

# THE YORKER



MELBOURNE CRICKET CLUB

## In This Issue

Hobbs and Sutcliffe  
Bill Lawry  
Remembering the Centenary Test  
Cricket and HMAS *Shropshire*  
Memories of past England tours with  
Alan Hill and Murray Hedgcock



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Bill Woodfull's 1928/29 Australian Test cap (MCC Museum collection M7083) and Bill Voce's 1936/36 England touring Test cap (MCC Museum collection M7084). Detail from a plaque presented by the 1990/91 England cricket team to the Melbourne Cricket Club (MCC Museum collection M3204).

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## In This Issue

This is an Ashes Summer and we present an Ashes-themed issue for your reading pleasure. The feature articles commence with Jim Blair profile on Hobbs and Sutcliffe at the MCG. Between them these two openers scored nine centuries at the ground. Bruce Kennedy's profile of Bill Lawry at the MCG in the 1960s also examines the cricket scene of the time, with New Year Test matches and Boxing Day shield matches against New South Wales (with crowds of over 10,000 per a day). Two long-time friends of the MCC Library, Alan Hill and Murray Hedgcock supplied reminisces Ashes tours past, both as an English visitor detailing the contracts and quirks between the different Australian Test venues, and as a young local eager to experience the tour of an international cricket team after the long years of World War II. We finish with a sport and war themed article from Florence Livery, who records her father's time in the Royal Australian Navy. He survived the sinking of HMAS *Canberra* and spent time in the UK to as part of the original crew to collect the replacement cruiser offer to Australia by the Royal Navy that became HMAS *Shropshire*. Her piece offers a fascinating insight into sport and recreations as part of navy life.

## THE YORKER

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# Hobbs and Sutcliffe at the MCG

By Jim Blair

John Berry Hobbs from Surrey and Herbert Sutcliffe from Yorkshire formed one of the most successful opening pairs in Test match history. They opened the batting for England 38 times for 15 century partnerships at an average of 87 runs per innings. Their first Test together was against South Africa in 1924 and their last against Australia in 1930. At the Melbourne Cricket Ground, Hobbs scored five Test hundreds while Sutcliffe scored four. This article will concentrate on two of the Melbourne Tests in which they played together.

In the 1924/25 Test series England was captained by Arthur Gilligan and Australia by Herbert (Herbie) Collins. Jack Hobbs had been to Australia on three previous occasions: 1908, 1911/12 and 1920/21. At the MCG in 1908 Hobbs had managed 83 in 195 minutes in the January match and 57 in February. In 1911/12 at the MCG he scored 126 not out in January and 178 in February, including a partnership of 323 with Wilfred Rhodes which still stands as the highest opening stand for England against Australia. In 1920/21 Hobbs had made yet another century, 122. Although the 1924/25 tour to Australia was Herbert Sutcliffe's first overseas, he was at 30 years of age, an experienced first class cricketer (Hobbs was 42).

In the first Test of the series in Sydney, Australia won by 193 runs. In the first innings Hobbs scored 115 and in the second



Jack Hobbs (left) and Herbert Sutcliffe stroll to the crease at the start of an innings.



The 1924/25 England Cricket Team

**Standing:** J.L. Bryan, G.E. Tyldesley, M.W. Tate, F.C. Toone (manager), W. Whysall, A.P.F. Chapman, A. Sandham.  
**Seated:** J.W. Hearne, H. Strudwick, J.W.H.T. Douglass, A.E.R. Gilligan (captain), J.B. Hobbs, F.E. Woolley.  
**Front:** R. Kilner, E.H. Hendren, A.P. Freeman, H. Sutcliffe, H. Howell.  
(MCC Museum, M14279)

innings Sutcliffe also scored 115. In both innings they had a hundred partnership. The second Test in the 1924/25 series was played at the MCG from January 1 to 8, 1925. In this era Test matches in Australia were played to a conclusion; hence the lengthy time span for the game. Also, the wickets were uncovered; which would impact a later partnership they shared at the MCG in 1928/29. But of the 1924/25 series, Monty Noble stated, "The second Test will long be remembered for its thrills, its collapses and recoveries, its alternating hopes and despairs, its flashes of real brilliancy and its blemishes that seemed unaccountable".<sup>1</sup>

Australia won the toss and batted on what seemed like a perfect wicket. After some careful play, they lost three quick wickets to be 3 for 47 and England were on top. Then Bill Ponsford and Johnny Taylor steadied the ship and although scoring slowly they reached 208 when a magnificent piece of fielding by Hobbs in the covers ran Taylor out. Joined by Victor Richardson, Ponsford carried the total to 300 by stumps. The next day, a series of partnerships, including 100 for the eighth wicket by Albert Hartkopf and Bert Oldfield, enabled Australia to reach the highest yet Test total of 600.

Saturday January 3 was one of those hot debilitating days that Melbourne summers can produce. Monty Noble reflected on Hobbs and Sutcliffe opening,

"You only have to remember the total that glared in the face of these men as they went out to open the innings to realise the mental as well as the physical effort that was necessary to overcome the feeling of hopelessness which certainly dominated the minds of almost every well-wisher in the crowd".<sup>2</sup>

The fact is they stayed together for the whole day amassing 283 runs. In his autobiography Sutcliffe recalled, "On the way back to the pavilion an Englishman patted me and said 'That will make a wintry day look brighter for a lot of folk in England'".<sup>3</sup> Alan Hill, in his biography of Sutcliffe said a writer with *The Australasian* remarked, "Never have I seen sounder,





safer batting.”<sup>4</sup> Sutcliffe said of Hobbs, “When I walked out with him I gained confidence, and that confidence was increased by almost everything he did”.<sup>5</sup>

As an aside, Robert Menzies twice took his wife to see Test cricket. The first was on this day when she saw Hobbs and Sutcliffe bat throughout. The second and last time was at The Oval in 1926. Again Hobbs and Sutcliffe batted throughout the time they attended the match together.<sup>6</sup>

After the rest on Sunday, Sutcliffe wrote of the Monday morning,

“I went out for a knock, more to get my eyes accustomed to the light than anything else. On the way from the dressing room I said to Jack: ‘Are you coming with me?’ He replied ‘No, I shall be all right.’ The first ball to him was a full toss. He played over it. The second ball was a full toss or a yorker. He missed it and was bowled by Arthur Mailey”.<sup>7</sup>

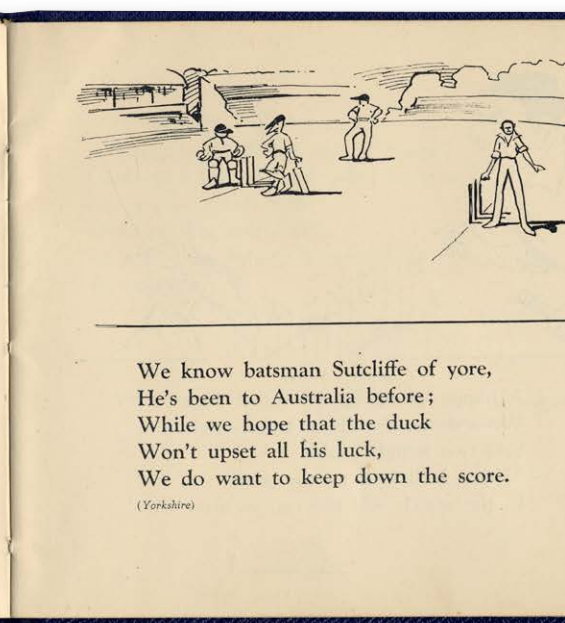
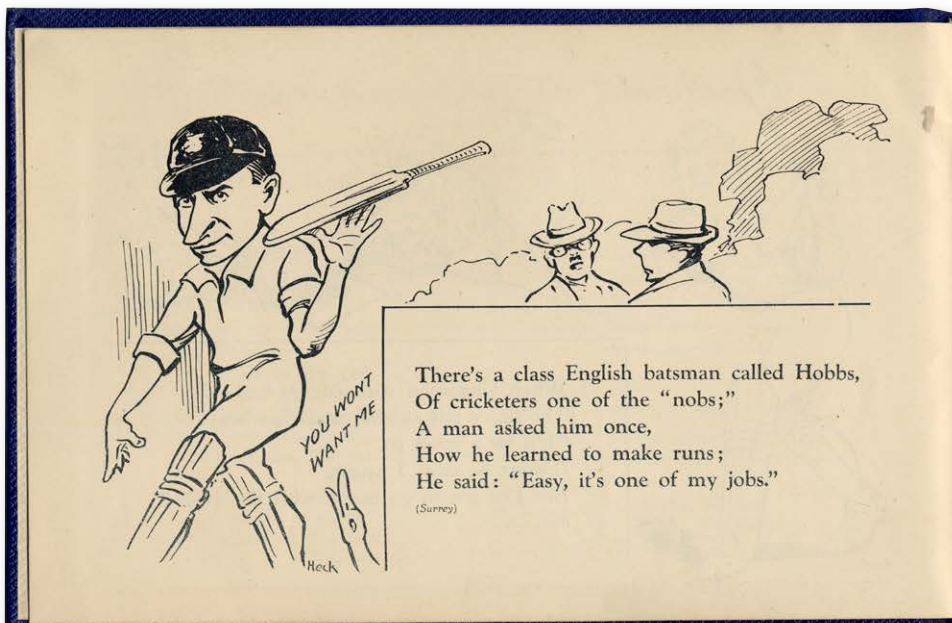
Frank Woolley and Jack Hearn followed quickly after, and suddenly England had lost 3 for 22. Patsy Hendren joined Sutcliffe and they put on 68. Percy Chapman came in and hit hard for 28, and then Sutcliffe was bowled by Charlie Kelleway which kept a bit low. He rated his 176 as his second best innings; his best was also at the MCG but was yet to come. Wickets continued to fall and England were dismissed for 479, a score which was considerably lower than what they may have expected at the start of play.

So, with an hour to play Australia went in to bat with a lead of 121 runs. Their innings started sensationally when Maurice Tate had Warren Bardsley lbw with his third ball. Soon, he had Arthur Richardson bowled for 9 and Ponsford bowled for 4. He now had three wickets for five runs.

On the following day, the fifth, Johnny Taylor saved Australia with a score of 90, and with a bit of tail-wagging the Australians reached 250, setting England an unlikely total of 372 to win. In their second innings Sutcliffe again starred with an innings of 127, but the match was lost and England were dismissed for 290.

England lost the series four matches to one. The tourists won the fourth Test match in Melbourne, which may have been some consolation, as it was their first victory over Australia for 13 years. Hobbs and Sutcliffe had another fine opening stand of 126 and Sutcliffe scored 143, his third century at the MCG. The tide was turning, however, and England regained the Ashes in 1926 at The Oval – Hobbs and Sutcliffe playing a great part in this Test.

England returned to Australia for the 1928/29 summer. This time Percy Chapman was the England captain, and Jack Ryder led Australia. England won the first two Tests easily, but neither Hobbs nor Sutcliffe contributed much to the victories. The Sydney Test announced the arrival of Walter Hammond who scored 251. He would go on to make 905 runs in the





series, a total surpassed only once by Donald Bradman. This series was Bradman's first, and the Melbourne Test was to host his maiden Test century.

The third Test was played on December 29, 31 and January 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 at the MCG. Australia won the toss and opted to bat. The Melbourne wicket on the first morning of a Test always, and still does, favour the bowlers. So, it proved in this match and Australia were 3 for 63 at lunch. Alan Kippax and Jack Ryder then had a significant partnership, both scoring centuries and at close of play Australia were in a fine position at 4 for 276. Wickets fell early on the next day and Australia were 6 for 287. Bradman and debutant Ted a'Beckett added useful runs before the side was dismissed for 397. This was a good score and with England to bat last on a wearing wicket on its fifth sixth or seventh day, Australia were well in front. In a tricky last hour of play England lost Hobbs and at the close were 1 for 47.

The next day Hammond and Sutcliffe put on a partnership of 133 before Sutcliffe was bowled by Don Blackie for a painstaking 58. Chapman joined Hammond to force the scoring rate, but was out for 24 after some big hitting. Hendren followed, and when Douglas Jardine came in and at the of the day, England were 4 for 312. On the fourth day, Hammond and Jardine continued until Hammond was brilliantly caught by a'Beckett off Blackie on 200. England were still 35 runs behind Australia and the match changed again. The last six wickets fell for 55 runs and England had a narrow lead of 20. Australia managed to get to 2 for 118 and with a lead of nearly a hundred seemed to be well on top.

Day 5 was very hot and humid. Woodfull and Kippax carried Kippax was bowled by Tate with the score on 138. Ominously, though, for England this ball was "almost a dead shooter".<sup>8</sup> Bradman joined Woodfull and at lunch the score was 4 for 168. Fender summed up the situation, "I think that at this stage everyone had it in mind that, judging by the way the wicket was playing, 250 would take a deal of getting on the fourth knock, and 300 was about a winning score for Australia".<sup>9</sup>

Australia was gradually getting on top of England until the new ball was taken. Immediately Tate had Woodfull caught behind for a splendid century and White followed with Oldfield and a'Beckett. From 4 for 181 Australia were now 7 for 250. However, the English bowlers had tired. Larwood had barely bowled all day and Tate, although still accurate, had lost his zip. Australia once again turned the match with Bradman scoring his maiden

Test century. The day finished with Australia 327 runs ahead with two wickets in hand.

