tuwit, tuwoo, to wit, to woo
and to the field again.
Bodley bowls, Bodley bowls, we shan’t digest
Our tea and sausage-rolls. Here are no wickets
But only runs.
If there were wickets
And no runs
If there were runs
And also wickets
And wickets
A trickle
A rivulet among the runs
If there were the sound of wickets only
Not the crack of boundaries
And waiting batsmen sniggering
But the sound of stumps clattering
Thonk thunk thunk thunk thunk thunk
But there are no wickets, after a
Promising start with the dismissal
Of their opener for nought.

The thunder spoke once more,
And Yousaf claimed a soul with
Bird-like bails; I, Tiresias, though blind,
Actually recorded my best figures of the
Season (typical!) – these fragments I have
Shored against my ruins – but woe! Alas,
And woe again! ‘twas all in vain,
Dry sterile thunder without rain.
Upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
Of Six O’Clock. O Bodley, do not ask
For whom the bell tolls...
Shall we set our lands in order before
The next encounter? To remain fishing
For wickets on the arid plain? In the pub,
A moment’s surrender to hope
(“Hurry up please it’s time”) flickers,
But today amidst premium strength,
Those who could bowl line and length,
We were

shandy shandy shandy


Dodgy decisions: None, though Stephen might have benefited from a plumb LBW, eh Nick?
26 June 2002

**Bodleian Library v Holy Trinity, Headington**

At Cowley Marsh, Oxford

**Friendly: 25-over match**

**Bodleian Library** 107-6

(Yousaf 51*, Rogers 24)

**Holy Trinity** 108-8

(Yousaf 4-21, Tuck 2-6)

**Holy Trinity won by 2 wickets**

*From the press box - report by Sheila Allcock*

**AN EPIC MATCH!**

Your reporter missed the opening overs, as misled by the rural overtones of the venue’s name, she was looking for a patch of greenward, not an industrial building. However, once she established that there was an open space lurking behind the building she joined the crowd of spectators (at that time numbering two, but doubled by the end of the match). The status of the cricket pitch seemed to be in dispute with the local population as several people walked across, with or without dogs, and a couple stopped for a chat. I must confess to a feeling of Schadenfreude when one of them was hit by the ball, as it encouraged them to move on. The only people to respect the sanctity of the playing area were some footballers, who on finishing their game walked round the boundary edge. Opinions were divided as to their nationality, they seemed to be speaking a Slav language, while wearing Italian football strips, but they respected the fact that a cricket match was in progress, unlike the indigenous population.

Batting was difficult in that there were no sight screens and batsmen had to pick up the flight of the ball against a background of trees, a football match and a very small child learning to walk – no question of complaining that someone had moved behind the bowler’s arm. Bodleian batted first and a splendid 51 was scored by Ditta Yousaf, who then retired undefeated. There followed a succession of what would have been called in another context “own goals” in that Bodley’s captain acting as umpire gave out two batsmen LBW, leading to speculation that John Tuck was leaving for the British Library on the grounds that they might be able to afford trained umpires. Nicholas Rollin for Holy Trinity gave a good impression of a “demon bowler” by taking four wickets in four overs. At the end of the innings Bodley had scored 107 for six.

Holy Trinity set out to make as many runs as possible, with their captain, Mike Hill, saying that he would be pleased if they could reach 70 or 80. John Wilby and Nigel Walker tested the early batsman and runs came in well-spaced singles. The batting conditions worsened as time drew on and shadows crept over the wicket and at one time your correspondent was reminded of the famous poem “As the run-stealers flicker to and fro, to and fro: O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!” With about five overs to go the scorer realised that there was an unexpected scent of victory for Holy Trinity and the supporters started to call out the number of runs required versus the number of balls. (Another facility lacking at Cowley Marsh was even the most basic of scoreboards.) A rare four increased their hopes until in the last over Nicholas Rollin was out and the youngest member of the team, Munesu Mashongamhende, went out to bat with his captain. I don’t know whether it was a case of “His captain’s hand on his shoulder smote, ‘Play up, play up and play the game’” but he struck the winning run off the penultimate ball in the gloaming about 9.15 p.m., the final score being 108 for eight.

A famous victory, and a splendid match with good play on both sides. I hope the fixture will be repeated in future years, as my prediction, as a supporter of both teams that they were well-matched in ability, was borne out by events.

**Stephen Arnold adds:**

Lost the game, I’m afraid. Should have won, but we totalled only 108 from 25 overs from some pretty friendly bowling (you know the sort of thing - the usual Ditta 50, John Tuck given out LBW by me, Martin defending resolutely, etc., etc.)

Their two openers looked as if they didn’t know which way round to hold a bat, so we thought “won’t blast them away. Open up with the two Johns and keep Nigel and Ditta in reserve”. As it turned out the best plan would have been to keep those two batters in, because they were hopeless and soon got way behind the asking rate. We, poor mugs, were actually delighted when they were out, can you believe it?

Then came a good bat and a few sloggers and we started to lose it. Their top scorer was dropped early on when he top-edged JT and Martin (wk) went for the catch which Pete was better placed for. It came down to the last over with them needing seven to win and I had run out of bowlers. So I had to bowl the blasted thing myself. The rest is history.

**Bodley XI:** Yousaf, Hunwick, Rogers, Tuck, Walker, Wilby, Busby, Kauffmann, Allmond, Sharp, Arnold.

**Dodgy decisions:** Tuck LBW Arnold sound familiar? Dan Rogers also succumbed to Stephen’s twitchy finger.
**MUSIC PAGE**

*The Finger* in collaboration with Pulp, proudly presents a specially commissioned version of the track *Wickerman*, which first appeared on the band’s recent *We Love Life* album.

**Wickerman**

Written by: Cocker / Banks / Doyle / Mackey / Webber / The Finger

Just behind the station, before you reach the traffic island, a river runs thru’ a concrete channel. Dave went there once; it was after the Leadmill. The water was dirty & smelt of industrialisation, little mesters coughing their lungs up & globules the colour of tomato ketchup. But it flows. Yeah, it flows. Underneath the city thru’ dirty brickwork conduits connecting white witches on the Moor with those dodgy lasses down in Broomhall. Beneath the old Trebor factory that burnt down in the early seventies. Leaving an antiquated sweet shop smell & caverns of nougat & caramel. Nougat. Yeah, nougat & caramel. & Dave wandered on. Yeah, Dave wandered on by pudgy fifteen-year olds addicted to coffee whitener, courting couples naked on Northern Upholstery & prostitutes gathering clients like moths around a candle. & Dave finally made it to Forge Dam: the place where he first thought “where are we staying?”

