

RAILWAY TAVERNERS

30



1981-2011

30th Anniversary Celebrations – Sunday 29th May 2011

Schedule

1:00 – 1:30	Arrivals
1:30 – 2:00	Introductions
2:00–3:30	Match One
3:30:–5:00	Match Two
5:00–5:30	Tea and Presentations
5:30–7:30	Match Three – the Final

Welcome, Taverners old and new, family and friends, to the 30th Anniversary celebrations of the Railway Taverners Cricket Club. Those who started this venture back in 1981 can scarcely have imagined what a long-running saga they were creating. We have lost some good friends along the way, but we have also made many new ones, and continue to do so.

A lot of planning has gone into making this day possible, gathering together so many Taverners and friends, and now we can only hope the weather is kind to us and everyone enjoys a fine full day of cricket, friendship and reminiscence.

I would like to extend special thanks to Steve Parr for his great efforts in overseeing the arrangements for the day, and keeping the organising efforts on track. Thanks also to our friends at North London CC for hosting our event.

Have a great day, and here's to the next 30 years!

Simon Clarke

On behalf of 30th Anniversary Committee: Steve Parr, David Winskill, Adrian Birchall, Andy James, Ken Runciman

Brochure design and text by Simon Clarke. Thanks to the following for their quotes and contributions: D Winskill, J Simpson, R Williams, D DeKoningh, A Birchall, J Perry, A Woodcraft, K Runciman, B Gibbs, G Smyth, E Bartram, A Jagan and P Naik. Special thanks to Ed Bailey for scanning and printing facilities,

RTCC Pre History

In 1978 I got my first real job - junior designer in the promotions department of Mirror Group Newspapers. A couple of years into this I was offered an unwanted acrylic cricket pullover that had been used in a glamour shoot. As this was a perfect fit and only faintly smelt of perfume I readily accepted; a nice addition to my casual wardrobe, which I proceeded casually to wear to the pub.

This provoked a surprising amount of excitement amongst a group of fellow drinkers with whom I had become friendly. I had had the odd cricket match since schooldays but my interest in the game had become dormant so, no, I didn't know that the bands round the neck of my new garment were in the colours of Pakistan.

Despite this ignorance, Olly Graham, Roger Jefferies and Tim Cornall, teachers and a press photographer respectively, invited me to join them in their occasional games in the back garden of their ground floor flat in Ridge Road.

The dangers of lost tennis balls and broken windows notwithstanding these events were immense fun and I learnt that Olly and Roger (particularly) were real cricketers. I felt humble and privileged. And my life had changed for good.

At some point it was felt that the Ridge Road garden was no longer the ideal venue. Knockabouts transferred to an area of flattish and semi-mown ground adjacent to the pitch at Highgate Woods. Dave Winskill was now involved and also Mike Barber and surely a few others. I was detailed to purchase a bat and discovered a bargain in a sports store in Kentish Town. Bearing this proudly to the next fixture I was informed that my purchase was boys-size.

Strangely, in all these memories the sun always shone, as propitiously it did on the day Charles and Di wed. In the first couple of seasons of the club's foundation it seems to continue to have done so. Every match was a picnic with families and sweethearts attending and serious drinking both before and after games.

It was only in 1983, I reckon, that the unlikelihood of this country being the fountainhead of the game became apparent. Fixture after fixture was lost to the elements and only the most dedicated of camp followers persisted in attendance. For better or worse we became a cricket club rather than just a group of friends who played cricket.

As for the pullover, I know it should be in some museum but shortage of space has recently obliged me to rationalise my kit bag. I only played one game last season and I never did need the half dozen or so accumulated over my career. It has gone to a recycling charity that clothes (so they promise) the third world. Even as I write it may be in action, perhaps appropriately in Pakistan. Thermally imperfect but easily washed and indestructible, like the Yellow Rolls Royce I hope it will have yet another tale to tell.

J Simpson

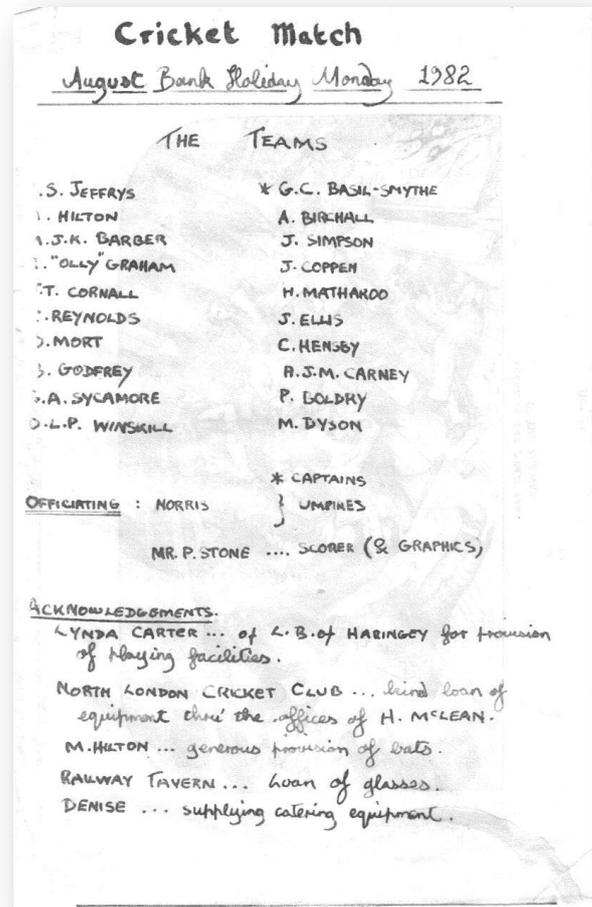
RTCC President

1981 – 1989

On 29th July 1981, 22 stalwart wastrels of the Railway Tavern absented themselves from the national celebrations of the royal wedding of that day and had a game of cricket at Tottenhall instead. On August Bank Holiday the following year they were at it again. The fledgling club's first competitive fixture followed soon after this, and resulted in a convincing 134 run win against Kings Cross Dole Office. By the end of that year the new Railway Taverners Cricket Club had itself a committee, a constitution, and a fixture list for 1983 which would eventually run to some 16 fixtures. A lot of this could be fairly blamed on David Winskill, whose whirlwind administrative style continued to energise the club throughout its first decade and beyond.

Chairman Olly Graham and Treasurer Adrian Birchall completed the initial club committee, while on-field leadership was in the hands of former Essex colt and all-round good egg Roger Jeffries. Under his captaincy the club got into its collective stride, and the ethos of the club was established.