Rain fell heavily overnight and it was still raining in the morning. Clem Hill said, "On a wet Melbourne wicket when the sun is shining, the odds of ten to one against an England victory would be generous."<sup>10</sup> After a first pitch inspection at 11:45am another was held at 12:30pm and the umpires deemed it fit to play. Australia continued batting and were all out four runs later. Hobbs and Sutcliffe had two overs before lunch and navigated them without incident. Fender wrote, "during the interval the only speculation was whether England would get over or under 100."<sup>11</sup> Gubby Allen would remark, "In normal conditions the average score in Australia was around 350, but if you were confronted by a dirty wicket, you would do damned well to get 60".<sup>12</sup> In the next two hours the Test match was won, by Hobbs and Sutcliffe. Fender wrote,

"From lunch to tea one of the most amazing feats of batting one could imagine was put up by Hobbs and Sutcliffe. In the first over after lunch Hobbs gave an easy catch to Hendry at slip, but the chance being declined, they lasted the whole hour and three-quarters till tea, and what was more, got 78 runs in the time.

The wicket behaved as badly as it possibly could, brought out every trick in its bag, yet England's opening pair fought without flinching in the face of tremendous odds. About three balls in five hopped up shoulder high, some turning as well, and in two or three cases even on the neck and on the head, all from good or nearly good length balls."<sup>13</sup>



**Top Facing:** Capitalising on Sutcliffe's celebrity, the London firm Stuart Surridge created a range of "Herbert Sutcliffe" cricket bats. These were advertised in Australia from the summer of 1925/26. The brand continued to sell in Australia into World War II.

**Left:** Cricket comicalities: souvenir of the English cricketers Australian tour 1928-1929, by "Heck" & "Walnut", featured Hobbs and Sutcliffe on facing pages. [MCC Library collection]

**Right:** Jack Hobbs in 1925.







Melbourne Cricket Ground—Third Test Match, December 29th, 1928.  
Showing portion of record crowd of 63,247 people.

After tea the pair reached their hundred stand, but shortly after Hobbs was given out lbw for 49, an innings worth more than a hundred on any other day. As the wicket eased Sutcliffe continued his innings through the day with Jardine holding the fort at the other end. A score of 1 for 171 was a fine score but on a seventh day wicket they still required another 162.

The final day began slowly with Sutcliffe and Jardine playing carefully. Jardine fell when he played on to Grimmett, which brought Hammond to the crease with the new ball due. He played with the same assurance as in the first innings and England reached 2 for 222 at lunch. Hammond and Sutcliffe took the score to 257 when Hammond was run out. With 75 runs still needed Hendren came in and batted confidently and took the score to 318. However, Sutcliffe played a lazy shot to be lbw to Grimmett on 135. Sutcliffe would later reflect that that innings was his finest. With some nerves in the English batting wickets started to fall, but it was all too late and victory was secured shortly after tea. The scorecard of 7 wickets for

**Top:** The program for the 1928/29 fifth Test at the MCG, included an image of the record MCG crowd that attended the first day of the third Test.  
(MCC Library collection)

**Left: The 1928/29 England Cricket Team**

**Standing:** G. Geary, M. Leyland, G. Duckworth, D.R. Jardine, J.C. White, J.B. Hobbs, C.P. Mead, M.W. Tate, S.J. Staples, G.E. Tyldesley, E.H. Hendren, W.R. Hammond, L.E.G. Ames.

**Seated:** A.P. Freeman, V.W.C. Jupp, A.P.F. Chapman (captain), H. Sutcliffe, H. Larwood.  
(MCC Museum, M9732)



“THE SEASON’S GREETINGS,” from HARTLEYS SPORT STORES.  
ENGLAND’S TEST TEAM.  
L. to R. Back. Geary, Leyland, Duckworth, D. R. Jardine, J. S. White (Vice-Capt.), Hobbs, Mead, Tate, Staples, (S.) Tydesley, (E.) Hendren, Hammond, Ames  
L. to R. Front. Freeman, V. W. C. Jupp, A. P. F. Chapman (Capt.), Sutcliffe and Larwood.

332 still stands as the highest score by an English side to win a Test match in the fourth innings. The Ashes were now secure.

Hobbs, aged 46, had a last hurrah at the fifth Test in Melbourne in March. He made 142, which was to be his last Test century. Hobbs and Sutcliffe shared 15 Test century partnerships from just 38 innings as England’s opening pair. Only Desmond Haynes and Gordon Greenidge exceeded that number, scoring 16 hundreds in 148 innings.

Why were they so successful? Leo McKinstry proposed an answer. “Their association was all the stronger for mixing,” he wrote, “their contrasting qualities: northern grit blended with southern charm, rugged defence with elegant stroke play, youthful vigour with massive experience”.<sup>14</sup>

**Jim Blair** is a MCC Library Volunteer.

#### Endnotes

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# Bill Lawry lit up the festive season at the MCG in the 1960s

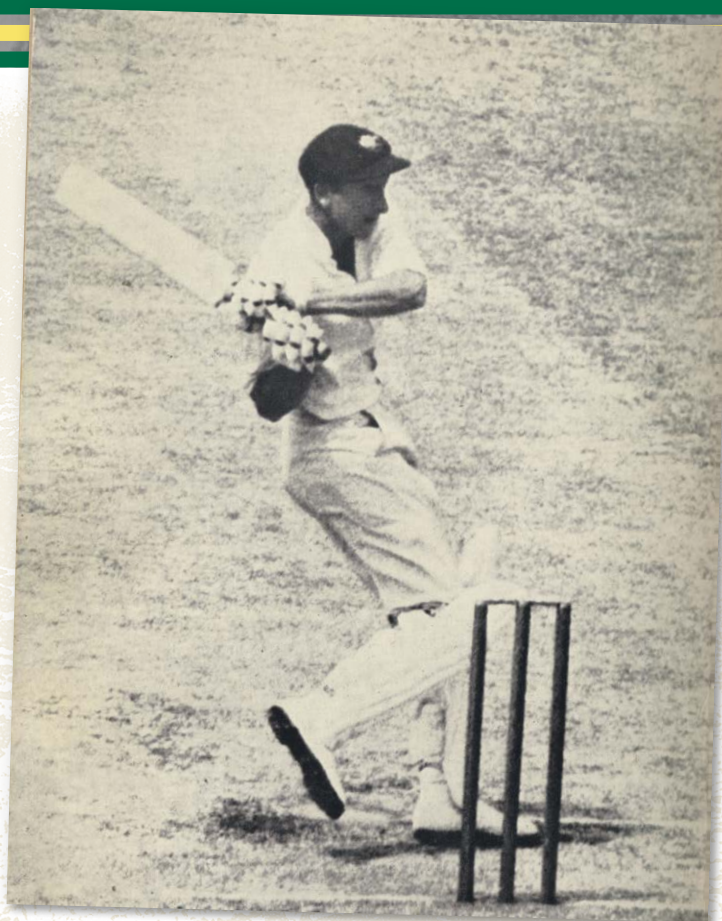
By Bruce Kennedy

When Bill Lawry strode to the MCG wicket during summer the 1960s, he made it his business to stay there for Victoria and Australia. Yet he did more than simply occupy the crease.

Lawry was a superb batsman. He came from a non-cricketing family, and reached the top due to his persistence, concentration and stamina. Lawry hooked more often than most early in his career, but he shelved that shot as he felt the burden of propping up mediocre batting line-ups causing him to reduce risks. He was always tenacious and always loved a contest. As his career developed, he drove and pulled as often and powerfully as any other batsman of the day. In many innings for Victoria when Bob Cowper and Ian Redpath shared the responsibility of being the chief run makers, and for Australia with Bob Simpson or Doug Walters as his partner, Bill flourished and was often a treat to watch.

## The Star of the show

Some Melbourne cricket fans went to the MCG just to watch Bill Lawry. He rarely let his home crowds down. How often did Lawry start the innings for Victoria or Australia by rolling his wrists over a leg glance to get off the mark? The tall, scrawny figure with a huge beak, constantly tugged at his cap before the next ball as if he was starting all over again. He stood far above his teammates as a consistent performer. The programming meant that players from both Victoria and New South Wales had much the same opportunity to show



their wares during Christmas/New year. Of the non-Victorians, only Bob Simpson and for a short period Grahame Thomas compared with Lawry as consistent heavy scoring batsmen.

Colin Cowdrey also gave joy to MCG patrons, making 113 and 58\* in the second Test of 1962/63 and 104 in the second Test of 1965/66.

Of the bowlers, Graham McKenzie was far and away the best Christmas/New Year performer. His five matches, all Tests, produced a handsome 34 wickets at 22.4. He improved as the decade wore on. In the first innings against India in 1967/68

when he took 7/66 and the West Indies in 1968/69 when he took 8/71 he bowled perfectly, adjusting his speed and length to maximise his effectiveness in helpful conditions. Against India each of his first five overs produced a wicket.

The next highest wicket tally belongs to Alan Connolly who managed 28 wickets in 12 matches at 47.7. He earned reward for effort in the Shield games of 1966/67 when the Australians were touring South Africa, but those figures are not included.

But the constant of the era was Bill Lawry.

**Above:** Bill Lawry hooks England's Jeff Jones on his way to another century during the fifth Test at the MCG in 1965/66.

## Batting Aggregates at the MCG 1961/62 to 1968/69

	Matches	Runs	Average	Top score	Centuries	Doubles
Bill Lawry	13	1998	99.9	246	8	2
Bob Simpson	9	885	68.1	135	5	0
Bob Cowper	9	653	46.6	192	1	0
Jack Potter	7	593	53.5	221	2	1
Grahame Thomas	4	570	114.0	229	3	1
Ian Redpath	10	506	33.8	97	0	0
Brian Booth	7	499	41.6	103	1	0
Norm O'Neill	6	446	49.6	108	1	0
Doug Walters	6	357	44.6	115	2	0
Keith Stackpole	4	326	46.6	99	0	0

Top batting aggregates in Christmas and New Year matches at the MCG 1961/62 to 1968/69 (excluding 1966/67 when Australia was in South Africa). The period is chosen because the programming in those seasons comprised either (a) Vic v NSW plus Test match, or (b) Vic v NSW plus Vic v SA. Players from both Victoria and NSW had much the same opportunity to perform.



## 1961/62

**NSW 8dec/398 (Craig 52, Thomas 119\*, Benaud 140) & 5dec/254 (Simpson 110\*) v Vic 236 (Lawry 65, Crompton 58, Simpson 4/67) & 242 (Lawry 113, Davidson 3/26, Martin 3/75).**

This was a bleak season for Victoria when they lost their first five matches, including all four at the MCG. When the home state did look to be on the cusp of success having NSW 6/141, Richie Benaud joined a struggling Grahame Thomas and within minutes the tenor of the game changed. The Australian captain batted brilliantly, carrying Thomas with him in a stirring partnership of 255. Benaud declared at the close of play. Victoria couldn't emulate its more skilled opponent and was soon in trouble. Lawry was head and shoulders above his team mates but when Simpson beat him all ends up for 65 at 4/124, the home state looked likely to crumble. Left handers Neil Crompton (58) and Ian Huntington (45) batted well for an hour after Lawry's dismissal to add 72 but there was little resistance after that.

Bob Simpson anchored NSW's second innings with an unbeaten century before Benaud closed at tea on the third day. Victoria had four sessions to score 417 runs. They had no realistic hope. The locals subsided to 4/111 on the third day, leaving Lawry sitting like a shag on a rock on 57, and little to look forward to next day. Yet it took NSW just short of three hours to prise out the remainder, Lawry was the last to go. The Victorian captain demonstrated all his toughness and resilience in the fruitless pursuit of a draw in 103 degree heat.

**SA 366 (McLachlan 120, Dansie 50, Gaunt 3/75) & 2/75 v Vic 131 (Sobers 4/57, Sincock 5/35) & 309 (Lawry 150\*, Anderson 69, Sobers 3/88, Sincock 4/119).**

South Australia hammered the Victorian attack to reach 8/354 by stumps on the first day. The crowd marvelled at the magnificent driving of Ian McLachlan. On the second day a big crowd expected Victoria to respond in a similar manner to the visitors. For three minutes shy of one hour, the home side's openers looked completely at home. David Anderson, on debut, showed welcome enterprise with 37 before falling to Gary Sobers. Straight away Lawry overcorrected and was bowled by David Sincock for 19. From 0/57 Victoria crashed for 131.

Following on, far from putting up the shutters, Anderson and Lawry came out blazing. In a total contrast to what had happened in the last hour and a half, they peeled off an effortless 124 in 91 min, all the shots, studding the ground with boundaries. It was a complete shock when Anderson miscued a pull to be caught & bowled by Rex Sellers for 69. Lawry raised his three figures and the team's 200 right on stumps. A day of contrasts. Alas, Victoria subsided to an embarrassing defeat by mid-afternoon of the scheduled third day. Continuing its second innings at 3/201, the State could muster only 309. Lawry made all the bowling look easy while his colleagues made it look fearfully good. Lawry carried his bat and fittingly reaching his 150 just before the innings wound up.

## 1962/63

**NSW 132 (Meckiff 3/33, Guest 4/34) & 229 (O'Neill 93, Booth 55, Meckiff 3/73) v Vic 267 (Lawry 133, Benaud 4/59, Simpson 3/38) & 2/95.**

Twelve months later the balance of power had changed markedly in Shield cricket. The three-pronged Victorian pace attack of Ian Meckiff, Colin Guest and Alan Connolly was on song and ripped through the NSW batting. Most of the Victorian batting looked very ordinary in reply, except for Bill Lawry, who held firm despite some scares. By stumps on the first day the home side was only eight runs away from a first innings lead with six wickets in hand. Lawry maintained his vigil next day, as he led his team to a sizeable lead. His main assistance came from No 9, Ian Meckiff whose 36 was of great value. A fortnight earlier Lawry had been jeered for his painstaking 177 against the MCC. This time, the value of Bill's slow but safe contribution was cheered.