He went there again for old time’s sake, hoping to find the child’s toy horse ride that played the Archers theme tune. It was still there – but none of the kids seemed interested in riding on it. & the café was still there too; the same press-in plastic letters on the price list & scuffed formica top tables. He sat as close as possible to the seat where he’d rested that August evening. & then, after what seemed like hours of thinking about it, he finally took a pint of Stones in his hands & he kissed it for the first time & a feeling like electricity flowed thru’ his whole body. & he immediately knew that he’d entered a completely different world. & all the time, in the background, the sound of that ridiculously heartbreaking Archers tune outside.

At the other end of town the river flows underneath an old railway viaduct; Dave went there on tour once – except it might not really have been on tour - & he gazed down at the sludgy brown surface of the water and thought. Then a passer-by told him that it used to be a local custom to jump off the viaduct into the river, when coming home from cricket on a Friday night. But that this custom had died out when someone jumped & landed too near the river-bank & had sunk in the mud there & drowned before anyone could reach them. Dave didn’t know if he’d just made the whole story up, but there’s no way you’d get Dave to jump off that bridge. No chance. Never in a million years.

Yeah, a river flows underneath the city. Dave would like to go there now on tour & follow it on for miles & miles, below other people’s ordinary lives. Occasionally catching a skyer on the boundary, or fielding in the covers along the way. Yeah, it’s dark sometimes but if he keeps on running Dave knows the way. Oh, this is as far as he got last time but if he goes just another mile he will surface surrounded by grass & trees & the lane that takes the cows to Cow Corner. Buds that explode at the slightest touch, nettles that sting – but not too much.

Dave’s never been past this point, what lies ahead he really could not say. & he used to drink just by the river, in a dingy pub just off the Wicker & the river flowed by day after day & “One day” he thought, “One day I will follow it” but that day never came; he went away & lost track but tonight he is thinking about making his way back. He may find the lads there & float on wherever the river may take him. Wherever the river may take him. Wherever it wants him to go. To that swashbuckling 24 at Bradfield.
Friday 28 June

Organised by our friends from the Seven Cs, this year’s Tour to Derby took place in that traditional month of sun and warmth, June. A number of regulars had to miss out due to other commitments while different groups made their way up to Derby at different times, some suffering from illness while others had to be threatened to come at all. Despite all this it was a good Tour, not a classic but a good one, and there were a number of reasons for this. The company, as ever, gelled well, and was made even more convivial by the addition of Bob Biggs, Colin Heathcote and Chris Buffey from Northumberland. The hotel was good, the breakfast was enough and the bar was well stocked (as was the barmaid, but more of her later) but most importantly we managed, without trying too hard, to track down one of the best pubs in the country, The Brunswick. Not only did they have on tap many good beers they also brewed their own, and it was a very happy advanced party (John Sharp, Nick, Stephen, Dave and your diarist - Cornwall had taken their usual approach of eating first, then drinking and were making the first of their regular trips to the hotel carvery as we speed off into Derby) who spent a couple of hours in there on the Friday night. Suffered the next day though. With so many tempting new beers to try it seemed foolish to stick to one and the headache in the morning matched the strength of the beers that had produced it.

A swift walk to the curry house, which was round the corner from the pub produced one of those little unexpected pleasures that Tours and holidays often throw-up (sorry, Murray). Midway between pub and restaurant we found a massage parlour, choice of five different girls, personal services etc., etc. Nothing too strange in that you may think, but the name was the winner, ‘Bubbles Massages’. The curry (for what I can remember, damn that beer was good) was top quality fayre, far better than Barnstaple’s first night efforts.

So to bed, all sleep peacefully, mainly because Stephen has a room to himself, but personally I missed the sound of someone chucking up in the toilet in the corner… ah well, there’s always next year.

Saturday 29 June

Breakfast in the morning; sausages and bacon swimming in grease, scrambled eggs looking, feeling and tasting like a chamois leather, fried eggs you could bat with and all the orange juice in the world, perfect. A quick trip into Derby, then the usual game of putting (which, as usual, was won by Nick) followed by food and drink in a pub near the ground that is as bad as the Brunswick is good. Still, the food is cheap, just don’t have the curried pasty.

The rest of the team turn up at the pub, Mike, Andy Mac and a welcome return by the postcard-writing champion himself, Alan Fisher. The team settle down to watch the third and fourth-place play-off in the World Cup and then, refreshed and ready, walk down to the ground for the first game. As we arrive so do Colin Heathcote, Bob Biggs
Stephen tries a new way of taking the shine off the ball.

John Sharp, Derby's leading madam.
and Chris Buffey, the Northumbrian contingent along with ex-Northumbrian Colin Elliott, without whom the Tour, due to lack of numbers, really would have struggled to go ahead.

There is the usual good-natured banter in the dressing rooms, made moreso with the addition of Bob and his tales of large-breasted German women. Soon everyone is ready and the kit bag gets dragged to the pitch. The game, possibly due to the ad-hoc feel to the team, is a bit of a non-event apart from Stephen getting smacked in the face by a lifting ball just after the start of his innings. Glasses go flying and before they hit the ground a lump, getting bigger and more spectacular by the minute is forming under his eye. Ice is sought, and acquired, from the attendants and soon Stephen, bless 'im, is back into the pitch to finish off the innings. Unfortunately such bravery does little to inspire and the team sink to a painful defeat.

29 June 2002

_Cornwall CCCCCC v Bodleian Library_
At Darley Fields, Derby
Tour match: 35-over game

**Bodleian Library** 115 all out
  (Heathcote 33, Ackland 21)

**Cornwall CCCCCC** 116-5
  (Fisher 2-12, Heathcote 2-25)

_Cornwall CCCCCC won by 5 wickets_


**Dodgy decisions:**
Umpire: Stuart
Victim: Colin Heathcote – LBW – no complaints from Colin, though it did look a long way forward and way outside the off stump; still Stu reckoned he’d spotted the Heathcote Shuffle – “he moves forward after the ball’s hit him”. Please send all comments on a postcard to _The Finger_.

