

MEMORIES ARE MEDDA THIS!

"You're playing!" Those two words were perhaps the most important of the week. It meant that Saturday afternoon would not be spent sitting on the sidelines, maybe with just the scorebook for company, whilst others were able to participate in the joy of that week's match.

Whenever I plucked up the courage to ask, "What's the team for Saturday?" the answer would hopefully be those two words. It was as if the recipient of the question knew exactly what I really would like to have asked.

The recipient? For want of a better word, he was the club general factotum; founder member, ex-captain, secretary, treasurer and groundsman Wilf Dunn.

And the club? The Medda, or more properly, Spring Meadow CC based in Old Hill. It was then a well-established club playing one match on a Saturday each week and several midweek 20-over games. (Never on a Sunday as Wilfred was lay reader at the parish church and cricket was not played without Wilf). All matches were of the friendly variety, which didn't mean we were not bothered about winning, but we did not play for 'The Town Hall Steps'. However having witnessed some of the antics of the said Mr. Dunn, I sometimes wondered. Nothing as blatant as cheating – that would have been just not cricket – but definitely irregular, and all done so apologetically.

The ground in Garratts Lane was small, bounded on one side by a huge ash bank and on the other by the Old Hill to Dudley branch line and High Street Halt. The first time I ever saw the ground I would have been aged about 7 or 8, making 'exploration forays' with school mates. We were amazed to see this oasis of green in what was then a grey and dirty landscape. We carefully noted a central area which was roped off, and an 'old gentleman' busily plying a motor mower around the field. That would have been Wilf.

In those days we played cricket at primary school using Bearmore playing fields. My school did not benefit from a teacher who played the game, as did Corngreaves School who had Sammy Jackson and Aubrey Bishop-Rowe, both connected to the Medda, but it did provide me with an introduction to the game. Then I found out that on Friday evenings in the summer a net session took place in the playground of the local school.

I used to nip across and watch longingly as the participants took great delight in trying to decapitate the batsmen who responded by thrashing the ball to all parts of the netting and schoolyard. After a few sessions of watching and fetching the ball for the bowlers I was invited to 'have a go'.

With no box – though it is doubtful if I would have known its function at that age and less of an idea where to put it – and pads reaching from ankles to thigh, I held the bat about three sizes too large and waddled down to the crease to face gentle underarm deliveries. What I failed to appreciate was that a spin bowler bowling under-arm can obtain far more purchase on the ball, and the matting surface would enhance this imparted spin even further: and so it was to the great amusement, particularly to one Mr. Priest to see my bewilderment as the ball shot past me to both left and to right.

It was only when I had left school some ten years later that I would go along on Saturday afternoon to watch with the hope that someday I would be invited to participate. Then one glorious day the Medda were a man short and I was despatched to collect a pair of pumps (no trainers then). Nor did I own any whites.

I was invited to bat at number eleven and at about 4.30 I strode rather tentatively to the wicket and took guard from Mr. Dunn who was the umpire, who else, and I was away. The player at the other end was Ted Vigar, who took great delight in clouting the ball half way up the ash bank, over the railway or crashing into the corrugated iron sheets which made up the boundary. I managed not to get out, scoring an unbelievable 33.

I cannot remember the outcome of the game, or how I fielded after a legendary 'Medda Tea', but it was my introduction to club cricket and I was hooked.

It took some time to be regarded as a regular player when I was able to hear those immortal words, "YOU'RE PLAYING!"

Richard Greaves

Share your cricket memories on this page!
Send your story to the address shown on page 4

From Page 1

The Birmingham League is again providing a close finish to the season with Walsall and Himley vying for top spot as I write. The progress at Wombourne is quite remarkable considering all their pre-season player changes.

We must not lose sight of all the hard work done behind the scenes with ground preparation and the spanking new nets a lot of clubs now have.

Many spectators came out to watch the T20 week at Himley with rain, unfortunately, ruining the Friday night final.

There are some talented players performing in the Worcestershire Leagues, supported by hard working committees. I know only too well, after a week at work, that they pray for dry Saturdays.

We are very fortunate to have the Stourbridge Cricket Club as our venue, welcoming a fine line-up of speakers this winter. I look forward to seeing very few empty chairs, a great atmosphere and plenty of questions from the floor as we continue to learn more about cricket.

Mike Tomkin

What unique event occurred in the match between Somerset & Worcestershire in September 2012?

Answer will appear in the next edition of Boundary View

The Foster family

I am researching the Foster family

I would appreciate any items of interest concerning two of the brothers' experiences in Birmingham League cricket, *viz.*,

R.E. 'Tip' Foster played one season for Stourbridge. M.K. Foster played many years for Walsall and West Bromwich Dartmouth.

I have details of first-class cricket played by the seven brothers, but any other contributions will be very much appreciated; please contact:

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NEWS FROM THE BOUNDARY

Connect 4

What 3 facts connect the following four ex-cricketers:

Jim Laker, Peter Lever, Derek Shackleton and Richard Illingworth?

Beethoven on a Banjo!

That was how Neville Cardus once described One Day Cricket! What would he have made of Twenty20 cricket?

Answers to either or both questions on a pc to **Ken Workman** (address on page 1) before the December meeting. Winning entries may win something for Christmas!

Lost Grounds of the Black Country

It is my intention to publish a book about the lost cricket and football grounds (and clubs) of the south area of the Black Country.

If you have any memories or photos that may help, please contact me:

07974 428261 terrychurch@btclick.com

Terry Church

A Remarkable Man - A Biography of George Chesterton

Former Hampshire cricketer and teacher at Malvern College, Andy Murtagh pays tribute to a fine cricketer of the 1950s who bowled for Worcestershire in holiday time. The book's title justifies the tale of the wartime pilot, Varsity cricketer who became the county's president and later leader of Malvern Civic Society. Inevitably his playing days are only part of a bigger, fascinating story. A Christmas gift suggestion!

Published by Shire Books at £25

Ken Workman

Obituary

Richard Beaumont (33) collapsed and died while fielding for Pedmore CC v Astwood Bank CC on 4 August 2012. He had just achieved a five wicket haul, his best performance since joining the Stourbridge club last year. He previously played for Romsley & Hunnington CC

Next time you visit Stow on the Wold, don't miss the **COTSWOLD CRICKET MUSEUM** in Sheep Street.

Admission is £4.50 which **includes** a coffee plus 50p donation to Bunbury's, the cricket charity. Open daily (closed Mondays) 10-5

"Send the missis to nearby Scott's of Stow while you enjoy a fascinating hour!"

Ken Workman

The Foster Graves - A Restoration Project

The graves in Malvern Cemetery include those of Rev H Foster, his wife Sophie, and three of their 10 children: 'Tip', Maurice and the youngest daughter Cicely, who played golf for England and died in childbirth in 1913.

Anyone interested in helping or wishing to contribute towards the cost of the project is asked to please contact: