

# Clontarf Cricket Club



Season 2003



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for the 2003  
season

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*J. M. Nolan*

*President Clontarf C.C. 2003*

## **A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT**

It is a great honour for me to serve as President of Clontarf Cricket Club for 2003 and, in that capacity, I extend a hearty welcome to all players and supporters visiting Castle Avenue during the season.

We take pride in Clontarf being the Premier International Ground in Dublin. You will appreciate that this requires a tremendous effort from our groundstaff, in particular Karl McDermott and the irrepressible Podge Hughes who both work so hard to produce a first class playing area and surrounds. Paddy and Mary O'Reilly provide enhancement to this work with a fine array of flowers and hanging baskets. We owe them our thanks.

I would like to express my deep gratitude to our many sponsors and advertisers, without whom this Club brochure would not be possible and I hope that they will benefit from the ongoing support of our members and their friends.

Thanks also to Jill O'Neill and her team of catering volunteers who look after us all so well.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity to wish all members a particularly enjoyable season and to wish success to all the various players both Schoolboy and Senior. In particular I send my best wishes to Iain Synnott and the first XI and hope they will bounce back again to their rightful place in Section A of the Senior League.

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## John M. Nolan a Clontarf Man

**M**y first memory of Johnny is around 1964. A latecomer to the game Johnny only joined the Club after he had left school.

What precisely awoke his interest in cricket at that stage only Johnny himself can say as not many of the Dollymount Avenue crew frequented the Club.

In any event having joined the Club and in effect starting from scratch at an age that nowadays would seem far too late to make any worthwhile progress Johnny quickly showed a talent for cricket.

A late developer maybe but in time he became one of the important and doughty performers on the Club 1st XI, a vital cog in what, at the time he played, was a rather good side which regularly competed for top honours in all the various competitions.

It is a measure of his contributions during a career spanning 1968 to 1987 the 1st XI

won no fewer than 13 trophies. In all of these campaigns while not one of the so called glamour players Johnny was an integral part of the Team.

His speciality was in the winning rescue when the side was in trouble. Normally coming in at number 6 or 7 in the batting order there was no finer sight than John arriving at the crease prepared to win the games from difficult positions or all but die in the attempt. An example appears in the best recorded partnerships when in 1982 with the side in some trouble John joined Noel Grier at about 60 for 5 against Trinity. Some two hours later they had put on a stand of 163 unbeaten giving the side a total which was sufficient to allow the bowlers to provide the win.

A fine feature of Johnny's game was his excellent fielding and in particular his very

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safe hands. Normally a close catcher, usually at slip, very little eluded his grasp. A special memory is a superb outfield catch at Carlisle late on in his career when the legs did not move as quick as in earlier days. The Carlisle pro Dave Pierce clattered the ball deep to midwicket for an almost certain boundary in what was a tight game. Suddenly out of the distance running around from long on appeared our hero and sprinting for all he was worth just managed to snatch the catch while still running at full tilt. Dave Pierce's face was a study as he reluctantly had to leave to a stunning and as it turned out a match winning catch. You could watch cricket and not see as good in 10 years.

Johnny was also a forerunner of the modern game in that he was the earliest known example of a ball tamperer at Castle Avenue. No question of bottle tops or crass items such as dirt in the pocket, rather John had discovered Grippo. This substance used by lawn bowlers on the woods had an amazing effect on a cricket ball. A light application from the well soaked rag in the pocket saw the ball swing prodigious distances. Unfortunately John did not get on to bowl often enough to make Grippo a cause celebre and the star bowlers such as Podge Hughes and Ger Kirwan found the thumb-nail on the seam sufficient for their needs!

John was and still is an excellent judge of the game and the players who make up a cricket team. It is to the Club's detriment that he never took on the captaincy of the Ist XI as he would have undoubtedly have made a fine leader.

Off the field this fine clubman involved

himself in all manner of Club activities. A Committee member from the late 1960s to the present day John has been involved in all manner of fund raising activities helping to keep the Club going. A stint as Hon. Treasurer and one of the authors of the new joint agreement which has seen both Clubs resolve past differences and live together for mutual success are but two of the off the field contributions so necessary to keep the flag flying.

Not many know John is an expert on the various grasses needed to produce a good cricket pitch and is also an expert on the different types of clay mixes which produce a good playing surface.

At one stage there was hardly any room in the Nolan hotpress or oven because of the many soil mixes being baked and dried out and checked for load bearing qualities.

What little room that was left was almost certainly full of home brew beer maturing alongside the home made wine!

2003 sees John holding the well deserved honour of Club President. This is a fitting office for a member who has given so much to the Club both on and off the field.

All members will wish John a most successful and enjoyable year and a trophy or two would be the least he would deserve in his Presidential year.

However win or lose John will enjoy the play of all the cricketers on all the sides, will welcome all our guests and enjoy their cricket and their company.

As always John will be a credit both to himself and the Club.

*A true Clontarf Cricket Club member.*

### J. M. Nolan Career Figures

	Batting							Bowling					
	M	I	NO	HS	T	A	100s	50s	O	M	W	R	Ct
1968-1987	259	226	63	67*	2948	18.08	-	5	17	4	1	59	85

## *Our newest Internationals*



*T. Lawson and E. Delaney pictured at the U13 tournament match  
Ireland v Holland at Castle Avenue in July 2002.*

In 2002 The Irish Cricket Union competed in the European Tournament at U13 Schoolboy level. Two Clontarf schoolboys, Eoghan Delaney and Theo Lawson were selected to play for Ireland. Both boys played with distinction in all three games in which Ireland were involved, with E. Delaney captaining the side after the originally chosen captain was injured. Ireland were the overall winners of the tournament winning all three matches against Scotland, Denmark and Holland.



## Clontarf International Players

Name	M	I	NO	H	R	A	Innings bowled in	O	M	R	W	A	Ct
J. G. Aston	6	11	1	53*	91	9.10	6	69	11	114	10	11.40	6
E. H. Bodell	6	10	5	11*	25	5.00	10	175	40	489	11	44.45	1
J. D. Caprani	6	11	-	44	121	11.00	-	-	-	-	-	-	6
A. W. Cooper	2	4	-	31	66	16.50	3	26	3	108	3	36.00	1
S. H. Crawford	1	1	-	11	11	11.00	2	16	2	60	6	10.00	-
F. M. Filgas	1	2	-	3	3	1.50	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
W. E. Haughton	5	8	-	25	46	5.75	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
J. W. Hill	14	21	9	27*	138	11.50	23	296	77	709	32	22.15	1
N. B. Hool	13	21	10	27	171	15.54	21	282	60	801	27	29.66	4
L. P. Hughes	13	21	6	35	159	10.60	21	257.3	67	763	15	50.86	11
L. C. Jacobson	12	22	3	101	358	18.84	-	-	-	-	-	-	4
G. A. Kirwan	2	2	1	0*	0	0.00	3	29	11	91	2	45.50	-
G. H. McCormack	1	1	-	6	6	6.00	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
†E. A. McDermott	10	15	-	80	378	25.20	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
N. C. Mahony	9	17	1	42	299	18.68	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
G. J. Morgan	1	1	-	0	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
W. C. Pemberton	4	7	3	31	55	13.75	5	111	26	263	5	52.60	1
M. P. Rea	51	70	3	115	2045	30.52	1	0.4	-	8	1	8.00	6
E. N. Seymour	3	5	-	3	9	1.08	6	45	9	147	4	36.75	1
M. H. Stevenson	11	20	2	80	467	25.94	1	4	-	27	-	-	4
D. A. Vincent	21	31	3	52*	534	19.27	1	4	2	11	-	-	8
R. H. C. Waters	11	18	1	70	330	19.41	-	-	-	-	-	-	8

†E. A. McDermott's figures include game against Lavinia Duchess of Norfolk's XI.

\*Not out.

### International Tit-Bit

In July 1948, four Clontarf players were in the (then named) Gentlemen of Ireland team which played the Gentlemen of Scotland team in Glasgow. The players were N. C. Mahony, L. C. Jacobson, G. W. Hill and N. C. Hool. The G.O.I. won the match by 118 runs.