Back to the hotel. Katie the impressively developed barmaid has half the Cornish lads eating out of her hands and Bodley are wise to keep away. Talk is of night clubs but the team want a return to The Brunswick, taxis are called for and the search of beer begins. How good it is to see again a full contingent of happy tourists drinking themselves slightly silly and having a laugh about nothing and everything. Absent friends are remembered, the beer kitty, again ably handled by John, stretches on forever and the important part of the Tour, that of team spirit and pure enjoyment is had (of course, it is easier to make this claim when you have lost, and lost well, in that day’s game). There is only one way to follow this, and so before closing time the team make their way round the corner, past John’s favourite parlour, and into the curry house. The presence of Andy Mac, the Don Bradman of the curry menu, helps with ordering, and soon the space on the table disappears under plates of indistinguishable food, rice and naans with more and more beer being brought all the time. A perfect end to the day.
Sunday 30 June

Sunday starts in much the same way as Saturday, apart from one change. There is much interest in the progress made the Cornish captain with the perfectly formed Katie, Graham though decides to play the gentleman and protect her modesty, meaning he got nowhere. The Bodley lot set out for a massive game of pitch and putt on the council pitch near the hotel and soon, after groups of three or four have been organised, there are balls flying off in all directions. As the game draws on it is realised that the World Cup Final is coming closer and closer and worrying shouts about finishing early soon echo around the greens. Finally the games are called off, a decision helped by the on-off rainfall and all make their way back to the start to get their deposits back. All, that is, but one, who wanted to finish off his round and is still standing at the 17th tee waiting to start. No names, on account of hurting his feelings. Back to the worst pub in Derby/England/UK/Europe/World/Known Universe for more food, beer and football. Make the mistake of going for the cheese sandwich, thinking it to be a safer option than the curried pasty but didn’t realise that they grate a whole block of cheese into the sandwich. Soon I and anyone sitting next to me is ankle-deep in the stuff. Brazil beat Germany in the final, the Tour’s own Big Phil [well, Big Joe actually] wins the sweepstake for picking Ronaldo to score first (about as safe a bet as the outcome of that afternoon’s game) and then it’s on to the match. Bodley lose again, mainly down to our inability to stop one of their batsmen hitting the ball here, there and everywhere very, very hard.

30 June 2002
Bodleian Library v Cornwall CCCCCC
At Darley Fields, Derby
Tour match: 25-over game

Cornwall CCCCCC 144-5
(Biggs 2-21, Ackland 2-26)

Bodleian Library 82 all out
(Webb 23, Millea 15)

Cornwall CCCCCC won by 62 runs


So there you are, a disappointing Tour from the cricket front but entertaining in the usual Tour ways. Shame that so many people left after the last game, leaving a group of four (Nick, Dave, John and myself) to eat, drink and be merry. Another trip to The Brunswick, this time joined by the Cornish lads then, in a first for an Oxford touring side, a Mexican to finish the weekend off. The last chance for all of us to pop in for a massage is lost (despite the high recommendations of someone coming out as we passed, with a very large smile on his face) and, as is always the case, plans are made around the breakfast table on the Monday for next year.

P.S.: If all goes to plan 2003 will see Bodley’s first trip to Cornwall, land of sun, sea, sand and surf, to a little village near Padstow called Trevone. Dates will be fixed early in the year.
4 July 2002

Bodleian Library v Medicine
At Mansfield Road, Oxford
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Bodleian Library 98-9
(Walker 34, Fairweather-Tall 29)

Medicine 100-1
(Cooper 1-1)

Medicine won by 9 wickets

From the press box - report by Nigel Walker

ANOTHER NASTY DOSE OF MEDICINE

It being the fourth of July Bodley’s huge legion of American fans stayed away from this fixture to a man, missing a fascinating tussle which Bodley, in time honoured fashion duly lost.

We batted first losing early wickets until a solid partnership by Fairweather-Tall (29) and Walker (34, including two big sixes) restored some respectability to the score. Unfortunately F-T was out bowled and Walker caught in the deep going for another “big one” and that was the end of the fightback. All out for 98 with only those two achieving double figures.

The Medicine openers, recognised as a strong pair didn’t disappoint. Their opener retiring after his 50 and the number two going on to make 34 and score the winning runs after just over 15 overs. The only breakthrough being a wicket (bowled) for Cooper, other bowling figures erring on the “Stella” side – reassuringly expensive.


Received from Big Al. Have forwarded to you as Service Station transvestite story might be material for The Finger?

Andrew Milner

Message received. I’ll be there tomorrow (will have to get an early night tonight as I drove us back from one of regular family care visits to Chester and only arrived home at 2.30a.m. yesterday so am feeling pretty shattered at present ... Warwick Services at 1.30a.m. was good value mind you: we encountered a transvestite, a 6 foot-plus bleach Blond in a micro-mini skirt and high heels having her breakdown dealt with by a very grateful AA man and a mad Italian who had come from Stansted and was desperately asking us directions to Northampton (Lord knows how he got to Warwick Services?).

Alan.
7 July 2002
Far From the Madding Crowd v Bodleian Library
At Pembroke College, Oxford
Friendly: 35-over game

Bodleian Library 173-5
(Cooper 52, Webb 30)
Far From the Madding Crowd 91 all out
(Cooper 3-21, Yousaf 2-4, Milner 2-16)

Bodleian Library won by 82 runs

From the press box - report by Mike Webb

BODLEY BEAT THE CROWD

Bodley ended their recent run of poor form with a convincing victory over Far From the Madding Crowd at Pembroke College cricket ground on Sunday, and so gained revenge for last season’s defeat here by the same team (but then known as Jude the Obscure).

Bodley lost the toss and were put in on a damp wicket. The Crowd’s captain, having announced that there was only one new ball, proceeded to use it to very good effect in the humid conditions, swinging it sharply and dismissing one of our openers early in the innings. Andrew Fairweather-Tall and Ditta Yousaf both reached double figures, but then got out. Ditta had earlier been given a presentation for his fiftieth appearance for Bodley, but sadly on this occasion did not provide us with one of his now almost obligatory 50s. At 38 for 3 Bodley looked to be heading another defeat, but an inspired 52 from Garry Cooper, in a stand of 88 with Mike Webb for the fourth wicket, turned the game in Bodley’s favour, with Danny Rogers and Martin Kauffmann adding quick runs at the end to reach a total of 173 for 5 from 35 overs.

Superb opening spells from Ditta and John Wilby then sealed the match for Bodley, who reduced the Crowd to a rabble at 8 for 4. Ditta found considerable swing even without a new ball, and took two wickets for just four runs in his five overs. Andrew Milner bowled well, and one of his two wickets included a spectacular diving catch at mid-on by John Wilby. Wickets fell like sheep over a cliff, Garry adding to his 50 with three wickets, and the Crowd were all out for 91. Special mention must be made of Martin Kauffmann who did a fine job behind the stumps in only his second match as wicketkeeper, and of Richard Lindo, who arrived halfway through the game to help out a depleted Bodley, and ended up with a wicket and a run out to his credit.

Your acting captain and reporter was not a witness to the post-match socialising in the pub, but heard reports that the hosts were very hospitable.

