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have one and he says he gives little hope of my ever managing to get hold of anything written by 'G.F.'

Driffield, where I live, was the birthplace of J.T. Brown, the Yorkshire cricketer who played for England and toured Australia with A.E. Stoddart's team in 1894-95. By persistent investigation some years ago I found that, although J.T. Brown died in 1904, there were some relatives of his still left in the district. Having visited them, I found a great willingness on their part to help me in my collection, and, amongst the many treasures they kindly gave me, was a complete bunch of letters which 'Jack' sent to his mother and father from Australia describing the tour from start to finish.

Part of one of these letters, dated 10th March, 1895, and posted in Launceston, Tasmania, is to my mind worth repeating as it describes not only the winning of the last Test Match and thereby the Ashes, but also what is still, I believe, one of the fastest fifties in Test cricket:—

"As you can all imagine, we are very happy now that we have won the final Test Match, and what a match it was. The greatest match on record. The excitement was intense. We outplayed them at every point. When we had 297 to get to win and Brockwell was out at 6 and then Stoddart at 28, the betting man offered 5 to 1 against us. If ever I felt determined to do well I did when I heard the people say 'It's all over now'. I got 51 in 27 minutes and then the people began to think 'It was not all over yet', and it was not, for Albert Ward and myself took the score to 238 before I was out. Everybody gave us great credit for winning, it was a glorious win and one that we shall never forget".

Jack Brown had suffered from ill health nearly all his life and he died in London at the early age of 35, after struggling so long to hold on to life itself.

Among other early items are the autographs of the first M.C.C. team to Australia, 1903-04, and following this a collection of postcards which Wilfred Rhodes sent to a friend from Australia, describing the first tour abroad.

Early touring teams to this country whose autographs I have include Australia 1902, 1905 and 1912, South Africa 1907 and 1912 and India 1911.

From 1921 to the present day I have the autographs of every touring team which has visited England, and quite a number of the M.C.C. teams which have gone abroad.

Several complete Test Match teams are featured through the years, but probably the most interesting are those of England and Australia at the Oval for the 5th Test in 1926, often described as "the greatest Test of them all".

The County sides naturally have a strong place in my collection, and each year I make a point of obtaining the signatures of all the county teams. Surprisingly, this is not always easy, and there is often a reluctance from some county authorities to help. I say "surprisingly," because I believe that every help should be given to encourage people to watch and take an interest in cricket.

However, I have received much help from county cricketers, and I count myself lucky to have been able to call upon such people as Peter Parfitt, Jimmy Binks, Michael Page and Alan Ward for their assistance.

Fred Cooper, who played for Worcestershire from 1947 to 1950, gave me a most valuable assortment of autographs which he had collected both as a school-boy and as a County Cricketer and these are now an established part of my collection.

Over the years I have spent hours of my leisure time writing to cricketers and have been amply rewarded for my trouble. I have amongst the many replies treasured letters written by such people as Sir Donald Bradman, S.F. Barnes (written only a few weeks before he died), and that 'great' of today, Colin Cowdrey.

Besides the players themselves, letters and signatures of cricket writers and broadcasters, administrators and Presidents of the M.C.C. abound over the years throughout the collection, but so far that famous Lord's Taverners Twelfthman

and President of the M.C.C. in 1949 has eluded me — H.R.H. Prince Philip the Duke of Edinburgh. I have been offered this famous autograph many times by dealers, but still refuse to pay the high price asked.

Luck plays a big part in this type of collecting and I can truly say that most of the items which I have are the result of keeping my eyes and ears open besides the generous nature of several interested people.

Alas, I am finding it increasingly difficult to obtain items of by-gone cricket glory, but it is amazing how, when despair is just round the corner, something comes up and the joy of collecting cricket autographs is again renewed, just as it was all those years ago, when Harold Butler signed my book.