The Taverners managed a creditable 8 wins from those 16 fixtures in its first full season, yet in what was to become a longstanding Taverners tradition, these were not the most remembered and talked about games. Against Cross Keys at Gustard Wood. RTCC recorded its first tied game. Defending at total of 100, RTCC took the final wicket through a fine piece of fielding by skipper Roger J, as the opposition attempted what would have been the winning run.



Playing a match in Paddington many years ago our bowling was being caned by one batsman in particular. Nothing unusual there but he was an unusually aggressive and unpleasant character. At last he skied one and fortunately we had George Smyth's safe pair of hands underneath it. As he took the catch George slipped the ball straight into his pocket causing confusion all round and the batsman took some convincing that he was actually out.

A few weeks earlier against Belsize CC, the Taverners had gone out to bat chasing a challenging total of 220. They were all out for FIVE. Needless to say this 'very low score', has set a record which remains unbroken. It also remains something of a source of perverse pride among Taverners of all eras.

Quite a few of what were to become long standing fixtures were already in place in the first few years of the club. Captain Scott were first encountered in 1983 (lost by 3 wickets – no surprise there then) and in 1984 we first tangled with Rose & Crown (which still actually existed as a pub), George Orwell, Barnsbury Eagles and Northants Exiles.

The winning start to the club's existence did not continue, but the fixture list continued to expand and the enthusiasm of the club does not seem to have waned. In 1985, the dubious playing surfaces of Down Lane were abandoned as a

One scene I'll never forget as Cecil watched a catchable ball sail past him and off to the boundary at Highgate Wood, "Sorry chaps, I was wondering if it was time to put the tea urn on"

home ground in favour of Highgate Woods, an idyllic, if occasionally soggy, venue for cricket.

In 1986, in what was otherwise a dismal season in terms of results (just 3 wins out of 23), the club secured one of its more famous victories, successful chasing down a huge score to beat a North Middlesex XI. The winning total of 250-7 remained for some years the club's highest total.

This is also the game in which Roger Jeffries came closest to scoring the elusive century which would have capped his long run as the club's leading batsman.

To contemporary eyes the most eye-catching result of 1987 is the 9 wicket win over George Orwell, after dismissing them for just 27. Certainly the RTCC bowlers enjoyed the Highgate Woods pitches at this period. Just the following month, Haringey RFC were beaten by 3 runs despite having dismissed the Taverners for 54.

During an early Inter - Railway game at our Down Lane pitch one player managed a fairly unique achievement. Attempting a cut, the ball flew gently up in the air next to him. He then slashed at it again knocking it higher in the air. The wicket keeper took an easy catch and stumped him for good measure.

For most of these early years, the club's opening bowling attack consisted of John Coppen and Mike Barber, who both took bagfuls of wickets. Meanwhile, the two Ollies, Graham and Williams, contributed useful runs and wickets.

In the early days we often failed to make three figures. It was therefore with some trepidation that we approached a match against N Middx 3rd team. On the day their 2nd team match was cancelled so we ended up playing a strong side who proceeded to knock up over 250 against us. Tea was a grim business as we faced humiliation. As I remember it Olly Williams got a 50, other players chipped in with runs and Roger Jefferys got 99 before being given out lbw to a ball outside leg (no one had yet got a century for the Tavern at the time). George Smyth hit a straight 6 to win the match and the celebrations began. Somewhere there is still a photo of the whole team on the balcony of the old pavilion with Roger drinking champagne from the bottle.

After a couple of years at Highgate Woods, the club briefly returned to a refurbished Down Lane before moving on to yet another council maintained pitch at Albert Road in Muswell Hill as a home ground. After the 1989 season, Roger Jeffries stepped down as captain. John Ellis and John Coppen briefly served as joint captains, before John Ellis took on the job of leading the club into its second decade.

My memory is an old photo taken of me in cricket gear patting the head of my dear daughter Sophie, who was then just a toddler. The photo, now very faded, was taken at Northants Exile's ground on Green Lanes, Winchmore Hill. I had just been dismissed, as often, for a low score. I still remember the disappointment of yet another week looking forward to a long and successful innings being cruelly shown to be empty optimism. And the contrast between that and the pride of being a parent. I remember telling myself that failure at the crease was unimportant compared to everything else I had; but not quite being able to believe it.

My daughter Sophie is now 25. I am now playing for Norfolk over-60's in friendly matches against other counties. And I still spend all week beforehand dreaming of that elusive big innings. Perhaps I always will.

Does anyone remember...?

Chris Leon, immaculate kit, over-coached wooden batting, very fast bowler mainly down the leg side

Albert Hendrax, caretaker at Dave Mort's school, extravagant off spinner and aggressive bat, suddenly unavailable for selection when detained at Her Majesty's pleasure

Na Katae, New Zealand Maori, very very fast and wild bowler

The park keepers at Highgate Wood who hated us, cricket, cars, people, their jobs.

Wimbish versus The Railway Taverners Cricket Club

Wimbish			11.9.88.
		Wimbish	
Midgeley		bowled Williams O.	8
Hanson		bowled Williams O.	0
Campbell	caught Hay	bowled Hillsden	11
Johnston		bowled Williams O.	32
Rowland	caught de Koninghe	bowled Williams O.	15
Whitehead		bowled Hensby	8
Edwards		bowled Hensby	0
Craddock		bowled Hensby	0
Masson	caught Jeffereys	bowled Hensby	0
Robinson	caught	and bowled Hensby	3
Green	not out		4
Extras			17
Total			98
		The Railway Taverners	
Cornall		bowled Edwards	22
Boldry		bowled Edwards	21
Malde	caught Whitehead	bowled Edwards	16
Williams O.		bowled Edwards	0
Hay		bowled Edwards	11
Hutchings		bowled Edwards	1
Hensby	not out		7
Jeffereys	not out		15
Hillsden	did not bat		
Simpson	did not bat		
de Koninghe	did not bat		
Extras			7
Total			100

The Railway Taverners won by 4 wickets

To start, the Taverners lost the toss but a marathon spell of bowling by Mr. O. Williams (17 consecutive overs, 4 wickets for 40 runs) kept the opposition batsman tied up. Chris 'Carl Lewis' Hensby sprinted in and took 5 wickets for no runs in 3.2 overs.

A fine opening partnership between Mr. P. Boldry and Mr. T. Cornall nearly left the Taverners with an hour and a half to wait for the pub to open. But in true Taverners form they scraped through to victory with 4 wickets to spare and only half an hour to opening time.