The N Webb

Bodley XI: Milner, Yousaf, Fairweather-Tall, Cooper, Webb, Rogers, Kauffmann, Wilby, Hunwick, Busby, Lindo.
10 July 2002

Elsevier Intrepids v Bodleian Library
At Stratfield Brake, Kidlington
Friendly: 20-over match

Bodleian Library 123-5
(Millea 45*, Milner 43)
Elsevier Intrepids 113-5
(Fisher 2-23, Yousaf 1-14, Milner 1-18)

Bodleian Library won by 10 runs

Pre-match directions for John Tuck from Stephen Arnold
[Nick]
John, it's Stratfield Brake, which is on the road that runs parallel to (and just to the north of) the A34, between the A44 and Sainsbury's at Kidlington. I'm not sure of the preferred approach, but I dare say Stephen will have all the necessary information.

[John]
Does that include information about how to be an umpire. I played for West Witney yesterday and I think there were 20 or so appeals for lbw during the game; not one was given. Having said that, I didn't bat!

[Stephen]
Oooh! That's cruel. Like me as an umpire - cruel but fair, as I'm sure John will admit on consideration. In the evening of his life, as he sits dozing by the fire and looks back over things in a mood of mellow reflection, a still small voice inside him will whisper "You know you were plumb, really" and he will nod. Coming from the Peartree roundabout, take the A44 road ......

Pre-match analysis from Andrew Milner
Webcam watch: http://www.bbc.co.uk/england/webcams/
Rain in Bristol, sunny in Southampton at the moment. Which way is the weather coming from? We'll be very fortunate if we don't get any rain this evening!

From the press box - report by David Busby

BODLEY BRAKE OUT

Bodleian C.C. played Elsevier at Stratfield Brake Sports Ground near Kidlington on Wednesday 10th. Visible from walks and bike rides along the Oxford Canal towpath this was my first visit to Stratfield Brake. Changing facilities and the ground were impressive as was the scoreboard, which was a pleasure to operate (when not distracted by the cricket).

Bodleian batting first were slow to get going. Ditta gave Richard Lindo (fielding for the opposition at the start) some catching practice. At three down for 13 the Milner/Millea partnership of Bodleian cricketing yore was reunited. In typical good cop, bad cop style they put on 72 before Andrew was out haymaking for 43. Richard Lindo with his offside dabs and quick running kept things ticking over. We finished on 123 from our 20 overs with Nick unbeaten on 45.

Tight bowling and fielding pressurised Elsevier’s top order. Aided by some friendly umpiring Busby and Tuck contrived a run out. Despite this there were enough fours flying through to cause some concern. Ditta bowled cheaply and took a wicket, while a bowler known to his meteorological fans as Mike the Weatherman, produced unsettled spells in the batmen, ‘rained’ in the runs and under high pressure took two wickets.

With the total still within reach towards the end of their 20 overs, Elsevier were pinned back with speed and accuracy from John Wilby and Andrew Milner. Wilby dropped twice off his own bowling, showed us mortals how it’s done with a great take on the boundary off Milner. As long, long shadows stretched across the ground Elsevier finished 10 runs short of the target.

Another win and for Bodleian cricket. Mike the Weatherman forecasts sunny spells and no hurricane.

[Al required an alias for this game]!!!!!!!!

Dodgy decisions: Interesting run out – their umpire fingerling a handy looking opening batsmen who most of us thought was in. No complaints though.
18 July 2002
Bodleian Library v Statistics
At Mansfield Road, Oxford
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Bodleian Library 104 all out
(Tuck 28, Millea 19)
Statistics 106-4
(Tuck 2-9, Wilby 1-19)

Statistics won by 6 wickets

From the press box - report by Martin Kauffmann

BODLEIAN FIGURES FAIL TO ADD UP

This has been the most successful season ever for the Bodleian cricket team. In the week before this match the possibility that we might actually progress to the semi-finals of the Jack Cox Trophy competition had some team members grappling with their calculators in the effort to establish run-rates; a chimera as it turned out, but the fact that it was entertained even for a second reveals the state of near-delirium currently reigning on the first floor of the New Library. Then came the thrilling news that a former Bodleian employee, Joel Smith, though too often forgotten by his former colleagues, had been selected to play for one of the most up-and-coming of European cricketing nations -- Slovenia.

It was also an opportune moment to be playing against Statistics, since one or two members of the Bodleian team had recently moved to Osney Mead, and were hoping for some assistance with their calculations of distances, if not with the scoring. Dave Price couldn’t help wondering about the number of cricket pitch lengths between St Giles and the new headquarters of SERS. The Library batted first. John Tuck had himself just returned from a meeting at Osney. Whether the meeting had been inspiring or infuriating we shall never know; but the result was a flurry of shots, even against some pacy opening bowlers, in an aggressive innings of 28. Somehow Stephen Arnold, watching from the boundary, had managed to refrain from going out to umpire during John’s innings. Once John had been dismissed, Stephen and his pint took to the field. With Millea and Milner scoring fluently, there were few opportunities for LBW appeals, and it was remarked that the stellar bowling was beginning to resemble the cool beer in Stephen’s glass – ‘reassuringly expensive’. But, whether alcohol-induced or not, once the first three batsmen had been dismissed, there followed a traditional batting collapse, with the added pleasure for the spectators of a good old Bodleian run out -- though Nigel Walker must have forgotten that it is traditional to run out one’s partner, not oneself. The Library’s innings had struggled to reach three figures.

Little competence in statistics is required to interpret the figures of the Statisticians’ innings. Despite artful bowling and keen fielding, the Bodleian could not contain the opening batsman Selby, whose unbeaten 53 included two sixes and six fours. One of the sixes was caught on the boundary with extraordinary agility by Nigel Walker; but in sportsmanlike fashion Nigel revealed that in taking the catch he had stepped over the boundary rope. Two wickets in successive balls for John Tuck came too late in the proceedings to alter the result. But though statistics never lie, there is one odd thing about the record of the match in the Bodleian scorebook. The shadowy bowler called Heaney, who recorded figures of three overs, no maidens, 23 for one wicket (that of Nick Millea) in the Bodleian innings, is nowhere to be found in the Statisticians’ batting line-up. So if anyone comes across a statistician called Heaney, please get him to reveal his true identity.


