

THE BRIGAND



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Editorial

There is much to celebrate in this issue of the Brigand. Kids Aloud made its return to the Royal Hall in the form of 'The Last Dragon' while the Technology Tournament appeared in its 2023 form, challenging students to design a container and power it across a ravine. These events took an enormous amount of preparation and our thanks are due to Guy, Bob and their teams. As you'll read, all the other customary activities have continued, powered by the enthusiasm of Brigantes members.

Sadly in recent weeks this has been overshadowed by the death of one of our outstanding Rotarians, Barry Pollard. Our thoughts at this sad time are with Mo and Barry's family. There are tributes and photos in this edition as we come to terms with the fact that Barry, who initiated and supported so many of our activities, has passed away. And yet, as the tributes pinged into my inbox, I couldn't help thinking that, although we may not see his like again, Barry has also, through his drive, imagination and leadership, given us so much to celebrate.

Thank you Barry.

Peter Wood

From Major Lil



I met Barry on his first Nepal trip when he led a team of Rotarians from RI District 1040 to Nepal in February 2011.

The mission of the project was to facilitate Information Technology in a remote Nepali village in west Nepal. The area then had no IT education, nor mobile phones. Electricity was available only in a selected hamlet.

The time between late February to the first week of March 2011 was an historic period for the Panchamul valley. It was during this period that the first installation of IT suites was successfully completed in Shree Tri Shahid High School,

Panchamul. Thereafter six more schools were all equipped with IT suites and are connected to the internet. Everyone in the valley agrees that Barry as project leader played an important part in ushering the remote hill village schools into 21stC education and helped to connect the valley with the outside world. He was made an honorary member of the Gurkhas for his outstanding support.

Besides IT suites, Barry initiated and supported Micro Loan schemes in the valley which uplifted the living standards of hundreds of beneficiaries. He was kind and genuinely wanted to help those who were less well off than others.

We have had memorable times together, both at work and in play. Hiking to a hilltop, riding on a roof top of a local bus on a bumpy seasonal road and social events in the evening with the locals are memories we will always cherish. His efforts to sing Nepali songs in the evening, with the help of local ROXI (brew) brought immense laughter which lasted until the wee hours! He will be remembered by many.

Coming to terms with the death of a dear friend is most difficult for his friends in Nepal, which he considered as his second home. Barry will be happy, looking down from Heaven for what he has helped to achieve in the remote hills of Nepal. His legacy will live on!

REST IN PEACE BARRY!

Major (Retd) Lilbahadur Gurung MBE

Barry

Tributes to Barry have flowed in, many with the helpful suggestion “amend or delete as you think appropriate”. Quite how you write about someone who has touched so many lives I’m not sure, but here goes.

President Les has led tributes from the Club. “Before joining in 2013 I visited the Club several times as a guest. Barry was always one of the first to greet me and make me feel welcome. The first committee I joined was chaired by Barry. It was involved with one of his great loves, the people and Rotary projects in Nepal. Later, when not in the best of health, he continued to support projects right up to the recent Kids Aloud. I’ll remember him as a committed Christian, a man full of wise counsel, always supportive and an outstanding Rotarian.”

The Nepal project was perhaps his greatest achievement. Andy Morrison recalls how it all began. “Back in 2011 Barry asked for help. He wanted advice about a potential project in a third-world country, helping young people by installing IT. Wow, what an idea! Installing computers in distant villages to inspire school kids! As it happens I had a pot of money surplus from another project and I also gave technical skills and time. But Barry was the inspiration, instigator and driver for the project and has remained so ever since.”



Charlotte Gale is another who supported Barry in Nepal. “Barry went above and beyond to help to make a difference to lives both locally and abroad. I have fond memories of a month spent there in 2014 as part of a small project team. Barry was instrumental in driving Brigantes’ longstanding commitment to helping our friends in the Panchamul valley in one of the most ambitious and diverse projects we have undertaken. His dedication and enthusiasm will be much missed.”

Guy Wilson worked with Barry on a number of projects. “He was intelligent, willing, determined, energetic, positive, committed and supportive – in fact the perfect Rotarian. It was his drive that got the Nepal project off the ground. He soon came to love Nepal and its people. The sight of him wreathed in smiles as we were welcomed in ‘our’

Panchamul valley will never leave me.”

