

Clontarf Cricket Club



Season 2006

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President's Address

Welcome to all to the 2006 season.

We have made a great start to the year, with a marvelous success in the Ireland v Hampshire match.

We have two more Ireland matches, a four day match against Namibia and a second C & G against Sussex.

We will as always be looking for as much help as possible, to make sure we continue to host these matches as well as ever.

This year sees some changes in our administration with Ian Smyth , Neil Blair and Paddy Lee taking over new positions in the Club. I wish them all well. I warmly thank Stella and Charlie for great years of work for CCC.

To all members, whether players or supporters, I wish you all many happy and winning days of cricket.

I hope all who visit Clontarf during 2006 will enjoy their time and find a warm welcome.

Many thanks to all who contribute so much, in so many ways, to the successful running of the Club.

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Enjoy the Summer

KEITH LEWIS, President



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Captain's Address

It is with great honour and privilege that I accept the captaincy of Clontarf Cricket Club for 2006. It has been a personal ambition of mine for years and it is a opportunity which I relish. This year we aim to build on the successes of previous seasons, to play both competitive and entertaining cricket, and reap the rewards of hard and dedicated training.

This year's squad includes a great mix of experience accompanied by a collection of fresh, youthful and enthusiastic home-grown talent. These elements combined with the backing of the supporters, a dedicated coaching staff and committee makes this year's campaign a very exciting prospect.

I would like to congratulate all Clontarf players who will be selected for representative honours this season. They follow in Clontarf's proud tradition of having leading cricketers in both Leinster and Ireland. We are all proud to have the current Irish captain at the club, and may I take this opportunity to wish Trent, Adi Birrell and all the Irish squad the very best this season as they prepare for the World Cup in 2007.

This year marks the first time in the club's history in which both the men's and ladies' clubs are one. I would like to wish Susan and all the ladies, teams the very best in their campaigns for the upcoming season.

I wish all sides and their respective captains throughout the club the best of luck in their hunt for honours this coming year.

A great deal of thanks are due to all our sponsors and advertisers without whose continued financial commitment the club could not function to it's full potential. In particular I wish to thank Joe Duffy Motors for their support as main sponsor this season.

To all of our dedicated supporters and 'doos, keep up the good work! Your support has always been phenomenal and is the envy of clubs throughout the country. We look forward to giving you many enjoyable and successful outings this season. To all those volunteers who work tirelessly behind the scenes making this great club tick, your efforts do not go unnoticed and they are greatly appreciated.

I wish to congratulate Johnny Wickham and his side on reaching the AIB All Ireland League Final for the second time in 4 seasons. Whilst the win on the day proved elusive, I have no doubt that through the continued dedication of the players, coaches, volunteers and supporters our search for the 'holy grail' will not prove fruitless in the seasons to come.

Finally, I wish to welcome all visiting players, coaching staff, officials and supporters to Castle Avenue and hope that your time here is one to remember.

ANDREW CULLEN, Club Captain



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From Woolongong to Jamaica via Clontarf

It was with great delight that the members of Clontarf received the news that our Club captain of 2005, Trent Johnston, had been awarded the captaincy of the Irish team.

Trent joined us in 2004 when he and his family decided to relocate to Dublin. He played a pivotal role in our Conqueror Cup success in 2004, winning the Man of the Match award in the final. He then led the First XI to victory in the 45 overs competition in 2005.

Trent is the ultimate competitor and gives 110% in every game, encouraging all around him to do the same. He leads by example and will be a wonderful ambassador for Irish cricket. We wish him every success in his role

as captain as he leads Ireland in what will be a very busy year leading up to the World Cup finals in the West Indies. We're all saving hard so that we can be there to support him!!



*Ireland's Captain 2006 advises the
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Somebody's Got To Do It

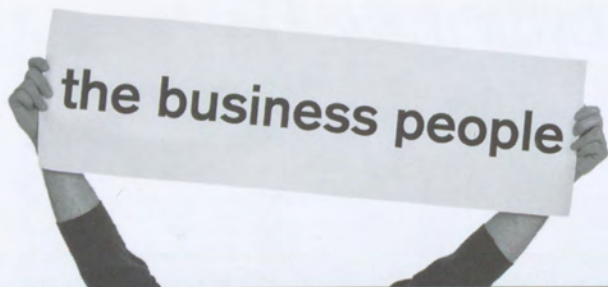


Why would anyone choose to be a scorer? That's a question that must cross the mind of every sane individual who has ever sat watching a cricket match on a sunny Saturday afternoon while enjoying a nice cold pint. Why would someone choose to sit in the same place all day instead of enjoying a lap of the pitch and stopping for numerous social chats along the way? For those of us blessed with a little streak of insanity the answer is simple ... it's the best possible way to watch a game of cricket. You never miss a stunning catch, a thrilling run out or the special delivery that sends a stump somersaulting across the pitch. You see every run, whether brave or suicidal, and you know who has hit every shot.

Scoring used to be a lonely pursuit as you were stuck in a scorebox, often on your own (or with dubious company!), but that is no longer the case. The advent of electronic scoreboards has emancipated scorers and you can now enjoy the sunshine and the banter with everyone else. You can sit close to the players and be confident that you have got the right batsman in your book as he heads out to the crease. It was easy to recognise players in years gone by, but the introduction of helmets had made the task of recognising your own team difficult ... not to mention the opposition! Recognising fielders is another matter entirely. Scorers recognise fielders by their peculiarities! I have scored for international games and got every fielder, catcher and bowler right in the game but have been unable to recognise a single one in the bar afterwards! Faces are irrelevant, it's all to do with walks and shapes. It's a well known fact among scorers in Leinster that I recognise most players on the field by their rear ends!!

I first began scoring many years ago when Hoppy was captain of the seconds and he asked me if I'd do a game for him. I arrived to the Club, was handed a scorebook and pen, discovered that it was a pleasant way to spend an afternoon and the rest is history. The following week I turned up with my own pen and that was how my scorer's collection began. Now I arrive to games laden like a Moore Street bag lady. Back then I was the child of the team and was looked after by everyone. In recent years I've become more like the mother and the stuff I have to carry has increased accordingly. Most scorers have the usual kit of book, pens, calculator, Tippex and binoculars but that would never be enough for an inveterate hoarder like me. Every season throws up a new situation which demands that something else be added to the famous bag. It started with safety pins for torn trousers and progressed to a needle and thread. Then it was plasters for grass burns on elbows and knees, followed swiftly by arnica for bruises. Recent hot summers have led to a selection of sun creams ... from Factor 4 for sun worshippers to sun block for my boys, delicate noses! I also get given a selection of spare balls for matches which tend to multiply in the dark confines of the scorebag as the season progresses! Is it any wonder the bag is bursting at the seams and my chiropractor takes at least four holidays a year on the money I gave him!! Recent years have seen the arrival of a second bag for the scorer to carry. I used to be handed a (relatively!) clean sock containing a couple of wallets, some loose change, a wedding ring or two and the occasional watch. Now it's a holdall with eleven mobile phones, a similar number of wallets, a couple of iPods and several pairs of designer shades. God bless the Celtic Tiger! Now the L.C.U. have decided to bring Duckworth Lewis into the senior league so I'll have to bring a laptop and printer to the games as well. I think I may have to go back to those Moore Street ladies and put in an offer for one of their prams!

Apart from being the bag lady for the team, what are the duties of a scorer? Well that is up to the individual. You can fill out the team sheet for the captain before the game and do the result sheet after ... always good for Brownie points. After that, it's really just a case of keeping the score and doing the scoreboard ... not exactly an onerous task. People often ask me why I do it? Have I not got something better to do with my time? I do it because I love it. As scorer you share in the triumphs and disasters of your team. Believe me, there is no greater feeling than watching a team you really feel part of winning a cup final or a tight league game. That's what makes it all worthwhile. Every team needs a scorer so, if you've got a bit of time to spare, why not talk to one of the captains and give it a go?




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The Lyon Legacy

There is a wonderful photograph just inside the cricket pavilion, of the schoolboy section of 1989 displaying the silverware, which they had won that year. Winning the silverware was great but the real strength of the image is the number of players in that group who not only played on beyond the underage groups but also played at senior and representative levels. Indeed many still grace our senior teams today. A lot of the credit for that success both in trophies and player development was down to one man – John Lyon.