Dodgy decisions: None – Stephen didn’t come out to umpire until John was out.
28 July 2002

*Oxford University Press v Bodleian Library*

At Jordan Hill, Oxford

Friendly: 40-over game

**Oxford University Press** 258-6
(Allmond 2-12, Hine 1-17)

**Bodleian Library** 106 all out
(Allmond 34, Kauffmann 25)

*Oxford University Press* won by 152 runs

*From the press box - report by Stuart Ackland*

**BODLEY’S BOGEYMEN RETURN**

Bodley’s good run of form this season crashed to earth in spectacular fashion on Sunday, when the OUP outplayed our under-strength side. In a game played out in the most glorious of summer days and on a fast pitch OUP’s total of 258 was daunting, and always meant that too much had to be expected off the few recognised batsmen the side could put out.

First things first. Bodley lose the toss and are asked to field. Good opening spells from Andrews Milner and Fairweather-Tall, Garry Cooper and your reporter are treated with scant respect by the OUP players as boundaries and runs are taken at fairly regular intervals. In between chasing the ball all over the pitch Bodley manage to grab some wickets: Richard Webber takes a well-judged catch in the field (and also runs around far too energetically for someone just back from honeymoon), Pete Allmond, Stephen Arnold and Mike Hine get a clean bowled each and Andrew Milner manages a run out when the ball he has just bowled, hit back towards him by the OUP batsman at the crease, rebounds off his foot and into the wickets of the non-facing batsman who was out of his crease looking for a quick single (did you all follow that)?

After a wonderful tea at which, with echoes of morning tea in the canteen, all ten players squeeze around a table for six, Bodley start their response. To save the modesty of those involved we shall gently glide over the start of our innings, a start which soon saw the team with figures of 13 runs for 3 wickets and led the more negative amongst us (which at this point was all of us) to feel we maybe the unwilling participants in achieving our lowest score ever. Soon though pride was restored. A solid partnership between Martin Kauffmann and Pete put runs on the board as boundaries are found with some elegant strokes from the pair — Pete in particular showing the sort of form that earned him the nickname ‘The Tickler’. Pete gets 34 and Martin 25, a mixture of quickly taken singles and boundaries for both. All good things though must come to an end. OUP bring on a bowler who lofts the ball gently down to the wicket, inviting the batsman to advance down the pitch and smack the ball as hard as he can. Both Martin and the embarrassed reporter of this unhappy tale fall victim to that most basic of human sins, greed. Too many steps out of the crease, too wild a swing, too little contact (in this case too little = none at all), too horrified a look as balls are swept off during a desperate and futile attempt to ground the bat. Unusually Bodley’s tail wags for once as Richard scores freely and a last stand with John Sharp and Stephen attempts to prolong the inevitable but Stephen soon hears the cricketing equivalent of the dentist’s drill as the ball finds a gap between bat and pad and knocks into the stumps. A lovely day despite the result with the sun beating down and not a cloud in the sky. Just enough time for a team photo for this year’s *Finger*, some American-style financial irregularities in the collecting of the subs and some beer. Next game this Sunday, fingers crossed for the same weather, different result.

*p.s.* Can all the team extend heartfelt congratulations to Ditta Yousaf, who has just become a father. We hope that Ditta had a boy [he didn’t], and, if he has inherited his father’s skills, will soon be playing for the Bodley C.C.

Bodley X: Milner, Fairweather-Tall, Cooper, Kauffmann, Allmond, Ackland, Webber, Hine, Sharp, Arnold.

Dodgy decisions: Take a look at *Meet the Players*
30 July 2002
Bodleian Library v Pathology
At Mansfield Road, Oxford
Jack Cox Trophy: 20-over game

Pathology 138-8
(Millea 2-10, Fisher 2-14)
Bodleian Library 115-7
(Kaufmann 27, Walker 20)

Pathology won by 23 runs

From the press box - report by John Tuck

ADIEU JACK COX

Bodley bowed out of this year's competition at the hands of Pathology, all of whom seemed to originate from south of the Equator. Following up his 4-10 for West Witney at the weekend, Nigel Walker dismissed the dangerous Maske for only 4 in his first over. We then had to endure a huge partnership of over 70, mainly thanks to some cafeteria bowling from Tuck who, thank heavens, is off to pastures new and will not be available for Jack Cox matches next year. Things got so bad that Nick Millea was forced to take off his wicketkeeping pads and restore some order by taking 2 for 10 near the end of an innings which culminated at 138 for 7.

The batting started well. Tuck made up for his pathetic bowling display with a useful but still inadequate 18. The star was Martin Kaufmann. He top-scored with 27, a combination of delicate nurdles and gross carves over cowshot corner, these latter not usually associated with a master of the medieval illuminated manuscript. Milner and Walker made good contributions, Walker denting various buildings with huge sixes. Fisher and Price toyed with the later bowling while Busby amassed a significant 1 not out, still smarting from going on holiday the previous week with an out-of-date passport.

In the end we lost by 23 runs and another Jack Cox season finished with bitter disappointment. Emotions boiled over in Halifax House where Stuart Ackland was cautioned (unjustly) for sledging. The victim - the barmaid who refused us chips. Messrs Honey and Arnold, demoted to 10 and 11 in the batting order for turning up without whites, overcame their angst over a couple of pints of 6X.

Most of us will be back next year, full of hope and optimism and eager to defend the honour of the Bodleian Library against increasingly youthful and Australian opposition.

[This extract is taken from Stephen Arnold's Humiliation through Umpiring: A Case Study].

John Sulker


Dodgy decisions: Stephen refused to umpire in John's last Jack Cox appearance.
MATCH OF THE SEASON

23 August 2002
Andrews, Martin and Johns v The Rest
At Mansfield Road, Oxford
20-over game

The teams (selection inspired by the late, great Marvin Gaye and his song ‘Abraham, Martin and John’ – maybe too twentieth century for you Stephen?):

Andrews, Martin and Johns – Andrew Colquhoun, Andrew Fairweather-Tall, Andrew Honey, Martin Kauffmann, Andy MacKinnon, Andrew Milner, John Rogers, John Sharp, John Tuck, and John Wilby.

The Rest – Stuart Ackland, Stephen Arnold, David Busby, Mike Hine, Nick Millea, Dave Price, Nick Watts, Mike Webb, Richard Webber and Ditta Yousaf.

Jack Flavell umpired the game.

The Rest won by 5 wickets

From the press box - report by John Sharp

CARRY ON CRICKET

Since the Bodleian Library is celebrating its fourhundredth year it seems appropriate for the Bodleian Cricket team to hold its fourth end of season ‘Cricket Carnival’. For those of you who have just come in, this is an end of season event when the as many of the people who play for the team as can be mustered gather together to play a match against themselves. As in previous years the players were divided into teams using a very scientific method: one team contained all those players who bore one of three coveted forenames – Famous Name Team – and the other team contained the people whose parents had negligently given them a different name – Other Names.