One of Barry’s great achievements was to enthuse people from other Rotary Clubs. John Proud of Northallerton RC is one. “He was an exceptional human being, a true inspiration to us all. His unwavering dedication to serving others and making a positive impact in the world was truly remarkable. I shall always remember his kind and gentle nature. He had a way of making everyone feel welcome and valued and his infectious sense of humour brought joy to all who knew him.” Gill Poole from Mirfield RC who visited Nepal with Barry six times says, “Barry’s commitment and enthusiasm drove the project forward and the pebble was thrown into the pond not knowing what ripples that would create. He loved the people in the Panchumol valley.”

Those sentiments are echoed by John Ogbourne of Eccleshall Mercia RC. John had already worked with Barry in Nepal and, having moved from Wensleydale to Stafford in 2014, volunteered for another of Barry’s projects which involved raising money for toilet and sanitary facilities at the primary school in Majhkot with three other clubs. Similar projects were undertaken at two other schools, the most recent just last year. John writes, “I had no idea what participation in the 2011 project would lead to but feel eternal thanks for the leadership that Barry Pollard provided in promoting opportunities to visit and support communities in Nepal.”



Barry

The range of projects was indeed remarkable. Andy mentions 'Barry's shops' in which Barry helped destitute people in Nepal set up shops so that they had an income. Then there was the Micro-loans Scheme which enabled people to set up small businesses which then became self-sufficient. Another time Barry and four others paid for a Volleyball court. It's Nepal's national game and the court now hosts an annual competition involving up to thirty teams and is bringing affluence to a poor area.

Kelvin Burkinshaw knew Barry for almost forty years. Barry was from Chester and remained a loyal supporter of Chester City FC. Much of his professional life was spent working for ICI and later as a management consultant. "He was very determined" recalls Kelvin. "On the sporting front he tried very hard to improve, always in the cricket nets or on the golf driving range. He travelled a lot with his job, marketing new products in the global marketplace. He always visited a local Rotary Club and usually brought a banner back to Harrogate." He and Kelvin worked together for many years on the annual Golf Day at Oakdale and Barry was particularly keen to raise as much money as he could from the event for Young Carers.

Guy recalls that, even when ill in hospital the week before he died, Barry quizzed him about the recent Kids Aloud concerts which he'd helped to plan. He'd heard the show had gone well. How had we done financially? "When I told him we'd have a healthy surplus to carry forward he was delighted. Then, ill as he was, in bed as he was, with a broad smile on his face he lifted his right arm and high-fived me. That is the measure of the man – always thinking of others, always pleased with their successes."

Barry was a great Rotarian, having joined Brigantes in 1986, served as President in 1996-97 and been awarded a Paul Harris Fellowship in 2011. He was, in honour of his work in Nepal, one of only twelve recipients of the prestigious RIBI 'Champions of Change' award in 2016 and was proud to travel to London with Mo to receive the award in the House of Lords.

My own memories of Barry at meetings, out walking, on the golf course or at the Book Club are of someone committed and utterly dependable who was always ready with a wry comment and a mischievous sense of humour. He will be much missed.

"Rest in Peace my dear friend" (John), "Thank you and Namaste (Andy), "Thank you and God bless you" (Guy), "You'll be looking down on the villages you cared so much about" (Gill), "His legacy will live on" (Major Lil).

Peter Wood



Barry



From Arkengarthdale to Buckingham Palace



There can't be many people who made that journey but Colin Alderson did and he told us about it. Brought up in a remote farmhouse out beyond Reeth, he walked to school over frozen bridges and through muddy woods. His grandmother had even run the Tan Hill Inn, the highest pub in England. Later he went to school in Richmond and studied catering at Scarborough College. His first job was at Bolton Castle. His life revolved around food and hospitality. Having landed a job as a junior cook with the Royal Household he spent five years there before running the Balmoral Guest House in Harrogate and the Sandringham restaurant at Beckwithshaw – where I recall dining in some style many years ago.