John Lyon came to the club in early 1980s. He came on recommendation from Bangor CC where he had coached for a number of years. Before coaching he had been a professional with Lancashire CCC, a high class wicket keeper who was unfortunate that his playing career coincided with both Alan Knott and Bob Taylor, two of the finest keepers to ever have played for England. A measure of his abilities is that he played for the MCC in the opening fixture of the season against the county Champions at a time when the MCC team was an early indicator of the English selectors, views. As youngsters we were fascinated by John, that he had been a pro (the stuff of our dreams) meant that we all wanted the details. But John was a modest man and rarely gave away much. I remember him telling me how he had dropped Viv Richards in a tour match before scoring, of course Richards went on to score a double hundred and John (Leo was his nickname in Lancashire circles) was not the most popular with his team mates. This was John; he was more likely to put himself down than to praise himself, an unusual trait in a professional sportsman.

Born in St Helens, John was extremely proud of his Lancashire roots; he was unusually emotional when his county cap and blazer were stolen in a break in at his flat. St Helens was proud of him too and when he brought a schoolboy tour to his old club, Brian Nolan remembers the hero worship John was afforded.

John played little for Clontarf and usually as a bat when he did, after all he had a first class hundred to his name. I can remember only one occasion when he kept wicket – Fergus being unavailable – and remember that he was tidy and undemonstrative. We were impressed that he stood up to Podge Hughes but as usual he made little of it. In reality, he had no interest in playing and concentrated his efforts on coaching the youth.

So what was it about John Lyon that made him almost a mythical character in Clontarf's recent history?

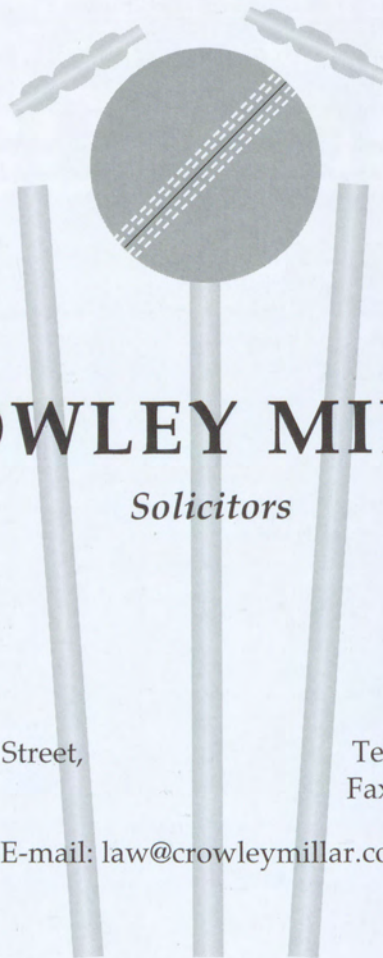
Well primarily he was a good coach. But before he would coach you, he would need to see that you wanted to be coached, he never wasted energy on someone who had little desire to hear what he said. If you made the commitment to him then he would reciprocate. This may not have been the most popular approach but the logic of it is undeniable. He kept his coaching simple and unfussy, concentrating on the basics. And it worked, the entire successfully team of the late 1990s had been coached from an early age by him – and yes Andre Botha is included in that. It was John who initially arranged for Andre to come to Clontarf from South Africa as a talented 16 year old. He had great organisational strength, teams were always put out for games, lifts organised and the messy part of looking after youth sports was dealt with efficiently. The tours to Lancashire and the Isle of Man are still remembered fondly by those who travelled and again the organisation and fund raising for was down to one man.

It may be forgotten by some that John started the Taverners cricket in Clontarf which not only gave the alick-adoos the chance to play some fun cricket but also provided the club with substantial revenue on from the bar on a night which was usually a quiet one!

For years now the club has sought to arrange coaching with a "John Lyon" type character, perhaps a realisation that it was a mistake not to renew John's contract all those years ago? But whatever the rights and wrongs of that decision, there are many who are personally indebted to John Lyon for all his work and indeed the club is also in his debt.

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JOYCE A JOY TO WATCH

BY ANGUS FRASER

Coaches tend to over-exaggerate the ability of a young player they have spotted, so you can imagine what a few of the hardened old pros in the Middlesex dressing room thought when Ian Gould, a former coach at the club, announced that he had just signed a young player from Ireland who batted just like David Gower.

"Yeah, good one Gunner," was the general gist of the conversation when Gould left the room. Well now, six years on, and with Ed Joyce deservedly taking his place at the England and Wales Cricket Board's National Academy in Loughborough, it is us, yes those doubters who poked fun at Gould's comments, who have a three egg omelette on our face.

Ed Joyce is not quite David Gower, and he has a long way to go before he matches the dashing left-handers achievements for England, but it is easy to see why Gould made the statement. Joyce's batting is a joy to watch. He has an effortless, easy, elegant air about it, and it oozes class. He is one of those players who hardly seems to touch the ball, yet it still races through extra cover for four. He has the ability to place the ball into the gap and clip good length balls off his thigh through the leg-side for four. I am sure I am not the only person who has sat there and thought: 'Why couldn't I make batting look so bloody easy.'

But it is not his prodigious talent that I envied most during the two or three seasons I was fortunate enough to play with him. It was his manner. Ed is an intelligent young man who has the capacity to be successful at whatever field he chooses to enter. He is ambitious and hard working, and he is also dedicated. But unlike many he is able to put things into perspective. Cricket is important but he knows its only a game, and this helps him to carry his desire to be successful in an easy and relaxed way.

There were those of us who would take our frustrations out on our cricket coffins-the rectangular bags we carry our kit around in-or each other when we had had a bad day. Some batsmen give them, and other objects that come in their way, a fearful whack when they have got out cheaply. Whereas bowlers-or old, knackered bowlers in my case-used to give them a good kick after a fruitless day in the field.

Yet Ed, no matter the state of the game or the poorness of the decision, would just walk into the dressing-room, sit down, take his kit off, have a few minutes to himself and then come and join the rest of the side. He never spent the rest of the evening beating himself up about his performance or searching for words of comfort from a team-mate. Ed appeared to have the capacity to take in what had happened, deal with it and get on with the rest of his life.

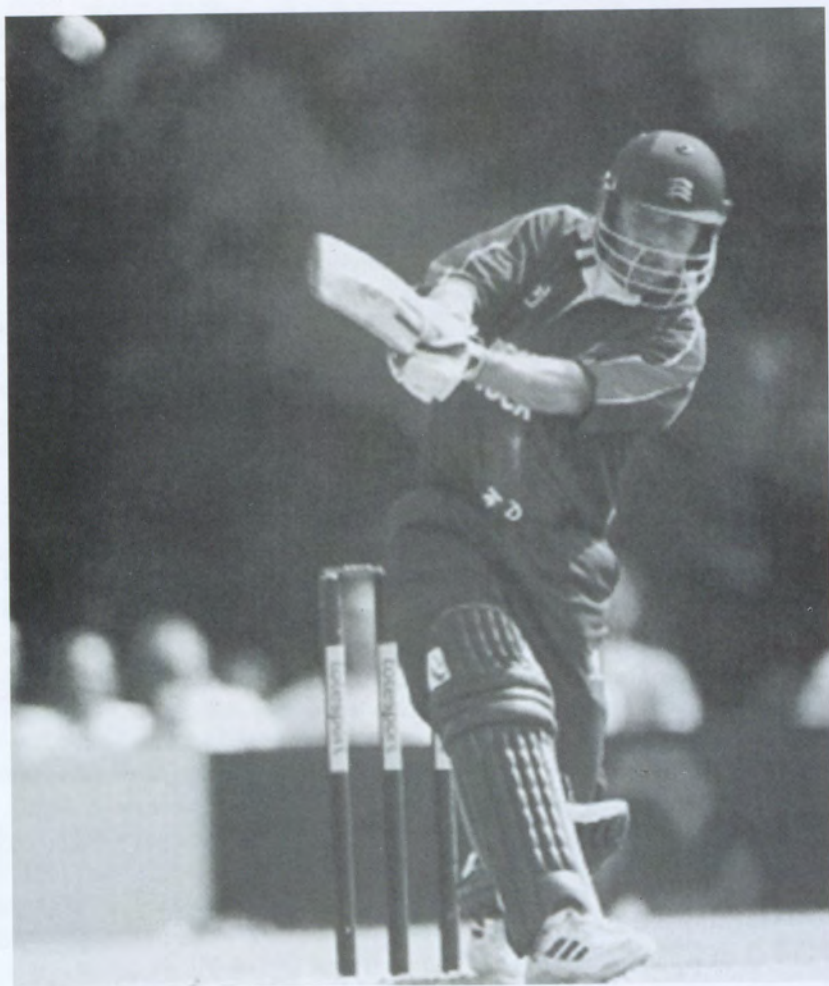
I will never forget a chat I had with him in the sauna at the gym attached to Middlesex's Indoor School in Finchley. Ed was considering qualifying to play for England but he also wanted to help Ireland, the country of his birth, reach the 2003 World Cup Finals in South Africa. If Ed was to do this he would potentially miss some cricket for Middlesex and a couple of figures at the club were encouraging him to turn his back on Ireland.