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Best Wishes to  
Clontarf Cricket Club

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*from*

J.M. Hanrahan  
Branch Manager AIB



# Clontarf Interprovincial Players

Name	M	I	NO	HS	R	A	W	R	A	Ct	St
E. H. Bodell	6	4	2	7*	10	5.00	9	169	18.77	1	-
B. P. Bergin	1	1	-	0	0	0.00	-	-	-	-	-
J. B. Bunworth	27	25	6	103*	390	20.52	-	-	-	9	-
M. R. Bunworth	7	6	2	8	29	7.25	3	159	53.00	-	-
F. J. Carroll	17	9	2	20*	96	13.71	-	-	-	17	1
M. A. Carroll	3	3	-	16	27	9.00	-	-	-	-	-
C. G. Daly	5	5	3	12*	30	15.00	-	-	-	5	-
J. Daly	7	4	1	17*	31	10.33	-	-	-	7	1
M. J. Delaney	5	-	-	-	-	-0	6	107	17.83	-	-
J. Fitzpatrick	13	10	2	46	102	12.75	18	536	29.77	2	-
N. P. Grier	31	20	1	42	201	10.57	7	151	21.57	10	-
L. P. Hughes†	25	15	3	47	111	9.25	56	732	13.07	8	-
G. A. Kirwan	25	11	7	6*	22	5.50	40	887	22.17	2	-
P. Lee	2	2	-	4	4	2.00	-	-	-	-	-
A. McClean	26	25	5	73	606	30.30	-	4	-	14	-
E. A. McDermott	61	56	7	108	1328	27.10	-	-	-	19	-
S. B. McMullan	1	1	-	9	9	9.00	-	-	-	-	-
B. MacNeice	16	10	2	58	191	23.87	10	452	45.20	2	-
F. O'Mahony	4	3	1	35	45	22.50	1	63	63.00	1	-
R. O'Reilly	9	7	2	23*	70	14.00	-	-	-	5	1
P. Prendergast	6	6	-	15	49	8.16	-	-	-	1	-
M. P. Rea NL & UT	38	38	5	120	1365	41.36	-	7	-	8	-
K. Spelman	1	1	-	10	10	10.00	-	4	-	-	-
D. A. Vincent	36	35	2	145*	1361	41.24	-	25	-	9	-
R. H. C. Waters	16	14	1	104	368	28.30	-	-	-	5	-

NL = North Leinster

UT = Ulster Town

†Also played Interprovincial while with Dublin University and Malahide but these figures are not included here

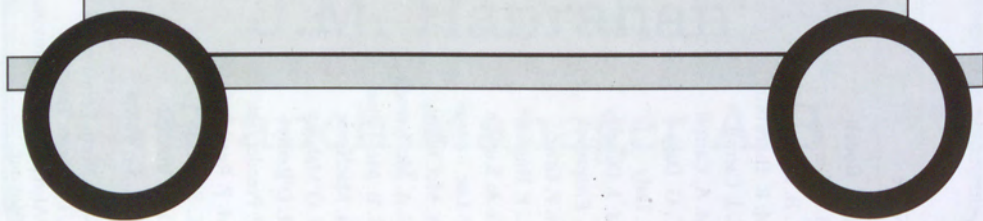
\*Not out.

*127 Not out*

*Congratulations*

*from*

*Bill Tormey*





# Clontarf Batting Averages

Name	Career	Matches	Innings	Not Out	Most	Runs	Average	100s	50s
A. C. Botha	1994-2000	142	136	27	133*	5461	50.10	7	38
M. P. Rea	1989-1994	83	80	9	114	3339	47.02	1	32
R. H. C. Waters	1967-1969	46	45	5	120*	1496	37.40	2	9
T. Fourie	2000-2002	57	53	5	129*	1738	36.20	3	13
D. A. Vincent	1981-2001	314	301	31	161	9508	35.21	13	49
A. McClean	1985-1996	177	162	32	121	4505	34.65	4	27
N. C. Mahony	1938-1963	195	197	21	110*	5904	33.54	4	41
L. C. Jacobson	1944-1960	149	147	11	103*	4023	29.58	4	17
R. O'Reilly	1992-2002	144	136	25	89	3175	28.60	-	18
W. J. Moynan	1945-1955	121	119	20	122	2745	27.72	3	12
J. B. Bunworth	1962-1989	299	289	39	128*	6745	26.98	7	33
E. A. McDermott	1963-1993	539	485	55	130*	11583	26.93	10	59
J. D. Caprani	1937-1951	141	144	23	119*	3027	25.01	1	20
B. MacNeice	1986-2001	225	166	38	81	3148	24.59	-	12
N. P. Grier	1966-1988	388	349	34	103*	7063	22.42	3	34
J. Fitzpatrick	1986-1995	129	100	18	77	1797	21.91	-	6
S. B. McMillan	1954-1971	190	182	14	98	3510	20.89	-	17
P. Prendergast	1981-1999	166	152	10	108	2887	20.33	1	14
B. P. Bergin	1975-1994	280	236	46	83	3825	20.13	1	14
M. A. Carroll	1953-1977	209	190	20	124	3342	19.65	2	10
J. Daly	1984-2000	176	127	9	110*	1914	19.53	1	6
C. G. Daly	1976-1993	108	89	16	62*	1384	18.95	-	4
G. J. Morgan	1930-1942	137	134	8	104*	2360	18.73	2	7
F. J. Carroll	1957-2001	462	354	90	109	4843	18.34	2	7
E. N. Seymour	1922-1931	79	75	3	80	1303	18.09	-	7
J. M. Nolan	1968-1987	259	226	63	67*	2948	18.08	-	5
E. d'H. Dexter	1944-1964	155	147	15	94	2372	17.96	-	11
A. W. D. Spence	1956-1989	247	217	23	74*	3323	17.12	-	10
J. W. Hill	1935-1960	203	187	31	119	2481	15.90	2	3
L. P. Hughes	1959-1987	370	286	41	103	3890	15.87	1	9
G. M. Carroll	1950-1964	128	114	13	72*	1518	15.02	-	1
D. A. Sweeney	1954-1968	108	106	7	77*	1427	14.41	-	4
D. F. Fitzgerald	1933-1952	164	136	32	81*	1466	14.09	-	7
J. J. Ledwidge	1920-1934	163	150	20	69	1699	13.06	-	3
P. J. Bourke	1936-1952	194	173	9	91	1954	11.91	-	1
A. R. White	1920-1943	215	197	31	87*	1709	10.29	-	2
E. H. Bodell	1944-1976	350	231	57	49	1720	9.88	-	-

Qualification: 1,200 runs in Senior League and Cup competitions since 1920 (excluding All-Ireland competition).

\*Not out.

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## Clontarf Bowling Averages

	Career	Matches	Wickets	Runs	Average	5 Wkts in innings
G. A. Tyndall	1923-1934	105	148	1488	10.05	8
E. N. Seymour	1922-1931	79	129	1333	10.33	8
S. A. Martin	1932-1935	38	108	1224	11.33	6
J. G. Aston	1920-1928	77	155	1795	11.58	8
W. C. Pemberton	1925-1950	94	264	3190	12.08	21
J. J. Ledwidge	1920-1934	163	211	2661	12.61	11
J. M. Sweeney	1925-1931	65	102	1340	13.13	5
G. A. Kirwan	1961-1992	391	1033	14295	13.83	55
J. W. Hill	1935-1960	203	609	8624	14.16	48
T. J. Dunne	1931-1944	115	191	2706	14.17	15
R. J. Furley	1936-1963	86	179	2561	14.30	11
A. R. White	1930-1943	215	108	1577	14.60	5
E. H. Bodell	1944-1976	350	786	11699	14.88	48
L. P. Hughes	1959-1987	370	600	9567	15.94	25
D. C. O'Kelly	1965-1979	76	121	1956	16.16	6
M. R. Bunworth	1968-1988	240	407	7215	17.72	18
D. F. Fitzgerald	1933-1952	164	214	3819	17.84	12
A. C. Botha	1994-2000	142	261	4295	16.45	6
V. F. Savino	1953-1969	182	217	4080	18.80	5
M. J. Delaney	1965-1990	223	345	6537	18.94	15
N. P. Grier	1966-1988	388	359	7021	19.55	16
P. M. Murphy	1968-1977	87	100	2101	21.01	3
D. A. Vincent	1981-2001	314	141	3012	21.36	1
K. Spelman	1996-2002	102	158	3463	21.91	2
L. B. McMahon	1931-1949	152	130	2948	22.67	4
J. Barry	1989-2001	142	136	3103	22.81	-
B. MacNeice	1986-2001	225	316	7392	23.39	9
J. Fitzpatrick	1986-1995	129	181	4324	23.88	3
F. O'Mahony	1987-1994	103	136	3376	24.82	5

*Qualification:* 100 wickets.

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## Wicketkeeping

	Career	Matches	Caught	Stumped	Total
F. J. Carroll	1957-2001	461	368	134	502
P. J. Bourke	1936-1952	194	73	82	155
J. Daly	1984-2000	176	115	26	141
A. Hancock	1994-2002	129	107	21	128
R. O'Reilly	1992-2002	144	86	10	96
J. A. Bell	1953-1966	121	68	20	88
C. P. Stuart	1921-1942	144	51	22	73
L. C. Jacobson	1944-1960	149	47	11	58

## Catches

	Career	Matches	Catches
N. P. Grier	1966-1988	388	143
E. A. McDermott	1963-1993	539	141*
D. A. Vincent	1981-2001	309	112**
J. B. Bunworth	1962-1989	299	87
J. M. Nolan	1968-1987	259	85
B. P. Bergin	1975-1994	280	81
V. F. Savino	1953-1969	182	77
L. P. Hughes	1959-1987	370	75
M. A. Carroll	1953-1977	209	72
B. MacNeice	1986-2001	215	65
A. McClean	1985-1996	177	64
A. C. Botha	1994-2000	142	62
J. D. Caprani	1937-1951	141	61
G. A. Kirwan	1961-1992	391	55
J. J. Ledwidge	1920-1934	163	53
G. J. Morgan	1930-1942	137	53
L. B. McMahon	1931-1949	152	53
A. R. White	1920-1943	215	52
E. H. Bodell	1944-1976	350	51

Qualification: 50

\* Includes 15 catches as wicketkeeper.