The John Kelly Memorial Trophy was a can of 'Party Seven'- the kind of container, which when opened at the said party, would erupt half of its contents all over the ceiling of the host's flat/bedsit/squat. The trick was equalising the pressure, by creating two openings simultaneously. Simple enough but if the operative(s) were drunk/stoned/hailed from north of Watford, then a catastrophe was inevitable, in that "bad dream-everything happening in slow motion but you are immobilised with the dread that you're going to be too late," kind of way.

Anyway, my recollection is that a number of very inebriated people were heading back to Adrian's flat in Priory Road, after a cricket match and heavy session at the Railway Tavern.

The Party Seven was pretty ancient and bashed about and clearly well past its sell-by date.

The viability of the can was suspect and potentially dangerous. The bearer of the Trophy stumbled and dropped the can, whereupon everyone dived for cover at the prospect of the expected explosion.

A panda car cruised by and the coppers were bemused to see these drunks fishing tentatively beneath a parked car, attempting to retrieve the J.K. Trophy. We could have been the IRA Crouch End Branch, for all they knew, on a dry run (sic) to blow up the Hornsey Journal.

As for the Party Seven- like JK, gone to meet its maker, we assume.



v
HARRINGAY R F C
Downlane Recreation Ground
Saturday 25 June 1988
2.00 pm
...:<#>:...

R T C C

De Koningh
Williams R
Birchall A
Barber M
Leon C
Hay I
Reynolds I
O'Brien C
Williams O
Malde C
Fitz.

This will be our first Competitive game at Down Lane since redevelopment of the Park. Please be available at 2.00.

SMARTIE IS DEAD

It is with great sadness that I must report that Smartie, the ever faithful goldfish of Ms Alison Birchall, was found lying at the bottom of his bowl late last week. Despite the frantic efforts of Mr A Birchall and a Mercy Dash to the 'Fin and Fang' pet shop, Smartie never regained consciousness. Although by nature a quiet and restrained creature he was, for many years, a close confidante and (sometimes unwilling) drinking companion of Adrian. Mr A Carney has launched a Nationwide Appeal.

David Winskill

Secretary RTCC.



Bob Godfrey was not the most confident runner between the wickets. In one match he went out to bat, having agreed with skipper Roger Jeffries that he would only run if the skipper signalled him to.

So when Tony Rickard hit a ball towards the deepest part of the boundary and set off running, Bob just stood there looking over towards the skipper for instructions.

Seeing no signal, Bob refused to budge, even when Tony arrived at the non-strikers end and pleaded with him. Tony had no choice but to trot back to the other end and wait as the fielding side eventually got the ball back in.

One of the longer dot balls in Taverners history.

1990-1999

For its first decade, the RTCC had continued with essentially the same group of players, the very occasional newcomer slotting in alongside those of the original players who were still turning out regularly. According to some, age was catching up with the club and a Youth Policy was required if it was to continue much longer. Others, who believed the club had now run its natural course and would inevitably fade away, turned out to be mistaken.

The youth policy duly arrived in '90 in the form of a few youngsters from nearby Mountview Theatre School, Dave Terry and Rupert Smith to the fore. They joined the newly established bowling combination of Andy James and John Heath to give the RTCC team the shot in the arm it needed. I also slipped into the fold in this same year.

Under skipper John Ellis, a tight-knit team became established again in the early nineties. In 1992, Cie Malde scored the first ever century for the club and set another club record with 707 runs in the season. Meanwhile Dave Terry topped the bowling charts with a club record 55 wickets. 1993 too was a special year: 16 wins in all, including a memorable (and until 2001 a record) sequence of SIX consecutive wins.

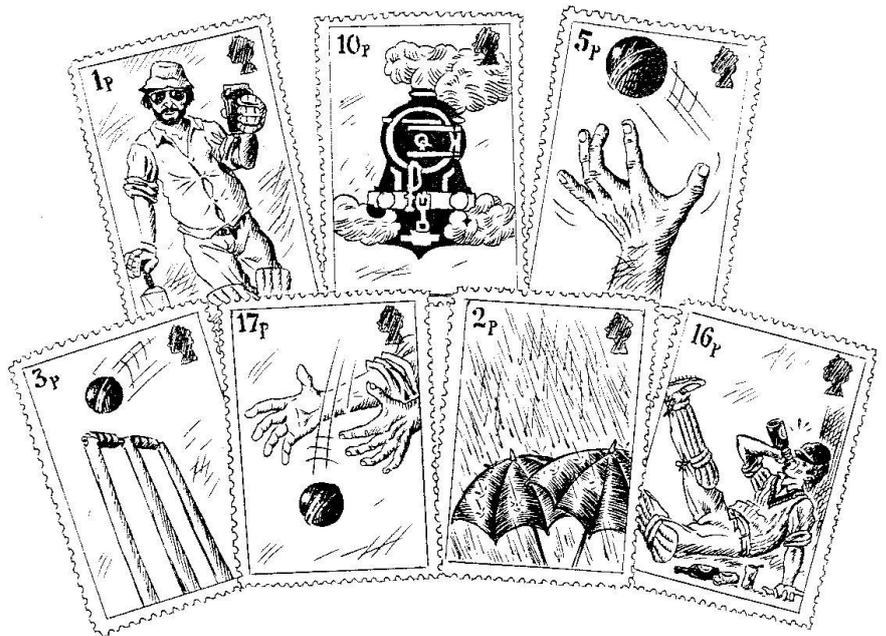
By the middle of the decade, with Dave Winskill's day to day involvement in the club waning and John Ellis unable to play as many matches as formerly, more changes took place. I became secretary, and Richard Williams took over the fixtures. And in 1996, Dave Terry stepped up to become captain. He celebrated by hitting three centuries and scoring a record-breaking 930 runs.

A slow turnover in playing membership continued, with only Birchall, Simpson and R Williams of the original players still continuing to play regularly throughout.

The literary ladies of Islington were very taken with the six-hitting exploits of "Smasher Smyth" as they appeared in the pages of the Islington Gazette.

An eye-opener for those who naively believed that the pen was mightier than the Warsop-Stebbing.

THE RAILWAY TAVERNERS Xth ANNIVERSARY



COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS

Newer regulars Terry, Clarke, James and Malde were also joined by newcomers including bowlers Bench and Waterman, the Reilly brothers and others, including, latterly, two promising recruits from the north-east, Drysdale and Parr.