BOOK REVIEWS

CRICKET: A HISTORY OF ITS GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

by Rowland Bowen

(Eyre & Spottiswoode, £5 — £5.00)

When H.S. Altham published *A History of Cricket* in 1926, after writing and thinking about the subject for some years, he set up a monument to himself and at the same time a challenge to others. Any subsequent histories invite comparison with it; and whatever any would-be polymaths of cricket may believe, it is the most difficult of all exercises to write a rounded history of the game. Those of 1950 (Eric Parker), 1960 (Roy Webber) and another of 1960 (B.J.W. Hill) have all failed to occupy a significant place in the literature of the game, though the last-named, and least ambitious, is worth a few hours of anyone's time.

So, if nothing else, it was a highly courageous act to undertake this new book. Rowland Bowen has a certain reputation, and at his best he can be very good. What he lacks is care for detail (which an historian cannot really afford to lack). Where this book conquers over its predecessors is in its attention to the social place occupied by cricket at all stages of its history, and also in its attention to the growth of the game outside the recognised major countries. These aspects make the book important, though unfortunately it is marred too often by a failure to distinguish between alleged fact and ascertained fact: the distinction in such a book should be crystal clear. In this respect the book becomes a trap for the unwary.

What the author adduces as hard evidence frequently turns out to be insupportable. In talking of current West Indian cricket he observes there is no regular competition between territories — arguably incorrect — and goes on to say that the chief grounds "are quite unable to hold the crowds that would attend a Test, and indeed often other matches." Apart from Port of Spain, where the gates have certainly been closed for Test cricket, this is not true of the other centres, where the populations are just not big enough: and as for "other matches", it is not true even for Trinidad. To make matters decidedly ambiguous, the same page later states that, in the West Indies, apart from Tests, "people do not watch first-class matches" there!

And what about Sir Donald Bradman, to whom the author does less than justice as a player? He "did not do much", we are told, "that had not been done by one or other of his contemporaries." But who else among his contemporaries scored 300 runs in a day in a Test, played six innings over 300 in first-class cricket, scored over 450 in an innings, scored six hundreds in succession, twice scored over 1,000 by the end of May, made 974 runs in a Test series, scored 29 hundreds for his country, and averaged over 90 in his career? He did a whole catalogue of things that none of his contemporaries achieved. Bradman is excused by the

author for his alleged inferiority as a batsman by not possessing "the powerful physique that W.G. had." Of course he didn't have W.G.'s Physique, but then nor did Jack Hobbs or Herbert Sutcliffe or Len Hutton or Peter May. In fact "powerful physique" has little to do with great batsmanship, otherwise Warwick Armstrong and C.I.J. Smith would be among the finest batsmen of all time. (The two men with the highest averages in England-Australia Tests - Bradman and Paynter - were both of very slender physique).

This is a substantial book, in which the text runs from pages 27 to 257 and appendices and index from pages 259 to 421. So it may be unfair to say the author sometimes misses the point. But in his preoccupation with the effects of Grace and overarm bowling in the 30 years from 1864, he fails to note that the advance of cricket was also very materially due to the awareness of groundsmanship: better pitches made better cricketers (or certainly helped to). And the decline in standards since the early 1950s can in part be explained by this.

The pictures in the book would get an unqualified mark of approval were it not for the author's allegation that in a hundred years (or less) "those who have enjoyed cricket will probably be a handful of dodderers" and this book is to tell future generations what cricket was. But the pictures, though splendid for us in 1970, are so untypical of what cricket really is that the poor reader in 2070, armed only with this book, will be quite misled. Will he think cricket was an indoor game, or a back-street game, or even a cathedral game? Or was it an outdoor game? If he will not be misled, he will be puzzled.

Puzzled, too, will be the perceptive reader by the amount of speculation in this book. This is certainly necessary to a degree, but on one page alone we have such phrases as "seems likely", "may have been responsible for", "probably" (three times), "there can be no doubt that", "there can be little doubt that." We are told that "it must have been Parr's tour to America which led on to a similar tour to Australia, in 1861-2", which betrays an ignorance of how the Australian tour came about. And when the author does not speculate, the reader is left to. The early English teams to Australia made money, we are told - which most of us know. But how much? Fewer know that, and we should have been told.