\*\* Includes 9 catches as wicketkeeper.

## 1000 Runs and 100 Wickets by Clontarf Players

	Runs	Wickets
J. G. Aston	1125	155
E. H. Bodell	1720	786
A. C. Botha	5461	261
T. J. Dunne	1016	191
D. F. Fitzgerald	1466	214
J. Fitzpatrick	1797	181
N. P. Grier	7063	359
J. W. Hill	2481	609
L. P. Hughes	3890	600
J. J. Ledwidge	1699	211
B. MacNeice	3148	316
V. F. Savino	1127	217
E. N. Seymour	1303	129
G. A. Tyndall	1181	148
D. A. Vincent	9508	141
A. R. White	1709	108

# Best Wishes

**To Clontarf Cricket Club**

**127 Not Out**

*from*



**BROKER**



## Best Recorded Clontarf Batting Partnerships

Wkt.	Year	Runs	Opponents	Batsmen
1st	1990	205 *	Old Belvedere	D. A. Vincent-P. Prendergast
2nd	1985	218 *	The Hills	D. A. Vincent-N. P. Grier
3rd	1995	198 *	Carlisle	A. C. Botha-D. A. Vincent
4th	1991	120	Carlisle	A. McClean-J. Daly
5th	1982	163 *	Dublin University	N. P. Grier-J. M. Nolan
6th	1995	95	Carlisle	R. O'Reilly-B. MacNeice
7th	1967	106	Merrion	J. B. Bunworth-F. J. Carroll
8th	1970	100	Y.M.C.A.	A. W. D. Spence-F. J. Carroll
9th	1970	80	Y.M.C.A.	F. J. Carroll-E. H. Bodell
10th	1960	88 *	Pembroke	V. F. Savino-J. A. Bell

\*Unfinished

## Centuries Scored by Clontarf Players up to 2002

D. A. Vincent	14
E. A. McDermott	10
A. C. Botha	7
J. B. Bunworth	7
L. C. Jacobson	4
N. C. Mahony	4
A. McClean	4
N. P. Grier	3
W. J. Moynan	3
T. Fourie	3
F. J. Carroll	2
M. A. Carroll	2
G. J. Morgan	2
R. H. C. Waters	2
H. R. Aston	1
J. D. Caprani	1
J. Daly	1
T. K. Gleeson	1
J. W. Hill	1
L. P. Hughes	1
P. Prendergast	1
M. P. Rea	1
R. T. Ruddock	1

## Clontarf Results against other Clubs Leinster Senior League and Cup since 1920

From Year	Club	Played	Won	Tied	NR	Drew	Lost
1941	Carlisle	55	27	1	-	15	12
1981	CYM	42	27	-	-	5	10
1920	Dublin University	94	46	-	-	18	30
1920	Leinster	156	49	1	-	37	69
1953	Malahide	100	39	1	-	19	41
1926	Merrion	142	66	-	2	41	33
1990	Nth. County	15	11	-	2	-	2
1957	Old Belvedere	88	39	-	-	26	23
1920	Pembroke	173	60	1	1	40	71
1920	Phoenix	151	43	2	2	32	72
1920	Railway Union	129	82	-	-	17	30
1995	Rush	12	7	-	2	-	3
1983	The Hills	28	16	1	-	4	7
1934	Y.M.C.A.	134	56	1	1	33	43

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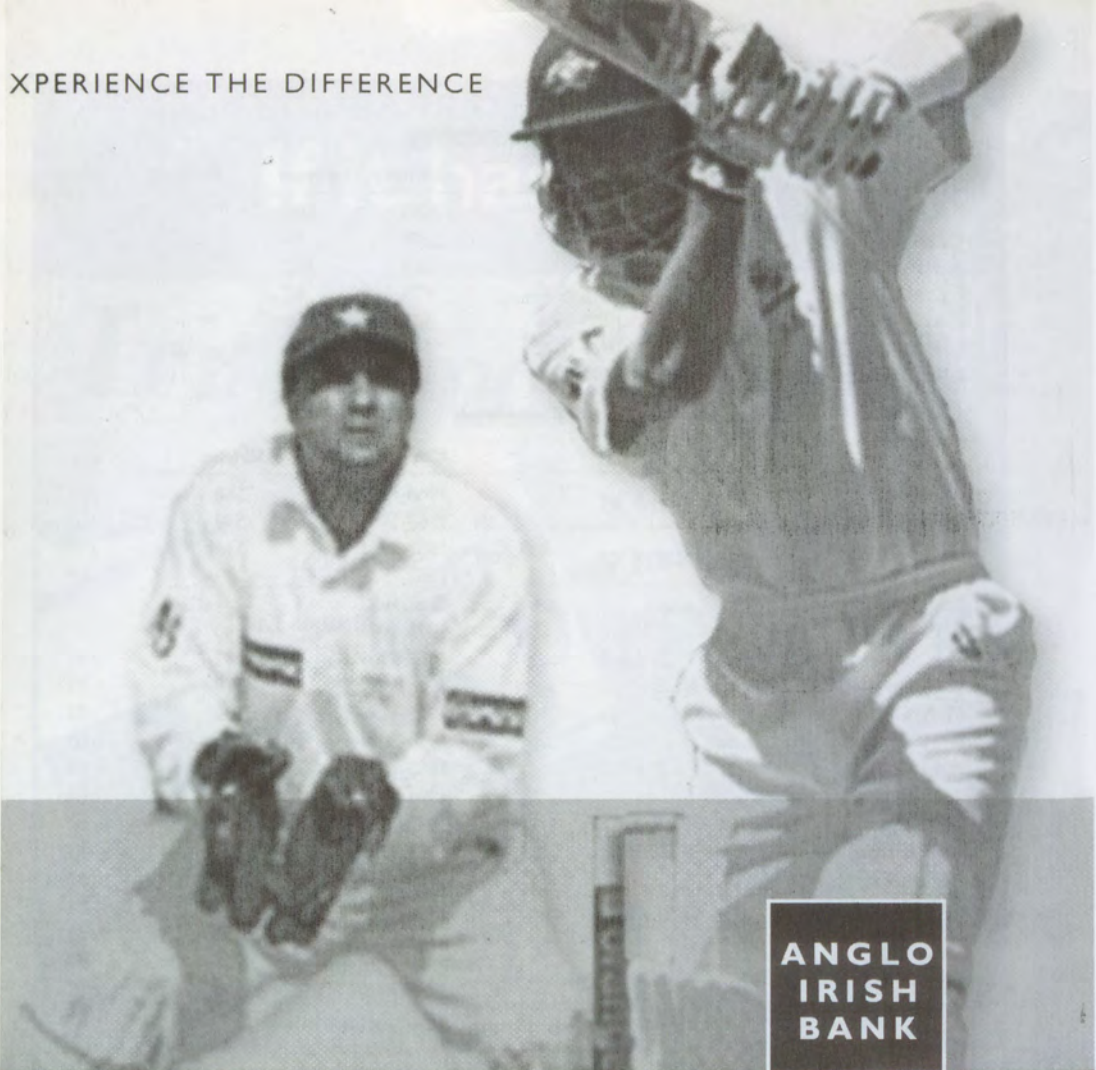
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**SPORT**



# TROPHIES WON BY CLONTARF SENIOR TEAMS

Year	Teams	Trophy
1898	1st XI	Irish Junior Cup
1905	1st XI	Irish Junior Cup
1924	2nd XI	Intermediate Cup
1926	1st XI	Senior League
1928	2nd XI	Intermediate Cup
1941	3rd XI	Junior League
1943	1st XI	Senior Cup
1944	2nd XI 3rd XI	Intermediate Cup Junior Cup
1946	3rd XI	Junior Cup
1950	1st XI	Senior Cup
1954	2nd XI	Senior II League
1957	4th XI	Junior League
1958	3rd XI	Intermediate Cup Irish Junior Cup
1960	2nd XI 3rd XI	Senior II League Intermediate Cup
1961	1st XI 2nd XI	Senior League Senior II League
1964	5th XI	Minor Cup
1965	1st XI 2nd XI 5th XI	Alan Murray Cup Senior II Cup Minor Cup
1966	5th XI	Minor League Minor Cup
1968	3rd XI	Intermediate Cup

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## TROPHIES WON BY CLONTARF SENIOR TEAMS

Year	Teams	Trophy
1969	1st XI	Senior Cup
	2nd XI	Senior II League
	3rd XI	Intermediate Cup
	4th XI	Junior League
1970	1st XI	Alan Murray Cup
	2nd XI	Senior II Cup
	3rd XI	Irish Junior Cup
	5th XI	Minor Cup
1971	1st XI	Beckett Cup
	3rd XI	Intermediate Cup
		Intermediate League
1972	1st XI	Senior League Alan Murray Cup
	2nd XI	Senior II League
1973	1st XI	Alan Murray Cup Beckett Cup
	2nd XI	Senior II League Senior II Cup
	3rd XI	Intermediate Cup
1974	2nd XI	Senior II League
1976	4th XI	Intermediate League
	5th XI	Junior Cup
1977	1st XI	Wiggins Teape League <i>(shared - Leinster, YMCA)</i>
1978	1st XI	Wiggins Teape League
	2nd XI	Senior II Cup
		Senior II League
1979	1st XI	Wiggins Teape League
	2nd XI	Senior II League
	5th XI	Junior League
1980	1st XI	Wiggins Teape League <i>(Shared - Leinster)</i>
1981	2nd XI	Senior II League