Ed, understandably, did not like the sound of this and sought reassurance. At the time I was the Middlesex captain and I could not see the problem. Ed is proud to be Irish and he wanted to play for Ireland, and I told him that if I was in his position I would go and play for them. If anybody at the club took exception to his decision I would deal with them.

Ireland did not get to the 2003 finals but with the help of Joyce they qualified for the 2007 tournament in the West Indies. Breaking into England's Ashes winning side during the next twelve months will be a difficult task but Ed has the option of travelling to the Caribbean with Ireland should England selectors fail to pick him.

This will be hard if Ed performs in 2006 as he did in 2005, and wouldn't it be great to see three Middlesex players-Andrew Strauss, Owais Shah and Ed Joyce-playing in the next Ashes series or travelling to the West Indies in 2007.

Below: Ed Joyce in action for Middlesex.



This article is reproduced with the kind permission of Middlesex County CC. Although Ed never played for Clontarf he certainly played in Clontarf many times from his earliest matches at under 11 to his days as a star International batsman. We thought it worth reproducing.

OBITUARY

MARIE COFFEY – 1922 - 2005

Marie Coffey began her playing career with Clontarf in the 1940's and continued until the 50's when the ladies game declined due to lack of numbers. During this period her family affectionately recalls her photograph being left on the Hall table during the season. She also represented Leinster in Inter Pro Cricket.

The Club was delighted when, in the mid 1970's revival of the game, Marie made a comeback. She was a fine Right Arm, Medium paced bowler and in the 1977 season she headed the bowling averages with 39 wickets in Leinster Cricket greatly to Clontarf's success in winning the then Tyler Cup.

In 1978 she became President of the Leinster Women's Cricket Union. She was a strong advocate of etiquette and discipline in the game and continued her efforts to maintain a high standard of both. After her retirement, and in recognition of her contribution to the success of the Ladies team, she was elected Honorary Life Member of the Club she loved. Her love of the game never waned and she continued to follow the fortunes of Clontarf and entertained all with her wit and wonderful sense of humour.



The family greatly appreciated the kind invitation to Marie to attend the President's Lunch in April, 2005, which proved to be a wonderful occasion as it was to be her last visit to her beloved Club.

Our thanks to Eileen Byrne and Phyllis Spence for this thoughtful contribution.

BRENDAN J. TUCKER

Our Honorary Life Member Brendan J. Tucker died during our closed Season. Brendan will be remembered for his enormous help in the rebuilding of the Clubhouse and also for his work on the Joint Committee.

Our deepest sympathy to his family.

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STRONGARM OR ARM-STRONG TACTIC

The only incidence of one man bowling two consecutive overs in a test match occurred at Old Trafford in 1921. The teams involved were England, under the captaincy of the honourable Lionel Tennyson [grandson of the poet Alfred], and the Australians, captained by Warwick Armstrong.

At that time, test matches were of three day duration. Due to weather, there was no play on day one and the match was turned into a two day affair. England batted first, and, in an attempt to get a positive result, Tennyson declared the innings closed, to get thirty minutes bowling at the Australians. However, Armstrong maintained that the declaration was invalid unless the side batting second had at least 100 minutes on the first day.

The teams were off the field for nearly half an hour while the matter was being resolved by the powers that be, who eventually ruled that Armstrong was correct. The teams returned to the field and the Australian captain bowled the first over on resumption even though he had bowled the final over prior to the invalid declaration.

The writer is not aware if a wicket fell during this over.

T. P. BYRNE.



No it is not Oxfam I always shop at BTs.

The Garden of Eden by Brendan Smith

*“The Garden of Eden has vanished, they say
But I know the lie of it still..”*



With these words Percy French immortalised one “Paddy Reilly” from the county Cavan.

For centuries, theologians and historians have postulated many theories as to the whereabouts of this mythical garden – to no avail.

For the members of Clontarf Rugby and Cricket Clubs, its whereabouts is no secret. It can be seen in Castle Avenue, in full bloom from the end of May each year, right into September.

Our “Garden of Eden” did not come about by divine intervention, by miracle, or by chance, but through the efforts of another Paddy Reilly (whose ancestors managed to survive the Anglicisation of Irish surnames and retain the “O” prefix), assisted in no small part by Paddy’s wife Mary.

To the many visitors to the Club, during the summer months, the magnificent floral display, most noticeable in the baskets that hang along the front of the clubhouse, have become synonymous with Clontarf. Few, of the visitors or members ever see or appreciate the time consuming efforts that go into creating and maintaining this spectacle.

Paddy’s work starts long before the season and continues on a near daily basis until September. The careful selection process of plants, which will continue to bloom throughout the season (many in the Clontarf colours), is undertaken with Sylvia Jones of Sycamore Nurseries of Magillstown, Swords, who then makes up the baskets.



The Garden of Eden continued



Mícheal Martin's smoking ban presented Paddy's baskets with a whole new group of admirers. Those, more often seen indoors exercising their elbows, now spend hours in the company of the baskets. Many have, through their nocturnal observations, become "experts" in their own right and with their inhibitions dramatically reduced, thanks to Arthur Guinness, have no problem openly admiring and discussing the floral appendages – not the type of conversation normally associated with pint drinking rugby allicadoos!

Whatever about the aforementioned minister's beliefs regarding the ill-effects of smoking on the human species, there is no evidence that plant health is in any way compromised by second-hand smoke. Indeed, Paddy's daily watering regime is regularly followed by a healthy fumigation of each basket, by a curious mouth operated smoke generator, which Paddy always keeps at the ready and can often be seen stoking it up after dark – obviously keeping it in readiness for an unexpected aphid attack!

In sporting clubs, recognition often only goes to performers on the pitch and much of the background activity goes unrecognised. Not this time – well done and thanks Paddy.



This Lady continually performs miracles at C.C.C.



The real workers at the Club: Marjorie, Angela, Joan and Mary, the unnamed with the tea towel is a very infrequent tea lady, she is however known to play the piano and is well known in racing circles.



John - would we qualify for the Corpo.



Where is the egg and chips van in this place



*87 not out, PADDY
you are on at the
top end
next over.*

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Peter Prendergast Writes . . .

Almost twenty years ago, when I applied for the teaching position I still hold, there were other candidates, bright talented young graduates no doubt, infinitely more competent and better qualified than I was, but there was only one thing holding them back: they were unable to coach cricket.

I was an inter-provincial cricketer, remember. How many Irish teachers had that little nugget to support their application? And it was reasonable to assume that I might have some desire to pass along what little knowledge I possessed. Briefly it appeared as though their selection policy might be vindicated. I treated my charges with what could best be described as cheery indifference and watched them cruise to victory in the Leinster Junior Cup. One match and then the next – absolutely unstoppable. So much so that the following season I was entrusted with the Senior Cup team. Talk about promotion! Talk about being fast-tracked! And we won that too. Two cups in two seasons; some teachers devote years of selfless commitment without getting close to one and here I was with two under my belt. I had slept through the last hour or so of this final. A parent, carried away by the closing stages of our victory, had vacated his deckchair and it looked so tempting and the evening was sun was just lovely and I'd been on my feet all day. A short rest would do me the world of good, I told myself. Then all of a sudden the game was over – napping has always been a talent of mine – and people were shaking me awake and pumping my hand and there were speeches, nice congratulatory speeches, some even mentioning my role in the victory.