There is an extraordinary quotation from chapter three of E.R. Eddison's *A Fish Dinner in Memison* - extraordinary in that great quantities of the quotation have been omitted without giving any of the conventional indication to the reader that this has been done. And what *has* been quoted has more than once been *misquoted* - as is the case with the lengthy quotation from *Bell's Life* on the single-wicket match between Felix and Mynn at Bromley in 1846. But why quote this at all when it has already appeared in Gerald Brodribb's book on Felix published in 1962? There was every point in quoting the Lord's match between Felix and Mynn earlier in 1846 (which was not reproduced by either Brodribb or Patrick Morrah), but no point in giving the Bromley one - where even the score-sheet is incorrect, as are several of the details given in the short paragraph on the Lord's game. The other comparatively lengthy quotation is from Love's poem of 1744 - 41 of the "less-often quoted lines" (with three misquotations in the first two lines): but they tell us absolutely nothing of the game at that time, and it is not difficult to see why they are "less-often quoted"! They are in fact quite meaningless in the context of a history of cricket. And talking of quotations, why is John Derrick, in the familiar Guildford court case, said to have played at "kreckett"? Why this pseudo-erudition by spelling with a "k"? It does not appear in the original deposition, which is available to all and which indeed is reproduced in facsimile in this book.

One can criticise literally scores of pages, but as so much space is devoted to Victoria's record 1107, let us consider that. (It is quoted for its speed of

scoring, but can it be right to quote *one innings* - and a wholly exceptional one: never before, never since - to prove a statistical point, or to prove anything? What was needed, at least in addition to this description, were some tables covering various teams over several years). Much of the material is copied straight from *The Cricketer Spring Annual, 1927* - errors and all, with some of the author's own for good measure. It is really quite improper to impose on the unsuspecting reader such positive laxity. Ponsford was *not* the first to make two double-centuries in an Australian season; he was *not* out with the score at 594 (that was Hendry); Mailey did not take Woodfull's wicket; Ryder did not come in on Ponsford's dismissal; the stand of 375 did not last four hours; Woodfull's score was not 10 when he was nearly run out; Ponsford did not hit 36 fours on Boxing Day; Macartney's absence had nothing to do with illness - he had merely informed the selectors that he would play Shield cricket that season only in Sydney. The author says that the sides were without K. Rigg and H.C. Steele, to illustrate lack of full strength - without knowing that these were the respective 12th men: whose judgment of ability is more valid - that of the State selectors in 1926 or of Rowland Bowen in 1970?

This book needed a keen editorial hand before it was let loose on the market. H.S. Altham's work still stands unchallenged.

I.R.

LUCK OF THE TOSS

by Harvey Day

(Pelham Books 35s. - £1.75)

In this book of popular semi-historical essays the reader is able to select a chapter, any one of ten, on a different aspect of the game. Chapter one is devoted to "Stonewallers", two to "Last Man In"..... and ten to "Fielding Wins Matches". Of a positive outlook, Mr. Day is a shrewd club cricketer of more than fifty seasons. He is young in spirit, and reminds us that cricket is not for the arthritic, the short of wind, the halt and the lame. For him, "Cricket has a distinct feminine streak, which is part of her charm. Her ways are even less predictable than the mind of a film star". Mr. Day has a lively mind, and, in writing of "her ways", expresses himself with clarity.