*Best wishes to*  
*Clontarf Cricket Club*

*from*



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## TROPHIES WON BY CLONTARF SENIOR TEAMS

Year	Teams	Trophy
1982	4th XI	Intermediate League
1983	2nd XI	Senior II League
1984	2nd XI 4th XI	Senior II League Whelan Cup
1985	3rd XI	Middle Cup
1986	1st XI 3rd XI	Wiggins Teape League Middle Cup
1987	1st XI	Wiggins Teape League <i>(Shared - YMCA)</i>
1988	1st XI 2nd XI	Wiggins Teape League Senior II Cup Tillain Cup
1989	1st XI	Alan Murray Cup
1990	1st XI 3rd XI 6th XI	Wiggins Teape League Middle Cup Minor Cup Junior B League
1991	1st XI 3rd XI	Belvedere Bond League Wiggins Teape League <i>(Shared - YMCA)</i> Middle League
1992	1st XI 2nd XI 4th XI	Senior Cup Belvedere Bond League Senior II League Intermediate Cup
1993	2nd XI	Senior II Cup Senior II League Tillain Cup
1994	1st XI 3rd XI 4th XI	Wiggins Teape League Alan Murray Cup Middle Cup Intermediate Cup

Continued Success  
&  
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to the  
Clontarf Cricket Club

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## TROPHIES WON BY CLONTARF SENIOR TEAMS

Year	Teams	Trophy
1995	1st XI	Senior Cup Belvedere Bond League
	2nd XI	Tillain Cup
1996	1st XI	Senior League
	2nd XI	Senior II Cup
1997	3rd XI	YMCA Salver
	5th XI	Junior 'C' League
1998	1st XI	Senior League (Section B)
	4th XI	Whelan Cup
1999	1st XI	Senior League
2000	1st XI	Senior Cup Senior League
2001	5th XI	Minor Cup

## Clontarf Results Against Other Clubs Leinster Senior League and Cup since 1920

From Year	Club	Pl	Won	Tied	NR	Drew	Lost
1941	Carlisle	55	27	1	—	15	12
1981	CYM	42	27	—	—	5	10
1920	Dublin University	94	46	—	—	18	30
1920	Leinster	156	49	1	—	37	69
1953	Malahide	100	39	1	—	19	41
1926	Merrion	142	66	—	2	41	33
1990	Nth. County	15	11	—	2	—	2
1957	Old Belvedere	88	39	—	—	26	23
1920	Pembroke	173	60	1	1	40	71
1920	Phoenix	151	43	2	2	32	72
1920	Railway Union	129	82	—	—	17	30
1995	Rush	12	7	—	2	—	3
1983	The Hills	28	16	1	—	4	7
1934	Y.M.C.A.	134	56	1	1	33	43

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## ALL-IRELAND CUP

This competition, which was inaugurated in 1982 involves clubs in the Leinster Cricket Union, Munster Cricket Union, Ulster Cricket Union and the North West Cricket Union.

Initially, matches which could not be completed due to weather, were decided on a bowl-out. Clontarf were involved in three such deciders, winning one and losing two, all in Castle Avenue. Currently, weather affected matches are re-fixed to the ground of the visiting team in the initial match.

To date, Clontarf have played 35 matches in this competition, winning 15 and losing 20. The final was reached in 1990 when we were defeated by Lurgan by 73 runs. In 1998 we lost the semi-final by 2 runs to Ballymena.

*The principal statistics are:*

### Batting

	M	Inn.	N.O.	H	T	Av.	100's	50's
B. Bergin	18	14	3	54	270	24.54	—	1
J. Daly	17	14	4	38*	215	21.50	—	—
J. Fitzpatrick	9	7	1	90	218	36.33	—	2
N. P. Grier	10	7	1	84*	234	39.00	—	1
B. MacNeice	23	18	3	67*	249	16.60	—	1
A. McClean	20	17	1	66	247	15.43	—	1
E. A. McDermott	24	19	2	40	289	17.00	—	—
P. Prendergast	13	12	—	88	271	22.58	—	2
M. P. Rea	11	11	1	70*	385	38.50	—	3
D. A. Vincent	31	28	1	101*	724	26.81	1	4
R. O'Reilly	9	9	1	100	316	39.50	1	1

### Bowling

	M	Wkts	Runs	Av.	5 wkts/ Inns
J. Barry	18	16	485	30.31	1
J. Fitzpatrick	9	10	222	22.20	—
B. MacNeice	23	25	471	18.84	—
N. P. Grier	10	11	249	22.63	—
G. A. Kirwan	18	30	638	21.26	—
D. A. Vincent	31	22	584	26.54	1

*Qualification:* 200 runs or 10 wickets




*D.A. Vincent, most runs in All-Ireland Cup for Clontarf also features well in the bowling.*

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# Clontarf Players who led the Provincial Averages

## BATTING

*Marchant Cup first presented in 1921*

			Runs	Av.
1930	E. N. Seymour	won Marchant Cup	337	37.44
1944*	N. C. Mahony		526	37.57
1945	W. J. Moynan	won Marchant Cup	400	40.00
1948	W. E. Haughton (also played with Dublin University)	won Marchant Cup	354	70.80
1952	N.C.Mahony	won Marchant Cup	534	59.33
1959	L. C. Jacobson	won Marchant Cup	492	49.20
1968	J. B. Bunworth	won Marchant Cup	676	61.45
1978	J. B. Bunworth	won Marchant Cup	784	56.00
1991	M. P. Rea	won Marchant Cup	687	57.25

\* Scores in knock-out cup ties were not included in the Marchant Cup until 1946. In 1944 P. J. Quinn (Phoenix) won the Cup on league only figures with N. C. Mahony second. With cup matches included the positions were reversed.

## BOWLING

*O'Grady Cup first presented in 1937*

			Wkts.	Runs	Av.
1920	O. Smith (also played with Civil Service)		27	200	7.40
1926	E. N. Seymour		35	254	7.25
1927	E. N. Seymour		26	225	8.65
1928	E. N. Seymour		18	169	9.38
1948	N. B. Hool (also played with Dublin University)	won O'Grady Cup	41	453	11.04
1950	J. W. Hill	won O'Grady Cup	36	416	11.55
1982	G. A. Kirwan	won O'Grady Cup	82	890	10.85
1983	G. A. Kirwan	won O'Grady Cup	67	554	8.26

## ALL ROUNDERS

*Samuels Cup first presented in 1963*

			Batting			Bowling		Catches
			Runs	Av.	Wkts.	Runs	Av.	
1927	E. N. Seymour		275	27.50	26	225	8.65	*
1930	G. A. Tyndall		170	24.28	18	99	5.50	*
1994	A. Botha	won Samuels Cup	733	48.86	42	666	15.85	*
2001	T. Fourie	won Samuels Cup	849	26.53	27	537	19.89	10

\* Catches were not taken into account in this category until after 1994

## WICKET KEEPING

			Ct.	St.
1926	F. E. Buxton		7	3
1929	F. E. Buxton		3	4
1933	C. P. Stuart		6	6
1941	P. J. Bourke		12	18
1948	P. J. Bourke		5	5
1968	F. J. Carroll		15	9
1971	F. J. Carroll		26	7
1973	F. J. Carroll		22	6
1983	F. J. Carroll	won Hopkins Cup	24	5
1991	J. Daly	won Hopkins Cup	21	11
1992	J. Daly	won Hopkins Cup	20	3

## CATCHES IN OUTFIELD

1930	E. W. Hall		8
1936	T. J. Dunne		10
	G. J. Morgan		10
1947	W. J. Moynan		7
1952	H. A. Buttimer		9

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# HIGHS & LOWS

## BEST BOWLING

10	S. Devitt (U 14) v Malahide, 1956
10	Paddy Monaghan (5ths) v Old Belvedere, 1963
10	Michael McTiernan (2nds) v CYM, 1987
<i>Others of note</i>	
9 for 36	E. Bodell (1sts) v Pembroke, 1950
9 for 77	B. McNeice (1sts) v YMCA, 1990
Also 9 wickets	G.A. Tyndall (2nds), R. Ferguson (3rds), M. Browne (3rds) E.N. Seymour took 7 for 1 in 7.3 overs (6 maidens) v Trinity, 1926

## BEST BATTING

173	Paul Ryan (3rds) v Leinster 1998 (137Balls 3 Sixes & 27 Fours)
170	David McGeehan (3rds) v Leinster, 1994
161	D. Vincent (1sts) v YMCA, 1992

## MOST WICKETKEEPING DISMISSALS

In a season	F.J. Carroll 1971 – 33 (Caught 26, Stumped 7)
In a game	P.J. Bourke 1949 – 5 (Caught 1, Stumped 4) v Dublin University F.J. Carroll 1988 – 5 (Caught 3, Stumped 2) v CYM

