

GOOGLIES & CHINAMEN

An Occasional Cricketing Journal

Edition 193

January 2019

Old Wanker's Almanac

As usual I bumped into the venerable gent over the festive period and he came up with his predictions for 2019:

January

Ken Molloy makes a snowman. A feminist passed by and asked him why he didn't make a snow woman. So, he made a snow woman. His feminist neighbor complained about the snow woman's voluptuous chest saying it objectified snow women everywhere. The gay couple living nearby threw a hissy fit and moaned it could have been two snow men instead. The transgender person asked why he didn't just make one snow person with detachable parts. The vegans at the end of the lane complained about the carrot nose, as veggies are food and not to decorate snow figures with. He is being called a racist because the snow couple is white. The Muslim gent across the road demands the snow woman wear a burqa. The feminist neighbor complained again that the broomstick of the snow woman needs to be removed because it depicted women in a domestic role. Ken uses a hair drier to melt his snow work.

Jeremy Corbyn is knighted for calling Teresa May a Stupid Woman.

Grid Iron markings are added to the pitch at the new White Hart Lane to help the players feel at home.

Ron Atkinson and Andy Gray make an unexpected appearance on the Listening Project. Their predictable dialogue is banned from broadcast.

Sajid Javid bans the flying of all drones. He says that it is the only way to make the skies safe since it is impossible to come up with a viable way of monitoring them.

David Cameron says that Boris Johnson should not take over as Prime Minister.

February

At the inaugural dinner of the Political Reporters & Activists Truth Society the following PRATS were awarded:

The award for Quote of the Year went to the Transport Minister, Chris Grayling, for his unforgettable statement that "the performance of British Rail was nothing to do with him".

The Extreme Rudeness award went to all those who didn't turn their mobile phones off at the dinner table, in the theatre, in church, on the train, in fact anywhere other than in their own privacy.

After taking his Louche Award Boris Johnson said, "I would have done anything to get that MI6 woman out of her Iran Jail". Interviewer: "Even swap places with her?" Johnson: "Oh no, I wouldn't have gone that far".

Teresa May is described as a "whack job" in the House of Commons - nobody complains.

Black Rod decides to take things into his own hands and informs the EEC that the Section 50 withdrawal notice is withdrawn.

A further Crossrail overrun of \$20 billion is announced. Nobody takes responsibility.

A group of eleven year old schoolboys are seconded to the Home Office after they come up with a simple solution for monitoring Drone activity. They say they are ready to tackle the Irish Border next. Sajid Javid resigns.

John Major and Tony Blair issue a joint statement saying that Boris Johnson should not take over as Prime Minister.

March

In a rare interview Adil Rashid announces that he is planning to add a leg break and a googly to his stock deliveries of the long hop and the full toss.

Jonathan Dimbleby is suspended from "Any Questions" by the BBC after multiple accusations of rudeness and bias against panellists including Jacob Rees-Mogg, Rod Liddle and Peter Hitchens.

To help those few Premiership and Championship clubs who prefer to opt for English managers a simplified procedure of recruiting is introduced whereby names will just be taken from a hat.

Teresa May is sectioned, carried off screaming: "Strong and Secure, No Irish backstop, there is no other option."

Donald Trump decides to hold a President's Ball at the White House. The Queen is spotted dancing with Kim Jong-un, Beyonce with Vladimir Putin and Trump himself with Robert Mugabe. Teresa May is turned away at the door for trying to crash the event.

The 1922 Committee say that Boris Johnson should not take over as Prime Minister.

April

Middlesex lose their first three matches at Lord's after being put in on green-tops. They fail to reach 100 in any of their first innings.

The ECB announce that in their new 100 ball matches a different coloured ball will be used for each of the first 15 overs and a rainbow coloured one for the ten-ball sixteenth.

Crossrail announces further problems and requests another \$30 billion of taxpayer funding. Nobody takes responsibility.

Fulham, Cardiff and Huddersfield are relegated from the Premiership.

David Attenborough says that Boris Johnson should not take over as Prime Minister.