The late nineties saw a couple of innovations which still play a big part in the RTCC year – a tour and a dinner. The first annual dinner was a rather formal affair, held upstairs at North Middlesex, with speeches and awards. We even put name cards on the tables to show people where to sit. The event has since seen plenty of venues (including the Railway Tavern, North London CC, an

Cie - his bowling was the slowest but his overs were the fastest. He could deliver six balls in a minute and a half. That's one every 15 seconds. Batsmen were simply bamboozled.

Indian Restaurant on Crouch End Broadway, The Three Compasses and latterly Moors Bar), but the Taverner of the Year, Most Improved (or least deteriorated) Player, and Bass Moment of the Year remain eagerly awaited awards.

We were playing Black Rose at Durnsford Road, had made a decent score against their 10 men and had them in trouble, way behind with perhaps a couple of tailenders to come. Suddenly they announced that their missing player had arrived and could he bat? Although he hadn't fielded we agreed that he could. As he smashed our bowling around the ground it transpired that he was Wood Green Town CC's 12th man from the neighbouring pitch! With only a few runs now needed to win he lofted a steeper to long on where Olly Williams took a cool catch to win the game.

The first Oxford tour came about in 1998, involving games at Swinbrook on the Friday night, Captain Scott's XI at Brasenose College next day, and a nearby village team, Wytham, on the Sunday. Accommodation was in the Sportsview Guesthouse, where, with a couple of exceptions, we have stayed every year since. The exact itinerary took a few years to settle down, but the long weekend trip to Oxford at the end of July

quickly became a fixed point in the RTCC season.

Sadly the nineties were also the decade when the Taverners had to start to deal with mortality. All mourned the loss of founders and club stalwarts Mike Barber, Phil Boldry and Norris Ferguson. Despite this, though, the club approached its 20th anniversary in good heart.

Harold Marshall had accuracy, speed and movement. What's more, the ball would make a last-minute decision to change direction. That doesn't seem fair.

2000-2009

Into a new millennium and RTCC was still going strong. For all the changes in personnel, the authentic Taverners spirit continued to hold sway. Old acquaintances were still renewed every season – Rose and Crown, N2 Casuals and Haringey Libraries remained among the fixtures among other long-standing rivalries. Meanwhile, new names were appearing

Anyway...we were playing Australia house, their super quick highly erratic bowler was on and causing havoc. Cecil came in, blocked a couple of balls then launched one into the trees beyond long on. The bowler took a long look then said loudly, "I can't believe it! I've just been hit for six by Gandalf!"

on the committee lists as the club actively sought to get more members more involved – Drysdale and Parr; Bailey and Pacey; later came Bartram, Alveranga, Jagan and Pirongs.

In 2003 came the biggest of shocks.

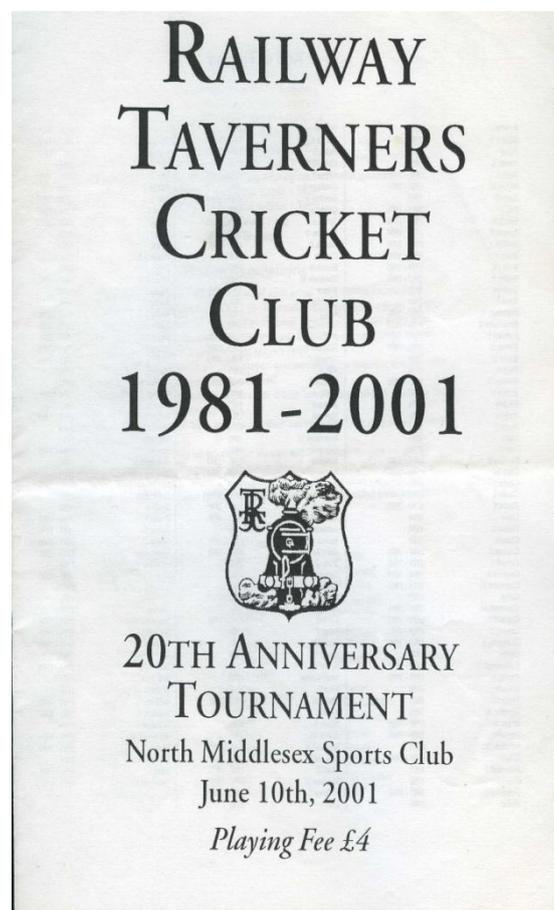
The loss of Cie Malde from a massive heart attack suffered while batting for the club at North Middlesex. Cricketers from all over came and attended the memorial cricket day organised for that September, proof indeed of the phenomenal popularity of the little man. The Tavs took a collective deep breath and carried on.

By the end of 2008, Dave Terry stepped down from the captaincy and Andy James stepped into the job after one of the longest apprenticeships in recorded history. By this time the club was alternating home games between North London

Aymon losing his rag last season, with the lady whose house backs on to North Mid, after she complained about her elderly father being nearly hit by a stray opposition six, as he reposed in his bath chair in her back garden.

*"You shouldn't buy a f*****g house next to a cricket pitch", was his sympathetic response.*

A career in the diplomatic corps beckons?



and North Middlesex. Not that the practice of moaning about the state of pitches ceased, far from it, but those who remembered the days of council-maintained park pitches knew there was just one word for the playing facilities we were now enjoying – luxury!

By now the Oxford Tour was firmly established in the calendar. Any players not making the annual weekend trip to Oxford would spend the remainder of the summer baffled by the in-jokes and catch phrases that had caught on during the trip. The Wytham game has remained the centrepiece of the

My best Moment with the Club was back in 2006. Over the season I put up my best bowling figures of:

<i>O</i>	<i>M</i>	<i>R</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>AVE</i>	<i>RPO</i>	<i>BEST</i>
<i>23.3</i>	<i>0</i>	<i>191</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>19:1</i>	<i>8.3</i>	<i>3-8</i>

tour, now firmly established as good friends it is always enjoyable to catch up with. Most of the rest of the fixture list remained pretty constant too. Two games per weekend had long since proved unworkable, so a game every Sunday and the occasional Friday night game thrown into the mix remained the pattern. Off the field, first Phil Clarke then Stuart Drysdale took the reins as chairman while Cecil Simpson became El Presidente!

Who could forget Ken's 18 ball over against Haringey Libraries? In among the barrage of wides and no-balls he managed to dismiss two of their best batsmen.

Opponents still included old rivals such as Rose & Crown and N2 Casuals, as

well as newer friends like Walthamstow Horizontals. New contacts often came through the Club Cricket Conference, through whom we arranged last-minute fixtures when needed. One such against Darji in 2009 produced a record RTCC total of 296-8. Traditionalists will be heartened to learn that this score was

My run out against Eastenders when big Andy lashed one back and it hit me directly in the gonads knocking me over and the oppo taking off the bails.

achieved in a losing cause, in reply to our opponents' imposing total of 330-4.