NSW crashed to 3/7 in their second innings before Norm O'Neill and Brian Booth settled in to add 150. Just when they looked likely to set Victoria a stiff task their stand was broken and there was minimal resistance thereon. With just 95 needed, Victoria set out to finish the match on the third afternoon. They lost Lawry early for a rare failure, 5, and alarm bells began to ring, but this time there was no tumble of Victorian wickets and they went on to achieve their goal.

## Cricket scheduling at the MCG

Before the days of one day matches and big bashes, four day and five day cricket was the main format played by Australia's first class cricketers. Half a century ago life, and cricket, were less complicated. For Melburnians the season's highlights were the Christmas and New Year matches at the MCG.

Victoria normally met New South Wales in a Sheffield Shield match starting around Christmas Day. If an international side was touring Australia the Second Test match started a week later. If Australia was touring overseas or no international tours were taking place, the

New Year match was a Shield encounter between Victoria and South Australia.

Imagine there being no international action in the present day.

### At full strength

Sheffield Shield matches were normally "full strength" encounters as there were no conflicting fixtures to draw players away from their State sides. The Christmas and New Year matches showcased all available first class players. When the Australian Test side was overseas the two Sheffield Shield matches featured the best available

players in Australia. Invariably these matches were well attended.

### Crowds came to interstate matches as well as Tests

Can you believe that 13,667 and 14,136 attended the first two days of the Christmas 1961/62 Victoria v NSW Shield match at the MCG? The Victoria v South Australia match a week later attracted 11,728 and 12,508 on the first two days. The attendance on the day Lawry completed his 246 against SA in 1964/65 was 13,243. After the mid-1960s Shield match crowds started to fall away.



**Australia 316 (Lawry 52, Trueman 3/83, Titmus 4/43) & 248 (Lawry 57, Booth 103, Trueman 5/62) v England 331 (Dexter 93, Cowdrey 113, Davidson 6/75) & 3/237 (Sheppard 113, Dexter 52, Cowdrey 58\*).**

Most of Australia's batsmen made a start but none went on with the job. All except Neil Harvey (0) reached double figures but Lawry alone reached the half century, and only just. The English innings produced far better quality cricket. Ted Dexter and Colin Cowdrey batted with authority to lift their side but the innings was limited to 331 because of splendid probing bowling by Davidson.

Batting a second time Australia buckled in the face of a series of threatening spells by Fred Trueman. At stumps on the third day they were 4/105, with Lawry looking burdened with responsibility, safe but becalmed as he strove to anchor the innings making 43 in 184 min on that afternoon. That was lightning progress compared with next morning when he added 14 in 120 minutes, only to be harpooned by a Dexter shooter on the last ball before lunch. Brian Booth soldiered on valiantly with moderate support from the lower order to set England something significant to chase. The visitors won by seven wickets, well executed care of an enterprising David Sheppard century and hardnosed half centuries by Cowdrey and Dexter. An emphatic victory to England.

## 1963/64

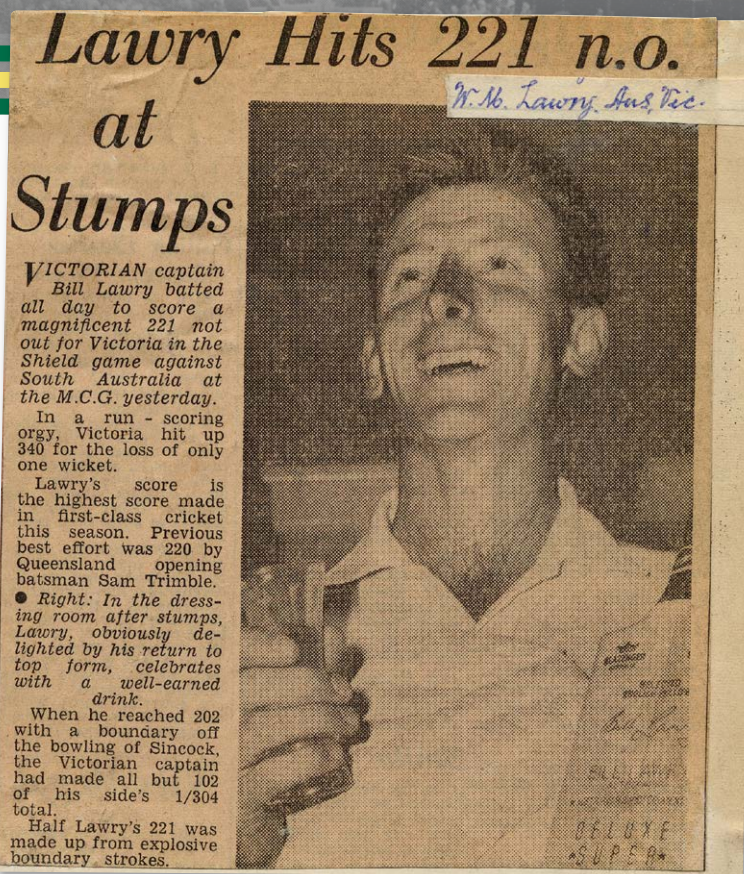
**NSW 350 (Simpson 135, Lee 63, Gaunt 3/85) & 5/329 (O'Neill rh61, Walters 109\*, Philpott 86, Gaunt 3/67) v Vic 7dec/488 (Lawry 94, Redpath 67, Cowper 75, Anderson 69, Jordon 62\*, Martin 4/104).**

NSW batted patchily and Victoria abetted them with wayward bowling and sloppy fielding. There were 37 sundries in the NSW innings. Victoria started as though they wanted to catch NSW by nightfall on the second day. Lawry quilted everything in compiling a wonderful 94 (13 4s in 130 min) and moving Victoria to 140 before a wicket fell. But that was the end of any sense of urgency in an innings which dragged on until 5.20pm on the third day. NSW looked uncomfortable at 4/124, and Norm O'Neill unable to continue, whence Doug Walters and Peter Philpott united with an emphatic double century stand. Their batting was equal to anything else in the game and the draw was a certainty long before the finish.

**South Africa 274 (Barlow 109, Bland 50, McKenzie 4/82) & 306 (Barlow 54, Pithey 76, Waite 77, Hawke 3/53) v Australia 447 (Lawry 157, Redpath 97, Shepherd 96, P Pollock 3/98, Partridge 4/108) & 2/136 (Simpson 55\*).**

Australia, fielding something of a makeshift side for this Test – Benaud, O'Neill and Booth were all injured and Ian Redpath, Barry Shepherd and Johnny Martin came in – got away to a splendid start. South Africa failed to capitalise on first use of a good wicket, the persistence of Graham McKenzie wearing most of them down.

There was no falling on his sword for Bill Lawry. His commanding innings of 157 in this Test may have ended on four. Before he had added a run on the second morning, Lawry backed into his stumps while hooking Joe Partridge to the boundary, but the umpires determined that Lawry had completed his shot before the bails came off and he proceeded to bat Australia into a powerful position. That decision, or lack of one, had huge ramifications for the series as this was to be Australia's sole Test win in the series.



This was vintage Lawry. He drove as well as hooked, and he was as strong as ever when they strayed on to his pads.

Debutant Redpath, a late inclusion for O'Neill, combined with Lawry for a double century opening stand before the newcomer suffered the jitters nearing his century. Partridge flicked his bails to places unknown for 97, the stand was worth 219. This was Redpath's highest Christmas/New Year score during the 1960s. After Bob Simpson, captaining for the first time, was slow to clamp down on a Peter Pollock express delivery (2/222), for his second duck in four days at the MCG, Lawry guided his team to the lead before fatigue overcame him. The home side retained the initiative and despite stiff resistance, were able to hit the winning run inside the first hour of the final day.

## 1964/65 – At his best

During these two Shield matches Lawry compiled 473 runs and was only dismissed twice, once at the hands of obscure NSW new ball man, Les Ellis, one of five career wickets for him, and the other was a run out, for which Jack Potter shoulders much of the blame. Lawry drove beautifully on both sides of the wicket during those knocks, and although he pulled often, he seemed to have put away the hook. By that time Lawry was able to cut effectively, so he was able to score regularly off nearly all bowling.

**Vic 5dec/549 (Lawry 140, Cowper 192, Stackpole 73, Anderson 55\*) & 0/32 v NSW 536 (Simpson 121, Philpott 71, Thomas 162, O'Neill 59, Connolly 3/129, Rayson 4/100).**

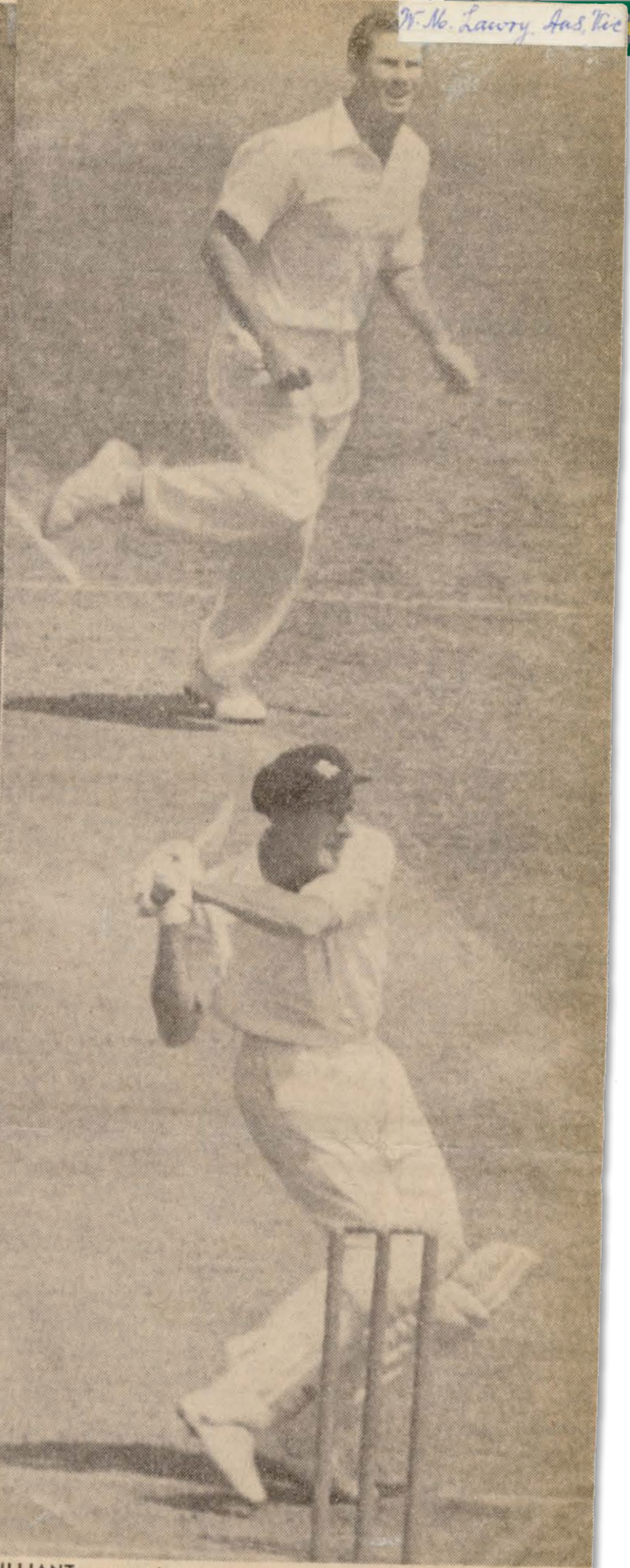
Last on the Shield table, and entering its fifth encounter of the season, Victoria couldn't hope for much joy pitted against competition favourite, New South Wales. Yet next day *The Age* said, "Victorian captain Bill Lawry and Bob Cowper simply took the NSW attack apart, thrilling the crowd with attractive centuries. Lawry returned to his best form to hit up 140, and Cowper, in his best display of the season, took the bowling by the scruff of the neck and ended the day on 149 not out".

**Above and Over Page:** News clippings at the close of the day's play with the Victorians at 1/330 and Bill Lawry at 221 not out against South Australia at the MCG in 1964/65. [MCC Library collection]



Bill Lawry

W. No. Lawry. Aus. Rec



Bill had a scare on this miss-hit



● BILL LAWRY



BILL LAWRY played one of the few false strokes of his big innings at the MCG this afternoon when he tried to sweep this ball from Rex Sellers. It flew from the edge of his bat over wicket-keeper Jarman's head.

BRILLIANT, aggressive batting like this gave Victorian captain Bill Lawry a score of 221 not out in the Sheffield Shield match against South Australia at the M.C.G. yesterday. The picture shows Lawry hooking S.A. medium-pace bowler Neil Hawke fiercely for 4.

MELBOURNE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1965



Victoria reached 2/357 at stumps, however, rain cut hard into the second day's play, at the end of which Victoria held an advantage of 540 runs, NSW on 0/9 at close. The visitors rode out a good sustained spell of bowling by Alan Connolly on the third day and resumed at 3/312 on the final day in quest of first innings points. Grahame Thomas batted brilliantly but with first innings points only a breath away he fell to Roger Rayson precipitating a flurry of wickets to the leg spinner and NSW fell agonisingly short.