Once the teams were decided, a coin was tossed and the Famous Names were asked to bat. Sharp and Colquhoun opened. Presumably chosen on the basis that they compliment each other quite well since one can’t run and the other can’t bat. Millea, bravely coming out from behind the stumps to bowl delivered the initial over, and was unlucky not to have Sharp out twice in the first two deliveries.

These alarms over, the partnership blossomed to the tune of thirty runs whereupon Colquhoun retired having reached the permitted maximum score of twenty runs. It was at this stage that Yousaf – Other Names – was brought into the attack. He promptly bowled Milner with a swinging devil of a ball and having proved himself the master of all he surveys switched to bowling slow right arm to give the Famous Names a chance. Soon after this Sharp, having scored sixteen – equalling his personal best – and treated Price’s bowling to his second and third boundaries in competitive cricket, was out to the bowling of Watts. Nick had earlier in the over attested to the poorness of show that dismissing a fellow so close to twenty would display. Sharp helped him by placing the ball in Busby’s hands.

The rest of the Famous Names’ innings was dominated by a splendid running catch by Price to dismiss MacKinnon, twenty runs by Tuck – who had Arnold been umpiring would have been LBW thirty or forty times – and lots of unaccustomed running around by Millea. It also contained a very curious moment. During Martin Kauffmann’s innings and, more specifically, during the tenth wicket stand, he asked a question of the umpires. ‘If I am out, does John Tuck come back in?’ the answer was yes. Martin was out ‘fending’ the next ball into the hands of a close fielder. A late bid for preferment or honest error? You, dear reader, must decide. The final score for the Famous Names was 115. A score adjudged by the knowledgeable and bijou crowd as a touch too low. Tight bowling would be necessary.

The opening overs of the Different Names’ innings was ominous. Millea and Webb, founder members of the team, displayed the attacking instincts that Map Librarians and Archivists all possess. Millea quickly retired on twenty [are you sure about this? Ed.] and Webb, unbecknownst to him, on nineteen faced the bowling of, er, Sharp. Not a fearful prospect. Although the first ball was a harmless near wide down the legside, Webb edged the second ball, a curiously good delivery, and Colquhoun took a splendid catch behind. This wicket helped to slow the Other Names down.
Despite the fact that The Famous Names stuck at their task, with Fairweather-Tall, Wilby and Tuck all bowling well, the total was always within reach if one or two batsmen played attacking innings. Price and Yousaf did so. Price reached his twenty with a series of calypso shots through third man and long off. When Price retired Yousaf came to the wicket and with a series of straight drives, finished the match in the favour of the Other Names. The final runs being scored with a spanked six off Tuck [this looks a little dubious too – Ed.]

As always the match was umpired superbly by the impartially dry Jack Flavell and was watched avidly by a small crowd, at least one of whom wasn’t related to someone playing.

ma’aji

ANDREWS, MARTIN AND JOHNS

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<td>Sharp</td>
<td>c Busby</td>
<td>b Watts</td>
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<tr>
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<td>b Hine</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
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<td>Honey</td>
<td>c &amp; b Arnold</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>b Watts</td>
</tr>
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<td>Kauffmann</td>
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Fall of wickets: Dodgy scorekeeping: some wickets fell on 43, 52, 54, 61, 87, 90 and 106.

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THE REST

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<tr>
<td>Hine</td>
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<td>Yousaf</td>
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<tr>
<td>Extras</td>
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<td>TOTAL</td>
<td>(for 4 wickets)</td>
<td>(all out)</td>
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Fall of wickets: Even worse scoring - there’s no record at all!
1 September 2002
Digitext  v Bodleian Library
At University College, Oxford
Friendly: 30-over game

Digitext 191-6
(Arnold 2-25, Milner 2-36)

Bodleian Library 155-7
(Kaufmann 45, Milner 36)

Digitext won by 36 runs

From the press box - report by Stuart Ackland

BODLEY'S SWAN-SONG (OR SWALLOW DIVE?)

Bodley’s season ended in the best possible way (forgetting the result for a minute) when, under a blue sky and with the warmth of a late summer sun on our faces the team played new friends Digitext. The weather held for drinks at the pavilion after the game, the bar prices were more than reasonable and there was much talk of what a good end to Bodley’s ninth year of cricket this had been.

On to the match. Digitext bat first, one of their openers manages to get a good score going at one end while a succession of partners at the other come and go, Stephen Arnold holds onto a catch off Andrew Milner’s bowling and a few minutes later Andrew does the same for Stephen. Murray Priest has the opening batsman caught but the general feeling that the team are doing well soon turns to dread as batsmen numbers six and seven come to the crease and put an extra 100 onto the total. An attainable score after twenty overs suddenly looks a daunting task after the allotted thirty. Digitext score 191, with Andrew claiming a wicket in the last over of their innings, scant reward for a good spell of bowling which saw their main batsman dropped once and riding his luck a number of times.

A good tea followed, Bodley support rises from one to three as Ackland Junior and his mum come along. Half the cakes on my plate seem to quickly disappear, in direct contrast to the sudden build up of jam and chocolate around Tom’s mouth.

Ditta Yousaf and Martin Kaufmann open but Ditta is soon out after a nasty bounce finds the gap. Martin is joined by Andy MacKinnon, and then by Richard Webber after Andy is caught. Richard and Martin soon have Bodley back on track, Richard gets 28 and Martin, carrying on a good run of form recently, gets 45 in an innings which includes seven fours. Bodley spectators begin to discuss the first Kaufmann half-century and, as is always the case, soon after Martin is out. We really should learn to keep these things quiet. Bodley keep going, Andrew Milner has a valiant go but we run out of overs in the end, Bodley scoring 155 off their allotted thirty.

The team are grateful to Murray for setting the game up and to Dave Busby for playing for the opposition after a selection cock-up by the captain meant he was overlooked. We’ll forget he caught Andrew Milner out in the last over (fantastic catch though it was). Those of the team not mentioned in the report were; John Sharp, Mike Hine, Chris Hunwick and Stuart Ackland, all of whom played their part.

**JACK FLAVELL ON JACK FLAVELL**

At the beginning of the 1964 cricket season, Worcestershire had never in sixty-five years of trying won the County Championship, although they had come second two years earlier, and under Don Kenyon, an astute and ambitious captain, they were clearly a team of great potential. By mid season, it looked as though their chance had gone again, but a sequence of five straight victories in August brought them to the top of the table and led to their first title. Wisden comments: “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”. The “Flavell” in question was Worcestershire’s right-arm fast bowler, Jack Flavell, then aged thirty-five.