## MOST WICKETS IN A SEASON

82	G.A. Kirwan (1sts) 1982 (record for non-professional in Leinster)
<i>Others of note</i>	
54	P. McCready (2nds) 1992
53	M.J. Delaney (2nds) 1984

## MOST RUNS IN A SEASON

951	D. Vincent (1sts) 1985
920	A. Botha (1sts) 1995
<i>Others of note</i>	
538	A.W.D. Spence (3rds) 1984

## FASTEST 100

J. Boyd	under 30 mins on 3/6/1911 v Co. Kildare (inc 4 x 6s and 16 x 4s)
H.R.Aston	100* in 90 mins (inc 15 x 4s) v Leinster in 1924
D.A.Vincent	100* in 65 mins (inc 2 x 6s, 15 x 4s) v Railway Union in 1998

## LOWEST SCORES

4	Schoolboys v Leinster, 1927 ( 3 byes and 1 run from the bat)
12	1sts v Phoenix 1936

## HIGHEST SCORES

379	3rds v Leinster 1998
366	1sts v Railway Union 1957
363 for 9	1sts v Merrion, Cup Final, 1995

## MOST DUCKS IN A SEASON

8	Peter Duggan 1985
---	-------------------

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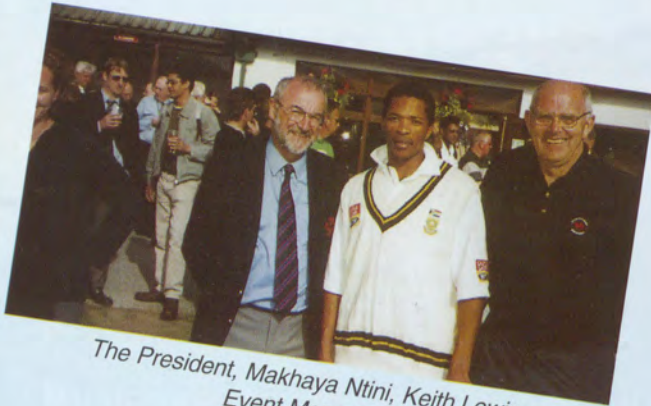


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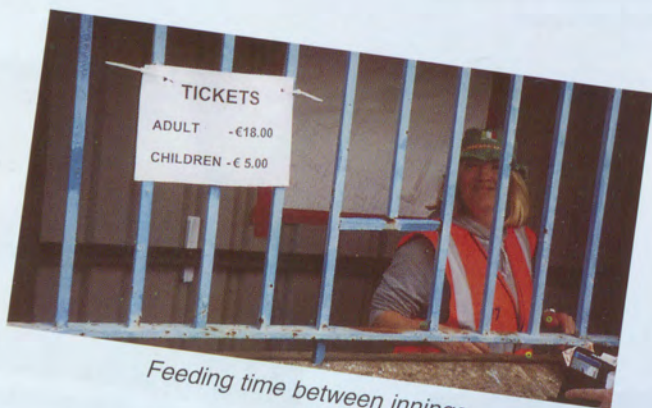
Peter Thompson, Keith Lewis, Stella Downes



# SOUTH AFRICA - CASTLE AVENUE



*My article will be this length*



*Feeding time between innings*



*Do we have to wear a tie Johnny?*

## TROPHIES WON BY CLONTARF LADIES (1977 – 1999)

Year	Team	Trophy	Year	Team	Trophy
1977	1st XI	Division 1 League Tyler Cup	1988	1st XI	Division 1 League Senior Cup Sätzenbrau League
1978	1st XI	Tyler Cup	1989	1st XI	Division 1 League Senior Cup 40 Over League
1979	1st XI	Division 1 League	1990	1st XI	Division 1 League Senior Cup
	2nd XI	Division 2 League		3rd XI	Division 3 League
1980	1st XI	Division 1 League (Shared with Leinster)	1991	1st XI	Senior Cup 40 Over League
1981	1st XI	Division 1 League Tyler Cup	1992	1st XI	Division 1 League 40 Over League
1982	1st XI	Tyler Cup	1993	1st XI	Division 1 League Windmill Leisure Senior Cup 40 Over League
1983	1st XI	Division 1 League	1994	1st XI	Division 1 League
	3rd XI	Division 3 League	1995	1st XI	40 Over League
1984	1st XI	Division 1 League		2nd XI	Junior Cup
1985	1st XI	Division 1 League Marigold Cup Sätzenbrau League	1996	1st XI	40 Over League
	2nd XI	Division 2 League		2nd XI	Junior Cup
1986	1st XI	Division 1 League Senior Cup Sätzenbrau League	1997	1st XI	Senior League Senior Cup
	2nd XI	Junior Cup		2nd XI	Junior Cup
1987	1st XI	Division 1 League Senior Cup Sätzenbrau League	1998	1st XI	Senior Cup
	2nd XI	Division 2 League Junior Cup			



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*Michael J. Delaney*

# Once upon a sunny, summer Sunday morning a long time ago

*J. B. Bunworth*

Mass was compulsory in those days. No use saying that you couldn't understand the Latin or didn't like the priest. The finger pointed out the door and down the road. And that was that. Mass seemed interminable, intoned in the ritual Latin fashion, while sleepy eyes were rubbed, yawns stifled and feet shuffled to each change in ceremony. The sermons were equally interminable and tended to cover arcane aspects of spirituality, the Albigensian heresy, the Council of Trent and matters pertaining to the dangers of company keeping. I'd no interest in the first three subjects while my wife reminds me gently that the content of the latter sermon obviously passed totally over my head and left no impression, lasting or otherwise ('Thro' to 'Marshie', as the Australians would say). The arrival of the new curate changed things that year as, quite apart from his parish duties, he was chaplain to several hospitals and at least one nursing home. Like myself he was more suited to the nineties - me to the 1890s and he to the 1990s - and clipped along saying mass with no haste and few frills. Out often, gear rescued from behind the confession box, bag on handlebars, bat sticking out like a rocket on a launching pad. Up 'Larriers', across the lane, a salute to my aunt Kit, up the Stiles breathing heavily, no wind, impossibly sharp angle at The Bars', screech of brakes, squeal of tired cat (nearly ex-cat). Who built the lane? Full of crazy, deceptive angles, abutting walls, doors opening out, a maelstrom for pedestrians and cyclists. A man lighting a pipe steps back into a cleft while I thunder past ('the youth of today') while smoke rises from the cottages. A sharp left into Tarf, bike flung against the hedge, gear

under the 'oxter', heading north west. Everyone has a part of the ground which is exclusively his (hers?) so I'll stake my claim from Forrest's around to a point midway on the northern end. You can see the mountains from there and the church spire of St. John's (if you can't see the spire you're about to be drenched). It's 10.10 on a lovely sunny morning, not a soul in sight, dew gone, sun beginning to reflect from acres of shiny grass -shortsleeves weather. Silence except for church bells and the muffled sound of Dublin yawning.

Crates of stout and beer (empty) stacked neatly on the verandah. Draught beer was available but considered a fad - mainly for Trinity students and other licentious youths. The pint bottle of stout was your only man (the half pint bottle was for ladies, those past their best and young fellas starting on the road to ruin) though older men sipped whiskey steadily with the occasional drop of water or a dash of soda from one of those exotically thick glassed dispensers. Then the droning of another Viscount limping it's way over St. John's and preparing to descend while the unmistakable sound of a Honda 50 coming down Castle Ave. announced the arrival of Paddy Cody, groundsman extraordinary, precursor of Podge & Bertie, a man of few words. If you've known Podge in monosyllabic mood well Paddy was positively Trappist. 'Huh' could be a full conversation. You respond when spoken to in those days so I sidled in behind him and walked up silently to The Shed'. The Shed' (almost exclusively his domain) was a welter of sounds, wonderful smells, assorted things and ghosts of old Clontarf. An oil





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drum, petrol can, paraffin for his heater, half empty bottles of liniment - refugees from the previous rugby season, a recently opened bottle of linseed oil prepared by John T. Foley, chemist, Clontarf Rd., assorted stumps, bails, a few balls in poor condition, some bats strangled with tape and a selection of old pads (what happens the other part of the pair? An enduring mystery. Do they even leave the factory together?), a ragged 'tarf sweater, an old box (chipped), two empty bottles of McArdles fine ale, a naggin of Powers for the deathly east wind, several hard backed scorebooks, a flat piece of greaseproof paper, an ashtray with a few good 'butts' and a full packet of Woodbines, resplendent in it's pristine cellophane wrapper, high on a shelf away from grasping young hands. An Aladdin's cave.

Padded up, buckles in, ready to go. The great L.C. Jacobsen gave me the tip about buckles; what was okay for him was certainly okay for me. He was a very fine batsman and superb stylist and introduced me to the idea of batting as art at a very tender age. Louie was well before his time in that he knew it was possible to groove a shot and re-groove if needs be. One evening, having netted, he grabbed a few stumps and headed for the square. He wanted to show us the extra cover drive so we all trundled away while an army of covers did their duty. Stewart Ellis wheeled away bowling his offbreaks while Louie searched for the perfect shot. Maybe it was tiredness or simply a lapse in concentration (or, 'hit a stone', as Stewart put it) but we watched dumbfoundedly as a ball nipped between bat and pad and collided with the leg stump. Hero as a frail human was an unknown concept to me. Didn't like it then, don't like it now. I suppose it was the real world beginning to impinge on me.