**Vic 492 (Lawry 246, Redpath 53, Cowper 87, Sincok 3/113) & 2dec/174 (Lawry 87\*, Redpath 65) v South Aust 342 (I Chappell 61, Hawke 62, Doble 4/108) & 213 (Dansie 68, Stackpole 4/79, Anderson 3/21).**

*The Sun's* Kevin Hogan wrote that "Victorian captain Bill Lawry isn't finished with the SA bowlers after hitting up a spectacular 221 not out in the Sheffield Shield match at the MCG yesterday. "I would like to get 300", he said after play ended with Victoria 1/340". Hogan added that "many of Lawry's beautifully timed drives and pulls were certain boundaries from the moment he struck the ball but Lawry is a batsman who leaves nothing to chance. Only twice did he stand and watch the ball skimming along without bothering to dash away in obedience to the batting rule of always taking the first run at good speed". For some reason Lawry seemed to thrive on the offerings of Neil Hawke. Hawke fed Lawry what he liked whereas Hawke bottled up the other batsmen. At stumps, I remarked to a fellow watcher, "no-one could ever play better than we've seen from Bill Lawry today".

Victoria didn't dominate next day, particularly after Potter's indiscretion which left Lawry well short of his ground attempting an impossible single. South Australia trailed by exactly 150 and Lawry could have enforced the follow-on, but he exercised a wise option. Victoria batted again late on the third day. Ian Redpath and Lawry flayed the attack, putting on 142 in 108 min before Lawry closed at lunch on the final day. Lawry scored precisely half the runs scored in both Victorian innings – a remarkable coincidence. South Australia's target was 325 in 220 min, a steep contract, but runs had come easily so far in the match and Victoria's frontline spinner Rayson was injured. The rest of the game defied all expectations. South Australia fell apart against a part time spin "attack" comprising Keith Stackpole, David Anderson, Redpath and Cowper who took all 10 wickets between them.

## 1965/66

**NSW 592 (Simpson 113, Thomas 229, O'Neill 108, Philpott 60\*, Stackpole 3/53) & 1/90 v Vic 266 (Stackpole 99, Sheahan 62, Walters 3/52, Philpott 3/72) & 415 (Cowper 87, Potter 221, Martin 3/38, Renneberg 4/74).**

After the mayhem on the first day when New South Wales amassed 3/464, the second day's play was an anticlimax. NSW finished with 592 made in 473 minutes. Lawry made no bones about Victoria's goal to match NSW's aggression. He rammed on 43 in 51 min before edging Doug Walters to wicketkeeper Brian Taber at 1/48. His cameo was spectacular, with the ball flashing to the fence in all directions. However, there was no escape for Victoria, despite Jack Potter's elegant, career best innings which pushed the match into the last session of the final day.

**Australia 358 (Lawry 88, Simpson 59, Cowper 99, Jones 3/92) & 426 (Lawry 78, Simpson 67, Burge 120, Walters 115, Knight 4/84) v England 558 (Boycott 51, Edrich 109, Barrington 63, Cowdrey 104, Parks 71, Titmus 56\*, McKenzie 5/134) & 0/5.**

Simpson and Lawry put on 93. After the skipper left, Lawry pressed on. It was a surprise when he departed 12 short of a century – he'd looked in complete control. Despite the start Australia failed to fully prosper. England took a first innings lead of exactly 200. In the second innings Lawry and Simpson put on 120. Lawry again missed the chance of a century and was one of three early wickets to fall on the final morning before Peter Burge and Walters combined, each compiling a century, to steer Australia to safety.

### Lawry in his mature years

For several seasons after Australia's 1966/67 tour of South Africa Lawry continued to produce plenty of runs at a time when most spectators wanted to watch cricket at the MCG. The media were not entirely favourable towards him – his reputation for stonewalling in England in 1964 clung to him – but he scored freely in the Tests against India in 1967/68 and the West Indies in 1968/69. His star set after Australia's tours of India and South Africa in 1969/70.

## 1967/68

**India 173 (Pataudi 75, McKenzie 7/66) & 352 (Wadekar 99, Pataudi 85, McKenzie 3/85, Simpson 3/44) v Australia 529 (Lawry 100, Simpson 109, I Chappell 151, Jarman 65, Surti 3/150, Prasanna 6/141).**

Victoria's Shield clash against New South Wales clashed with the First Test between Australia and India in Adelaide. In the second Test at the MCG, McKenzie's magnificent spell in the first session of the match made the result inevitable. However the match had some big moments. Simpson and Lawry took Australia past India's first innings tally of 173 before being separated, and by the time the innings concluded at 529, Ian Chappell had joined his opener colleagues as centurions.

## 1968/69

**Vic 429 (Lawry 70, Sheahan 76, Joslin 53, Bedford 79, Gleeson 5/87) & 3/191 declared (Lawry 60) v NSW 344 (Goffett 89, Davies 127, Wilson 66, Cook 3/68, Swanson 6/71) & 7 for 173 (Francis 54, Swanson 3/31).**

**West Indies 200 (Fredericks 76, McKenzie 8/71) & 280 (Nurse 74, Sobers 67, Gleeson 5/61) v Australia 510 (Lawry 205, I Chappell 165, Walters 76, Sobers 4/97, Gibbs 4/139).**

Ian Chappell hammered the fragile West Indian attack for 165, and Lawry, captaining his country in front of his home crowd for the first time, pressed on to 205. The pair added 298 for the second wicket, very effectively squeezing the Windies out of the match. Lawry was methodical, rather than devastating, but when he punished, he punished. By now Lawry had made the cover drive close to his main scoring option. When in this mood the bowlers found it very difficult to tie him down for any length of time.

### Closing comments

Many readers would likely believe that Lawry's entire career was one big stonewalling effort. Through the telling of his feats above, you would now know that he only stonewalled for some of the time. Those fortunate enough to have seen him bat during the festive seasons of the 1960s know that he often caught the festive spirit.

**Bruce Kennedy** is an independent scholar based in Canberra, whose recent sporting books include, *No Umpires in This Game. The Victorian Football League during two World Wars* (2016) by Bruce Coe and Bruce Kennedy.





# A Landscape Of Many Wonders

## An Ashes memoir

by Alan Hill

"Welcome to Australia", was the telephone greeting early one November morning at our hotel in Perth, Western Australia. The year was 1994 and it was the first day of our holiday of a lifetime. As we rubbed the sleep from our eyes, the message informed us that we had been invited to the WACA presidential lunch later that day. The welcoming gesture of our newly-found hosts laid the ground rules for what was to prove to be the norm in hospitality and sustained friendships throughout this and other adventures in a friendly land. There is little doubt that the climate has much to do with dissolving reserve, as the sunshine beams its blessings. "Please come back," they said on our departure, "and keep entertaining us with your books." The easy joy of banter among Australian companions also lifted our spirits. One instance was the wit of the security steward as he inspected our bags at Melbourne. "Sir, I see that you have brought your daughter to the match today", he said – glancing in the direction of my wife, Betty.

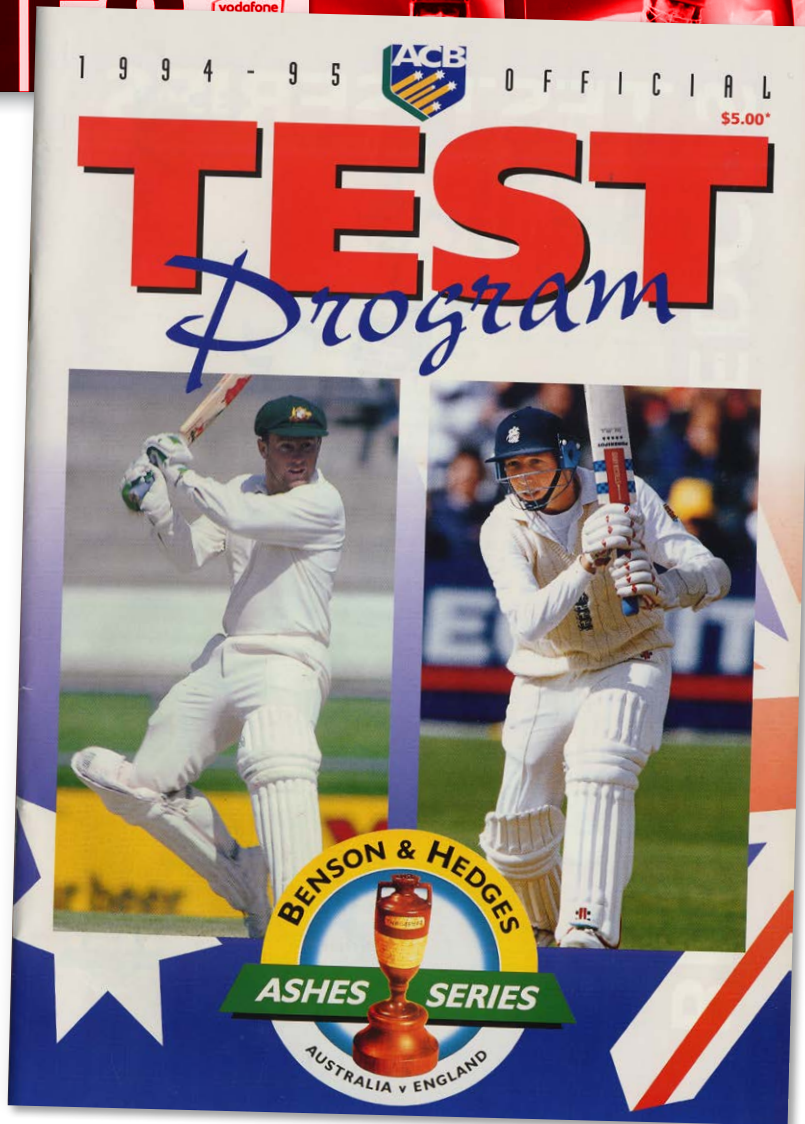
It was Neville Cardus, a beguilingly seductive model for any aspiring cricket writer, who stirred my imagination as a boy. His book, "Australian Summer" counts as a classic in cricket literature. He provided the seedcorn for my own ambition to travel across the world to a land of many contrasts. Cardus echoed my own thoughts in his longing to make the journey. "When I was a small boy," he wrote, "running wild in the streets of Manchester, I read a book on cricket, in the Free Library; it was by P.F. Warner. One of the photographs depicted Adelaide Oval in the sunset. I shall go there one day, the urchin told himself; he might as well have said, I shall be Prime Minister someday." Nearly 60 years before I was able to fulfil my own mission. Cardus travelled for the first time by sea to Australia to cover the 1936/37 series against England. Unforgiving rain – and impossible wickets – deprived Gubby Allen and his team of the Ashes prize. They led 2-0 at Christmas but Don Bradman, hitherto fallible and out of sorts, finally found form and dominance in improved conditions to lead Australia to victory.

Cricket apart, Cardus remembered a happy land and the carefree, high spirits of everybody. "People get concerned about you if you spend any time alone; they think you are sickening for something and proceed in a body to do something hearty about it."

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The enormity of the Australian continent was gradually revealed to us on this our first visit. A sleep deprived stay in Singapore was followed by a night flight to Brisbane and next morning travel to our destination at Cairns. We were an exhausted couple by then but cheered by consolatory words

All programs reproduced for this article are from the MCC Library collection.



from a fellow passenger, who had already travelled 29 hours in her journey home to Brisbane after a year working as a governess with an Italian family in Turin. Christine, half asleep and swathed in blankets, peered up at us and said: "All this will be forgotten when you relax with a soothing drink on a distant shore."

More relaxed and seasoned as travellers, we would later traverse the continent by air and rail. We began to realise the distances which separate the vast tracts of the landscape. The great swathes of the continent could encompass the whole of Europe and I can well believe the comparison of travelling from London to Moscow in another estimate of the distances involved. Hedley Verity, the Yorkshire and England cricketer, recounted his impressions of a journey of three nights from Perth on the Trans-Australian Express in one of his journal entries. "When we awoke this morning we were well into the bush. Hour after hour we go through the same landscape. You cannot imagine the extent of it." As we also found, civilisation can seem almost out of reach as you travel past the eerie pastures of fire blackened trees.

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The years of cricket humiliation for England extended over eight Ashes series through the nineties and beyond. Australia's domination was so absolute that one English tourist, Alec Stewart, said that the gap between the two countries was the largest he had known. Keith Miller, one of Australia's Invincibles in 1948, was so impressed by the play of his modern compatriots that he judged that Steve Waugh led the superior team. One English observer, Simon Barnes, reversed the debate about intimidatory bowling



when he reflected that Australia's batting under Waugh had become the most intimidating aspect of modern cricket. "The Australian batsmen seek to frighten opponents every bit as much as the fast bowling quartet of the West Indians in the 1980s."

The injury-stricken and inexperienced England tourists in 2002/03 were beaten by huge margins – once by 384 runs – and the series was completed in just 11 days' playing time – to emphasise the ruthless "win at all costs" approach set by Steve Waugh. It followed the pattern set by Don Bradman against the English tourists in the post-war series of 1946/47. As one loyal English exile observed, "It is part of the Australian personality". The rout was masterminded, as in other Tests in the period by Glenn McGrath and Shane Warne, one of the finest pace-spin, precise and always threatening combinations, in cricket history. We watched them in their farewell Test at Sydney in 2007, arms held high, return to the pavilion like Roman emperors.