John Alfred Flavell was born on 15 May 1929 in Wall Heath, Staffordshire, in the heart of the Black Country. As a teenager, he played some cricket for Stourbridge 2nd XI (where the professional was the former Somerset fast bowler, W.H.R. Andrews), and he also played professional football for West Bromwich Albion in the Central League. On completing his National Service, Jack Flavell was offered terms by Warwickshire, but chose to join Worcestershire, for whom he made his debut in the 1949 season against Essex at Southend. His cricket apprenticeship was a long one and, in the early years, he was regarded as a fast, but inaccurate bowler. Nevertheless, he performed exceptionally well on occasions and twice in this period took nine wickets in an innings – against Sussex at Hastings in 1954 and against Kent at Dover in 1955. Flavell continued to play football, and in 1953 he joined Walsall, playing 21 League games for them during the course of the 1953/54 season in the old Third Division (South), mainly at full back, but also occasionally at centre forward. A back injury ended his football career and left him free to concentrate on cricket. The turning point in his cricket career came in 1957, when he took 100 wickets in a season for the first time.

Fast bowlers tend to be more effective as pairs, and in the late 1950s the combination of Jack Flavell and Len Coldwell became established as a potent attacking force for Worcestershire. Coldwell, a Devonian, made his debut for Worcestershire in 1955 and proved, according to David Lemmon, the “perfect complement to the fiery red-head...[Jack Flavell]”1. Vockins describes them as “an awesome pair ...one almost clockwork in his smooth, fluent bowling action, the other [Flavell] more workmanlike but fiery and venomous”.2 In 1959, Don Kenyon became captain of Worcestershire, and within a few years he had harnessed the talents of a number players who would provide the county with the all-round strength to challenge for the title. Flavell and Coldwell formed the spearhead of the attack, and they were joined by two spinners – the all-rounder Martin Horton and the slow left-armer, Norman Gifford. Kenyon opened the batting along with Horton, followed by Ron Headley (son of the great West Indian batsman, George Headley, and father of the recent Kent and England player, Dean Headley) and the elegant and prolific Tom Graveney, who had joined Worcestershire from Gloucestershire in 1961. Roy Booth, formerly of Yorkshire, kept wicket and was for a number of years one of the best keepers in England. The triumph of 1964 was followed by an equally successful year in 1965 in which Worcestershire retained their title, but Kenyon and Flavell retired at the end of the 1967 season, along with other Worcestershire stalwarts, and the county was not to win the title again until 1974.

Jack Flavell’s success on the county circuit was rewarded by four England caps, all against Australia, in 1961 and 1964. His first cap came at the age of thirty-two, and both he and
Coldwell (who played seven times for England) were perhaps unlucky in that they were almost exact contemporaries of the great fast-bowling partnership of Trueman and Statham. Flavell and Coldwell played together once for England, in the first Test Match against Australia at Nottingham in 1964. Jack Flavell played 392 times for Worcestershire during the period 1949-1967. In his first-class career he took 1529 wickets and reached 100 wickets in a season on eight occasions. In 1961, his 158 wickets for Worcestershire took him to the top of the national bowling averages. His best performance was 9-30 against Kent in 1955 and he achieved three hat tricks in his career, including an unusual one in 1963 against Lancashire at Old Trafford which consisted of three lbw decisions. In the 1965 Wisden profile, Jack Flavell is described as “essentially an attacking bowler”. By this stage of his career “his control and accuracy were never better, and his unflagging determination was an inspiration to all his colleagues at a crucial time”. David Lemmon notes that “he had fire from the start, and he was always strong and whole-hearted, but added accuracy and control through sheer perseverance. He made himself an England bowler, and a bowler whom many would do to emulate for he maintained a relentless attack on the stumps, never allowing a batsman a moment’s respite.”

Did I ever see my namesake play? Nearly. During the summer of 1968, I went one Sunday afternoon with some friends to the County Ground in Bristol to see a Cavaliers side that contained, among others, Gary Sobers and Jack Flavell. Just before play began, there was a prolonged hailstorm and the whole of the playing area was covered. Play was abandoned before a ball had been bowled.

Andrew John (Jack) Flavell, (b. 22 November 1948 in Leicester)

1 Wisden Cricketers' Almanac.1965.
2 The name Flavell almost certainly comes from the Worcestershire village of Flyford Flavell and the greatest concentration of this name is to be found in the Black Country towns, some twenty miles away.
6 Lemmon, op cit p.145.
7 Apart from relevant volumes of Wisden, I am also indebted to an article on Jack Flavell by Les Hatton on the Stourbridge and District Cricket Society’s web-site. The following works have also provided background information: Worcestershire County Cricket Club: first-class records 1899-1996, compiled by Les Hatton. (Sleaford, Limlow Books, 1997); W.R. Chignell. Worcestershire cricket 1950-1968. (Worcester, Littlebury & Company, [1969]); Worcestershire County Cricket Club, compiled by Les Hatton. (Stroud, Tempus, 1999). (Jack Flavell features prominently on the cover of this mainly pictorial work).
**STATISTICS**

**Batting**

*Highest score*

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<th>Score</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
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<td>Nick Millea v Ripon College</td>
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<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>Garry Cooper v Far From the Madding Crowd (A)</td>
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<td>51*</td>
<td>Ditta Yousaf v Holy Trinity</td>
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<tr>
<td>49*</td>
<td>Garry Cooper v Far From the Madding Crowd (H)</td>
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<td>Andrew Milner v Ripon College</td>
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<td>45*</td>
<td>Nick Millea v Elsevier</td>
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<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Martin Kauffmann v Digitext</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Andrew Milner v Elsevier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38*</td>
<td>Andrew Milner v Offices</td>
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<td>36</td>
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**Individual runs total**

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<tr>
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<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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Batting averages  
(Qualification: 3 innings)

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Also batted

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Sixes hit

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Highest partnerships

Garry Cooper & Mike Webb (4th) v Far From the Madding Crowd (A) 88
Nick Millea & Andrew Milner (2nd) v Ripon College 75
Andrew Milner & Nick Millea (4th) v Elsevier 72
Martin Kauffmann & Richard Webber (3rd) v Digitext 67
Martin Kauffmann & Pete Allmond (4th) v OUP 63
Ditta Yousaf & Dan Rogers (2nd) v Holy Trinity 59
Garry Cooper & Andrew Milner (2nd) v Offices 50
Ditta Yousaf & Nick Millea (1st) v Ripon College 50
Nick Millea & John Tuck (1st) v Statistics 49
Ditta Yousaf & John Tuck (1st) v Yarnton / Cassington 42