May

In a further attempt to make cricket appealing to Twinkies and the younger generation the ECB propose a new one over format in which the players are not even required to change into kit to play. Concerns that the matches will still be too long to hold the participants attention are alleviated when it is explained that the matches will actually be played on mobile phones.

PC reaches comedy as the BBC bans jokes against blacks, the Irish, Scots, Europeans, the Welsh, Foreigners, tall people, short people, homosexuals, transgender persons, and any other minority. It is pointed out to them that this discriminates against all majorities and so they ban all comedy just to be on the safe side.

England reach the finals of the World Cup thanks to Alex Hales' spectacular 280 but then mysteriously select Anderson and Broad to open the bowling in the final. As a result in a shit or bust run chase they opt for the latter.

In an unprecedented statement the Queen says that Boris Johnson should not take over as Prime Minister.

June

In a shock result Michael Gove wins the Annual Dianne Abbott Impersonators Competition.

Jofra Archer is selected for the first test.

The Chairman of Crossrail says that the project will have to be abandoned without a further \$50 billion of funding. Nobody takes responsibility. The Northern Powerhouse is mysteriously blamed.

Boris Johnson takes over as Prime Minister.

Out and About with the Professor

I rarely go to watch professional football these days. I know some *Googlies* readers are season ticket holders at various clubs and I remember, many years back, going very regularly; but I seem to have fallen out of love with the game...and I'm not too sure why. After all, the level of skill that you now see in the Premiership is, at times, quite breath-taking. Oh, I know that the equipment has improved (in common with almost all sports) and the surfaces on which the game is played are unrecognisable to those of 40 or 50 years' back – think Dave Mackay charging through the mud at the Baseball Ground. So why the reticence?

I think, in part, it relates to what I suppose these days we must call “identity”. We all know that in the world of “brand loyalty” that of the football fan is supreme, but what of all the other football league clubs. Why should I care about them? Why should I identify in any way with what the commentators call “English” clubs when there are no English players on the pitch, the manager is Italian, and the owner is an eastern European gangster. This is not a matter of patriotism (I rather subscribe to Samuel Johnson's dictum on that), but I think to enjoy sport some (even minimal) level of emotional commitment is needed. You have to care even just a small amount. The issue is exacerbated by the knowledge that if one group of players don't succeed, the owner can just buy another bunch, or another, or another.

The other thing is, I think, the behaviour of the players. People have always complained about things like “diving” (now called, god help us, “simulation”) and a QPR supporter can hardly complain about this since the great Rodney all but perfected the art. My issue is not with the antics; it is rather that the players are so bad at them. The “simulation” is so contrived and puerile. These people are not actors and it would be best if they didn't try to be. The acting is more wooden than the goalposts. Then there are, of course, fashions in this nonsense. At one time if you were really hurt you would bang your hand on the ground. This would signal; “I'm not pretending (badly); I am hurt...badly”. Of course as soon as this caught on, everyone is doing it. There is thus a need for a new sign in this signal inflation to say that: “I'm actually hurt more than the signal that used to mean I was hurt”. And so it goes. I suppose, in the end, I find all this ham acting just a little embarrassing. Still, never mind all the above... last week I went to a couple of games. Both my “local” sides: Harrogate Town and Leeds United are having pretty good seasons – and so I went along to each.

Harrogate play in something called the Vanarama National League having been promoted, last year, from the Vanarama Northern League. *Vanarama*, incidentally, rent vans. The promotion has involved much more travelling – to places like Aldershot and Wrexham, instead of the more parochial York City and Darlington – but also, given a very strong start to the season - the dazzling lure of further promotion to the Football League itself. The ownership of the club is something of local debate, as is its future location. The club is owned by “Strata Homes” whose “significant shareholder” is a Mr Irving Weaver. Mr Weaver is thus the club chairman and his son, Simon, is the manager. Both seem very ambitious for the club but there are problems ahead should the

“Town” find themselves in Division Two of the Football League. One is that they play on an artificial surface (not allowed) and the second is that the ground has a very small capacity (not enough). Re-development of the site is a possibility, as is relocation. Given the positioning of the ground, close to the centre of Harrogate, local estimates of the value of the site (for shall we say, err... housing), put it officially at, “shedloads”. We shall see. In the meantime the game I saw (in dreadful weather) confirmed “our boys” as a very useful side at this level, with top scorer Jack Muldoon having a very effective match. Boxing Day is a good day to get out of the house and almost 35,000 other residents thought so too as we all trekked to the stadium of dreams that is Elland Road. Somewhat surprisingly, given the last ten years or so, Leeds United currently are. Having been through numerous managers and a variety of owners who either were, or should have been, on the run from the police, unity is now everywhere...not least on the pitch. Had I chosen one game from the season to date to attend, I could not have done much better than the one against Blackburn.