But essentially Colin's talk is about his Royal years and it's truly fascinating to get a glimpse behind the scenes. There can be no doubt that the Queen and her family dined well. Colin was able to show us some menus with Her Majesty's handwritten amendments. She knew what she liked. Côtelettes d'agneau (lamb chops) were seemingly a favourite; the menus, of course, were all written in French. Colin showed us where he slept at Buckingham Palace and where he cooked. The journey up staircases and along endless corridors took ten minutes – his walk to work. The kitchen was half below ground level so he had an uninterrupted view of a succession of royal legs, from Princess Anne to the Duke of Edinburgh.

Although he had to learn how to cook all elements of a meal, desserts were clearly his speciality and many of them involved vast quantities of cream and chocolate. They invariably owed as much to artistry as to culinary skill, a succession of manufactured leaves and flowers concealing the goodies within. There were certain fixed points he recalled. When the Duke of Windsor died Colin was in charge of the Duchess' culinary wellbeing. Ascot week was always incredibly busy, with all leave cancelled. The Queen always breakfasted at 9.15am and her poached eggs were delivered in a cocoon of bread.

Colin travelled with the family. Every two weeks he would go to Windsor. At other times he accompanied the Queen to Holyrood, Sandringham, to the Western Isles on the Royal Yacht, to the Queen Mother's outpost at the Castle of Mey and to the Royal favourite, Balmoral. There were more informal glimpses – the annual fancy dress party which Colin won dressed as the Loch Ness Monster, the film shows laid on by the Queen twice a week and the staff spending their leisure time sunbathing on the roof of Buckingham Palace.



So next time you visit the wilds of Arkengarthdale – and they can be very wild – just remember you're only a stone's throw from Buckingham Palace.

Tree Planting in Nidderdale

On 3rd March a party of students and teachers from Ashville College, accompanied by President Les, Guy and Charles Dickinson from Harrogate RC, planted 200 trees in a field just above Lofthouse. This was made possible by a £1,000 grant from Brigantes to which was added a similar amount raised by the Ashville students. This money enabled the purchase of the trees, together with stakes and eco-friendly shelters.

Getting the necessary permissions to plant can be complicated. Each site in the Nidderdale AONB needs to be approved by the Council. Advice is sought from them, along with the landowner, on the number and variety of trees best suited to the proposed planting area. In this case they were Alder, Oak, Birch, Rowan, Quickthorn and Hazel.



The students worked in teams of three, supervised by an experienced adult tree planter to position the stakes and then plant the trees. Work was completed in good time to enable them to return to school before the end of the day.

Trees For Nidderdale was setup by the Rotary Club of Harrogate and is now supported by Ripon Rotary club. See TreesForNidderdale.org for more details or contact Charles Dickinson on CRDX@btinternet.com.

A Goldsborough Medley



A fine breezy Monday tempted out a smattering of our walking group. Indisposition, anno domini and foreign frolics, those enemies to serious walking, had taken their toll and three of us, John Wood, Graham Chilvers and your Editor, led and protected by our mascot Jet, set off with a bit of a gale in our tail. The going was firm and, after recent mishaps, there was not a single stile.

Ribston Hall was our first objective, surrounded by carpets of snowdrops. It comes with a bit of land; we seemed to be walking on its estate for a long time and the path led us unerringly to Little Ribston and our coffee stop which John had earmarked on a conveniently fallen tree. Then it was on to another fine pile, Plompton Hall where the weathervane had taken a tumble and pointed skywards.

The name 'Plompton' immediately conjures images of spectacular outcrops and sure enough our selected lunch stop was on an outlier of the famous rocks and afforded splendid views. Jet having scavenged unsuccessfully for wayward crisps, we strode on to Birkham Wood, now sadly bisected by the southern bypass. Debouching by the Business Park island, we discovered a little-known bridge over the Nidd, a deserted mill and an ingenious water-driven electricity generation plant. There is simply no limit to what our walks reveal.

With the wind now behind us, we made good time back to Goldsborough. Although largely a flat walk, it had been a good seven-miler, longer than two-thirds of us had done for a while. Even Jet was subdued and if we'd tired *her* – well that's some achievement!

Thanks John for a great walk.