It's 2011 and Andy James is a fast bowler. You should have seen him some 25 years ago. It was a pleasure not to face him.

Unfortunately, during this period a bewildering succession of management changes at the Railway Tavern had eventually rendered the pub, frankly, unwelcoming and unsuitable as a venue for post match, or virtually any other, socialising. With the club kit being stored at the Three Compasses, and post match drinks and

other events being held there, there was even talk of the club changing its name at one point. For all the undoubted warmth of the welcome at the Compasses though, the Tavern remains the club's spiritual home, and it is good to be able to report that over the last couple of years the Railway Tavern appears to have had a new lease of life, and is again extending a welcome to its cricket club.

We were playing at Kimpton, it was well past the scheduled start time, and Andy Rose and Andy James had still not arrived. A garbled phone message came through that they were 'just by the racecourse but couldn't find the ground'. It turned out they had gone to Kempton not Kimpton. Eventually, they turned around and finally arrived about tea time.

"Hello mate, how are you?"

"Fine Andy, what's..."

"Good, hey listen. I'm really sorry, but I'm gonna have to pull out of tomorrows game."

"But it's....."

"I thought I was supposed to be working tonight, but it's tomorrow night, would you BELIEVE it. There's no way I'd be able to do it. Oh, and Matty Clark can't make it either, something bit his hand. Xxxxx will play though, he's well up for it."

"Does he know for certain he's playing, I mean when did you last speak to him?"

"Don't worry, he's definitely up for it. I'll get him to give you a call."

"Is he going by car, I mean does he know where it is? And who's going to"

.....

Fate has it's ways. Alex allowed a faint smile to play across his lips. Cruel lips she'd called them! Cruel like the ways of cricket. Fifth change, again, probably. What do these fools know about the game? What if no-one wants to skipper, and that idiot Runciman puts himself in charge, again? He'll have me trying to bowl like Bob Willis in the first over, to some Aussie pro, as he creams it to all corners, and then stick me in no-man's land, like some naughty schoolboy, on the off-chance somebody mis-hits one! He felt the familiar tension rising in the muscles below his neck...easy Big Guy. He allowed a thin, controlled ribbon of smoke to escape his mouth, unnoticed by the other occupants of the car.

"LOOK OUT!". Ease down into third, gas pedal smoothly to the floor, take the underplay, let the car find it's own curve. Like the smooth white curve of her flank, he thought. The startled faces of the BMW's passengers found their reflection, fleetingly, in the eyes of his terrified companions. Then it slid back, and out of view. Back into the anonymous grey streets of Vauxhall. Why did the butter on muffins always taste, well....., more buttery, the morning after? "Shall we have some reggae on?"

.....

"Did you see that?" The excited tone in his travelling companions voice irked Ed. Didn't they teach self-restraint in state schools? God, they were only five minutes out of Waterloo, and it already seemed like five hours! "See what?", he managed to sound polite. "That near collision with the BMW and that other car. You should have seen their faces! Like ghosts!" Ed peered through the grimy, scratched window of the train. All he could see was the familiar tower of Big Ben, rapidly diminishing, half hidden by assorted, characterless towerblocks. How symbolic he mused. Is this what we lost an empire for?

"Too late now, you've missed it, drove like Ayrton Senna, that guy did. Maybe he's had 'Senna-pods'?, yeah, Senna-pods, geddit?"

"You were saying about your idea for a tour of Sri Lanka...."

.....

"Cobham, or Chobham, WHICH IS IT?"

"How the bloody 'ell do I know, you spoke to him! Does it matter?"

"Course it matters. Ring him again, he can't be engaged forever, he's not gonna bite you, is he?"

"He said HE would ring us back. I don't think he knows what he's doing. Nice lad, just doesn't know what he's doing. Anyway, why should I have to do your dirty work?"

"I'M DRIVING."

"You ALWAYS drive!"

"You aint got a license."

"You said you would teach me."

"Well, I will.....I just haven't got round to it."

"Like the bathroom, and that was..."

"Don't start. Do not start, I'm sorry luv,I didn't mean it. Please..... don't have a huff".

"You promised me a nice weekend away. Let's go to Oxford you said. Didn't tell me it was so you could go on tour! Don't think I don't know what goes on. Full of bloody lesbians, Oxford. Your eyes would be popping out, and something else..."

"Should be alright then, ay? Listen, Ken said it would be alright to camp on the cricket square, after the game. He promised. At least until Wednesday, when the four day county game starts... Ere, Luv, it was good last night, wasn't it?"

"What, down the pub you mean..."

"No, you know what."

"What, with them big gloves on, you mean?"

"Yeah."

"It was alright until you jumped up suddenly, and shouted ' HOWZAT!' Got the fright of my life I did. It took a lot of getting used to, calling you Rod. Here, why are we going back the way we've just came?"

"Forgot my trousers, didn't I."

.....

"..So I said wouldn't it be funny if half the team went to Cobham, and the other"

"So are you the skipper then?"

"Well, not really, sort of acting..."

"How many have you got here?"

"Eight, and we think..."

"We better get out and toss then."

"Lovely ground, when we saw the covers..."

"We're using the same pitch the seconds used yesterday. They bowled the opposition out for 120. Call."

"Ehm,...tails?"

"Heads. We'll bat. Forty overs, OK?"

"I thought maybe we ought to.....Do you think we might be able to borrow a couple of your players, until ours turn up...."

.....

The 'Plan' wasn't quite working. The two tallest bowlers, the usually reliable Mr Bartram - experienced, and when on form, in possession of a classic action, opening from the pavilion end, (a pavilion to envy, complete with bar, separate tea-room with balcony overlooking the immaculately kept oval), on a dry wicket. To keep the barrage up at the other end, the Byronesque Mr Pirong. On his day, capable of causing anyone problems. Could they bowl with the controlled aggression their stand-in captain had asked for? The first over didn't bode well. It was Mr Hyde, serving up a mixture of full tosses, and slow short-pitched deliveries of no real pace, which Chobham's pair, Jackman and Hussain gratefully tucked into.

Notwithstanding, the next over from Pirong was almost all on the money. The subsequent six overs followed the same pattern, with Ed out of sorts, and Martin beating the bat, thumping the occasional ball into pad, and forcing forward defensive shots out of both batsmen, then allowing the pressure to be relieved with his one wayward delivery down the leg-side, affording their only scoring chance.