10.45 and waiting for Mick Delaney. Always hard to find gloves for a left hander.

Very quirkish that there were far more left handers than right handers. Even some of the right handers bowled left handed. Very odd, an aberration of nature like a perfect micro climate. Mike would bowl all day which suited me fine as I'd bat all day. His father had taken a house as usual in Skerries (then the Costa Del Sol of the North County) where, with the help of his brothers, a few tennis balls and a receding tide, he had invented the 'fluvie'. The 'fluvie' was the dream of a spin bowler who couldn't spin a ball and comprised in various measures of elements of flight, varieties in pace, use of the crease and a blood curdling scream on hitting the pad. One of those seamless concoctions of temptation, like a cross between Julia Roberts and Darryl Hannah, full of delight, fantasy and danger which made long off and long on both vital positions. The Grier hands were well honed in such games and caught Grier bowled Delaney was a frequent occurrence. Hierarchy worked then as always. The older lads commandeered the seats, fielded when required to but generally lounged about waiting to bat, drinking large bottles of Taylor-Keith orange and dreaming dreams (mostly pinafores Holy Faith girls, I suspect. As my innocence lasted a lot longer I was generally hitting Wes Hall into the rugby field or crashing a bewildered Lance Gibbs thro' the offside). Enda smoked like a trooper (a very busy trooper) and read arcane newspapers like the Daily Telegraph while Mick, as I now know, had knocked the tops off a fair few pint bottles and could be seen in "The Grove" bebopping with gusto for all the world like a role model for John Travolta.

A stir on the laneway as low voices mixed with the shuffling of large feet. The boarders





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of Mountjoy School on the way to church moving with the purposeful intensity of the well disciplined. Glimpsed between gaps in the hedge as large young countrymen in Sunday best, corralled into single file by a clutch of masters not much more their senior. As the lane widened you caught a good sight of them moving into double file without breaking step. A dark suited army on the move, hymnals at the ready. Close behind and walking quickly was the unmistakable figure of a handsome, deeply tanned and moustached man - my father. Younger than I am now he knew I was and waved a bible clasped hand at me. A kind man, a follower of Christ. Too few of him to have one less.

They're arriving now. A fair haired curly topped St. John Connolly armed with bat and bright red Chingford ball. He brought over a Physics book one day to explain the theory of swing and the advantages (to him) of a green topped pitch. He knew the perfect leg cutter was possible but was stymied by a phalanx of left handers. Little did I know that even then he was leaving the pitch and swing of cricket for that of jazz. He left one September and never came back. Hopefully, as he searched for the perfect 'blow' he found the perfect swing. Out of earshot a pram is being pushed furiously down Castle Ave. Flipper, bibbed and sun hatted, is hanging on for dear life while Hoppy is peering for a gap in the hedge. Winter gaps are as wide as a bus lane but summer gaps are full of briars, thick leaved, reeking of recently hibernated life as opaque as a '83 Barolo. Two wheeled into the lane and a slewed passage across rutted rills of cement while Guardian Angles hovered. Thro' the gate., up the side path (now well gone) -never, never across the pitch - the poor 'ol Flipper deposited safely behind the screen (occasionally the scoreboard). Robert Ellis, medium

paced bowler and general factotum, warmed up and ready to go.

The Murphys and Rossa and Noel now shaping is surrounded by an aura of Woodbines. Paddy 'The Crow', a bright eyed smiling youth given to religion, the pursuit of women and the definitive off cutter while Gerry, then a 'Chopper Harris' clone, marched in menacing and grumpy to bowl round arm out of the backdrop of the bushes. This wasn't so bad on a sunny day but on a dark day you could see neither hand nor ball. Rossa and Noel came in like two small chimneys with the prodigiously talented Gner, a big spinner on the least responsive of pitches, showing us how to square drive in a way that we never be bettered, or even equalled. Rossa, belieing a slight frame, threw incongruous distances, bowled quick and roamed the boundary line thinking up abstruse ideas, philosophical conundrums and multi syllabled words while Roger McGreal, already baffling himself with his financial inventiveness, came sauntering in like a cross between a Lloyds name and the man from Del Monte to keep a good, if not always tidy wicket, bowl loop the loop leg breaks and bat with such incompetence that it simply endeared him more. It's reassuring, if not very noble, to those of us who nurture modest talents to feel slightly superior to the greatly talented who struggle betimes with the bad eye connection.

Sides selected, batsmen padded, ball lacquered, field set and a hirsute, bare torsoed Delaney poised to bowl to McDermott. Church bells beginning to sound on a sunny, summer Sunday morning a long time ago.

J. B. Bunworth 12/6/95





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# One day when we were young!



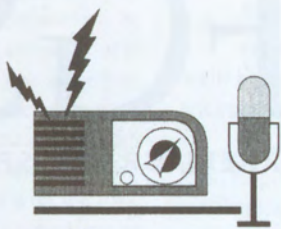
*Oh why did I ever say I'd go on tour with this bunch!*



*Now I have to bail them out of the cop shop!*

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# "FUNNY GAME, CRICKET!"

## A farce by "Third Man"

CAST: All the players are actors.

SCENE: The home team's dressing-room just before the start of a Cup-tie.

"... There he goes and let's hope he wins the toss this time. I often wondered why they look at the wicket—they might as well be lookin' into a bush for all they know about it. Look at them. Lettin' on to know somethin' about pitches. They're even feelin' it now. There's no doubt it's a ritual alright. Anyway, the skipper's tossin' the coin now. There she goes. I think we've won the toss. Or have we? Well, we'll soon know. Here he comes and mind ye, he looks happy enough. Well, skip, what're we doin'?"

"... We're battin'."

"... Ye little daisy."

*(Chorus of applause)* 71

"... All right, all right, knock it off. Now fellas, this is it. Let's stuff them. The wicket's a beauty. We should get three hundred on it. Get the head down and try to concentrate. Usual battin' order."

"... O.K. skip."

"... Oh, and listen fellas. I want the next three padded up. I may change the order around a bit—ye know, keep a left-hander and a right-hander in at the same time just to confuse them."

"... Oh, no—here we go again."

"... What was that?"

"... Nothin' skipper."

*(The number eleven bursts into the dressing-room, puffing and blowing, his gear under his arm)*

"... Sorry, skip, but the traffic was quite extraordinary at Butt Bridge an I fount it very difficult to..."

*(Chorus of jeers and cheers drowns out the remainder. The two umpires enter and take their white coats)*

"... Good afternoon, gentlemen, looks like we'll be out in the middle a long time. The wicket looks good. Best of luck to you."

"... Thanks. Yeah, we're glad we won the toss. Hope you don't get too bored standin' out there, and keep your hands in your pockets!"

"... We'll try gents. See ye for tea."

*(The umpires depart and make their way to the middle)*

"... Well, we can't blame them if we're beaten; they're the best two umpires we have."

"... Yeah, we're lucky to have them today. Anyway, come on fellas, let's get stuck in; the opposition are waitin' for us. Let's go."

"... Good luck, skipper, good luck."

*(The skipper and his fellow-opener head for the wicket)*

"... 'Don't quail before the bowler,  
Be game, and full of pluck,  
It's the chicken-hearted batsman  
That's certain of a duck.'"

"... Ah, knock it off. Has anyone a newspaper?"

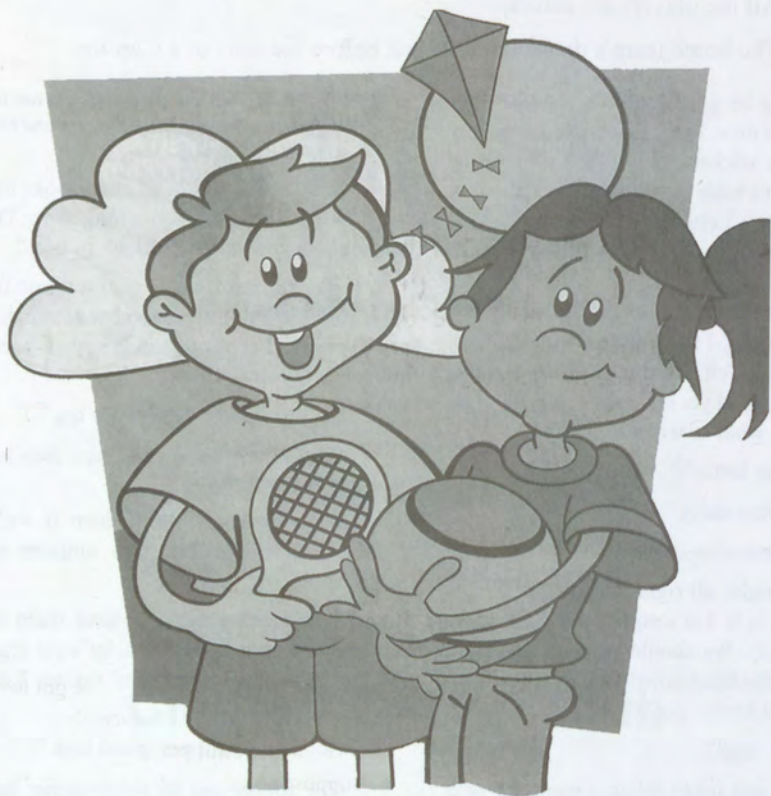
"... What's wrong, the usual attack?"