A Fairy in the RAF

Mike Greatorex was a Fairy. Before you get the wrong idea, he doesn't have wings or a wand. He trained in the RAF as a telegraphist and in service slang that makes him a 'Fairy' just as it makes, for instance, an engine mechanic a 'Sooty'. No, I don't either and Mike didn't explain.

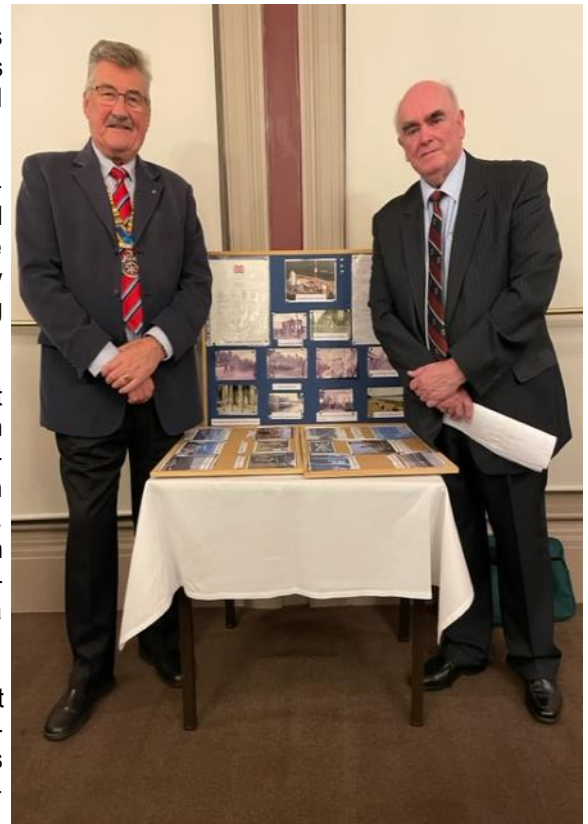
Born and bred in Harrogate, he opted, from a pretty limited choice, to be a telegraphist at 15. Given that the other options were a cook or a mechanic, he felt he'd chosen well. He was posted to RAF Cosford in the bitter winter of 1963 and the only heating available was pipes. He was introduced to his favourite NCO ("My name's Higgins, spelt Bas***d) and to the rigours of service life. Trade training involved Morse code and learning five letters per night. He has never forgotten it.

After 18 months he graduated and spent a year in the Communications Centre at RAF Scampton which comprised "exercises, socialising and beer." He was then posted to RAF Luffenham where he became an intercept operator and then a junior technician. Following a stint at 399 Signals Unit, he was sent to Aden which was a hotbed of unrest with two factions knocking seven bells out of each other. Shorts were de rigeur but on his first morning Mike had a wardrobe malfunction when he discovered that his underpants were longer than his shorts, which required immediate remedial action. He then spent 13 months in Bahrain and did a further stint near Oman.

It was following this that Mike had his best posting – to Berlin which of course at this time – 1983 – was a divided city. He spoke of looking out for 'interesting signals', given that the city was surrounded by communist East Germany, as well as cellar parties and a rich and varied social life. Getting out to West Germany required immense amounts of paperwork but it had to be done on a regular basis. He clearly enjoyed his time in Berlin and admitted he sounded like an agent for the city's Tourist Board.

Having left the RAF in 1986, he did a nine-month course at Bletchley Park and ended up working at Menwith Hill. He wouldn't tell us what he did but said it was "very important". Now he contents himself with solving the puzzles of Family History, both his own and other people's.

Mike also brought with him lots of pictures which added to the enjoyment of an entertaining and illuminating talk.



President Les with Mike

Farewell to Richard Cooper

As Leader of Harrogate Council, Richard has spoken to us on a number of occasions. This, however, was his last, at least in his official capacity, as Harrogate Council was to disappear ten days later. This was, he said, another stop on his farewell tour. Even so, civic life still goes on. Earlier in the day he had unveiled a plaque at the Convention Centre commemorating its time as a Nightingale Hospital during the Covid emergency. He had also accepted a government grant of £2m to support local work with Ukrainian refugees. The next day would see his final Council meeting.