The score already past fifty, the ninth over saw the introduction of slow bowling, in the shape of Dave Terry. Dave quickly got into the groove, and with Martin positively metronomic at the other end, it looks as though some control might be established. Dave even managing to bowl a maiden. Somehow the batsmen, without looking too threatened, still manage to keep the scoring rate going, and the hundred came up in the sixteenth over. Having bowled his full quota, Martin gives way, un-rewarded, to the Tavern's secret weapon, Patrick. Despite having his warhead damaged whilst still in his first-slip silo, and being rusty from having been stored in Scotland for over a year, he was hastily primed and aimed at the enemy. Perhaps more carpet bomb than cruise missile, his use as a tactical weapon brought temporary relief to the beleaguered forces of the Tavern when a mistimed slog from the number three was held onto by Rob, and he was back in that lovely pavilion of theirs for thirty eight.

If this was Chobham's Pearl Harbour though, what followed was undoubtedly the Railway's Hiroshima.

[Note for ornithologists:- Often found on grassy areas of England, scavengers such as Southern hemisphere batsmen are almost always readily identified from their bleach-blond plumage. One particular migrant, from the eastern shores of Australia is particularly noted for its strut, coming from that sub-species, Professionalis helpyourselficus. Being an exceptional greedy bird, it is sometimes in the habit of leaving it's normal habitat, where it often has to compete for it's food supply, to gorge itself on helpless invertebrates, with consequent disastrous effects on the local eco-system. It is for this reason that it earns the more common name, the F***** ****.]

Enter the Chobham club professional, Naughton, the personification of self-assuredness. Within two overs it became clear that things were about to take a turn for the worst. What previously had looked like an uphill struggle, soon began to take on the appearance of stone-cold certain annihilation. With the main attack gone, and only Kamikaze pilots left to launch futile attacks on a vastly superior opponent, the score virtually doubled in the next ten overs to 252 for 5.

Having failed to plan ahead, but simply trusting to fate, the RTCC captain suddenly realised that he hadn't thought of who would replace Mr Terry, after his eight overs. In a fit of tactical panic, he brought himself on. Now cricketers are often known for politeness, and to say that what followed could in any way represent someone trying to bowl, would be asking too much of the English language. With a backdrop of embarrassed, deathly silence, an extraordinary cocktail of deliveries, gave Chobham forty five runs, plus all the extras, they didn't need. To give credit to him, Naughton himself was particularly un-phased, and seemed almost quite pleased to be able to practice his waving at passing aircraft with his bat routine. The game was, without doubt, lost.

Heroic efforts by Ken's replacement, Alex- who took an astounding caught and bowled, millimetres off the ground, from a rasping straight drive to dismiss the number five, Silk, following this by bowling the number six Kerr for seventeen, and with Andy Pacey selflessly wheeling away at the other end, in spite of the punishment being meted out, could not prevent the score touching the 300 mark. The opposition captain decided enough was enough, and declared - much to the annoyance of their professional, who was 135 not out.

Tea was taken in desolation. There was not enough cake to make up for the sense of futility, which pervaded the visitors. There were plenty of good batsmen in the Tavern line-up, but like the last sausage roll, nobody fancied it. 300 plus was after-all, a big ask.

Messrs Clarke and Reilly, (Eiran) opened. Potentially a dream combination of watchful accumulation, and swashbuckling brutality, the Tavern soon lost its first wicket against youthful accuracy and pace, when Eiran's head -up attacking shot missed the ball, and he was clean bowled for four, off Silk. Simon was joined at the crease by Andy P, who scored steadily, until he too was bowled for twenty four. Runs were hard to come by, as Chobham gave little away. After fifteen overs, the score was still only thirty eight for two.

Patrick Sylvester, almost by sheer force of personality, managed twelve runs, before failing to make his ground. When Ed Bartram capped a disappointing day for himself, by being smartly stumped on his first ball faced, the Tavern were in deep trouble, on sixty for five. Nobody wants to be the hat-trick ball victim. Martin P stood manfully to deny Chobham, and crafted fourteen, without looking troubled, watching as first Woodcraft, then Brooks came and went at the other end.

The arrival of the reluctant Mr Terry, in an unfamiliar role as ninth man in, but not in an unfamiliar situation, with the Railway on seventy- two for seven, and ten overs still to come, gave some hope that at last the opposition would be forced onto the defensive, albeit in pursuit of a lost cause. Chobham brought on the other Silk brother. Bowling well-pitched up, fastish, and straight, Martin was bowled by his fourth delivery.

With Captain Ken as last man in, and only pride to play for, Dave Terry set about mauling the bowling, drawing gasps of wonder from the Chobham fielders. In the space of just over seven wonderful overs, sixty three runs were added. Ken's contribution to this was to get down the other end as quickly as possible, to watch Dave from the other end. Another two overs would have seen the Railway through to the end of their forty overs, but alas, the mighty Terry Dave perished, going for another big one. Caught by the bowler's brother for thirty eight. Bloodied, but with some pride restored, they left the battlefield, 138 all out.

.....

"Hello mate, how are you?"

"Fine Andy, what's..."

"Good, hey listen....."

Ken Runciman

2010-2011

And so the RTCC approaches its 30th anniversary. It is pleasing to be able to report that it appears to be in very good hands. The committee and organising work tends to be shared round more now than in earlier times. There is an enthusiastic core of players who all put time and effort in for the good of the club. The cricket continues to be played in a positive, inclusive spirit. The Railway Taverners can look back with pride, and forward with confidence. And you can't say fairer than that.



MINUTES OF THE FIRST GENERAL MEETING OF THE RAILWAY TAVERNERS

SUNDAY 24th OCTOBER 1982

THE RAILWAY TAVERN

Present : Graham R.
Boldry P.
Winskill D.
Cornall T.
Carney A.M.J.
Coppen J.
Birchall A.
Sycamore G.
Simpson J.

Apologies for absence were received from Barber M.J.K., Mort A., Hensby C., Gibb R. The Independent Broadcasting Authority had chosen the evening to relay a cinematographic production with the curious title of 'Star Wars', and it was understood that the more impressionable players had been lured away from the convocation by its false claim of being "entertainment".

The meeting commenced at 8.30p.m.

1. Despite Mr.T. Cornall, the club was formally constituted with the title 'The Railway Taverners Cricket Club', no reference being made to '& Pornographic Video Club' which is, apparently, an interest of the afore mentioned Mr. T Cornall

2. Election of the Committee

The election of the serving members of the steering committee proved to be yet again another vindication of the British System of Democracy. The results are as follows :

Chairman	:	Graham R.
Secretary	:	Winskill D.
Treasurer	:	Birchall A.