"... Yeah. I don't know why I play this game. I never slept a wink last night and now this. Come on, surely someone in this team can read?"

"... I've got sandpaper—will that do?"



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"... Hold it, lads, the skipper's about to receive his first ball. Here it comes. Oh, beautiful, just beautiful! What a shot! Four runs over square leg. The skipper's in good nick today. I think we can relax. Anyone fancy a stroll 'round the ground?"

*(A loud appeal is heard from without)*

"... Oh sufferin'... Cripes the skipper's out! Ye can forget about that newspaper, you're in!"

"... How was he out?"

"... L.B. or caught behind. I'm not sure. The umpire didn't wait long before puttin' up his finger, anyway."

*(The door crashes open. The dismissed batsman enters, looking like thunder. He hurls his bat in the general direction of his cricket bag. The number four batsman, who is touching up his boots with a brush, has to duck to avoid being struck over the left ear by the flying willow. In quick succession a pair of pads and a box receive the same fate as the cricket bat. The fitness of the other players saves them from serious injury. In his wrath, the skipper fails to notice the number three batsman, quickly padding up with the aid of two other team members. Eventually the latter slips out the door and makes his way to the wicket)*

"... How were y' out?"

"... Supposed to be caught behind. Never went within an ass's roar of it."

"... It was a very confident appeal."

"... Ah, sure you know that crowd. They'd appeal for anything. That trigger-happy so-'n-so of a bloody umpire. He's deaf and blind, anyway. All he wants to do is get away early to go to the dogs tonight. He should have given up the job years ago. I intend bringing it up at Committee. It's a bloody disgrace!"

*(The number three batsman reappears through the door)*

"... Oh holy, divine, sufferin'... how the hell were you out?"

"... I wasn't—I haven't faced a ball yet."

"... And what's wrong with ye then?"

"... I forgot me box."

"... Oh, goodnight. We might as well give it up. After all the preparation; all the net practice; the fieldin' practice; the team talks. Will ye get to the wicket quick or that crowd'll appeal if your not back in two minutes."

"... O.K. skip, I'm on my way—see you for tea!"

*(exit the first wicket down)*

"... Ah, don't worry, skipper, we'll be alright. We can't depend on you every week. Yer man'll get a ton, wait'll ye see. He likes to get in early, too. Otherwise he goes to pieces in here with nerves."

"... Well, we'll soon see, he's just taking guard now. There's no doubt he always looks the part even before he faces a ball. He oozes confidence. He's looking round the field now; as if it worries him anyway. Here it comes, the usual right-arm rubbish over the wicket and, whoops! — he's out! Riddled! Who's next? You know he looks so bloody good even comin' back to the pavilion. Ah well, 4 for 2. Any bets we won't get a hundred? Funny thing is, ye know, I reckon 75 could be a winnin' score out there. The wicket may look easy but ye've got to admit that ball did somethin' even though he did take an unmerciful swipe at it. Lost the head, I suppose. Anyway he was caught with his trousers down, or almost. He didn't expect the skipper to be out so soon. Funny game, cricket. One day ye're up in the air and the next ye're on all fours. No pun intended. Anyway, who's next? Oh, my God, it's me, is it? What'll I do, skipper, play my own game?"

"... Do what ye bloody well like!"

"... Oh, sorry I asked. Well, here goes.

'Don't quail before the bowler,  
Be game and ...'

*(EXIT)*





*Yeah! that one, that's what I said. Put it in that bin over there!*

## **FUNNY GAME, RUGBY TOO!**

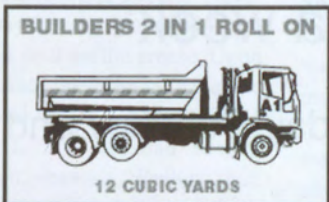


*Pictured is the incoming President of our Sister Club having won the "Mister Elegance" competition on the 1987 Cricket Club's tour. His reaction when the result was announced is all too easy to see! And not a drop of Champagne was spilled—too precious!*



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# Both sides of the coin

Peter Prendergast

*Peter Prendergast has a quirkiness about everything he does. His left-handed batting could definitely be described as such, his laconic sense of humour as witnessed here could also be described as idiosyncratic but undoubtedly the strangest thing about him was that when he was last seen in September at the end of the 1985 season he was about four feet in height but when he returned in the following March he was about six feet three inches tall—he still is—very quirky indeed!*

Recently I decided to be less neurotic about my batting. First off I intended to rid myself of all superstitions. Previously I wore a particular pair of shoes on match days, selected a particular bowler with whom I warmed up. The right pad went on before the left. Regardless of weather conditions, I batted in a sleeveless sweater. Never would I put on my batting gloves before I was thirty yards or so from the crease. Upon reaching the wicket, the umpire gave me guard of middle and leg through I bat on leg stump or outside. The list had broken through two lean seasons. Rather than recognise that my superstitions were nothing more than hokum, I kept adding to them in the hope of finding the right combination. Sometimes I stole other people's superstitions, then jettisoned them once they didn't work. Ha! I'd think, no wonder that guy never gets any runs. Now it's July, I've missed half the season through injury and I'm right back where I started. Only now I won't bat in a cap and I suspect that my new Pony Cricket boots have a hex on them.

Unlike most things, batting doesn't seem to get any easier the more I do it. I often suspect there is some sort of joke being played on me. Cricket shows me a glimpse of the purest pleasure in the form of an off drive and then it's right back into the trough of mediocrity again. Some days every shot I play ends up at extra cover, two days later square leg has a pain in his face picking up

the ball and tossing it back to the bowler. I go to the nets to iron out a particular fault and stumble across another far more worthy of attention. It can be very confusing. Five knocks in a row last season I was caught at mid-off, and now that I've solved that one, first slip has been having a fine time of it. Somewhere along the way I pick up some runs and I'm in buoyant form for a week. Sustaining a run of form, however, that's a more difficult task.

Cricket brings out the best instincts in me. As soon as I'm out, in the immediate aftermath of a cheap dismissal, I want to go home. If I owned the ball I think I'd stick it in my pocket and stalk off out the gate. No! I'd tell the other twenty-one, I'm sorry, but you knew what you were getting into. And this from someone who has held selfish players in contempt. I've watched opponents loose games for their team through playing for themselves and part of me has been delighted with the proceedings, but there's always been another part which has wished for a big lummo like McClean to pick the guy up over his shoulder, march to the boundary and toss him headlong into Johnny Barry's back garden. Yet failure makes me petty myself. It's a dreadful game to become intense about. There seems to be some sort of fascination about cricket that it attracts so many of us who take it personally, who mull over failure to a ridiculous degree, who



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tolerate all the lousy days in the hope that there's a good one on the way.

For most of one recent season I'd been watching cricket. On St Patrick's Day some clown kicked a football at precisely the same moment as I did and broke my foot. For two months I missed the involvement, the company and the competition and felt grateful to be relieved of the tension, the soul-searching and the feeling of having let others down when I failed. It's not easy to watch. I wanted the team to win and for others to do well, but not so well that I wouldn't be wanted when I was fit again. Injured players are entirely irrelevant; they regard themselves as part of the team but they have nothing to do with the day's play. Other people are kind. They ask you about your injury and say they hope to see you playing again. Then they talk about something else but you've no interest. They've come to enjoy the game and to see their friends and they watch without the same investment of emotion that you do. When injured I stayed out of the dressing room because it hurt not to be involved, away from the spectators because I was in some odd state of agitation and had nothing to say for myself. Instead I walked around the pitch alone. And after the game I declined to go for a drink. The same bar, the same people, but it's different. It's different because I haven't been tearing my guts out hoping for others to succeed where I've failed, because I haven't been muttering and swearing when a catch goes down or sniggering when Fitzer takes one on the shins at extra cover. It occurred to me that there are spectators and players and the things are fine once you know which you are.

Being injured did, however, give me the chance to consider why I play cricket. Two solid months thinking about this and I'm still none the wiser. Why put myself through the wringer? I hate fielding and no captain is foolish enough to allow me to bowl. Batting is probably enjoyable when you're 150 not

out on a belter of a wicket tonking some poor medium pacer to all corners of the ground but I've never been in that position. For the most part it's fraught with tension. Part of the reason is that I've nothing better to do. In fact I probably have nothing at all to do. For those of us who have been part of a team since we were children, it's part of our identity. The game affords us companionship and sometimes respect. But more critically, I think that on occasions, cricket has forced me to be braver and to show more nerve than I would otherwise be inclined to. Though it's very cruel as a game, it exposes people and I suspect that that's the part I'm addicted to, ill-prepared though I often am for the bounce of failure.

I think I'm going to play as long as I can. Another year of Senior cricket maybe and then it's off to the seconds where no doubt I'll be just as neurotic. I'm thirtysomething now - easing into middle age quite gracefully.

I think - and in a way I'm looking forward to dropping down the sides. If my knees hold up I intend to play soccer until I'm forty. My uncle, kind but old duffer that he is, recently offered to buy me a set of golf clubs and I think I'll take him up on the offer. One recent Sunday Deryck and I got to talking about golf and he explained how he liked the way golf was entirely down to the player himself, that there was no one else to blame when things went wrong. It's not a game that particularly appeals to me, however. I'll play when there's nothing else for me to play and only then. The truth is that I can't see much point in hitting the ball when no one else's hopes are riding on where it lands. I suspect I'll be a solitary figure on the course, tramping off at a forty-five degree angle after my ball, thinking about the good old days when I was tearing my hair out over cricket. There's much I



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would change about my career - for a start I'd bowl ten over a game, and I wouldn't have been in Greece when Deryck caught Rod Green's skier off Fergal O'Mahony's head - but in a strange way I won't want to forget the failures either. They're part of the involvement and I think that's probably what I'll really be trying to hang on to.

### FIELDING

I've never enjoyed fielding close to the bat. When I was twelve, Denis O'Kelly told me that he would beat the tar out of me unless I stood at short leg. He seemed honest so in I went and three balls later Cathal McGrath rapped one off my kneecap. That finished me with short leg.

Perhaps as a result of this, I have a lot of admiration for those who volunteer for this position. The grim determination. The way they stick on the helmet and the box and crouch down. Fielders in this position really focus on the job at hand. During the recent league match against Carlisle, I suggested to Ian Synnott that, as the bowler ran in, he could either rugby tackle the batsman from behind or else take a bite out of the back of his leg. Synno just stared at me as though it was the most moronic idea ever thought of. Then he fixed the helmet and settled back into the firing line. That's close fielders for you, they have a sense of purpose.

Fielding close to the bat is terrifying, fielding away from the bat is boring. It's a relentless, aggressive boredom. Four hours of it. One after the other. It's impossible to relax. Because you're standing at long on and all of a sudden everything seems to go silent and the clubhouse and the spectators and the surroundings all seem to merge together and above that you see the sun, a blue sky and a few puffy white clouds and this immense serenity comes over you and though you've just been through three and a half hours of torture you never felt more at peace. Then the ball lands on your toe, your

stomach ties itself into a knot, and people begin to shout at you. Like I say, impossible to relax.

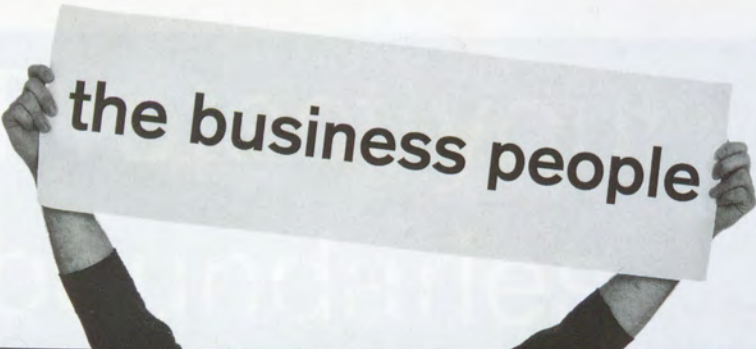
For the reluctant fielder, the scoreboard can be an enemy. Definitely best ignored for the first hour or so. A particular state of mind is necessary, a type of semi-coma where the overs seem to drift by. Regular checks on the number of overs bowled can be depressing. The secret is to try to surprise yourself when you're finally brave enough to take a look. Few things are worse than discovering that only three overs have passed since your last check.

I hate fielding. I hate it with a passion. In Senior cricket these days it is possible for the team batting first to bat fifty-five overs. When I discovered that I cried. Sitting on a 15A reading *The Irish Times* and I burst into tears. Other passengers were concerned but I found it hard to explain.

I've given a lot of thought to the best way of negotiating those hours. Originally I suspected that the slip cordon was the place to be. It seemed easy. No running. Very few balls to field. But a slip fielder needs sharp reflexes and keen concentration. I possess neither. I never caught anything. Took a couple on the shins, that was the closest I came.

Having been banished from the slips I suggested a move to the covers but captains generally want more athletic fielders than I in those positions. I was offered a stint behind square on the leg side. A brute of a position, this one. The batsman plays what looks to be a respectable enough straight drive and just when you're getting ready to fold your arms again, the ball appears, bounces and spins past you at an impossible angle. Clearly not for me. Stints at mid-on and mid-wicket were only moderately more successful. I found myself being singled out by the scamperer, the type of batsman who never uses the middle of the bat but who insists on taking a run for every shot he






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plays. As if fielding wasn't a miserable enough pastime. A couple of dropped catches at midoff and a misfield behind point and it became all too clear that something would be done, I was destined for third man.

I'm now one of the few officially recognised specialist third men. A rare breed. While still pretty miserable down there, the position is undoubtedly the most peaceful on the cricket field. The ball comes to you in a straight line and batsmen are reluctant to take two if the ball is in the air. It doesn't matter if I've fired it straight over cover point's head. They still shout 'No!!!' and turn back. Indeed I've developed a particular technique any aspiring third men might like to take note of. Wake up, charge towards the stumps, look up, focus on the ball, down on one knee, fumble, pick up and fire in the direction of the play. It can be very rewarding: if you're a spoon in the field your team mates will applaud anything that doesn't cost them runs. Cricketers are nice enough in that regard.

There are, however, other benefits to the position. Firstly, you can chat to the spectators, or if you're not in the mood, you can stride in with the bowler until they've passed. No need to share your sweets since no one can hear the rustle of the wrapper. You can move around down there, the captain never remembers exactly where he placed you. 'It's not really working for me here,' you can say to yourself and move two yards to the right and see how things progress from there. You can sing country and western songs to yourself or you can stand on one leg and pretend you're a stork. Nobody notices since concentration is always focussed on the play. You can imag-

ine you're a knight on a chessboard and move three steps forward and one to the side. Or if you'd rather be a bishop you can charge diagonally towards the pavilion and back again. You can hop in with the bowler or walk like a duck. If you want, you can dive full length into the hedge. The possibilities are endless and I recommend it to anyone struggling in other positions. Third man is indeed the place to be.

The drawbacks are few but still worth mentioning. In the race for tea you've a lot of ground to make up. Paddy Lee has usually finished the apple tart by the time I've reached the fence at the pavilion. That and the solitude. Third man can be a lonely enough station. I recently suggested to the captain that he employ two third men so we could chat and take turns throwing the ball back, but he just offered that vacant look of his and said, 'I think I'm going to get runs today.' Perhaps someone else might speak to him on my behalf. Either that or a change in rules so that one run is automatically awarded for a ball played within ten yards of third man, two for anything hit wider. That would allow me to read or to sit in someone's car and listen to the radio. And maybe a shuttle service could be introduced to allow me to occupy my position at both ends.

Still, it would be churlish to complain. Third man certainly beats the hell out any other position on a cricket field and anyone wanting further information knows exactly where to find me. Other suggestions as to how to pass the time will be welcomed. Don't be shy. It's unlikely that I will refuse a conversation.



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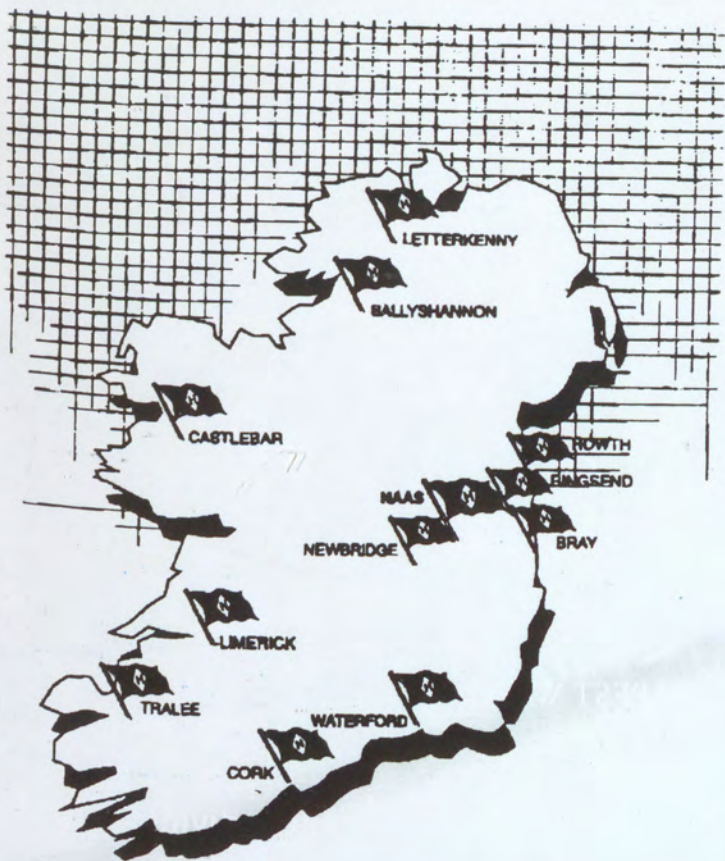
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