Richard has deliberately chosen not to put himself forward for election to the new unitary North Yorkshire Council. When he made the decision he accepted the fact that the day would come when he would regret it. Election day came and went with no regrets and now, with the demise of the local Council imminent, it still hasn't happened. Which, as he admitted, must mean he's made the right decision.

Of course there are things he's not entirely happy about. It's well-known that he didn't favour the creation of the new Council, which he fears has been put together at breakneck speed and will have a very different 'feel' to the local Council. The creation of a 'Town Council' has been mooted but he's not convinced it would work, unclear what it would do.

The current state-of-the-art Council offices in Harrogate will continue to be used by the new Council and, within a year, there'll be a 'Metro Mayor' for York and North Yorkshire. Runners and riders will soon be throwing hats into the ring.

Richard has four pieces of advice for those who will come after him, and indeed for all politicians. First up is that 'Good policies make good politics.' In other words, if the policies are good the politics don't matter. Secondly, 'If you win an argument, don't stop fighting for it.' Richard has learned that from experience that to rest on your laurels can be fatal. Thirdly, 'Listen carefully to client voices' and not just to those who shout loudest. Finally, 'Never leave absolute nonsense unchallenged'. If you do – the nonsense can become true.

Richard's been a good friend to Brigantes. He's always been prepared to come along and address the issues of the day without any accompanying political baggage and he's answered our questions with balance and candour. He'll continue to be welcome and we wish him well as he sails into this particular sunset



Richard with President-Elect Bill (and the Old Bell)



Bob generously donated his card game winnings to the food bank.

A small addition rounded it up to £100

and he presented a cheque to the Starbeck Food Bank

Jeremy Trigg

Jeremy will be our Assistant District Governor from July. We welcomed him to a meeting at the end of February whence he had 'scattered' from his local Ripon Club.

We wish Jeremy well for his term of office.



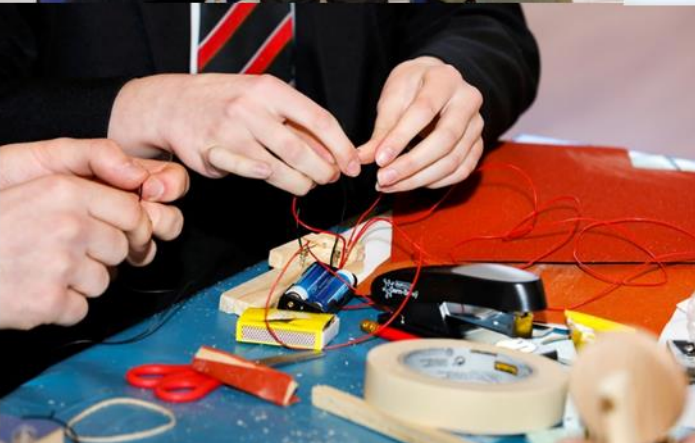
Jeremy is pictured with President Les

Technology Tournament

It was good to see the Technology Tournament back, for its first post-Covid appearance. This time the school teams had to power a container from one side of a river to the other using only battery power. The more sophisticated intermediates had to deposit their loads on the far bank while the sixth-form advanced teams had to create a reverse switch which brought the container back.

For the first hour nothing much seemed to be happening but then the early prototypes began to make an appearance and eventually the testing tables became hives of activity as a variety of ingenious models tottered across the wild ravine. It was all a tribute, not only to those who had set and resourced the problem, but also to the students who solved it in so many individual and imaginative ways.

Ninety-six students from six local schools took part and, given the Covid-induced gap of three years, it was heartening to see it all happening again. Particular thanks are due to our own Bob Tunnicliffe, to Trevor Woodward from York RC and to all the Rotarians who made the day possible as well as all the teachers and students who supported and enjoyed it.



The Appeal

'The Appeal' by Janice Hallett should have been the subject of the March meeting of the Book Club but the great snows intervened so it became the April topic. It's a 'Whodunnit' with a difference. There's no narrative. The story is told entirely through a series of emails. The jacket puffs: "One Murder. Fifteen Suspects. Can You Uncover The Truth?" Well no, I don't think any of us actually did but that's not surprising since there seemed to be a cast of thousands (only 15?) to choose from.