Two positions remain unfilled - President and Pavilion Secretary. Mr. T Cornall confounded the meeting by making what was generally accepted as a sensible suggestion. He proposed, and it was resolved, that, subject to favourable references, the position of President be offered to the new Landlord of the Railway Tavern.

Due to the insistence of some members of the floor that it would be impossible to have a Pavilion Secretary as we do not have a Pavilion, combined with a general ignorance of the Pavilion Secretary's duties, it was decided to hold the job open until a suitable candidate presents himself (i.e. until someone with a motor and a shed is found).

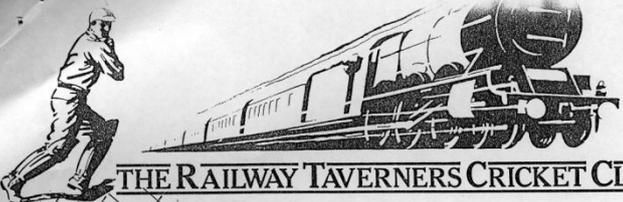
The Meeting was now conducted under the auspices of the Chairman.

3. Finances.

The Chairman called upon Mr. D. Winskill for a full, rigorous and up to date statement of the Club's financial position. Mr. Winskill opened the official tobacco tin, had a look and announced that we have £54.90 in cash. Mr. T. Cornall challenged the expending of 50p on a parking position by Jefferys R., while on official Club business, on or about 23rd October 1982 in the vicinity of the Wood Green Shopping City. Mr. Jefferys made a reply (which your Secretary found inaudible, though, it was reported, was laden with needless excrescences) and Mr. Cornall withdrew his challenge.

It was agreed that a bank account be opened and a cheque book applied for. Two sign-



THE RAILWAY TAVERNS CRICKET CLUB

SUNDAYS
12:30 - 1:30
 — / — / —
DURNSFORD
SPORTS CENTRE
 — \ — \ —
10 JANUARY '93
 →
25 APRIL

By ORDER.
David Ambull




RTCC Statistics



1981 – 2010

The Players

S Ali 7 matches (03-05)	V Desai 2 (08)	R Jeffries 84 (82-90)	M Redhead 3 (01-02)
T Alveranga 63 (07-10)	D Donovan 4 (02-03)	E Johnson 4 (05)	E Reilly 48 (96-10)
D Atkins 3 (10)	J Donovan 6 (03-10)	L Jolly 12 (02-06)	J Reilly 24 (96-10)
C Babic 53 (96-08)	A Douglas 2 (92)	M Kafoor 13 (92-94)	S Reilly 28 (96-08)
E Bailey 79 (05-10)	S Drysdale 68 (98-04)	M Kane 18 (88-92)	I Reynolds 42 (83-90)
M Barber 81 (82-91)	M Dyson 73 (83-99)	S Kankanamge 37 (08-10)	A Richard 26 (82-86)
S Barnes 2 (10)	J Ellis 173 (82-95)	R Kapur 2 (06-09)	A Robson 2 (95)
B Bartholomew 3 (03-04)	J Escandell 3 (95)	Kessa 5 (08)	A Rose 23 (08-10)
B Bartram 4 (04)	H Evans 56 (07-10)	N King 3 (97)	D Rowlatt 7 (94-96)
E Bartram 52 (03-10)	M Evans 2 (86)	N Kumar 2 (05)	S Rowley 7 (02-03)
B Batty 5 (88)	K Fenton 3 (05)	H Lancaster 41 (02-07)	K Runciman 43 (05-10)
D Bell 5 (89-93)	N Ferguson 16 (83-89)	C Leon 14 (85-91)	N Sadler 3 (92-95)
M Bench 69 (94-01)	P Fitzgibbon 6 (88)	Leon 3 (08)	M Salter 15 (00-05)
P Benson 27 (86-90)	M Friend 3 (97)	C Malde 256 (87-03)	Sameer 3 (07)
A Birchall 298 (82-10)	R Fuller 19 (86-93)	K Malde 3 (90-05)	D Segul 23 (05-07)
P Board 69 (99-07)	D Gaffney 6 (00-06)	H Marshall 36 (88-02)	D Shepherd 23 (85-88)
Boffey 2 (84-85)	G Gatward 2 (03)	D Max 2 (05-06)	D Sheppard 8 (84-88)
P Boldry 122 (82-98)	R Geraghty 2 (05)	M McFarlane 8 (05)	D Shortt 4 (10)
B Bradshaw 3 (95-96)	R Gibbs 21 (82-87)	L Mondratty 4 (04)	J Simpson 285 (83-08)
K Bradshawe 26 (86-95)	K Giddings 8 (84)	D Mort 75 (82-90)	H Skelton 11 (05-10)
N Breward 2 (88-89)	A Goddard 50 (01-06)	M Munson 13 (96-97)	T Skelton 3 (01-02)
S Brewer 28 (96-02)	B Godfrey 67 (83-94)	P Naik 26 (04-10)	A Smith 10 (93)
Brogan 2 (84)	A Gordon 2 (02)	A Norris 19 (93-10)	R Smith 42 (90-92)
R Brookes 13 (85-90)	C Graham 5 (83-85)	D Noutch 2 (03)	G Smyth 76 (83-01)
C Brooks 63 (07-10)	O Graham 66 (82-93)	Obi 3 (92)	D Sparks 53 (93-00)
Cauldwell 3 (84-87)	S Graves 2 (97-98)	O'Brien 4 (87-88)	A Spee 32 (08-10)
C Cavill 7 (07)	M Guggenheim 21 (03-10)	T O'Connor 49 (96-05)	G Steele 16 (05-09)
M Chisnall 7 (04-05)	G Harcourt 41 (02-07)	M Oliver 4 (06)	P Stocker 27 (02-05)
Chris 2 (03)	J Harper 24 (95-01)	G Omissi 10 (97-98)	B Stoneham 2 (05-06)
M Clark 103 (94-07)	M Hawkins 16 (86-93)	R Osman 54 (85-95)	G Sycamore 24 (83-85)
P Clarke 66 (97-06)	I Hay 20 (85-01)	R Outing 3 (93)	P Sylvester 25 (00-08)
S Clarke 372 (90-10)	J Heath 67 (87-00)	J Oza 3 (89-90)	D Terry 366 (90-10)
J Coppen 91 (82-96)	A Hendrax 9 (85-86)	A Pacey 129 (03-10)	M Van Melnik 6 (97-98)
T Cornall 104 (83-95)	C Hensby 51 (82-93)	K Paddison 2 (07)	M Walters 3 (84-85)
P Coulson 15 (90-93)	L Hilsdon 63 (88-00)	S Parr 169 (98-10)	N Waterman 55 (88-02)
M Coupland 4 (84-85)	M Holt 14 (06-08)	B Patel 74 (99-06)	M Wide 5 (97-98)
M Cresswell 16 (88-91)	M Hoskins 2 (01)	I Payne 11 (06-09)	M Williams 2 (88)
S Cripwell 31 (90-95)	Howard 2 (85)	C Perkin 2 (02)	O Williams 76 (84-09)
P Crouch 29 (94-95)	Howells 3 (85)	J Perry 124 (86-05)	R Williams 162 (83-10)
M Dalton 7 (01-04)	J Hursey 4 (92)	M Pirongs 56 (06-10)	A Woodcraft 151 (99-10)
B D'Angelo 16 (85-93)	A Jagan 65 (06-10)	Price 2 (84)	J Wotton 5 (93-98)
Danns 3 (89)	P Jahans 50 (89-97)	R Protz 26 (88-92)	I Yates 12 (91-93)
R Dean 5 (06)	A James 278 (86-10)	A Qawi 3 (07-08)	R Yeomans 2 (92)
D DeKoningh 106 (83-94)	T James 8 (98-05)	P Quirk 2 (01)	
M Denniss 117 (93-06)	D Jarrett 3 (95-99)	B Rajasinghe 2 (09)	