Leeds were top and at home, so the 1-0 score at half time was pretty much as expected. Another goal in the second half and we could all go home smugly content. Unfortunately, the first goal after the break was a penalty to Blackburn, followed by about half an hour of time wasting as the visiting side looked forward to a draw. A particularly poor bit of goalkeeping (to cap off an indifferent display by Bailey Peacock-Farrell – no less) and “we” were 2-1 down and not very happy. The Leeds fans have shown, over the years, a variety of ways to show their displeasure and, by comparison, the season ticket holders around me were quite composed. Several simply decided to leave. Bad mistake. The 90 minutes were augmented by an extra four...and that proved enough. A goalmouth scramble, two shots blocked on the line - and a linesman deciding that one was over - took the sides level; a last-minutes cross from the right, nodded in, won the points. Some finish.

Many of the good things that Leeds did came through the Number 4, Forshaw. He is a fetch-and-carry merchant, always available, quick passes keeping the whole thing moving, with the occasional long and often very telling delivery – a sort of Don Masson, for those from an earlier generation. A huge and surprisingly skilful centre-half who goes by the name of Pontus Jansson had a good game and both wingers had their moments. Leeds play a natural left footed player (Alioski) on the right wing and while this can be a useful tactic, it does mean that the full back can be pretty certain he is going to cut in rather than go down the line. Still he hit the bar once and at times looked impressive. The player who didn’t impress much, was top scorer Kemar Roofe, he had a very mediocre game until the last four minutes ...when he scored both the goals.

So a stunning result; everyone was happy, and the good-natured Leeds folk were generous in their applause of the opposition, which just may not have been the case had the match ended four minutes earlier. Go again? Perhaps. The last ten minutes were compelling entertainment. There is, after all, a reason why football is popular and next year – could be - it will be Liverpool. Now that might bring back some memories as well.

Morgan Matters
The GJM shares with us

The ECB has cut the residence requirement for those born abroad who want to play for England from 7 years to 3. This should benefit several, but J Archer is seen as the main beneficiary. There is talk of his being available for the WC next year, but that might come too soon for him as he will not have played at all for England by then.

Derbyshire have re-signed T Lace for next season. He is free to play in all of their matches, except those against Middlesex.

The Middlesex Annual Review has a number of "obituaries" of staff who have recently moved on: Richard Scott, Richard Johnson, Dave Houghton, Dan Vettori, Nick Compton, James Franklin, James Fuller and Ravi Patel; no mention of overseas players Hilton Cartwright, Dwayne Bravo and Ashton Agar: does that mean they are all returning? Here is the list of the new signings Middlesex have made to replace them all: ... erm... Stuart Law is rumoured to be arriving early next year...erm... that's it!

One of the most interesting things about the Middlesex Annual Review is all the stuff about the 2s (remember those long-lost halcyon days when 2nd XI scores appeared in the national press?), much of which is new to me. For example, Middlesex were 9th and last in the Championship Table (South) with no wins and 6 losses in 8 games. The top batters were Rob White with 744 runs @ 62 (he also claimed 15 victims behind the stumps) and George Scott with 508 runs @ 63.5. Possibly the best of the bowlers were Martin Andersson with 10 wickets @ 27.3 and Ethan Bamber with 9 wickets @ 26.2, but the top wicket taker was TN Walallawita with 21 wickets @ 35.9. The lads did much better in the Trophy (50 over games) in which they were easily top of the South Division with 6 wins out of 6. The top batters were Scott 345 runs @ 49.3 (he was also top of the catching with 10) and Max Holden with 286 runs @ 57.2. White claimed 11 victims behind the stumps. The top bowlers were spinners Nathan Sowter with 14 @ 15.4 and Walallawita with 10 @ 18.9. In the T20 table Middlesex were 6th out of 10 in Zone B, winning and losing 6 of their 12 matches. Andersson made 340 runs @ 48.6, Tom Lace made 278 @ 30.9, while Sowter made 186 @ 46.5. Walallawita was easily the top bowler with 21 wkts @ 16.6. They also give us some information on the friendlies that the 2s played: 6 were won, 2 were lost, 1 was drawn and 1 abandoned, but not all the stats that we obsessive fans require!