That was the first problem. When there's no narrative, no description and no real context it's hard to tell one character from another. The author had clearly anticipated this problem and furnished us not once but twice with dramatis personae and updates on what we should be looking out for. There was a murder, though it took a long time to happen, and the identity of the murderer took us all by surprise. We felt there was a bit of chicanery here and that we hadn't necessarily been given all the information we needed to make up our own mind. The ghost of Agatha Christie hovered over these pages and one couldn't help but feel that she, mistress of the restricted cast, one of whom *must* be the murderer, would have made a better job of it.

In the end I sort of enjoyed it, though the same cannot be said for most of the group. There was an inevitable curiosity about who would be unmasked as the villain and, as is often the case, a sense of anti-climax when it became known. "Oh it was him/her. Well, I'll be" So, yes, a web of intrigue and deceit was woven, a dastardly and pretty complicated crime was committed and a villain unmasked. But I for one was left feeling that I had just played a long game of Cluedo in which the characters had been moved around to produce a story. In case you wish to take it on holiday I won't give any spoilers other than to say it definitely wasn't Captain Scarlet in the study with the lead pipe.



Sleuths hard at work

Fountains toFountains!

The April walk from Fountains, much delayed because of Easter and other events, finally got underway on a wing and a prayer, the leader having got lost reconnoitring it. Thankfully the problem wasn't repeated though not every directional decision was unequivocal.

The fields from the Skell valley to Sawley were as treacherous navigationaly as the mangrove swamps but we made it to the village green for coffee – posh seats decorated with spring flowers. Then it was over more fields to Risplith and the steep drop down by road back to the Skell. A very helpful lady pointed out that though we were walking on the right (and correct) side of the road there was a pavement (sort of) on the other side which we had cavalierly ignored. It was our first female motorist intervention. The second was some time later when a lady asked us if we'd seen a dog lost in Studley Deer Park. We hadn't, and our memories being the sad relics they are, within a hundred yards, having forgotten the name of the dog and the kennels it came from, we wouldn't have recognised it if it had stood and barked in front of us. Taking the path up from the ruined spa, we debouched into the village of Aldfield and ate our lunch on a seat and wall in the churchyard amid the gravestones and copious wild garlic. Two further fields and the estate path brought us back to Fountains, the leader much relieved that the distress flares could be put away for another day.



Coffee at Sawley (John Wood behind the camera)



President Les presents a cheque for £644 to Martin House

THE BRIGAND

Kids Aloud

And so it came to pass that years of planning fructified and the kingdom of Rubovernia was saved not once but twice on the stage of the Royal Hall thanks to a narrator, some terrific young actors, two hundred children each night and a bit of help from the last dragon. It was a stunning realisation of a great story, some wonderful music and songs that lifted the old roof.

Thanks are due to everyone concerned – and there were a lot of them – who enabled the show to happen. It was a great team effort but, at the final curtain call, Guy Wilson must take the spotlight. It was his brainchild and he saw it to completion so well done Guy. Around him are ranged Roland Fudge, Carmel Wake, teachers, Rotarians, musicians, sundry other assistants and the ever-helpful Royal Hall staff.

All Hail Rubovernia!



THE BRIGAND

A Village Headmaster Dr John Ridley.

We were entertained to a most informative and amusing talk by John about his days as a student and then spending 21 years as the Headteacher of a village primary school. He regaled us with tales of his student days at college including his popularity with his fellow students as he and his roommate occupied a ground floor room and were able to let friends arriving back at college after the 10:30 pm (!) curfew in via the window!

During his 21-year headship he introduced all sorts of activities for his pupils including setting up an exchange with an inner-city school in Birmingham. This started with the pupils becoming pen pals and then visiting each other's school. He organised many visits in the local area including to Marrick Priory and Dalby Forest and activities including overnight camping where pupils heard the Phantom Bag-piper. Many of the activities which the children enjoyed would not have been allowed in this Ofsted era!

This was a most interesting talk which left us full of admiration for a village headmaster. How fortunate his pupils were!