In eschewing clichés and prosaic language, he strains after the colourful phrase and sometimes errs. He cannot resist tilting at Louis Hall. "He looked like a particularly depressed undertaker presiding at a funeral at the seaside on a wet day in mid-winter....." Nowhere does he inform us that Hall was the pivot of Yorkshire's batting, a greatly respected teetotaller, local preacher, councillor and worker for his fellow-cricketers fallen on hard times. Of F.G.J. Ford, he says "unfortunately rheumatism and the Church did for him in the end and he played first-class cricket only intermittently after coming down from Cambridge". But F.G.J. had five full seasons after coming down and one tour of Australia. He was not "ordained" (if that is what Mr. Day means); his profession was private tutoring. Is Mr. Day thinking of brother Lionel, a parson who became headmaster of Harrow? Of Lord Hawke, he says "his Lordship must have choked over his crusted port when Leicestershire announced that L.G. Berry would take over the captaincy of the county at the age of 40". But Berry became captain in 1946; Lord Hawke had been dead eight years.

Indeed, there are too many mistakes, not all of which may be attributed to careless proof-reading. Abel's 357 not out against Somerset could not have "stood for years as the highest score in county cricket" (p.52), for it was made in 1899 - four years after Maclaren's record score. "Prince" is a solecism

Rowley family is mentioned, E.B.* who captained the County on several occasions, is completely overlooked — but, having stated this, one must admit to having been carried along by the feats, facts, potted biographies and anecdotes of what is in fact, if not in theory or name, something of a history of Lancashire C.C.C.

One senses that Mr. Marshall begins by valiantly attempting to restrict himself to his terms of reference and then finds himself unable to refrain from spilling-over into other fields — or grounds — wherein Lancastrian prowess is revealed. In fact, the reader is the recipient of bonus after bonus. How can a writer (however dedicated) restrict A.N. Hornby, Barlow, A.C. MacLaren, J.T. Tyldesley, Parkin, MacDonald, Washbrook, Statham and many another to the confines of Old Trafford?

There are many photographs, though, surprisingly, one only of a team group, and an eight page index.

It is surely right, in view of Lancashire's modern redemption (if this is not too strong a word), that such a book should be published, and Lancastrian enthusiasts would be foolish not to buy, beg or borrow a copy.

J.D.C.

DENIS COMPTON — THE GENEROUS CRICKETER

by Ian Peebles

(Macmillan, £1.90)

There is clearly much in common between Denis Compton and his biographer. They share the same amiable tolerance towards their more inhibited colleagues and the view that cricket is, above all, a game to be enjoyed. For them, no occasion was ever so solemn as to obscure the humour latent in any situation.

It might therefore be expected that from such a close *rapport*, allied to Mr. Peebles' light-hearted style, so well suited to a portrayal of Compton, would emerge a truly memorable biography of the truly memorable Compton. Unhappily, it just misses the mark. The best is reserved for the Prologue and the first two chapters which deal with Compton's brilliant ascent to fame in those brief years preceding World War II. It is, perhaps, no coincidence that this was the time when the author, as a Middlesex player himself and, for one year, as captain, had the opportunity of observing his subject from the best possible vantage-point. The promise, sad to say, is hardly fulfilled in the subsequent chapters which trace Compton's post-war career along disappointingly pedestrian lines, with too much of the comment devoted to such familiar subjects as Compton's estimate of what constituted a run, his occasional lapses in concentration and, of course, the Knee.

At the end comes an assessment of Compton's superb talents and his own assessment of his greatest contemporaries — nothing very original or enlightening here. A little surprising, perhaps, that among the bowlers he most admired there is no mention of Doug Wright who was always supposed to create special problems for him.

Mr. Peebles evidently shares, along with other characteristics, something of Compton's disregard for meticulous detail, for he gets his facts hopelessly muddled in describing the 1953–54 Test series in the West Indies. Careless proof-reading, one assumes, accounts for the omission, in the Statistical appendix, of such things as Compton's final aggregate of runs and his Test record against India. Errors of minor importance, when set against the magnificent canvas painted by Compton's career, but irritating just the same.

H.E.

* Junior.

MISCELLANEOUS

Copies are still available of *100 Years of Gloucestershire Cricket* edited by G.W. Parker (Gloucestershire C.C.C. 50p) which was published last year in celebration of the Club's official Centenary. (But why commence with 1870? The Gentlemen of Gloucestershire, studded with Graces and relations, were performing great feats as long ago as 1862). There are many well-known contributors to this fine Souvenir; all Cricket collectors should have a copy.