In addition to having matches at inaccessible grounds like Radlett and Merchant Taylor's, Middlesex are now looking for another ground in "North London" for (the year) 2020 because of increased usage of Lord's for eg the 100. My enthusiasm might be waning.

George Dobell in the Cricketer selects Middlesex's Tom Barber (first class figures in 2018: 0-131) for praise because he is "left arm and fast"!

I now hear that N Compton is staying at Middlesex as an "ambassador": I'd like to see the job description!

The Rangers had a brilliant 0-1 win at Nottingham Forest: it was their first win there in 35 attempts, which is a record number of times (34) a team has played away to another club without winning in all English football competitions.

The G's cricket writers (Marks, Martin, Smyth, de Lisle, Aldred, Lemon, Collins and Bull) have picked their Test XI of the Year: D Karunaratne (SL), U Khawaja (Oz), K Williamson (NZ), V Kohli (Ind), J Root (Eng), A de Villiers (SA), J Buttler (w/k, Eng), P Cummins (Oz), K Rabada (SA), Y Shah (Pak), M Abbas (Pak).

Ambidextrousness and Dave Browning Matters
Alvin Nienow sent me the following

I found Bill Hart's intervention very nostalgic. I remember Dave Browning very well for two reasons. Firstly, in 1955, I was at Danes in my final year when Dave was selected for the 1st XI as an opening bat, straight from the junior XI. Bob Peach was also in the team as captain and had also made the immediate transition, though it had taken me, quite rightly, a season in the 3rd XI and then the 2nd XI before I got in the side. He must have been a very good junior but I don't remember anything about his performances in the 1st XI that year or that he was ambidextrous! I actually have a picture of him in the Danes team that year hanging on my loo wall.



I know he didn't bowl because the bowling was led by Bob and Hughie Lindsay (later to play football in the Olympics) followed by mainly Clive Banbury with off-spin and yours truly as a successful, very slow leg spinner (those who knew my cricket after school will find that difficult to believe). In addition a few overs were bowled by Rusty Williams. I also joined SH in 1962 at the same time as Bill but can't remember meeting Dave at that time.

My other memory of Dave Browning is much clearer. He also boxed for the school and was very good. In spite of our age difference, he and I were in the same weight class. Though I never boxed, as I was captain of Temple House, I felt it was my duty to enter the house boxing competition in order to encourage the others and duly found myself up against my cricketing team mate. I remember that three, one minute rounds felt like an eternity; and by the end, I felt my arms would fall off! I was hit once rather violently on the side of the head but managed to keep out of the way, to incessant request from the judges to 'start boxing'. I lost but got a point for the house!

I also remember Ron Peggs as we ran in the school cross country team. He was very talented and by three years, the youngest of the four. This activity was more successful, winning the North London Grammar School race at Parliament Hill Fields with 1st, 4th (Ron), 8th (me) and 11th places. Though I knew Gill pretty well during my years at SHCC, I never heard anything about romances with Dane's boys!

Returning to the main point of this series of reminiscences, there was, if my memory of his name serves me correctly, Graham Prosser at Old Merchant Taylor's, who captained the side, batted at about 3 and fielded at cover. He threw brilliantly with both hands and would deliberately not show his hand (excuse the pun) until he had lulled a new opponent into a sense of security and then run him out! He got a lot of victims but I don't remember him bowling.

Umpires Matters
Steve Wright sent me this

Quite a bit about Umpires in the latest edition. If you look at all the old cricket books which include photos you will see all of the Umpires crouching down at about stump level as the ball is delivered. Now, that, as well as being excruciatingly painful for the Umpire I would have thought, would have meant that he was perfectly placed to judge height in lbw decisions and height is a big factor when decisions are referred to the third Umpire.