I didn't hang around. I was mortified, not by my sleeping but by my presence. I was a fraud of the highest order and the longer I stayed, the more likely I was to be exposed so I jumped on the first bus and got the hell out of there, putting as much distance as I could between myself and what had just occurred. Something was seriously wrong here; even I could see that this was not a scene in which I belonged.

Now let's get something clear here. I love cricket. I've always loved cricket. I started playing when I was eight and indeed I still play and it provides as much distraction and pleasure as it ever did. But there's a world of difference between playing and coaching, let me tell you, a whole world of difference. And here's the simple truth: I would drink poison before I would umpire another schools cricket match. How I loathed those games! Sometimes I would be so comatose that I would be unable to lift my arm to signal a decision. At a critical juncture in one match I called a two ball over. I remember taking quite a tidy catch at square leg, feeling quietly bewildered by the reaction of the players and my co-umpire. I remember the misery, the quite awful misery; standing there in the white coat and thinking, This is worse than fielding, at least when you're fielding there's the chance of a knock.

It was outrageously, spitefully, mind-numbingly boring. Must be almost over now, I'd say to myself and I'd look at my watch and no more than twenty minutes would have passed. I became obsessed with the weather forecast. On Wednesday mornings I would encourage my classes to close their eyes and hum and we would will it to rain. And then an extraordinary thing happened. A parent grabbed me as I trudged from the field one evening, and I mean that literally, he grabbed me by the arm and wouldn't let go. His fingers were digging into my flesh. The veins at his temples were bulging. He fixed me with a stare and said:

The team.

It was the first thing he said:

The team.

What about the team?

...Continued on page 30

We're just not functioning as a unit, he told me. You and me together, we can get another twenty, maybe thirty, percent more from these players. His nostrils flared. His eyeballs rotated in his head. We can do it, he said, if we just put our minds to it.

I tried to prise his fingers from my forearm. This guy's crazy as a barn owl, I thought to myself - and then it came to me, the most blinding realisation. It wasn't enough for these folks - parents, colleagues, opposing coaches - that I be present, that I turn up on time, that the equipment needed be in something resembling working order. No, indeed, they actually expected me to take the whole business seriously. Yes, seriously, if you can imagine that. It hit me like a sledgehammer. They honestly imagined that I would care who won or lost. Care? I didn't care. I didn't give a damn. It wasn't that I didn't want to care - I would have obliged them if possible - but you can't make yourself care about something you just don't care about, can you?

Win. Lose. Draw.

It made no difference. It was all the same to me. As far as I was concerned there were two types of cricket matches - those that were rained off and the rest.

I had to get out. It was that simple. For the sake of the children if nothing else but to hell with them, they were the least of my worries. In a situation like this it's every man for himself. I would do anything and I mean anything to divest myself of this responsibility. But I was stuck. Back at that interview, after cheerfully inventing a history as a rugby player, I had pledged to coach cricket. This was the ace which had scuppered the other applicants and in time it had become a millstone around my neck.

I set about my task methodically. Overseas professionals had become more prevalent in Dublin cricket, young lads mostly, over here for the experience and to have a good time. They were on the lookout for casual work and what could be easier than a little Wednesday afternoon umpiring? That was the first step. I tried to restrict my activities to sitting on the sideline and reading novels, maybe correcting a few copybooks, a little doze every now and then and generally discouraging anyone from seeking my advice. I kept a bag of rocks nearby for this purpose. And then my friend returned to the school from a sabbatical abroad. He was a cricketer, a pretty good one at that, and I was waiting for him. Not quite at the airport, I gave him an hour to settle, but damned if anybody was going to get to him before I did. I sat on his unopened suitcase and gave him a welcoming smile. I asked how his trip was, and the flight, I hoped the flight was okay, nothing too bumpy, and was there any chance he might be interested in coaching the Senior cricket team next season?

He raised his eyebrows. Was he considering it?

Here is what I said:

My exact words, let it be noted.

I said: If you decide it's not for you I promise I'll take it back next year.

Even now, years later, the words shame me. It was the purest deceit, the coldest, most calculated of lies. And to a friend, let's not forget that, a kind and trusted and very dear friend. In truth I would have spent every Wednesday afternoon at the dentist rather than assume responsibility for the senior cricket team again. And he bought it! Bless him, the sweet, trusting, innocent soul, he actually bought it. He looked at me and said, We'll give it a go then. One year, that was the agreement, and we'd review the situation once the following season had passed.

Oh sweet joy! I was finished. I was out, yes I was out; no more schools cricket matches. I never thought I'd hear those words. But it was true. I was free at last; free to go to the cinema or back to bed or to do whatever I damn well pleased on a Wednesday afternoon.

Just the thought if it.

I had paid my dues. Eight years, after all. Eight years of rank incompetence, this was true, and disinterest, let's not forget disinterest - but at least I had done it. My obligation while far from fulfilled had not been entirely unfulfilled either. But that was for another day. I was out, that was the important thing, and this was a time for celebration.

I vowed that day that I would never again coach cricket. Never.

I started up a soccer team in the school but that's another story. I tried to put the trauma behind me.

Sometimes, however, I would feel the icy flutter of recollection along my spine. Other times I would sit and recall the man who taught me to play cricket, JB Bunworth, an extraordinarily kind and generous man, by some distance the most influential coach who has crossed my path, a coach in the truest sense of the word, a man who simply wanted to give while wishing for nothing in return. What critical element was so prominent in his personality and so lacking in mine? We both opened the batting for Clontarf for numerous years. Both left-handed, he crunched them through the covers while I sent them winging over the slips. We both received wonderful rewards from sporting activities. Why would the opportunity to pass on our knowledge elicit such a generous response in one and in the other an overwhelming urge to be elsewhere?

And yet I have begun to coach once more.

The whole business is something of a mystery to me.

Each Wednesday night through the summer I ramble across the city to offer whatever guidance I can to the members of the 3rd, 4th and 5th XI squads. I am stunned at how much I enjoy it. For some time, as I was nearing the end of my senior career I had begun to direct a covetous eye towards the junior net. It just seemed like somewhere I might enjoy spending an hour or two - a cheery ragbag of activity, with such a diversity of character, the only common thread being the ambition to play a difficult sport with some degree of competence. Feeling increasingly dislocated at senior nets I first drifted along in the hope of cadging a knock in which I might manage a clear sight of the ball before it crashed into the netting behind. It was in my mind to offer some assistance but felt unaccountably and uncharacteristically shy in doing so. Indeed it was only when one player asked a direct question that I responded. Then another had something he needed cleared up.

Smithy runs the net. Neil Blair assists the bowlers while I work with the batsmen.

Writing is a very curious process. Sometimes you have a very clear idea of what you want to say; other times it is only through the process that you actually discover what you actually feel about a particular issue. I had hoped that in the writing of this article I might stumble across a feasible explanation for my change of heart but sadly I haven't. I remain as bewildered as ever. It is hardly some sort of sporting maturity. I still experience that same flutter of excitement and nerves on the morning of the match, I remain as self absorbed as ever in the inadequacies of my own game and I still respond with the same concealed petulance when I toss my wicket away each week. Most shamefully of all, I still find it next to impossible to watch a team-mate scoring runs without being assailed at some point by the thought that all in all the day would be a much more satisfactory one if I was the one out there tonking the ball around....

But even so. Why look for explanations? Perhaps I should just be grateful.

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Aliens from outer space

It is late September 1978. The sun is over the Equator and heading south. The days are drawing in. Messrs. Hughes, Nolan and Ellis are out on the square talking about worm casts or, possibly, talking to them, for the discussion is animated. Next season is being taken care of. I am allowing my pint to settle, and reading about some great cricketers, one in particular, when the door bursts open and in strides Mr. Noel Grier (NJ) of the AIB, resplendent in smart suit and Saxone slip-ons. He is obviously in dire need of a pint so I turn to the barman, "two more pints, please, Gerry". He sits down, loosens his tie and begins to berate his cashiers. The pints settle. He lifts his, according to the reverence given to God's gift to the Irish. "Go mbeirimíd beo", sez he, being a Christian Brothers boy. "Go mbeirimíd beo ar an am seo arís", sez I having shared a dressing room with the Carroll brothers since time immemorial and thus possessed of a 'cúpla focal' for each and every occasion. He looks at me quizzically as if he knows something that I should know but don't know. "Did you hear the news?" sez he. "What news?" sez I. "I'm engaged to be married" sez he. "You're what", sez I. He finished his pint with a great slug. "Gerry, a pint for JB, one for myself and one for your good self". I am more than usually confused. Noel, a snappy dresser, man about town and all round good egg does not confine his social life to the Northside and has spread himself as far as Mount Pleasant LTC and, even, Lamb Doyles, but there are rumours that he has met his match here in this very parish whilst busy describing his extra cover drive and, being an off spinner, the wonder of the arm ball. I took no notice of rumours but wondered quietly was it Mary B-, a product of D4 and, in my considered and much sought after opinion, one good looking dame. "Mary's the lucky girl" sez he. "Is that right" sez I. thinking that I might re-phrase that statement, knowing that the forthcoming nuptials would stretch my finances and making a note to check my car and furniture loans and, possibly, the chances of topping up my mortgage. Dublin 4 weddings never came cheap, tending to be more Weirs of Grafton Street and less Clery's Bargain Basement. "When are you getting married?" "Oh, Mary would like to get married next June but Mac has ruled this out," (skipper since 1015 after the previous season's defeat by the Danes) "though generously offering a brief opportunity between the first net practice and our opening friendly against 'Belvo'". Everyone could see the merit in this command and, indeed. Its inevitability though, as I was later to discover, the Dublin 4 contingent were not so impressed as a summer wedding in Donnybrook had a social value all its own. March it was. No messing with Our Leader.

The pints were piling up. A session was starting which meant that, soon, various twinkle toes like Murphy (G), Murphy (P), Harding of Lower Stiles, Harrington (G), the Foley brothers and others of a similar disposition would arrive and, in no time, direct the conversation in the way of golf, soccer and pharmaceutical products and practices, neither known nor condoned in Catholic Ireland. "Look" sez I, "with no jar, no chasing women and daily Mass you're going to be fighting fit and in need of a challenge so let's go off to Australia and meet Sir Donald Bradman. He looked at me in the way some do who don't know that I come from Kildare and speak English. "You're on" sez he, just as the door opened and in strode Bunworth M.R., and Hughes, L.P. mad for a few jars and anxious to have the engagement confirmed/denied. Grier being betrothed, was no laughing matter as it had serious implications for those with notions of an extended bachelorhood.

Australia and, in particular, Sydney is now, simply, an extension of South County Dublin, the posher parts of Cork city and outposts of The West more used to New York but, in those days, it may as well have been the dark side of the moon. It was known to be a very large country (still is) full of snakes,

scorpions and boomerang wielding kangaroos so, when we arrived in Dublin Airport some months later we were met by the usual crowd of louts, full of Christmas cheer and suggestions (some ribald) that we get the cards written before the crows got to us. "Ha, Ha, Ha", said we (pre Paddy Clarke) and off we went. Mary reminded me of her wedding and asked that himself be returned in one piece. I told her that we would be at the cricket, morning, noon and night, confine our drinking to meals and see the sights, art galleries and churches and such like. She looked at me in that sceptical way that is dangerously close to disbelief.

After Sydney and Melbourne we travelled by train to Adelaide to see the test match but with the intention, vaguely planned, of meeting Sir Donald. All the statistics about Australia are impressive but you've no idea of it's size until you travel there. Having settled down in a comfortable train, read the paper, had a few jars, had a meal, had a few more jars, slept, woke up and had breakfast we were still in the same country and not near Warsaw or the outskirts of Newfoundland had we been travelling from Houston Station. While it is impossible to imagine in today's Ireland, money was tight, so when the fares were paid the balance was divided into neat compartments marked, food and drink, entertainment and accommodation. Accommodation was the weak link so we decided to go down market. As anyone who has ever travelled knows, railway stations and their environs provide two of the basic necessities—cheap accommodation and restaurants at the lower end of the scale. We made enquiries at the station and were soon shown a room, within the station, which, while used by staff during the day, was central and very cheap and within easy distance of the ground. As we concluded this transaction we heard a train hurtling towards us so we threw ourselves against the walls of the room, The trains, as it turned out, didn't go thro' the room but went very close by.

I had no idea how I was going to meet Sir Donald but reckoned that the local paper was always a good place for information. I was lucky. The ABC (Australia's BBC) had arranged to interview him at the ground on the eve of the test. I hadn't been reared in a military camp without hearing a bit about reconnaissance and deployment of resources so, as it was unlikely that we'd be invited, I thought we'd have to gatecrash. A plan began to form.

After Herb Elliott won the 1,500 metres in the Rome Olympics he was invited by the irrepressible Billy Morton to Santry Stadium to run against Ronnie Delany (1956 Olympic champion), the local hero. It was a time when heroes existed and getting prized autographs was a part of every boy's life. The news soon got around Clontarf that the great runner was staying at the Hollybrook hotel (hard to believe) so various factions set off, books at the ready. As there was a mill at the front door Mick Delaney (I think) and myself beetled off down the side lane where the Radio Eireann van was parked. A wall, a very high wall, stood between us and the Olympic champion. "Get up on my shoulders" said he. "What" said I. Soon I was up on the wall whence I could see the Dublin Mts., Lugnaquilla and the western approaches to Heathrow. "Jump", said he so I jumped and startled the champion who was a bit surprised then smiled and signed both autograph books. One of the Radio Eireann crew was not so tolerant and told me to f— off, an expression rarely used in those days. It struck me that what worked in 1960 would surely succeed in 1979. NJ was not so sure for, while he was the finest uncapped cricketer ever (shared with Fintan Synnott of 'Belvo'), the best gully fielder of all time, and a useful off spinner, he had a penchant for comfort and not for scaling walls like a rookie in the French Foreign Legion.

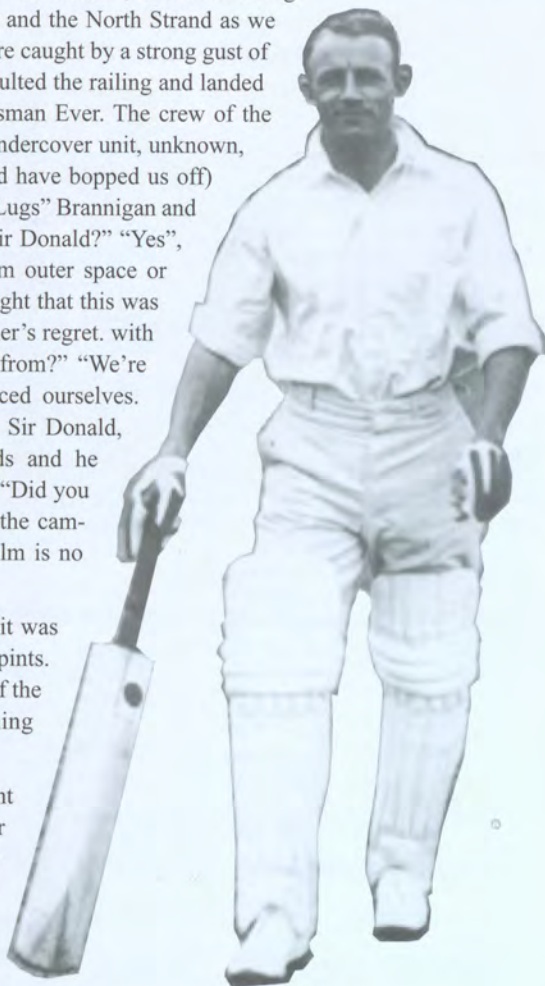
There were a series of interlocking tennis courts-like cages-behind the pavilion of the Adelaide Oval. On the morning of the interview, I woke up after giving it a ferocious lash the night before and suggested that we reconnoitre prior to meeting the great man. "F— Sir Donald Bradman said a voice in the corner. I slipped away. Noticing the whereabouts of the radio crew and guessing, correctly, that

it would be wiser to approach from the other end, albeit further away, I withdrew and returned to my travelling companion and told him the plan.