Australia, at this time, also possessed as an insurance against top order batting lapses, the exhilarating blade of Adam Gilchrist. He chose on our visit to Perth in 2006 to hit a century and fail by only two balls to beat Viv Richards' own count of 56 balls in reaching his three-figure milestone. Gilchrist, at times vulnerable against the moving ball, was a brutal demon on the rampage. His innings at Perth was, in those days, of uncommon ferocity.

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Perth, serene in its blandishments and independence and virtually the capital of another country, was always our first Australian landfall after the stopover in Singapore. It is now

a booming metropolis, thriving with its substantial mineral resources. In 1994 it beckoned with its homely scale and dignity; the tall masts of flotillas of yachts on the gracious Swan River gleamed in a majestic sunset one evening; and from King's Park, on its high plateau above the city, we lingered in contemplation of a panorama of encircling waters beneath the city skyscrapers. It is a far cry from the city visited by Hedley Verity for the bodyline series in 1932/33. He described a "newish city", with modern streets, banks and businesses, and said "but the bush starts straight outside. One sees men riding into town on horseback, and saddlers' shops are plentiful"

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In my own journal I reflected on a perilous time at Perth in the second Test of 1998/99 after the draw at Brisbane. Damien Fleming was the scourge as the England batting collapsed on a typically lively pitch at the WACA. "Your players are not positive enough," was the consensus of talk with Australians after the match. Graeme Hick, as if determined to counter the remark, hit out to carry the match into the third day. A fortuitous heave over the slips was followed by blazing stroke-play. Gillespie was struck for two stupendous sixes over mid-wicket, a massive carry, and conceded over 20 runs in that over. It was a brave assault but the match was over soon after lunch next day.

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The news at Perth airport was of soaring temperatures, reaching as high as 42 degrees in Adelaide, our next destination. Radio commentaries throughout the flight told of continuous supplies of refreshments and salt tablets, as an antidote to attacks of cramp, being brought on to the field. We ventured out at nightfall after our arrival in Adelaide to find the streets still steaming with heat. It was thankfully much cooler on the following day. The plummeting temperatures coincided with another England batting collapse after Ramprakash was dismissed, seven wickets falling for 40 runs.

Adelaide bore an air of prosperity, the streets of the city thronged with busy shoppers on the cusp of the festive season. A busker in Rundle Mall crooned "White Christmas" in the manner of Bing Crosby if not quite having his flair for the melody. Stanley's fish restaurant was our supper rendezvous and we were told the favourite of the Bedser twins, Alec and Eric, regular Ashes visitors to Australia. The vision of Colonel Light, an appropriate name for the city's first Surveyor General, was the key to the splendours of Adelaide. He laid out the spacious streets, with Victoria Square and its dazzling fountain at the hub of the grid design. The cricket oval lies in a bowl beside the River Torrens and the main gates feature a distinctive sculpture of a famed South Australian sportsman, Victor Richardson. One evening we watched two groups of English players walking along the river path back to their hotel. We thought what a pleasant end to the day, especially if you are winning, but even if you are not worth the stroll as a cure for the blues.

By general consent Adelaide was accorded the fairest of the Ashes venues although Perth ran it close. Both grounds, with grassy banks for the picnicking families and marquees for refreshments and food, were the nearest to compare with English country grounds. Smartly attired stewards carried heavily laden trays of coke and mineral

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fightback and, thus alerted, it was a duty to attend and hope that the promise of victory was fulfilled on the following day.

Andrew Caddick, with figures of seven wickets for 94 runs in 22 overs, was England's spearhead, with his captain setting fields with more slips than "can be expected from a drunken newsreader".

England, in their victory by 225 runs, could also rejoice in the Man of the Series award to Michael Vaughan, the Yorkshire batting stylist and the scorer of 183 runs in the second innings out of a total of 452. He headed the batting averages of both sides with 633 runs. In all, Vaughan hit three centuries in Australia to follow four more in the previous English summer. His all-round stroke-play attracted the highest possible praise in that it was reminiscent of Peter May in his heyday. It would happily prove to be a propitious overture to Ashes contests of the future. Vaughan earned his personal slice of glory at Sydney but it would be eclipsed two years later when, as captain, he led England to victory in an epic battle on home soil.

The Australian triumphalism was silenced and the dragon slain at Melbourne in December 2010. Having watched England win just two matches on our previous four visits to Australia, we could at last gloat in winning a series. Andrew Strauss was a proud man, as he joined a distinguished trio - Illingworth, Hutton and Jardine - to have won an Ashes series away from home. On three occasions, England passed 500 runs and won by an innings each time. The vagaries of the Melbourne climate did help, for the conditions there resembled an April morning in England. Australia was bowled out for 98 before lunch under glowering skies tailor made for England's pace attack. We celebrated with a post-Test supper

- a customary tradition - at a local bistro where once again Australians and visitors alike yarned away and told the well-remembered tales.

The days before our departure grew closer and it was time to reflect, as always, on the enormity of the Australian landscape, finding all the while in unexpected discoveries, peace and tranquillity in our surroundings. A trip to make us homesick was our travel through the Blackwood River Valley in Western Australia, so reminiscent of the English Cotswolds, and offering a quiet refuge away from the cities.

We spent our final day in Australia exploring the delights of the heritage region and garden oasis of Cremorne on Sydney Harbour. We meandered along the avenues fronting the villas and apartments, each with splendid vistas of the city. There was supper at a marina club in beautiful Mosman before we caught the last ferry, passing again under the gleaming arch of the Bridge, on to Circular Quay and our nearby city hotel. There to dream on our last night in Australia and to sleep basking in the knowledge that England had won the Ashes.

**Alan Hill** is a respected and prolific cricket writer with over a dozen biographies of famous cricketers.





# Remembering the Centenary Test

It is now 40 years since the Centenary Test took place on the MCG in March 1977. This match marked one hundred years of Test Cricket – the first Test being between Australian and England at the MCG in 1877. To recognise the anniversary a selection of ephemera and memorabilia from the Centenary Test have been reproduced.

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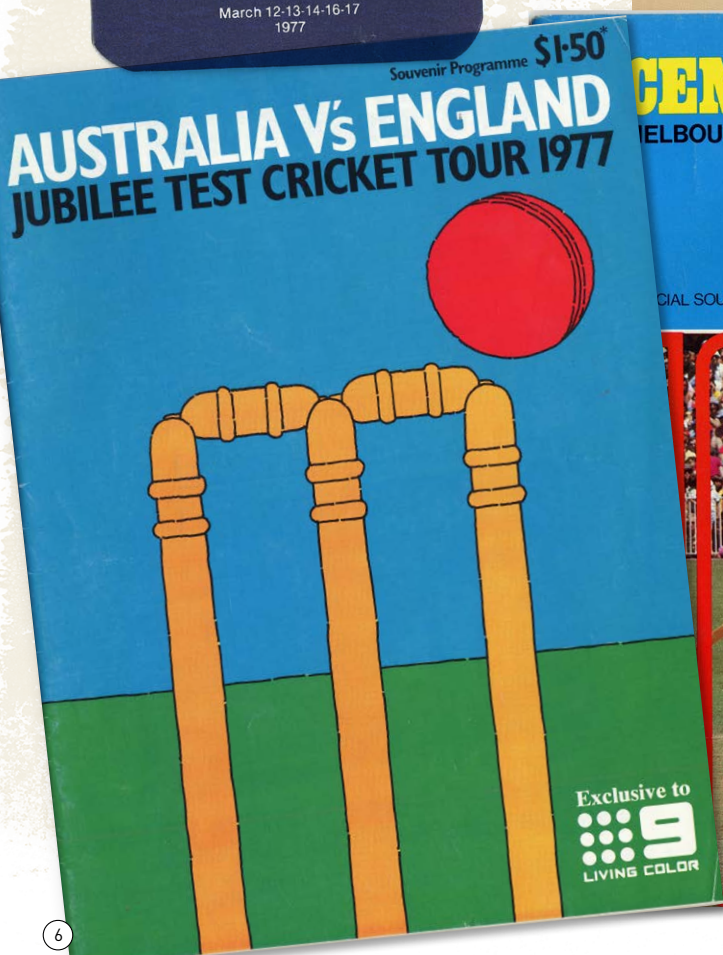
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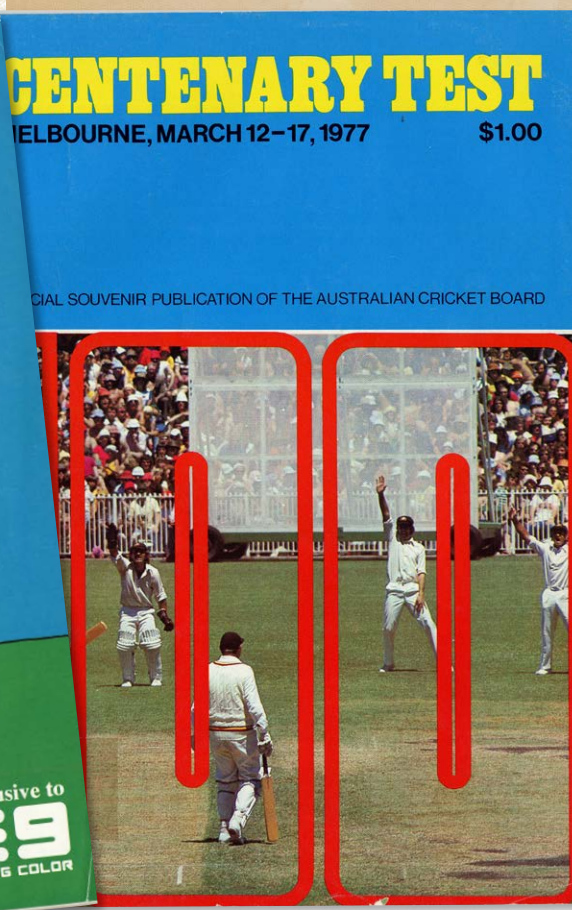
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- 1 Keith Rigg's Centenary Test Match Celebrations entrée card. (MCC Library Collection)
- 2 Keith Rigg's MCC Members' Special Visitor's Ticket for the Centenary Test. (MCC Library Collection)
- 3 Centenary Test ash tray made by Elisher, Melbourne. (MCC Museum Collection M10810)
- 4 Centenary Test badge. (AGOS&OM 1987.1612.2)
- 5 Australia Post's "Test Cricket Centenary" stamps - Australia's first cricket-themed stamps. (MCC Library Collection)
- 6 Channel 9's "Jubilee Test Cricket Tour 1977" souvenir programme. (MCC Library Collection)
- 7 Official Centenary Test Programme. (MCC Library Collection)
- 8 The Test and County Cricket Board's Cricket '77, "centenary number". (MCC Library Collection)
- 9 Melbourne Cricket Club Centenary Test Match Dinner menu. (MCC Library Collection)
- 10 Cotton and polyester Centenary Test souvenir T-shirt. (MCC Museum Collection M14019)
- 11 Royal Worcester wine cooler. One of two such coolers created for the Centenary Test celebrations. Commissioned by the Melbourne Cricket Club, its twin is kept by the Marylebone Cricket Club at Lord's. (MCC Museum Collection M5411)
- 12 Vinyl and cork Centenary Test place mats. (MCC Museum Collection M3564)



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TEST CRICKET CENTENARY



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# Murray at the MCG – Long Ago

*By Murray Hedgcock*

Perhaps 1931 was not the best time to be born, in cricketing terms. It wasn't much of a year if you hoped to play for your country: the leftarm spinner Johnny Martin is the only Australian Test player born in that year of the Depression.

My arrival at a private nursing home in South Melbourne on February 23 of that year meant I was no more than seven years old when the last prewar Ashes series was played out in distant England. I was not concerned: cricket was not a major interest for our family.

Then came World War Two: in 1940 I acquired my first cricket book, bought on a whim by my father on holiday in Adelaide. This was in the Foulsham Sports Library series; *The Game of Cricket*, by Hobbs, Tate and Strudwick. Who they were, I had no idea, but it encouraged my developing cricket ambitions in a Victorian country town of fewer than 1,000 people, at a school attended by under 100 pupils.

Incidentally, publisher Foulsham was based in the intriguingly named Red Lion Court, off London's Fleet Street. Twenty-six years later, I was to work as a journalist in Red Lion Court.

Odd newspaper articles through the early Forties built my knowledge of The Summer Game, and increasingly I looked forward to peace and a resumption of what was clearly the ultimate sporting contest – the Ashes.

Season 1945/46 brought big cricket back in Australia, and I saw my first big match. Holidaying in Melbourne, I was delighted to find that I could visit St.Kilda Oval, as it was then, to see Victoria play the Australian Services XI. The visitors were trekking wearily across the world for a series of rather pointless fixtures, before arriving home, many months after war's end.

My special memory of the Services game – other than my personal and perhaps unlikely hero Ian Johnson recording match figures of ten wickets for 44, and Keith Miller playing a buccaneering second innings half-century – was a sight of "old Digs" gathered round a two-up school by the gates. Happy days.

It was to be a year before I at last made it to the mighty MCG: I had passed it by train at odd times late in the war and just afterwards, noting the odd uniformed figure and the parked military vehicles reminding Melbourne that first the US Air Force, then the Marines, and finally the RAAF were based there.

The ground was handed back to the club on October 27, 1945; it took much work with limited manpower and materials to prepare the arena for the first postwar sporting event – a VFL fixture between Melbourne and Hawthorn, on August 17, 1946.

Victoria played early peacetime cricket at Carlton or St.Kilda: the first big cricket match was the State versus Wally Hammond's MCC on October 31 and November 1, 2, 4, 1946.