A short article, 'Cricket at Althorp, 1867', by our member, Stephen Green, Curator of M.C.C., has been published in *Northamptonshire Past and Present* (volume IV No. 5), the Journal of The Northamptonshire Record Society. It reminds us of the colourful country house cricket of the time and is based on the scrapbook of R.A. Fitzgerald, the then Secretary of M.C.C.; which has been given to the Club. The Journal is excellent value at 15p and may be obtained from the above Society at Delapré Abbey, Northampton.

Souvenirs have a special appeal for collectors. Three from Ceylon are *Indian Universities' Cricket Tour of Ceylon, October–November 1970* (Ceylon Universities' Sports Association); *Visit of the Hong Kong Cricket Association to Galle, March 1971* (Galle C.C.); and *Official Souvenir of Hong Kong Cricket Association Visit to Ceylon, March 1971* (Ceylon Board of Control for Cricket). The well-known historian, S.S. Perera, compiled the Galle C.C. brochure and contributed to the other publications, and, therefore, the student of the game will find much of interest therein.

Devon County Cricket-Club Year Book (1971) as usual maintains its high standard and does great credit to the Club. The Chairman and Editor, the late Jack Vickery, devoted many hours solid work to this splendid expression of enthusiasm for the game in the West Country. Copies may be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, 2 Osney Gardens, Paignton at 20p each. Again, collectors please note!

J.D.C.

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We must apologise to Irving Rosenwater for an unfortunate error which appeared in his review of *Full Score* by Sir Neville Cardus in our Spring issue on page 65, wherein a wholly fictitious name "Arthur Gunn" appeared.

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A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

In our Spring number (pp. 57/59) we published a factual and thought-provoking review by Irving Rosenwater of *Cricket: A History of its Growth and Development throughout the World* by Rowland Bowen. The founder and first editor of the *Journal*, Mr. Rosenwater is, of course, one of the leading authorities on the history of the Game. Major Bowen is also a leading authority to whom we are indebted and, claiming his right to reply which we are willing to concede, he has sent us the following letter.

Dear Sir,

I do not propose to argue in detail with Irving Rosenwater but on one matter I would like to make my position perfectly clear, and that is the question of Bradman being a bore. I was referring particularly to Bradman in 1930 — maybe my text could be improved to make that clear, and here is a personal story to illustrate my point. I was then at school, and, like everyone else, mad keen to see Bradman. Claude Taylor was my form-master, well-known for his own prowess as a batsman and as, later, an Eton coach, and he gave me a Rovers ticket for the second day of the Lord's Test. On the Monday, in form, Claude Taylor asked me what I'd thought of Bradman, and I told him that after the first half-hour or so, I'd never been so bored in all my life, since the sheer perfection of his batting removed all interest. Taylor exploded and dressed me down in front of the entire form. He himself went up to Lord's later on in the morning, and saw the continuation of Bradman's innings. On the

Tuesday morning, the first thing he did when we assembled was to say 'I owe Bowen an apology: he is quite right, and I did not think it was possible that anyone could be bored with such a fine batsman, but I was also, and I agree entirely with Bowen'.

It is not the speed with which runs are made, but the manner in which they are made that counts. Rosenwater never saw Bradman in 1930 — was not, I think, even born — but there are many of your readers who did, and some may well agree with me. Others, who did not see him till 1934, or later, may not, and they would be right, for by then Bradman was no longer perfect, and so interest returned, to study the struggle between batsman and bowler.

Rosenwater says my History does not supersede Altham's: he is supported in his view by precisely one other reviewer who has appeared in print, and it is emphatically not the opinion of a large number of very qualified reviewers elsewhere not to mention a much larger number of well-informed private individuals.

Yours faithfully,
Rowland Bowen.

P.S. After the above was written my attention was drawn to a comment in the then *Manchester Guardian* of the time which made just the same point: that many there found Bradman boring.