Ruth Townrow



John with President Les

and finally

During the worst of the Covid pandemic twelve Lockdown Brigands were published. Members provided material and one of the most regular contributors was Barry. As a final tribute to him I've chosen two, each in its own way written from the heart.

A Bombing Mission in February 1941

My Mum passed away in October 2018. She left behind a number of personal items including a large metal grey security box which contained a multitude of personal papers. In sifting through the documents I found a four-page typed document composed by Dad and typed up by Mum. It was the account of a bombing mission he made in February 1941. It was a gripping read as he recounted his emotions and feelings from the moment of the initial flight briefing, the flight experience and the subsequent debrief. The purpose of the mission was to attack the dry docks at Wilhelmshaven, Germany, where the pocket battleship Tirpitz was having a refit. My Dad was a rear gunner, one of six in the crew flying the Wellington bomber.

Reading it for the first time, I almost felt that I was in the rear turret with my Dad for the full five hours of the flight. The mission was unsuccessful as they were beaten off by a battery of searchlights and high density flack attack. They dived so low to escape this that they were unable to release the bombs. However escape they did and, having gained height, they dropped their bombs on the unsuspecting little town of Essen.

Here are some extracts from his account:

"There was something distinctly unfriendly about the name Wilhelmshaven. Perhaps it was the hard, guttural pronunciation of the German language but to our crew it had an ugly ring."

"The Skipper quipped "Third time lucky! With a clear sky and a full moon, we should get a clear view of the target". We all expressed general agreement, but I am sure the same thought was in all our minds.....Lucky for whom?"

"Although this was my 20th trip, I still experienced that tightening and sickening feeling as I clambered aboard"

"As we crossed the North Sea, I reflected on the insanity of mankind where I was heading to a hostile country to be party to killing and maiming ordinary folk like myself. Would the human race ever learn that war solved nothing?"

My Dad completed sixty operational trips before being stood down. He was one of the lucky ones; only 10% of his colleagues survived the duration. He became a Squadron Leader Rear Gunner and was awarded the DFC. We have the photo of Dad receiving his medal from King George VI. He never shared any of his war experiences with me or my three brothers.



The King presents the DFC

to Squadron Leader Rear Gunner Laurence Valentine Pollard

Confessions of a Less-Than-Average Club Cricketer

I took up cricket at the age of eight and played more or less continuously until I finally hung up my boots some fifty five years later. But I have to admit it, I was never much good.

My lack of achievement as a batsman stems from Day One of my career, the day the sports master at my primary school introduced me to this noble English game. I was instructed on how to pick up the cricket bat; unfortunately he failed to ask me which was my dominant hand. I happen to be naturally left handed but I was made to take up a right handed stance.....which completely negated the flair which most left handed batsmen seem to possess.

Mind you I was a demon left hand spin bowler. By the time I got to Grammar School and the 3rd year I had developed a vicious back-of-the-hand off break called a Chinaman, the left hander's googly. It would turn at least a yard. I remember the Sports master saying to me "Pollard, England are looking for players like you," rare praise indeed. However my bowling career was blighted by one big problem..... My bowling was pretty erratic with many a ball pitching half way down the wicket.

My main claim to fame as a bowler was to take a hat trick playing for Helsby Grammar versus Chester Grammar under 15s. It was a great feeling to see the batsman watch the ball pitch way outside the wicket and raise his bat to let it pass only to see it whip back and take his middle stump. The same thing happened many years later when I played my one and only first team game for Studley Royal. I was brought on to bowl when the opener had already scored fifty runs. My first ball to him again pitched way outside the wicket. The look on his face is one to remember when he saw the ball nip back and bowl him.

However back to my batting....I think it fair to describe me as a batsman with a solid defence but unable to score many runs. My season's average was always between fifteen and twenty. I never scored a fifty in my life but did come close once. I was playing in the Sunday team for Woodford CC (near Manchester) against a village club up the Pennines. I opened the innings and had got to 45 not out when, over the top of a nearby hill, a massive black cloud appeared, sullyng the beautiful blue sky. The forecast thunder storm had arrived and we had to make a sudden dash back to the pavilion..... Ah, memories of what might have been!!

Barry Pollard