I must have been there on the Saturday, as school would have occupied Thursday and Friday plus Monday (no such thing as Sunday play of course). I was taking my Leaving Certificate exams at Upwey High School in the Dandenong Ranges – our



headmaster being a certain Bill Woodfull. My form-master soon was to keep wicket for Victoria; he was E.A. "Bill" Baker.

It was something of an adventure to go to Melbourne on my own: I was fifteen, but ours was a careful family, and it took some campaigning and emphasis on the special nature of the occasion for the excursion to be approved. I caught the U.S. Motors bus from Tecoma to Upper Ferntree Gully, then the terminus of the rail link from Flinders Street, reached the Big Smoke, and walked excitedly through Jolimont.

I don't recall the admission charge, but as receipts for the four-day total of 64,322 spectators amounted to no more than £6,176, it could not have made much of a dent in my modest pocket money. A haircut cost sixpence: I have a feeling cricket admission amounted to much the same.

I took my seat high in Bay 13 of the Southern Stand, a convenient and peaceful setting, long before it acquired its reputation as a haunt of the yob. There were not many spectators near me: most of the 29,211 presumably preferred other stands.

Each Victorian name echoes strongly in memory, and no wonder: the eleven consisted of a solid opener in Gordon Tamblin, and ten past or future Test men – Ken Meuleman, Mervyn Harvey, (oldest of the four cricketing brothers), Hassett, Miller, Ian Johnson, Ben Barnett, Fred Freer, Doug Ring, George Tribe, and Bill Johnston.

But I am embarrassed to record very little memory of what happened that day, or what I did. I think simply being at the MCG, and watching names of fame in action on the vast green turf carpet, made the dominating impact. And of course gazing with a mix of admiration and envy at the Pavilion,





wondering who were the privileged there. If I bought any sort of programme, it has not survived the years – and with Australia by tradition reliant on giant scoreboards, there was no souvenir scorecard on the English pattern.

This was an era when a visiting England team (MCC as it was then) had plenty of opportunity to acclimatise, not least after a month's leisurely ocean voyage.

Hammond's 1946 tourists played five first-class matches (over four days), plus two over three days, two two-day and a one-day fixture, finding form over seven weeks before turning to the serious business of defending the Ashes.

The visitors were a source of much interest, but with Hammond standing down, the replacement skipper, Norman Yardley, was an anonymous figure. Hutton we knew for his record-breaking 364 in The Oval Test of 1938, and this chap Compton sounded good but no-one else stood out. (Compton was seen at his best in the first innings, hitting 143 in just over three hours).

The crowd enjoyed leg spinner Doug Wright, he of the long, bounding run who finished with ten wickets for the match: how strange that England has really been looking for a successor ever since Wright's time.

**Above: The 1946/47 England Cricket Team in Australia**

**Top:** J. Langridge, D.C.S. Compton, T.G. Evans, L. Hutton.  
**Standing:** D.V.P. Wright, C. Washbrook, J.T. Ikin, A.V. Bedser, R. Pollard, T.P.B. Smith, Major R. Howard (manager).  
**Seated:** W. Voce, P.A. Gibb, N.W.D. Yardley, W.R. Hammond (captain), W.J. Edrich, L.B. Fishlock, J. Hardstaff.  
 (MCC Library collection)

**Right:** Victorian captain Lindsay Hassett (left) and England's Norman Yardley toss prior to the start of play at the MCG on October 31, 1946. (MCC Library collection)

I must have watched Len Hutton score a notable unbeaten 151, having begun the day seven not out, but I have absolutely no recollection – perhaps the future England captain, while a superb technician, simply lacked flair.

No-one else among the tourists did much, but I well recall a Bay 13-type outburst coming from a loud-voiced spectator who persisted in baiting the rather ponderous Bill Voce.

At 36, on his third Australia tour, and struggling against the spinners, Larwood's one time partner in Bodyline had to put up with shouts of: "'ave a go, Voce. Why don't you 'ave a go?"

Eventually a more civilised watcher, tired of the noise, turned and announced: "I bet Voce would have a go – at you, if he could get up here". It was not a bad riposte, which as far as I can recall, served its purpose.

Victoria lost by a substantial 244 runs, the batting folding twice, with the oddity that the top score of 57 was recorded three times, by Hassett (first innings), Harvey and Miller.

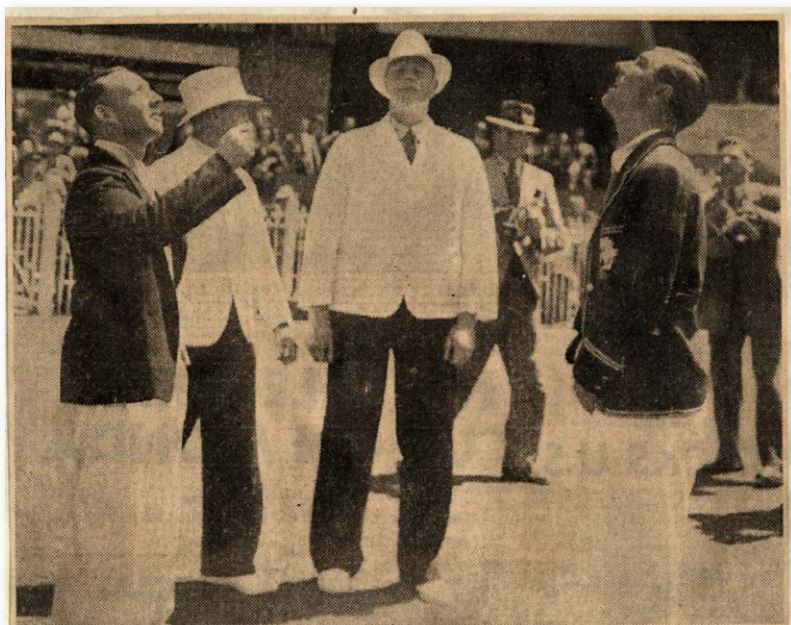
I made my way home to the Dandenongs to recount my day to the family: Mother pleased I was safely home, brother Ronald mildly curious, Dad displaying satisfying understanding.

At fifteen, I did not think it possible that I might one day be an MCC member. However, in time I was nominated – but sadly my prime supporter died before I could submit the form. I made no further attempt to join – partly because I soon moved to England, where to my astonishment and continuing delight, I became a full member of "the other" MCC in just four years.

Now I shall never be a member of the Melbourne Cricket Club – but the family flag is borne by my much-involved granddaughter Georgia, working for Cricket Victoria, who is on the waiting list, as well as being an appreciative associate member at Lord's.

Remind me to tell her some time about my first day at the Melbourne Cricket Ground...

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## From a Periscope to a Cricket Pitch in a Matter of Days:

# The Surreal Nature of War

*By Florence Livery*

My father, Panos (known as Pino) George Livery died in 1996.

Fortunately for us he left behind a very rich source of history, his World War II diary, his collection of photographs and postcards and his

unpublished memoirs. These memoirs include Pino's war years in the Royal Australian Navy and his life growing up in Ingham, North Queensland. The collection also includes photographs from a cricket match in which members of his ship, HMAS *Shropshire* purportedly played at Lord's – a match that does not appear in records, but preserved in the recollections of the *Shropshire's* crew and their families. This is a story of the anguish and trauma of Pino's war service, the frivolity of his shore leave and embedded between the two, a light-hearted albeit aggrandized cricket yarn.

In 1923, big George and tiny Evangelia, with three-month-old Panos and two-year-old Constantine had just sailed half way across the world from the remote Greek island of Kastellorizo and disembarked at Ingham Railway Station. Ingham was a small cane-growing town in the middle of nowhere, and the small Greek community was at the bottom of the pecking order. George and Evangelia felt stranded as three more children arrived in quick succession. They persevered with their minimal English, finding work hard to come by in the heat, humidity and floods of the tropics. The boys were naughty and mischievous, with boxing lessons by their father a must. Then along came the 1930s and the Great Depression. What would save the boys from a life of struggle and poverty? The outbreak of World War II.

The three older boys could not wait to enlist. In 1942 Pino enlisted in the navy, Con was already serving in the army and a year down the track Argus would join the air force. Three sons at war. Six months after enlisting, Pino was on board HMAS *Canberra* in

the Pacific Ocean, where he faced what I would call his first nightmare. I must stress that these are my words, not his. Pino never used such confronting words in his memoirs. He just told it like a yarn. To him it was part of the journey.

On August 9, 1942, HMAS *Canberra* absorbed 24 torpedo hits within two minutes from enemy fire<sup>1</sup> and this was only the beginning. Both boiler rooms were hit and consequently steam to all units immediately failed. All power for pumps, firefighting and armament had gone. Pandemonium was magnified as the shellfire hit the gun deck and the bridge where Captain Getting was mortally wounded. In the fire, rain and dark, the ship listed and the call came to abandon ship.<sup>2</sup> Where was Pino? Five decks below in the cordite handling room, along with seven others, trapped, the hatch sealed from above for fear of fire spreading and exploding the ammunition. No power. No air-conditioning. No lighting. Seven men taking it in turns to bang on the hatch with an iron bar, precariously perched on the upper rungs of the ladder. Fatigued bodies, no ventilation and no upper body strength. Luckily, over an hour later someone came their way looking for dead bodies, heard the noise and opened the hatch. The boys eventually got to the top. The fire had spread, the ship was going down fast and other allied vessels were under fire as they attempted to pick up survivors. To me the most telling part of this story comes next, when Pino said to his mate George Smallwood, after being on the top deck for a couple of hours, "George, I am all wet, buggered and nervy. I'm getting on the next ship that pulls alongside no matter what."<sup>3</sup>

In time, along came USS *Blue* and George jumped first. It was only George's outstretched hand from the other side that got Pino over. George called out from USS *Blue*, "When the ships become level, jump and grab the handrail and I will grab your hand." It was only two feet but if misjudged he could have fallen through the gap. As Pino reflected, "The bloke before me missed."<sup>4</sup> Imagine what else he saw and tried to erase from his memory.

Pino's parents received two telegrams. The first, "Sorry your son has died at sea." The second, a few days later, "Correction, he survived!" Pino was granted 14 days Survivor's Leave - 84 dead, 109 physically injured and an untold number emotionally scarred before his very eyes.

Pino then spent the next few months based at HMAS *Brisbane*



**Top:** 1942, Pino, HMAS Cerberus.

**Right:** Christmas Day 1939 Ingham, Pino honing his boxing skills.



carrying out boom duties whilst patrolling the coastal waters. On February 2, 1943 he was drafted to HMS *London*. The Royal Navy (RN) had offered the Royal Australian Navy (RAN) HMS *Shropshire* as a replacement for *Canberra*. Pino became a member of the small HMS *Wolfe* draft, one of several contingents funnelled across the world to pick up *Shropshire*.

So one week Pino was five decks down below wondering whether he would ever see daylight again and several weeks later, on board USS *Hermitage* (troop transport), he was greeted by the iconic Aloha Towers Lighthouse as they pulled into Honolulu Harbour. Six hours shore leave gave Pino just enough time to visit Waikiki Beach and be photographed against the artificial backdrop of the velvet green Kalaupapa Cliffs, smooching up to a hula girl, his pal doing likewise to make up the foursome.

Seeing the world with his mates, a few days later Pino landed at San Francisco, followed by seven wild and wonderful days travelling overland to the east coast. As one of the boys said, "The next seven days were pure luxury for an 18-year-old Ordinary Seaman."<sup>5</sup> Imagine the excitement of these young sailors, seeing the Golden Gate Bridge on arrival, then off to places like Reno, Salt Lake City, the Rocky Mountains, Denver, Omaha, Cheyenne, Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati. There were major stops and minor stops as they travelled in the stylish air-conditioned Pullman rail cars including a porter assigned to each car who attended to their every need. Meals were taken in the dining car with excellent food, (a welcome break from powdered eggs, salted meat and dehydrated vegetables) and a good night's sleep was assured as the seats converted to comfortable bunks, (a vast improvement on hammocks).<sup>6</sup> The train terminated at Newport News and the boys were then ferried across to the Norfolk Navy Yards.

On arrival at Norfolk, Pino and his mates were immediately assigned to HMS *Wolfe*, a submarine depot ship. Two days later they pulled out of dock and headed for New York City, sailing up the Hudson River past the Statue of Liberty berthing just a few blocks from Times Square. Five glorious days in New York awaited them and to fill in those hours on leave, between duties and awaiting orders, the party just got bigger and better! As Pino said, "It was just like a merry-go-round,"<sup>7</sup> as he saw the sights of New York, movies and shows, dropping in on the Canteens provided by the American Homefront and always ending up at Jack Dempsey's Bar. Pino even got a glimpse of his movie idols Dona Drake and Jane Wyman at the Stage Door Canteen. Careless, reckless and free! Not bad for a boy from Ingham!

The party however, was about to come to an abrupt end. On March 18, 1943, *Wolfe* pulled out of Pier 87, farewelled its neighbour at Pier 88, the 80,000 ton French liner SS *Normandie* which was lying by its side and steamed down the Hudson River into the Atlantic Ocean. As they sailed up the coast into Canadian waters they picked up other ships to form Convoy HX230, consisting of 46 merchants and 21 escorts.