It was a time of innocence when most people knew their place and, indeed, even good manners had a place. We arrived at a distant gate to be met by security in the form of a large CQMS (ret'd.). "Can we have a look around", said we. "Of course, but keep to the main areas. " Our request was valid but our intentions a little less so, when he went off to answer the phone, we walked thro' one gate. expecting that each gate would open in turn and lead us to the great man. Disaster. All the gates were pad-locked. Stymied. Only one thing to do-back to my early days on the obstacle course in the Curragh Camp. I retreated and then ran forward, leapt into the air, caught the top of the fence and vaulted over with some ease. NJ followed suit and, though like myself, no Nadia Comaneci, all augered well for the remaining three courts. However, we had surpassed ourselves and were lucky to struggle over the next two before the CQMS came dashing out of his office suggesting that we should skedaddle forth-with (a very loose translation). We were tiring but, with one fence to scale and the interview coming to an end, this was our last and only chance. "Geronimo", said NJ showing an affinity with the flea houses of Killester and the North Strand as we attacked the last fence. Miraculously we were caught by a strong gust of wind-otherwise we'd still be there-as we vaulted the railing and landed effortlessly at the feet of The Greatest Batsman Ever. The crew of the ABC unit were nonplussed (nowadays an undercover unit, unknown, even to the President/Prime Minister, would have bopped us off) but not your two stalwarts. We had known "Lugs" Brannigan and knew no fear. "Did we give you a fright, Sir Donald?" "Yes", he replied. "I thought you were aliens from outer space or maybe Harold Larwood in disguise" (I thought that this was very funny being more familiar, to my mother's regret. with Wisden than The Bible). "Where are you from?" "We're from Clontarf CC in Dublin," we introduced ourselves. "You've travelled a long way." "We have, Sir Donald, we're here for the test." We shook hands and he wished us well before being whisked away. "Did you get some photos NJ?" "No, JB, no film in the camera." Repeat of word used earlier but no film is no film.

We adjourned to a nearby pub and, though it was only early afternoon we got stuck into the pints. By the end of the evening we were assured of the pole vault gold (jointly) in the upcoming Moscow Olympics.

Michael Parkinson said in one of his recent books that, in spite of every effort, he never managed to meet The Great Man, now, as NJ observed, if he'd taken himself off that stool at the BBC and asked us we'd have shown him how.



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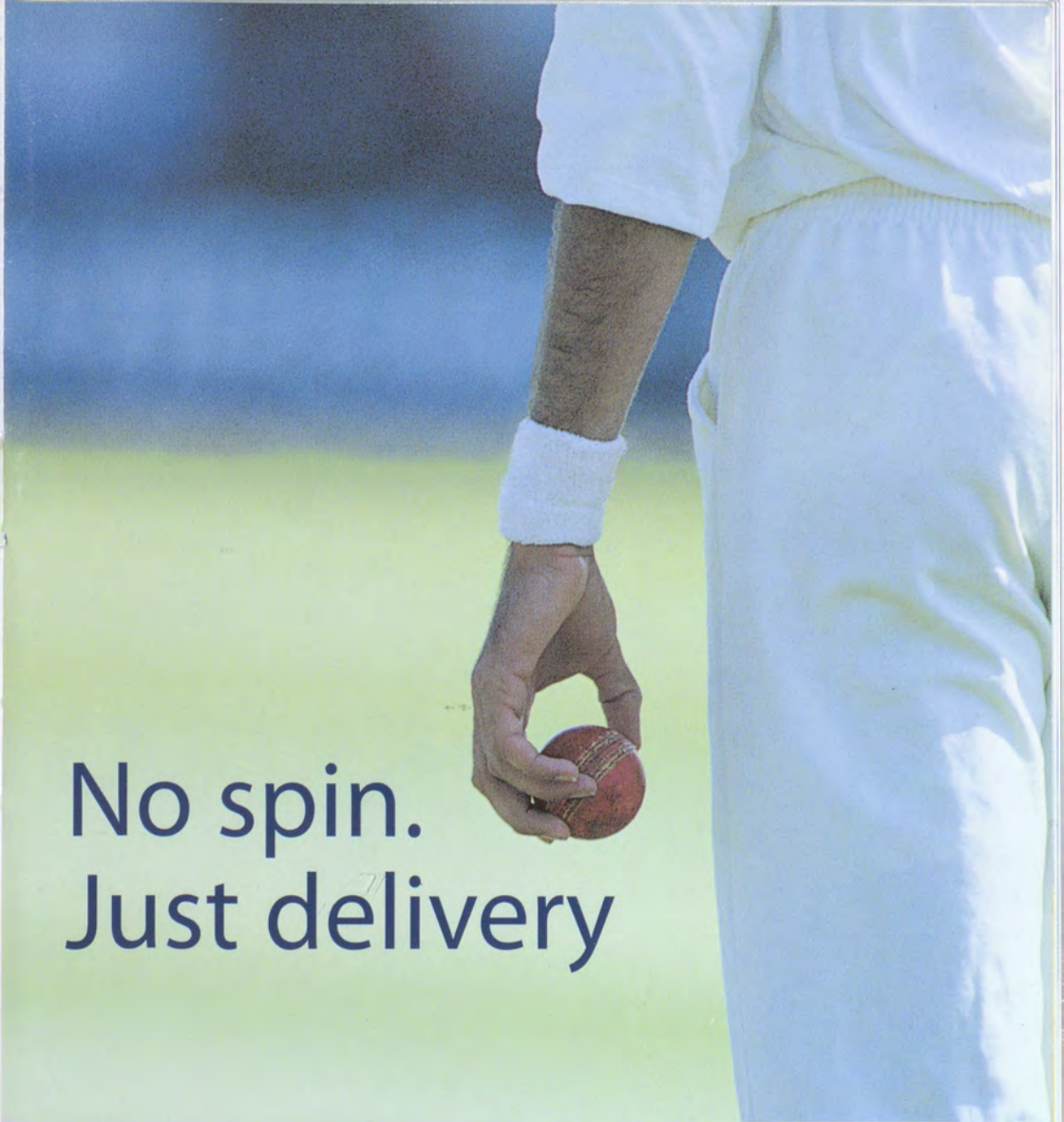


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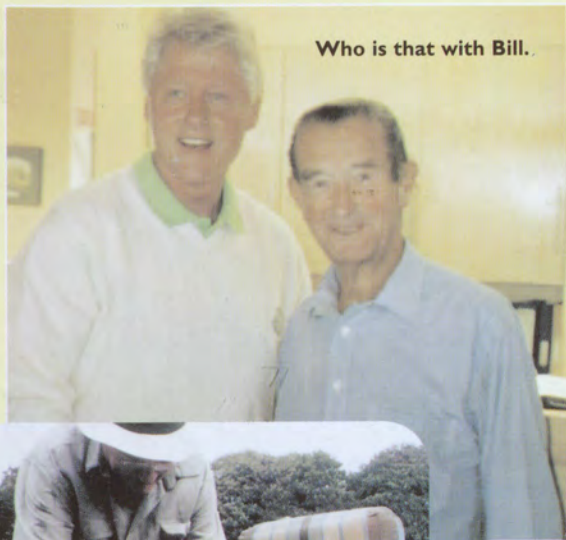
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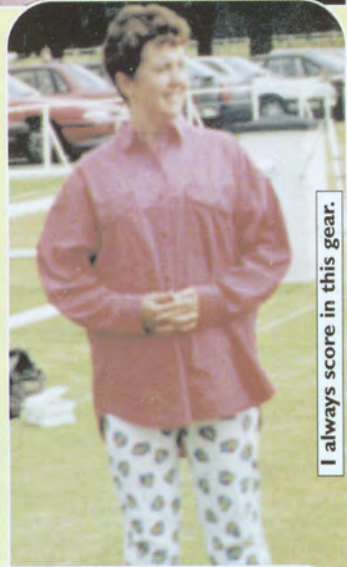




Brian you are next in.



Who is that with Bill.



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Charlie told me to go to Atlantic.