One Match Wonders

1984	Burgess	J Wightman	R Hegarty
Buckley	Fisher	1998	K Kamese
Close	Goldring	A Hill	J Sharpe
S Collins	M Hardman		Spatz
Hamilton	M Hutchings	2000	C Wescott
Jackman	P James	M Brown	J Woodman
S McLure	E Leon		C Yapp
Potier		2001	
Purkis	1989	M Swann	2006
Seamark	Dominic	J Cullen	S Desai
Jnr Shepherd	Griffith	E Grobler	Dominic
Williamson	SJ Malde	Peter	Ranil
Wynne_Jones		C Logan	M Stepells
	1990	Hallchurch	Sunil
1985	Johnstone	S Coppen	Vimal
Arkell		2002	
S Austin	1991	E Layzell	2007
S Burke	D Law		R Bashivi
Kenyon	D Thomas	2003	J Parkinson
MacFadzean		J Finucan	Sohil
Peter	1992	C Kibble	
D Wedderburn	J Lloyd	D Lennon	2008
	J Smith	A Lloyd	Paul (Sean R's mate)
1986	P Thomas	R McCarthy	
M Bright		T Muru	
Coonan	1993	P Tant	2009
Doherty	Carlo		A Feeney
G Kells		2004	T Fell
L Lewis	1994	M Colonnese	E Lashley
Palmer	N Allison	T Dolan	R Muller
Roberts	B Haynes	R Jones	Sharif
F Shepherd	J Malde	R Kapur	Stefan
Thomas		M Leighton	Usama
	1996	K Malde	
1987	T Boyd	Raj (Bim's mate)	2010
Crane	B Carr	Raj (Pete's mate)	B Cohen
Horn	R Clarke	B Werlinger	P David
Keys	S Edwards		J Harvey
Snr Leon	R Poulson	2005	Jason
Russell	E Rackel	A Castle	
		T Fretter	
1988	1997	J Fretter	
Bouldon	P Mair	A Graham	

Club Records

Highest Total:	296-8 v Darji 2009
Highest Total In Win:	277-6 v Wytham 2003
Lowest Total:	5 v Belsize 1983
Highest Total Against:	351-5 Tower Ravens 2006
Lowest Total Against:	22 Munich CC 1984
Most Runs in Match:	626 (296-8 v 330-4) v Darji 2009
Most Wins in Season:	16 in 1993
Most Consecutive Wins:	7 in 2001
Highest Individual Score:	167 by E Reilly v Wytham 2003

Club Record Partnerships

1 st wicket:	198	S Clarke & E Reilly v Wytham 2003
2 nd wicket:	190	A Birchall & D Terry v BMA 1996
3 rd wicket:	137	A Birchall & D Terry v A James All Stars 1996
4 th wicket:	135	A James & A Jagan v Haringey Libraries 2007
5 th wicket:	132*	H Evans & A James v Tower Ravens 2008
6 th wicket:	125	D Segul & E Bartram v London Business School 2006
7 th wicket:	86*	S Clarke & D Terry v Whittington Hospital 1996
8 th wicket:	49	M Denniss & A James v Wytham 1999
9 th wicket:	115	A James & P Crouch v Whittington Hospital 1995
10 th wicket:	50	J Donovan & D Lennon v Beamers 2003

Best Bowling Figures in Match

8-42	D Terry v Carpenters Arms 1993
7-6	D Terry v Hornsey Lions 1991
7-7	M Barber v Munich CC 1984
7-20	C Malde v Rose & Crown 1993
7-21	A James v Wimbish 1992
7-33	A James v Rose & Crown 1996
7-40	C Malde v North London 2002
7-57	H Marshall v Northants Exiles 1989

Centuries

12	D Terry
4	E Reilly
3	C Malde
2	S Ali
1	M Chisnall
1	P Sylvester
1	M Stepells

All Time Leaders

Matches

S Clarke	372
D Terry	366
A Birchall	298
J Simpson	285
A James	278
C Malde	256
J Ellis	173
S Parr	169
R Williams	162
A Woodcraft	149
A Pacey	129
J Perry	124
P Boldry	122

Runs

D Terry	10,618
C Malde	5,802
S Clarke	5,479
A James	3,798
A Birchall	3,182
J Ellis	3,001
S Parr	2,225
A Pacey	1,969
R Jeffries	1,917
J Perry	1,560
M Clark	1,272
H Lancaster	1,229
J Coppen	1,025
A Jagan	1,002

Catches and Stumpings

A Birchall	164	(+ 34 stumpings)
D Terry	109	(+ 1 stumping)
A James	85	
S Clarke	76	
C Malde	52	
S Parr	48	
C Brooks	29	(+ 13 stumpings)
J Ellis	42	
J Perry	38	
R Jeffries	34	
A Woodcraft	33	
M Denniss	28	(+ 4 stumpings)
H Evans	18	(+ 14 stumpings)
T Cornall	31	

Wickets

D Terry	487
A James	340
C Malde	323
R Williams	167
M Barber	156
J Coppen	118
M Bench	115
S Parr	113
J Heath	105
J Simpson	104



Railway Taverners Cricket Club at 30