As the winds blew a gale and they entered the icy Atlantic waters, little did Pino realise that the two preceding allied convoys, Convoy HX229 and Convoy SC122 were experiencing one of the greatest convoy battles (and German success) of the WWII Atlantic Campaign. Running in tandem but sailing independently, these two convoys were slaughtered by 38 U-boats from three wolf packs in a single sprawling action. The double battle involved 90 merchant ships and 16 escort ships. More than 300 allied seamen died and 22 allied merchant ships were sunk whilst

one U-boat went down, taking with it all 49 of its crew. Wanting to follow-up promptly on these successes, Admiral Karl Donitz formed two new wolf packs and assigned them to the mid-Atlantic Air Gap. Convoy HX230 was identified in radio intelligence as the target of these two packs – the 17 strong Seeteufel (Sea Devil) and the 19 strong Seewolf (Sea Wolf).<sup>8</sup> Nightmare number two for Pino was about to commence!

Surrounded by a false sense of security, Pino did not fear the U-boats initially, even though Lord Haw Haw<sup>9</sup> used his scare tactics over the airwaves, "You will not reach Scotland. Our U-boats packs will get you!"<sup>10</sup> The following extracts from Pino's 1990 memoirs<sup>11</sup> interwoven with entries from his 1943 war diary however, reveal the emotional rollercoaster Pino experienced whilst crossing the Atlantic.

...We were right in the middle of the pack and the ocean was so rough that I thought they could not possibly line us up. At best, I thought, the stragglers could be knocked off but even then it would be difficult as one minute they were on waves that took them up 60 feet and the next minute they were on waves that took them down 70 feet. At times we were going every which way - forwards, backwards, up and down, port to starboard. You could not even see the ship next to you, that's how rough the Atlantic was and try sitting down and eating from a plate! Impossible and this went on for a week, day in, day out. ...But even in blustering and squalling conditions somehow the U-boats did get amongst us. The corvettes worked overtime but the best they could do was to rescue the survivors before the ocean swallowed them up. No other ship could stop, otherwise they would be sitting targets for a torpedo. The U-boats would stay and sort out their prey until the corvettes came along, when they would quickly dive away. All the poor corvettes could do was to drop a depth charge and hasten away. The U-boats were doing exactly as they pleased.

**Diary entry 25 March 1943** – "Sighted iceberg, ship's steering broke, ship nearly overturned."

...At dusk on 25 March 1943, in very cold and troubled conditions, our captain advised us that *Wolfe's*



Above: March 1943  
HMS *Wolfe*, Pino preparing to cross the Atlantic.



steering had gone amiss and immediately placed all personnel to action stations, warning that because of the rough seas and lack of steering, to be prepared for anything, even to abandon ship.

**Diary entry 26 March 1943** – “Everyone frightened, submarines around us and destroyers signaling, ships blowing sirens ... Couldn’t sleep that night, ordered to sleep in clothes.”

...The hooter blew constantly as we gradually fell behind the convoy. Soon we were all alone. At least, by now it was night. A corvette came close by, more of a gesture of help as the sea was tossing it around like a tennis ball. Scared and frightened, we thought that the end was near, especially when waves with such massive force covered the ship. At times the ship was absolutely swamped but miraculously it came up, again and again. That was the night of nights. No steering, U-boats, weather that was too rough to call stormy and on daybreak the convoy was lost from sight. By now, we had not slept for 48 hours and had eaten very little, but we did manage a little drop of rum to settle our nerves. Being an RN ship we received our daily ration of Jamaican Rum. You could feel it doing you good. ...The engineers worked on. By late morning, to our relief, our captain advised us that all had been repaired and we would hasten to join the convoy. 24 hours later we had repositioned ourselves as near to the centre as possible.

**Diary entry 28 March 1943** – “Liberty ship hit by torpedo, drops back, can’t say if sunk ... Played poker all night, couldn’t sleep, too rough;”

...On nearing Iceland the convoy changed course to east south-east as the five Canadian corvettes were replaced by two British corvettes... but the reality of it all was said by the Pommy sailor on my watch, ‘Look chum, every trip you make across the Atlantic is in the laps of the Gods.’ I really believed him. I was wrong to underestimate the power of the U-boats. No matter how rough the seas were the U-boats were always there, their periscopes skirting the outer edges of the convoy. They took their time and knocked off the larger ships, not bothering about the smaller ones, targeting the American Liberty cargo ships, which they knew would be worth their while.

**Diary entry 29 March 1943** – “Sight aircraft from land bases, everyone happy;”

...However, it soon became a different story the day land based aircraft took over patrolling the convoy. What a relief it was to see them flying over. All that day I did not see one periscope through the binoculars. To see one periscope was bad enough but to see two or three on the one day was terrifying. They just hunted in packs and now I say, 45 years later, thank God the seas were so threatening.

On 2 April 1943 the *Wolfe* split from the convoy, headed for Scotland and sailed up the Clyde River. At Gourrock, the *Shropshire* draftees farewelled their pals and caught the train to London. With just enough time to have supper at the Westminster YMCA and squeeze in a look around the abbey they boarded the night train to Chatham Naval Dockyards, Kent where Pino met HMS *Shropshire* for the first time.

**Diary entry 2 April 1943** – “She looked like a factory, dirty, old and it was in a stinkin’ condition, looked like a scrapheap.”

For three long months Pino was stationed at Chatham waiting for the *Shropshire*’s refit to be completed, confirming his initial impressions. A massive job was required. Although Captain JA Collins RAN assumed command on April 7, 1943, and she was commissioned as HMAS *Shropshire* on April 20 *Shropshire* was not formally handed over to the RAN until June 25, 1943. During this period, although they were officially part of the *Shropshire* crew and slept on board, all of the services were provided in the dockyard, and depending on the stage of the refit and the associated changing basins, at times the crew had to walk several hundred yards for messing and toiletries.<sup>12</sup> Hundreds of dockyard workers swarmed the ship which made living conditions uncomfortable and disconcerting. The weather and continual air-raids were also not conducive to a happy crew.<sup>13</sup>

Pino was assigned to the port of the ship and the usual paint chipping, painting and cleaning was the order of the day as well as never ending training courses (radar, gunnery, damage control and training cruises on other ships), not to mention regular pep talks by Captain Collins as he attempted to keep the crew motivated and occupied. There were visits and addresses by dignitaries such as Stanley Bruce, the Australian High Commissioner and Doctor Evatt, the Australian Minister for External Affairs. Even Lord Haw Haw spoke to the crew, albeit indirectly, when he was heard to say on German radio on 18 May 1943 that *Shropshire* would never reach Australia because they knew the departure date.<sup>14</sup>

So what did the crew do for these three months? Evidence from Pino’s war diary is very scant during this time but a look through his WWII pictorial collection and his 1985 travel diary<sup>15</sup> suggest that although they were kept busy by day, the crew were allowed plenty of leave, both daily after 1600 hours and overnight to relieve their boredom and tensions.

**Diary entry early June 1943** - “We used to go to London every weekend and go into the town of Chatham every week day; also had six days leave, went to Edinburgh, very nice, seen bridge and Loch Lomond.”

His postcard collection indicates that Pino certainly saw all of the major sights of London including the ruins caused by the Blitz, even experiencing a bombing raid or two. He visited Scotland for six days in late April, and toured Edinburgh and the surrounding countryside. Several addresses in his log book also suggest a little female company did not go astray, including a Miss A Young of Edinburgh and a Miss C Cliphane of Friarton, Perth. Pino’s real love however, was not the big cities, rather the local town centres of Chatham and Gillingham. This feeling resurfaced in 1985 when he visited the area including the Naval Dockyards and of course the many pubs and taverns he frequented during those hours on leave.

**Diary entry 20 September 1985** – “I was determined to find that little tavern I drank in many years ago, the Prince of Orange and find it I did, but it was finished as a tavern as it had a For Sale sign on it. Inside was the carpenter busy at work but the signage and the building were how I remembered it, still the same, a little older, but still there. It certainly brought back memories and a little tear to my eye.”<sup>16</sup>

As I researched this story and immersed myself into my father’s experiences it is about this period of time, maybe late





with the bat.”<sup>18</sup>

Maybe it was all of those years in Ingham, with his three brothers and their mates, living opposite the railway station with its tracks, yards, platforms and carriages the perfect venue for a game of cricket? This array of improvised pitches and arenas, (along with a tin as a wicket and any piece of wood they could find as a bat) ensured that “game was on” as soon as they got home from school.

May 1943 that I could sense things were taking a different course for Pino (and possibly other crew members) as the protracted refit just kept on going. Was he homesick? Was the lack of action making him restless? Was he not satisfied, or at the very best, relieved to face tedium in his daily routine rather than face the unknown in crossing the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans? Did he expect a repeat of his experiences traversing America? By now Pino’s diary entries were brief and irregular, even his memoirs in later life went no further than returning home with HMAS *Shropshire*, yet he spent well over two more years in active service. Was the surreal nature of war one that he now expected? Short and sharp experiences, taking the good with the bad? Could it have been that Pino’s previous highs could not get any higher and his previous lows not get any lower? But little did Pino realise that he had one more high awaiting him, one of a very different kind and one that would be associated with the game of cricket!

By late May 1943 it appeared that *Shropshire’s* refit was never-ending. It was progressing as best it could but there were continual delays due to problems with the supply of equipment. With no deadline in sight, around early June 1943, an Australian Rules football match was organized between the RAN and RAAF. The result is unknown but it proved a tonic for a lot of lonely Australians in the United Kingdom.<sup>17</sup> It was possibly with this backdrop that Chief Petty Officer (Telegraphist) Eric Moran thought of Pino after the idea was raised about *Shropshire* forming a cricket team to play against the English.

Eric Moran was one of the more senior members of the small *Wolfe* draft. Maybe it was during those days as they travelled across America or maybe, as they crossed the Atlantic in order to distract their fear that Eric, Pino and another *Wolfe* draftee Ron Liddicut shared their mutual passion and recounted their skill and exploits in cricket. Pino was a very talented cricketer, short in stature but fearless and fast with the ball. According to his post-war cricket captain Jack Kios, “Pino was a very fast and angry bowler who opened our attack, a better bowler than batsman but still mean and handy

...Our home was situated in Lynch Street right opposite the railway station so most of our free time was spent hanging out on the tracks and carriages. Our cricket pitch was often on the platform or inside the carriages, hiding under the tarpaulins when the station hands came along. We were warned off countless times by the police but still returned after they left, even after we broke a few windows. As competitive as hell, you could always be assured that each game ended up in arguments and fights but still the next day we would meet our mates for a re-match, mainly because we gave as much back as we received.”<sup>19</sup>

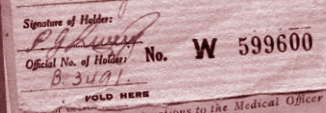
The Livery brothers also played cricket in the local competitions during the early war years before they signed up, although at times it was difficult to put a side together. In those days anyone who could hold a bat managed to make it onto the team. Prior to this the boys played for their school, Ingham State Primary, their arch rival being the local convent school. Their coach, Ivor Middleton, the Grade VI and Scholarship teacher was paradoxically good at using the cane but also clever at challenging the boys, well aware of their competitive nature. Pino recalled how one day at practice he put a two-shilling piece on top of the wicket and dared anyone to knock it off by bowling him. Mickey Pugh’s first ball sent the stumps flying!

On June 23, 1943 Eric Moran accepted an offer and scrambled together a cricket team to play the Harrods team. The *Shropshire* team included both officers and ratings. Captained by Eric and supported by Stoker G Faulkner as Vice-Captain, the side included Lieutenant LS Austin, Sub-Lieutenant JD Irvine, Petty Officers G Aungle, EJ Harkness, and R McLean, Able Seamen PG Livery and AG Mountford and Writer RH Liddicut. Harrods provided the 11th man.

It was only because of Eric’s position and standing (later to be Mentioned in Despatches) that they were allowed to participate and take leave to go, the story goes, to St John’s Wood for the game. Time was extremely limited. It was the last few days before *Shropshire* was officially handed over to the RAN. They were about to sail home via trials at Scapa Flow. Many jobs still had to be urgently done to complete the

Above: 1943, Pino’s paybook, HMA London Depot.





refit and all hands were on deck in the heavy rain, doing a complete repaint, taking on final supplies and conducting final training exercises to check equipment.<sup>20</sup>

Both umpires were provided by Harrods as *Shropshire* would not release another crew member. It was meant to be a fun game and fun it was, particularly for the *Shropshire* lads. Eric was later told that Harrods had "rung in a couple of ex-internationals,"<sup>21</sup> each playing under an alias. A Mr White was later identified as champion Middlesex and English bowler JM Sims.<sup>22</sup> The other "ring in" has yet to be identified. Did they play under an alias so as to disguise the unfair advantage or was it because that even elite cricket players could not be seen to be enjoying themselves during war time? The morale of the country was a high priority and even though cricket was seen as a great morale booster it was a fine balance between sport and war. The match between England and the Dominions played at Lord's a few weeks later on August 2-3, 1943, was evidence of how important the game of cricket was to England's soul. 38,000

catching a glimpse of his boxing hero, Jack Dempsey at his eponymously named bar. This truly was one of the thrills of Pino's life, so much so that we were constantly reminded about it as we grew up. The saying rang true, "Lord's, the home of cricket, where every young cricketer around the globe dreams of playing,"<sup>27</sup> let alone the boy from Ingham! On those rare occasions when Pino talked about the war, it was succinct and matter of fact. All we really knew was that



people viewed this exciting spectacle where 950 runs were scored and 35 wickets fell.<sup>23</sup>

After the game the *Shropshire* boys enjoyed a quick meal with their opponents and railed back to Chatham that evening. Poor Ron Liddicut could enjoy no such luxury as he was immediately ordered back to the ship and missed the post-match photo shoot. As for the result, needless to say that the Harrods team easily won. Eric recalled that "our chaps knocked up more than 100 runs between them."<sup>24</sup> He alone made 29.<sup>25</sup>

No Ashes. No cup. No shield. Just two photographs are all that remains of this cricket match.<sup>26</sup> Forget the hula girls draped in their leis, the top of the Empire State Building or

*Canberra* went down and that he travelled to England to pick up *Shropshire*. The rest of the details emerged later in life when he retired and wrote his memoirs.