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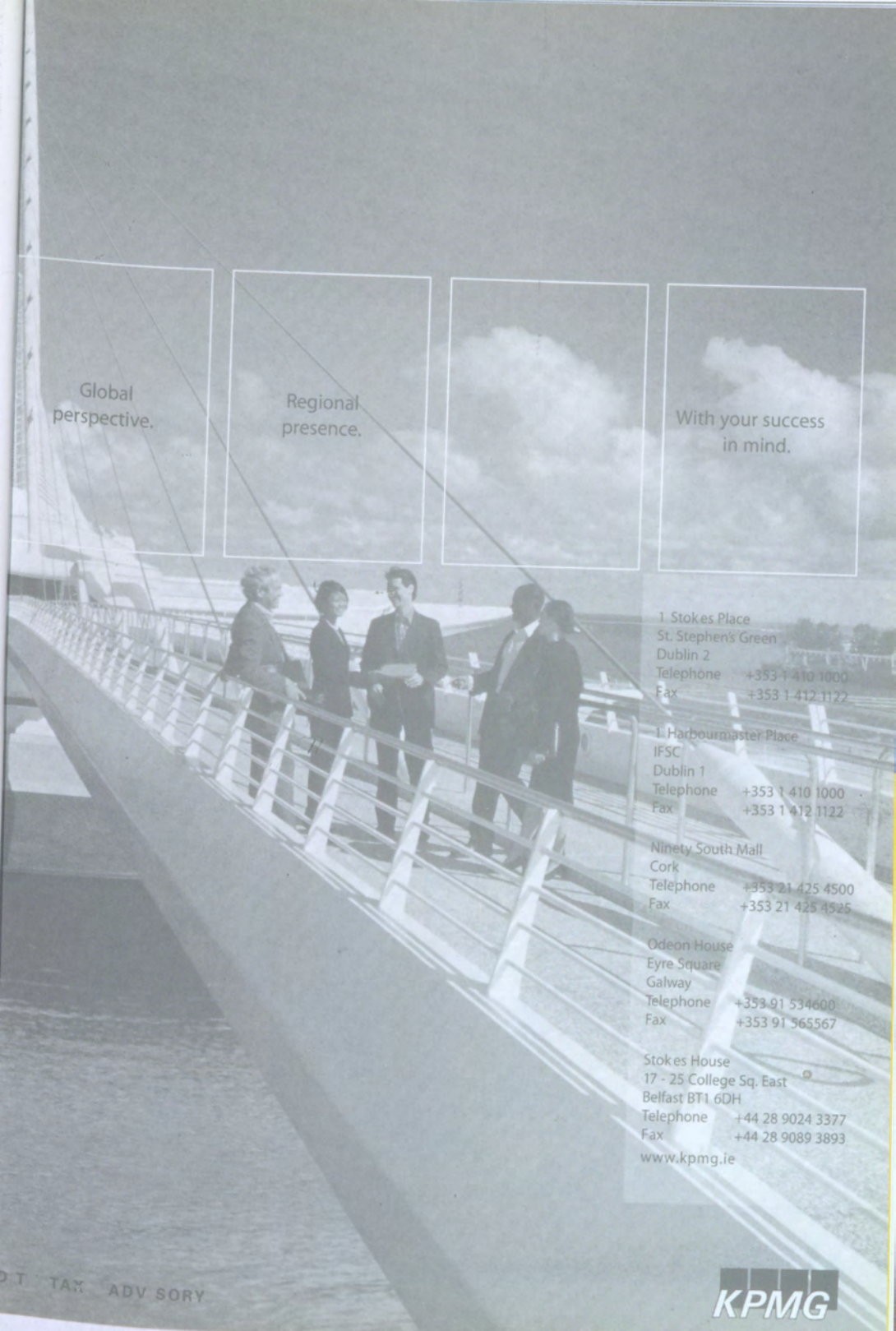
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Good Thinking

AMALGAMATE *v. to mix, to combine*

That is the dictionary definition but what does it mean for the Ladies of Clontarf? As of December 2005 Clontarf Ladies Cricket Club ceased to be when we amalgamated with Clontarf Cricket Club. Over the years we have certainly mixed with men in the club, some ladies even going as far as marrying some of them. The Ladies over the years have combined forces with the men when holding important events in the Club – but how is this amalgamation different. Well for a start there is now one committee with Annette and Clodagh taking their places alongside the men. The running of the Club and the future of it will have the input of the Lady members who will now have a voice and a vote, after all, the Ladies successfully ran Clontarf Ladies Club both on and off the pitch since 1976.

In 1976 thanks to a few bored cricket spouses/girlfriends, Ladies cricket was re-introduced to Clontarf. As word spread and the success of our teams grew by the mid 80's we had not only the best 1st XI in Ireland but also two other wonderful teams who swelled the ranks. As the demand was so high we had to introduce an age limit to join which was set at 16 and so it was that the likes of Susan Bray, Cecily Dixon, Sandra Spence etc. served their apprenticeship playing in the nets with the "boys". When these girls finally reached the tender age of 16 it wasn't long before they were playing for the 1st XI. With the likes of the Murray sisters, the Owens sisters, the Dixon sisters and so many many more wonderful sportswomen





Clontarf dominated Ladies cricket. Off the pitch too we were having great successes. With our membership full and a waiting list on the go we held social functions that were supported and enjoyed by both Clubs. Who remembers the Beetle Drives, the mad Treasure Hunts set by Fiona Murphy, the quizzes and of course the Friday nights when nothing was organised but it was Ladies training/match night, there was always something happening in the bar. Unfortunately with the 90's came a decline in our numbers and we eventually lost one of our teams. By early 2000 we were just about able to scrape together two teams and unfortunately that is the same today. However while our adult membership was dropping surprisingly our schoolgirl numbers were growing. With the likes of Frances McDermott and Phyllis Spence and then Stella, Jane and Sandra taking control of the little ones it wasn't long before the schoolgirls were thriving and today we have a healthy batch of schoolgirls ready to take on the challenge of playing for Clontarf Ladies and maybe someday restoring the team to our days of glory!!

And that is where we hope this amalgamation will come into its own. The schoolgirls participation can only enhance the future of the Club. They will grow up in one Club where there is no discrimination between the boys and girls. They will train with the schoolboys and grow together with them for the purposes of playing cricket and keeping Clontarf running as one of the premier Clubs in Ireland. It will take an effort on everyone's part to eventually get to that stage but with the help of a few good men and women we have at last taken the right step towards that path. No doubt there will be a few old male members turning in their graves at the thought of an amalgamation with the Ladies but I'm sure there are a whole lot more who will be silently cheering us on.

Clodagh Dixon Killen



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Clontarf International Players

| Name | Year | No. Caps |
|------------------|-----------|----------|
| J. G. Aston | 1909-1925 | 6 |
| E. H. Bodell | 1954-1959 | 6 |
| J. P. Bray | 2005 | 13 |
| J. D. Caprani | 1948-1956 | 6 |
| A. W. Cooper | 1954 | 2 |
| S. H. Crawford | 1903 | 1 |
| F. M. Filgas | 1948 | 1 |
| W. E. Haughton | 1947-1953 | 5 |
| J. W. Hill | 1946-1951 | 14 |
| N. B. Hool | 1947-1957 | 13 |
| L. P. Hughes | 1965-1978 | 13 |
| L. C. Jacobson | 1947-1959 | 12 |
| D. T. Johnston | 2004-2005 | 21 |
| G. A. Kirwan | 1983 | 2 |
| G. H. McCormack | 1908 | 1 |
| E. A. McDermott* | 1981-1982 | 9 |
| N. C. Mahony | 1947-1953 | 9 |
| G. J. Morgan | 1934 | 1 |
| W. C. Pemberton | 1923-1928 | 4 |
| M. P. Rea | 1988-1995 | 51 |
| D. A. J. Rigby† | 2004 | 1 |
| E. N. Seymour | 1927-1928 | 3 |
| M. H. Stevenson | 1951-1964 | 11 |
| D. A. Vincent | 1986-1991 | 21 |
| R. H. C. Waters | 1968-1969 | 11 |

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

† Represented Scotland

D. A. J. Rigby is unique in that he represented a country other than Ireland while playing for Clontarf.

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, J. W. Hill and N. B. Hool. The G.O.I. won the match by 118 runs.