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"Some years ago, when chatting to a keen follower of the game, who stated he considered that too few books on cricket were published, I suggested, more in joke than seriously, that he should enlarge his collecting net so as to include books written by cricketers whatever their subject.

The circumstance escaped my recollection until a few years ago, when, meeting the same enthusiast again, I was amused but astonished to learn that he had acted on what he was pleased to call my advice. And when he began to give details of the publications he had succeeded in getting together I realized that no small responsibility attached to me. It was, therefore, with no small relief that I was assured that the new hobby had proved most interesting, though from what I could gather it was likely to develop into an obsession. The collection he had got together was one of infinite variety, ranging from Government blue books to religious tracts, and on subjects so diverse as the Corn Law Acts, banking, and hymns translated from the German. Volumes of poems (including one by C.T. Studd) are there by the hundred, as are novels, among the authors of the latter being G.L. Jessop. There are, too, enough books of travel to stock a small reference library, but the religious tracts outnumber all other kinds of production.

Probably not one man in a thousand would derive the slightest pleasure from making such a collection.....Still, many people, I believe, collect insects and moths, a proceeding which seems far less intelligible. It is, however, I must admit, possible to glean many interesting facts respecting cricketers from browsing among the many books and pamphlets referred to".

— F.S. Ashley-Cooper, *Cricket Highways and Byways*

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MISCELLANEOUS RESEARCH

FIRST-CLASS CRICKETERS AND PARLIAMENT, 1860-1970

by C.J. Bartlett

A number of first-class cricketers have become members of Parliament, generally after they have retired from first-class cricket. The following table furnishes a list of these cricketers, their constituencies, parties, periods of membership of the House of Commons and, where appropriate, of the House of Lords.

NAME	FIRST-CLASS CAREER	TEAM	CONSTITUENCY	PARTY	COMMONS	MEMBERSHIP LORDS
H.R. Brand (Viscount Hampden)	1860-67	Sussex	Hertfordshire Stroud	Cons. Cons.	1865-73 1874-86	1892-1906
C.G. Lyttelton (Viscount Cobham)	1861-66	Camb. U., Gents. of Eng., M.C.C.	East Worcs.	Lib.	1868-74	1876-1922
D.R. Orslow	1860-72	Camb. U., Sussex, M.C.C.	Guildford	Cons.	1874-85	
Hon. T. de Grey (Baron Walsingham)	1862-65	Camb. U., Gents of Eng.	W. Norfolk	Cons.	1865-70	1870-1919
W. Fuller-Maitland	1864-69	Oxf. U., Gents of Eng.	Breconshire	Lib.	1875-95	
R.T. Reid (Earl Loreburn)	1865-68	Oxf. U., Kent	Hereford, Dumfries	Lib. Lib.	1880 1886-1905	1906-23
J.F. Leese	1865-77	Lancs.	Accrington	Lib.	1892-1909	
W. Kenyon-Slaney	1869	M.C.C.	Newport (Salop)	Cons.	1886-1908	
A.H. Heath	1875-79	Glos., Oxf. U., Middx.	Hanley Leek	Cons. Cons.	1900-06 1910	
A. Lyttelton	1876-87	Camb. U., Middx., England	Warwick & Leamington St. George's, Hanover Sq.	Cons.	1895-1906	
W.L. Bridgeman (Viscount Bridgeman)	1884-87	Camb. U.	Oswestry	Cons.	1906-29	1929-35
G. Kemp (Baron Rochdale)	1885-93	Camb. U., Lancs.	Heywood N.W. Manchester	Lib. U. Lib.	1895-1906 1910-12	1913-45
F. Freeman-Thomas (Marquess of Willingdon)	1886-90	Camb. U., Sussex	Hastings	Lib. Lib.	1900-06 1906-10	1910-41
H.W. Forster (Baron Forster)	1887-95	Oxford U., Hants	Sevenoaks	Cons.	1892-1919	1920-36

Cor. *in*ued overleaf.....