Wembley Wanderers Matters
Paul Golding wants some help

My grandfather, Ernest Golding, lived in Willesden for much of his adult life. He was, by all accounts, a very keen cricketer. Soon after the First World War it would seem he played for a club called the 'Wembley Wanderers'. I have a fascinating in depth report of a tour that they went on to Kent in the summer of 1924 when they played 4 matches. The attached photos show the front cover of the report and a team photograph. The final photo shows the E A Green Cup awarded for 'Sportsmanship, Play and Service' presented in 1924 by 'A Hewitt, President'. I believe this may well have been related to his cricketing activities but the Cup itself doesn't say. Alas, I have not been able to trace any other record of the club. Can any of your readers help? I can be contacted on p.golding@trglaw.com.

Ged Matters

I invited Ian Harris (Ged) to submit a piece for the New Year edition. He sent me this:

Far and Away The Most Exciting Game Of Cricket I Have Ever Played, Tufty Stackpole v The Children's Society, North Crawley, 31 July 2005

The 2005 fixture was due to be a home match for The Children's Society. Kyle The Offie had tried to organise a ground for us in Tower Hamlets or Newham but had been let down at very short notice. Fortunately, the North Crawley CC ground was available that Sunday, so we (once again) presumed on the wonderful Tufty Stackpole hospitality and organised transport at the last minute.

Daisy is studiously unwilling or unable to remember anything much about 2005, other than the fact that we gave a lift to Mat The Tazzy and his new girlfriend that year. Neither of us could remember the girl's name, nor what she looked like – this 2005 cricket match would have been our one and only sighting of her. I wonder if Mat even remembers.

But those were heady days – we played the Tufty Match on 31 July and by the afternoon of 3 August I was playing garden cricket at Big “Papa Zambezi” Jeff's place near Bedford (a stop-over ahead of Edgbaston) and by 4 August we were sitting in the front row of the Priory Stand watching the opening two days of one of the greatest test matches of all time. But I digress.



Charley The Gent Malloy is in the centre of the front row. There's me with the bandanna (but no beard back then) in the back row. Harsha Goble to my left. Mat The Tazzy to Charley's left

They batted first. Started slowly but then built steadily. They took advantage of the fact that one of our two main seamers broke down after 3 overs. As a result, we didn't take enough wickets early doors and had to resort to 6th and 7th bowling options. They posted 254.

I'm asked to open the batting "to try and take some shine off the ball and see off their strike attack". Managed to survive 12 or so overs, much of it using the "Geoff Boycott method for playing Glenn McGrath" (get t'single and watch from t'other end) against their best bowler, although I did straight drive him for 4 once – the best shot I have ever played and probably ever will. Made 14 at a strike rate of 40/45ish. Got out to the dibly leg-side spinner as usual. Disappointed to get out (as always) but job done.

Even our better batsmen found it really hard on a low slow wicket that was getting lower and slower, until we found ourselves 60/3 off 20, requiring nearly 10 an over off the last 20 overs. Twenty20 here we come. By this stage, I was umpiring.

Slowly but surely our better batsmen got going, not least an enormous Saffer who also bowled and fielded superbly and who decided the best way to deal with this problem was in sixes off their medium pacers. Cars in the car park, sheds and conservatories in neighbouring gardens took a battering. It was awesome to watch from the umpire's position.

However, the run rate required stubbornly hovered around 11 or 12 for a long time and we lost a couple of wickets at the other end. After 37 overs we had 225 for 5 so needed 30 off 3 and then we lost the big Saffer. 28 off 16 balls required, one real batsman left and numbers 10 and 11 are the side-strained bowler and a decent batsman who dislocated a finger fielding who was only to bat "if absolutely necessary".