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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 | 1996-2003 | 121 | 188 | 4090 | 21.75 | 3 |
| G. L. Molins | 2001-2005 | 83 | 119 | 2650 | 22.26 | 2 |
| T. Fourie | 2000-2003 | 80 | 119 | 2665 | 22.39 | 1 |
| 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.

Wicketkeeping

| | Career | Matches | Caught | Stumped | Total |
|----------------|------------------|---------|--------|---------|-------|
| F. J. Carroll | 1957-2001 | 462 | 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 | 1992-2005 | 201 | 105 † | 12 | 117 |
| J. A. Bell | 1953-1966 | 121 | 68 | 20 | 88 |
| C. P. Stuart | 1921-1942 | 144 | 51 | 22 | 73 |
| R. Maybury | 2001-2005 | 75 | 61 ‡ | 11 | 72 |
| L. C. Jacobson | 1944-1960 | 149 | 47 | 11 | 58 |

* includes 10 in the field

† includes 25 in the field

‡ includes 3 in the field

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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 | 3359 | 47.02 | 1 | 32 |
| T. Fourie | 2000-2003 | 80 | 76 | 8 | 129* | 2864 | 42.11 | 6 | 20 |
| D. Rigby | 2003-2005 | 50 | 48 | 10 | 108* | 1526 | 40.15 | 1 | 10 |
| R. H. C. Waters | 1967-1969 | 46 | 45 | 5 | 120* | 1496 | 37.40 | 2 | 9 |
| 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 |
| A. Cusack | 2003-2005 | 62 | 56 | 13 | 90* | 1424 | 33.11 | - | 11 |
| G. L. Molins | 2001-2005 | 83 | 63 | 14 | 108* | 1496 | 30.53 | 1 | 5 |
| L. C. Jacobson | 1944-1960 | 149 | 147 | 11 | 103* | 4023 | 29.58 | 4 | 17 |
| R. O'Reilly | 1992-2005 | 201 | 185 | 34 | 89 | 4340 | 28.74 | - | 25 |
| 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. McMullan | 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 | 289 | 236 | 46 | 83 | 3825 | 20.13 | - | 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 |
| G. J. Morgan | 1930-1942 | 137 | 134 | 8 | 104* | 2360 | 18.73 | 2 | 7 |
| I. Synnott | 1992-2005 | 1371 | 108 | 17 | 59* | 1646 | 18.08 | - | 6 |
| F. J. Carroll | 1957-2001 | 462 | 354 | 90 | 109 | 4843 | 18.34 | 2 | 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 | - | - |

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*Not out.

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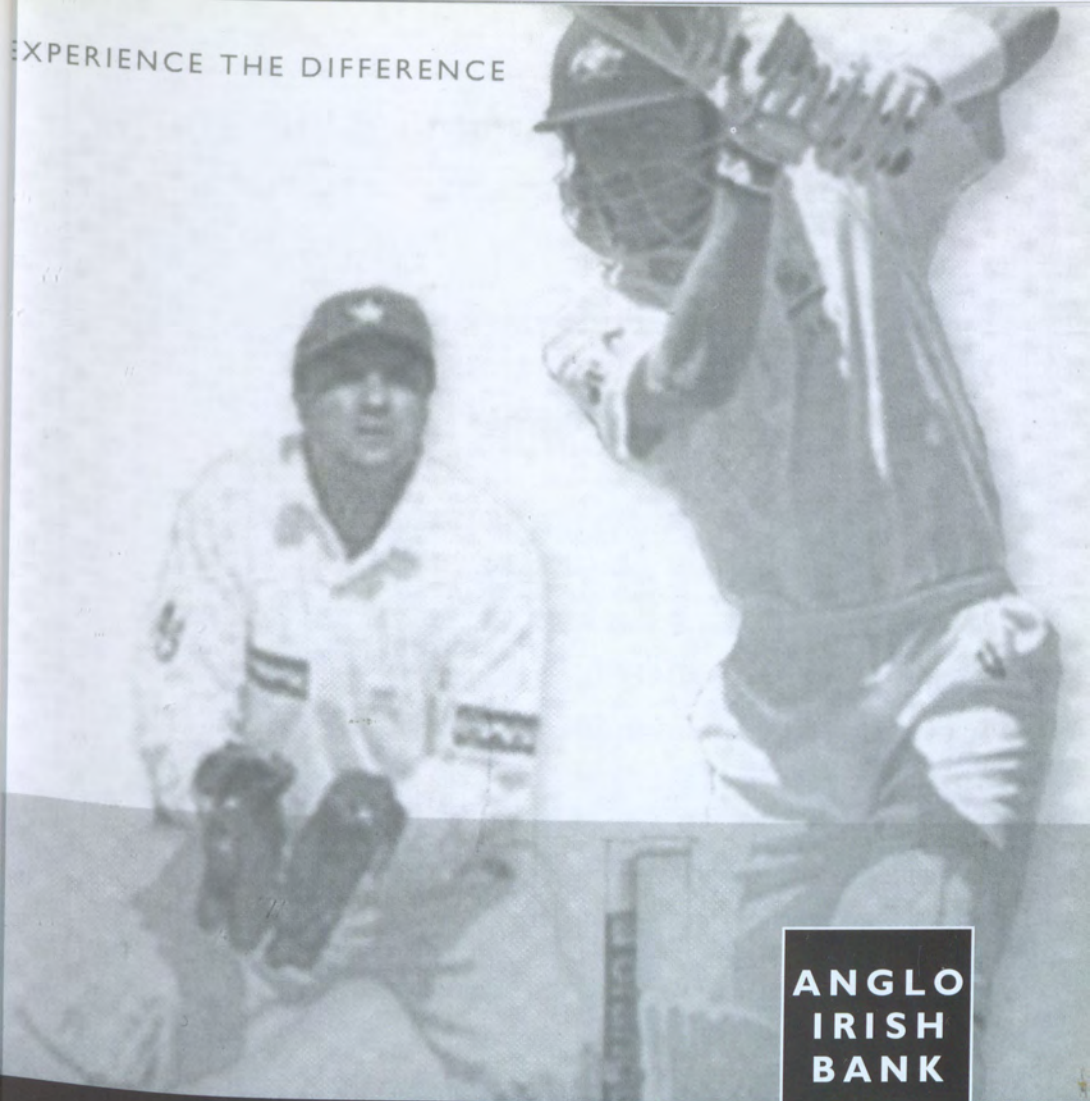
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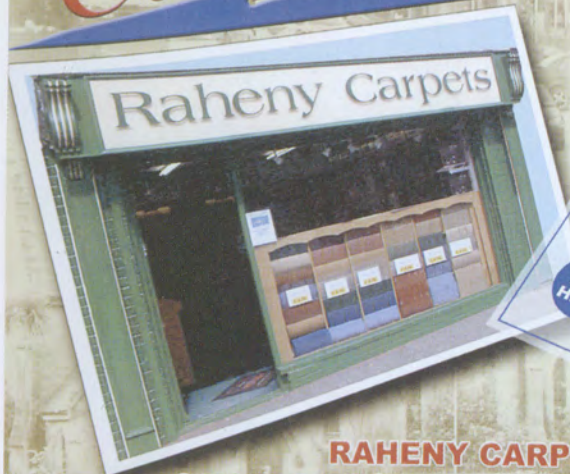
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On behalf of Roger McGreal, Enda McDermott and Myself I would like to thank all those who contributed articles and photographs to this brochure.

A special word of thanks to Joe Duffy Motors who are our main Sponsors this Season.

The generous support of other sponsors and advertisers and others who donated towards the cost of producing this brochure is greatly appreciated. We would urge all our members to support those who continue to support our Club.

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New Season 2006

What a start to our new season, 116 for Trent Dickinson (100 in 44 balls) and the Darcy Twins, 124 for Adrian and 59 for Matthew.

We sent our best wishes to Andrew Poynter at Middlesex County Cricket Club who played for their First Eleven in 2005 and many times on their Seconds. Andrew's Mother is Wendy nee Vincent, his Uncle Deryck and former tea lady Phyllis who is the Granny.

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