Highest partnership by wicket

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<th>Partnership</th>
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<tr>
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<td>75</td>
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<td>67</td>
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<td>Dan Rogers &amp; Martin Kauffmann v Far From the Madding Crowd (A)</td>
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<td>7th</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Garry Cooper &amp; Alan Fisher v Far From the Madding Crowd (H)</td>
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<td>8th</td>
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<td>Garry Cooper &amp; Stephen Arnold v Far From the Madding Crowd (H)</td>
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<td>9th</td>
<td>17*</td>
<td>Garry Cooper &amp; Martin Kauffmann v Far From the Madding Crowd (H)</td>
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<tr>
<td>10th</td>
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<td>Alan Fisher &amp; John Wilby v Statistics</td>
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Bowling

*Best bowling*

4-4  Ditta Yousaf v Ripon College
4-15 Nigel Walker v Ripon College
4-21 Ditta Yousaf v Holy Trinity
3-10 Alan Fisher v Offices
3-12 Ditta Yousaf v Yarnton / Cassington
3-21 Garry Cooper v Far From the Madding Crowd (A)
2-1  John Tuck v Atmospheric Physics
2-3  Andrew Fairweather-Tall v Yarnton / Cassington
2-4  Ditta Yousaf v Far From the Madding Crowd (A)
2-5  Stuart Ackland v Yarnton / Cassington
2-5  Garry Cooper v Yarnton / Cassington

*Wickets total*

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**Bowling averages**
(Qualification: 10 overs)

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*Also bowled*

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Fielding

Catches

Andrew Milner 5
Dave Busby 3
John Wilby 3
Stuart Ackland 2
Martin Kauffmann 2
Andy MacKinnon 2
Dan Rogers 2
John Tuck 2
Sadiq Abbasi 1
Stephen Arnold 1
Andrew Fairweather-Tall 1
Alan Fisher 1
Andy Knight 1
Nick Millea 1
Nigel Walker 1
Mike Webb 1
Richard Webber 1

Stumpings

None

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Sunday 11 May
Bodley v Far From the Madding Crowd
At Jesus College (hopefully)

Sunday 8 June
Yarnton v Bodley
At Yarnton

Sunday 6 July
Far From the Madding Crowd v Bodley
At Pembroke College

Sunday 27 July
Oxford University Press v Bodley
At Jordan Hill

Friday 8 to Sunday 10 August
The Tour, Cornwall
QUACK QUACK OOPS!

Never a publication to duck the awkward issues (I know, I know, you should've seen the puns that were rejected in the first draft), The Finger welcomes you to the Bodleian Cricketing Hall of Shame, a hitherto dark and dusty corner of the statistical stack where are filed all those cricketing exploits you would really rather forget...

The figures here hide a multitude of occasions where everything had seemed set fair for a classic innings - you strode confidently out to the middle, bat a-twiddling and a-twisting in the gloves, arms windmilling with the bat in a passable imitation of the way they do it in Tests, a businesslike taking of guard, a quick survey of the fielding positions and down to business, that highest score in your sights. Only to be followed all too quickly by the clatter of stumps, the whoops of joy from a catching fielder and the long, mortifying trudge back to the pavilion as you try and come up with a convincing version of what went wrong (the most honest of these I've ever heard was “I forgot to hit it”). There's a desultory sympathetic murmur as you de-pad, and the duckometer ticks up another big fat zero...

Statistical Analysis

It's well known, of course, that statistics never lie, and there's no denying we have a clear leader in the duck-filled batting books, both in terms of total ducks and % of ducks in all innings. It seems somehow appropriate that a man renowned for being good with figures should be taking the lead in this regard - John Sharp, we are not worthy! Messrs Busby, Fisher, Ackland and Arnold are all contending for most ducks collected, so we expect further exciting developments in this field next season - we would offer a prize, but then we wouldn't want to be accused of offering performance-related bribes...

The figures cover all Bodley games from 1994 onwards:

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<th>Innings</th>
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<td>(64)</td>
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<tr>
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<td>(47)</td>
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<td>(66)</td>
<td>18.18</td>
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<tr>
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<td>(82)</td>
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<td>Milla</td>
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<td>(66)</td>
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<tr>
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<td>9</td>
<td>(47)</td>
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<td>Webb</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>(53)</td>
<td>15.09</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacKinnon</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>(61)</td>
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<td>Walker</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>(37)</td>
<td>16.22</td>
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<td>(13)</td>
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<td>(4)</td>
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Hunwick 2 (6) 33.33
Abbasi 2 (8) 25.00
Watts 2 (11) 18.18
Lindo 2 (13) 15.38
Allmond 2 (19) 10.53
Waterman 2 (28) 7.14

Honey 1 (1) 100.00
Howard 1 (1) 100.00
Tompkin 1 (1) 100.00
Elliott 1 (2) 50.00
Gardner 1 (2) 50.00
Mason 1 (3) 33.33
Price 1 (4) 25.00
Reynolds 1 (4) 25.00
Carter 1 (5) 20.00
Slatter 1 (6) 16.67
Duffy 1 (7) 14.29
Wilby 1 (7) 14.29
Knight 1 (8) 12.50
Ferrett 1 (10) 10.00
Webber 1 (18) 5.56

No ducks for:
Fairweather-Tall (11); Rogers (7); Rose (4); Connor (3); P Yousaf (3); Bradshaw (2); Curtin (2);
Heathcote (2); Ilyas (2); D Tuck (2); Shahid Abbasi (1); Biggs (1); Donegan (1); Elliott (1); Flynn (1);
Hanniford (1); Haynes (1); F Kauffmann (1); Lea (1); A Millea (1); Napper (1); Peatling (1); Pollock
(1); Redden (1); Simmons (1); Smith (1); Townsend (1); Turner (1); Watson (1)

Most ducks by percentage of innings: qualification 10 innings

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
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<th>Innings</th>
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*Andy MacKinnon*
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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

- To the Northumberland County Hall Stars for kindly coming out of retirement and making up the numbers on Tour;
- To Stephen Arnold and John Tuck for their whimsical double act which did wonders for their team mates' morale throughout the season;
- To our opponents for daring to take us on (in many cases for the umpteenth time), and proving to be such accommodating hosts;
- To Stuart Ackland for supplying the photographs;
- To Jack Flavell for his supply of cricket balls;
- To our season's scorers for being so delightfully approximate in their endeavours;
- To Sheila Allcock, our number one fan, and those long-suffering supporters, hugely welcome at every game.
- And finally to Stuart Ackland, Stephen Arnold, Martin Kauffmann, Rosemary McCarthy, Andy MacKinnon and Nick Millea, without whom *The Finger* would not have been possible.
...but only if Stephen's not umpiring