13 runs off the next 10 balls was OK, but 15 runs off the last over seemed a big ask of tail enders. I thought we were done for. But the pressure is also on the bowler, and although he was good enough to clean bowl "The Big Saffer" he could also bowl a couple of wides which were runnable, so we ended up needing 4 from the last ball and then (after a run wide) 2 from the last ball. The first run was taken comfortably for the tie and of course the boys tried to scramble the win. I was required to make the uncomfortable but honest decision to run out one of his own brave guys to determine the match as a tie off the last ball. 254 for both sides. But as we won the trophy last year, the tie meant that we retained the trophy.

Far and away the most exciting game of cricket I have ever played in. And of course Janie maintains her fine tradition of witnessing last over thrillers when she attends one-day games. How many people ever witness two tied matches in one season the other being the ODI final between England and Australia.

Devan The Big Saffer, who came as part of Heinrich the Gangmaster's seemingly limitless collection of sporty Saffers, became a bone of contention in future matches. He was SO big and SO strong – he played rugby for London

Irish if I recall correctly – even when he tried to rein it in, his bowling terrorized the less experienced players who might join in the fun – e.g. in Z/Yen against Children Society matches.

But for the Tufty match Devan, was high class but certainly not “beyond class” and he was the saviour of the day in several ways. Not only was it his good contribution with the ball and massive contribution with the bat that turned the match into a last-ball thriller, but it was in his capacity as a sports physio that he sorted out poor RBK’s dislocated finger...dislocation so extreme it made the poor lad’s hand look like something from an alien species, until Devan relocated it. Daisy was getting ready to take RBK to A&E but Devan said “let me look at it” and just...dealt with it. “Are you sure?” said Daisy, who is, after all, somewhat of a professional digit person. “Yes”, said Devan, “it’s what I do”, and then wandered back to his fielding position in the outfield. Classic.

The other element of this match that deserves some extrapolation is Mat Tazzy’s grandstanding for his new girlfriend. Charley was quite right that Mat should not have bowled – ever. In fact, Mat should never have taken off his wicket-keeping gloves. He was an exceptional keeper – had been on Somerset’s books for several years although left before progressing from Second XI to full County representation – way above our level. But that day he wanted to show off to his new girlfriend and hang around a bit in the outfield – so I think Harsha took the gloves for an hour or more in that match.

Unfortunately, Mat’s grandstanding also extended to his batting that match, so unlike the previous year’s equivalent fixture, when his heroics were a major contribution to us winning the match, in 2005 Mat got out having a swipe for glory far too early in the piece.

I wish I could remember the identity of our strike bowler who broke down early and then needed to help slog out the last few runs...along with poor old RBK who did need to bat with that dislocated/relocated finger and swallow some dirt while diving for the last run scramble.

On the matter of that final ball run out; Mat Tazzy, along with several members of our team, maintained that they didn’t think that the wicket-keeper put down the wicket correctly in executing the run out and that I, as the adjudicating square-leg umpire, should have adjudged the run to have been made and the match won rather than tied.

I am convinced that I saw the keeper swipe his arms above the stumps, without dislodging anything, to take the ball and then swipe the stumps with his arms once the ball was in his gloves. I had by far the best view of all the post-match pundits on that subject – apart from the keeper who I think an honest fellow and who was adamant that my reading of the event was spot on. But I was shaking like a leaf with excitement as we came off the field, so perhaps I didn’t look as credible an umpire as I should have looked.

One final, self-centred point. I said in my contemporaneous report that I thought my straight drive for four off “Cooperman” was the best shot I have

ever played and probably ever will. 13 to 14 years on, I haven't played a shot that comes close to comparing with my memory of it. Similarly, when I said then "far and away the most exciting game of cricket I have ever played in", it is fair now to add, "and probably ever will", to that thought too. But I still have the memories. What a match.

Out grounds Matters
Jim Revier sent me the following

The Prof may wish to know that Kent and Leics share the distinction of using 15 grounds to host Championship cricket. Surrey with 3 have used the least. Info from Stephen Chalke's excellent "Summer's Crown a history of the County Championship "

Googlies Website

All the back editions of Googlies can be found on the G&C website. There are also many photographs most of which have never appeared in Googlies.

www.googliesandchinamen.com

Googlies and Chinamen
is produced by
James Sharp
Broad Lee House
Combs
High Peak
SK23 9XA
tiksha@btinternet.com