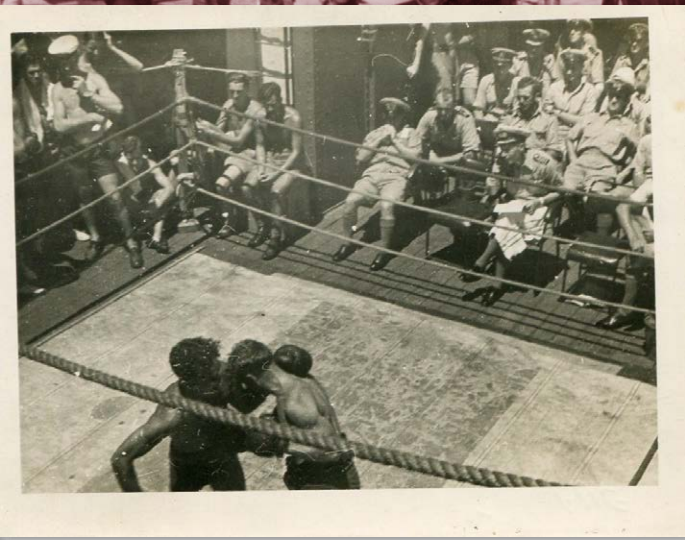
Pino frequently reminded his children that he played at Lord's, as did our uncles every time they visited, and the photographs were there to prove it – but do they? No further details were ever given and strangely Pino never elaborated on this episode of his life in his memoirs. It was only in 2004, well after Pino's death when I made contact with Eric Moran, that the cricket story was embellished. Whilst researching this event, in 2012 some doubt was cast as to whether the game was actually played at Lord's. The photographs show the teams in a wide expanse of parkland with multiple sports fields and tree lines – not unlike those in Regent's Park that neighbors Lord's. Further there is no record of the *Shropshire* match in *Wisden's* account of "Matches at Lord's in 1943". This contemporary list actually noted that Oxford University played St Mary's Hospital on June 23. Did *Shropshire's* sailors exaggerate the location from "near Lord's" to "at Lord's"?<sup>28</sup> For whether it was true or not, playing cricket at Lord's is a better tale and a greater boast than playing in Regent's Park. Ultimately, I believe it would have made no difference. All that mattered to Pino was that he could spin a harmless yarn of how he and his mates represented the Australian Navy against the English at Lord's.

This episode was the great wartime high for Pino but before you could blink the moment was over! From a periscope to a cricket pitch in a matter of days and very quickly playing cricket became a dim memory. It was back to *Shropshire* for the final haul and one week later off to Scapa Flow for almost two

**Above Left:** June 23, 1943, the HMAS *Shropshire* cricket team. Pino is standing fourth from left.

**Above Right:** June 23, 1943, HMAS *Shropshire* and the Harrods cricket teams. Pino is standing fourth from right; JM Sims is standing fourth from left.





months of gruelling trials with the Home Fleet. After numerous visits in the lead up to departure by Australian and British dignitaries, on August 14, 1943, the pageantry of a surprise visit by King George VI remained forever in Pino's memory.

At last the crew were ready to sail home and resume their place in the war,<sup>29</sup> sailing past the Canary Islands and Cape Verde before shore leave was granted at Freetown, (crossing the equator in between), Capetown and Durban. After crossing the Indian Ocean they arrived at Fremantle on September 24, 1943 and finally berthed at Garden Island, Sydney on October 2, 1943. Almost too much for the now worldly lad from Ingham to absorb!

Pino stayed with *Shropshire* for the next six months. *Shropshire* experienced some fierce battles as it joined US Task Force 74. Its task was to patrol the islands heading towards The Philippines, working from Milne Bay, slowly bombarding the islands as they tried to recapture them from the Japanese. Initially engaging in sea exercises, on December 26, 1943 *Shropshire* engaged in its first battle since the refit. The location was Cape Gloucester, New Britain and according to Stan Nicholls, "a thunderous discharge of 8 inch and 4.7 inch guns for 80 minutes gave the crew, especially the ex-*Canberra* men a feeling of at last we are hitting back after nearly a year of refitting, trials and work up."<sup>30</sup>

I am not sure though I would include Pino in these feelings. I am now convinced that the only reason he did not leave *Shropshire* any earlier was because of the boxing competition introduced in late 1943 just before this battle. Inactivity, red alerts and sea exercises were taking its toll on the crew, particularly the ex-*Canberra* guys, so many recreational activities were introduced to keep up morale. Not just boxing but sailing, handicrafts, quiz contests, debates, talk sessions and correspondence courses were also offered.<sup>31</sup> Several photographs at the bottom of the suitcase depicted Pino hammering away in the boxing ring, making good use of the skills his father had taught him in Ingham, spurred on by a huge deck crowd of officers and ratings.

Pino left *Shropshire* at Milne Bay in March 1944, poignantly midway during its Second Battle Tour. For

**Top Left:** 14 August 1943, Scapa Flow, King George VI makes a surprise visit to farewell the crew of the HMAS *Shropshire*.

**Top Right:** Late 1943, Milne Bay, HMAS *Shropshire* Boxing Competition, PG Livery (left) vs FA McFarlane; McFarlane won on points.

**Right:** 1944 Sydney Able Seamen PG Livery & J Scott.



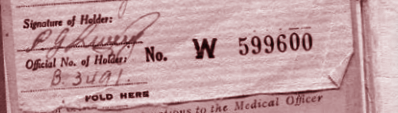
the next two years, until he was discharged it reads like Pino was determined to see the war out doing as little as he could. In and out of trouble, he frequently changed postings to smaller patrol ships and frigates. At one stage, five of them were drafted to HMAS *Diamantina*, a frigate based in Rabaul which was sailing from island to island looking for disused mines. The boys literally "took passage" on HMAS *Wanganella* to Rabaul and did not report for duty on arrival. According to Pino, "they just forgot to notice us,"<sup>32</sup> that is, until the final day of the four-week voyage. The boys got off very lightly and were made to scrub the decks as a punishment.

Pino also enrolled in a couple of shore based training courses. Firstly, a sonar course in Sydney but as he wanted to do a gunnery course he simply did not turn up. This absence cost Pino dearly and he was ordered to do a three-month stint in Milne Bay as a Quarter Master. Back in Melbourne he finally got to do the gunnery course. More often than not though, Pino was confined to barracks and ordered to scrub the floors as he belatedly returned to base. Pino was far too busy to keep an eye on the clock, busy catching up with extended family and seeing the sights of this city he had only read about in Geography lessons!

After the war, the Livery family relocated to Melbourne. Pino married in 1951. Like many others, he refused to take any form of assistance, whether it be a Department of Defence home loan or re-training for employment purposes. Nor would he participate in any ANZAC Day march. The medals always remained loose and tattered at the bottom of the suitcase along with the old photographs and war postcards. Pino himself, remained restless and defiant and found it very difficult to settle down. Thank God for the unconditional love and resilience of my mother.

Over the next 10 years Pino kept up





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with his cricket, playing for an array of local teams in Melbourne - the Carlton United boys in a local social competition with their own improvised form of Twenty20, another team in the Sunday Industrial Cricket Association with their home ground at Fawkner Park and in a mercantile competition with the SEC (where he worked as a storeman). Pino also played a season of VJCA district cricket with the A Grade Olympic team. Unfortunately, in those early post-war years, Pino's temper too often got the better of him particularly in accepting the umpire's decision or the captain's strategy. Jack Kios recalled the time when playing in the Carlton United team he took a beautiful clean catch, half an inch off the ground. It was disallowed by the umpire and Pino stormed off the ground.<sup>33</sup> By the late 1950s Pino concentrated on umpiring for the VJCA as well as coaching the bowlers for the Cassies, an emerging Greek-Australian cricket team which had just entered the VJCA Competition.

In 1985 Dad retired and applied for a Department of Veteran Affairs Gold Card. He needed to prove war related injuries in order to obtain the highest level. He was successful. By default, 40 years later, Dad was diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and we all breathed a sigh of relief. "Of course," we all said, "it all makes sense now. Of course the war contributed to his character, his personality, those dark days." A few years ago I was sifting through Dad's documents and found written in his hand-writing on a scrap bit of paper, "PG Livery suffers from Post Traumatic War Disorder."

I still shudder to this day when I think about the surreal nature of war and the extremes of experience Ordinary Seamen like Dad encountered. Sport, fun, mateship, the world, fear, life and death.

**Florence Livery** works casually on match days with MCG Event Staff.



**Top:** Pino's weekly VJCA umpire appointment card from the late 1950s.

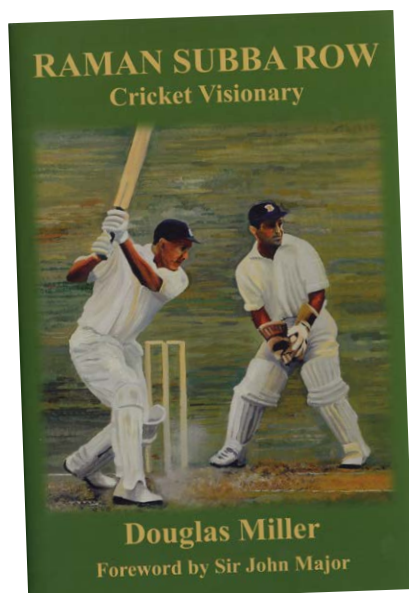
**Right:** Pino with Fawkner Park, Sunday Cricket Association, 1950.

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# Book Reviews



Douglas Miller  
**Raman Subba Row**  
Charlotte Books: Bath  
(UK), 2017  
ISBN: 9780956851086

As a legacy for their grandchildren, Anne, Raman Subba Row's wife, asked Douglas Miller to tell Raman's story. The result, memories from the man himself, with confirmation and explanation from many sources.

Raman, the son of an English mother and an Indian father, was

educated at Whitgift School where

he excelled at cricket. He captained the first eleven there for four years and has maintained a strong relationship with his Alma Mater. He went on to Trinity Hall where he studied law and was a Cambridge Blue. While there, he bowled, successfully, against an Australian team which included Keith Miller.

Reliable, determined, a generous team player, but not considered an entertaining cricketer, is how Raman is described. A left hand batsman, as well as a right arm spinner, who could open the batting with courage, is how Raman is remembered. Raman's first county club was Surrey. Apparently, when Raman was batting, Doris, his mother, too nervous to watch, would escape to the lavatory with her friend, Mary Webb, posted outside providing the commentary. Who of us can relate to that? Miller gives us an insight into the county club politics during this time, when the gentlemen at Lord's rule was law.

Professional and amateur status among cricketers is also given coverage, particularly during Raman's tenure at Northants. The captaincy question, the successful, older, professional Brookes, or the 23 year old amateur, novice Raman, is debated. The upper class, educated amateur, and the professional, class distinctions were rampant. Raman was paid one thousand pounds per year for five years as an amateur to make up for lost earnings. Common practice, but the cause of much discord.

Raman toured Australia and New Zealand in 1958/59. However, he broke his thumb which curtailed his play. He toured the West Indies in 1959/60, where he replaced Peter May. His fiancé, Anne, joined him there, and they married soon after. Raman was, by now, an established member of team England. He was named one of Wisden's Cricketers of the Year in 1960/61.

An endearing quality is Raman's ability to connect with people, from diplomats to international cricketers, and everyone in between. The Subba Row hospitality seems boundless, with people from all over the world calling. Australian Alan Davidson was just one of many who stayed with the couple.

Political issues are explored, particularly the impact of apartheid, sanctions, and Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's boycott of Geoffrey Boycott. The latter resolved through Raman's efforts and diplomatic intervention.

Advertising, Raman's career of choice, served him, and the future of cricket, well. While he still played cricket for the Old Whitgiftians, he was ensuring Surrey's financial security. On the Committee in 1964, he, with Bernie Coleman, launched the Oval into the future. Advertising, broadcasting rights, concerts, markets, betting (Ladbroke's) and, in 1980, the first floodlit cricket match in England. Ever creative, Raman fine-tuned the committee for efficiency. In 1989, the Oval, was branded Fosters, with a four million pound contract. Explaining to Harry Brind that Aussie Rules Football would be played at the Oval once a year and the Test match pitches would not be covered, became a two night drinking marathon for Raman.

In 1967, Raman was on the MCC Committee, but he was also involved with the Test and County Cricket Board, later to become the England and Wales Cricket Board. The former was interested in Members' rights, the latter felt the financial interests of cricketers and clubs at every level should prevail. Inevitably, the two clashed.

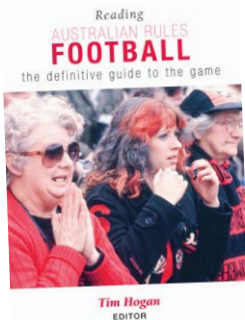
After a tour of India as team manager in 1981/82, Raman began a campaign for neutral umpires, not introduced until 1993. Raman was present for the famous Mike Gatting incident in Pakistan, when the English captain defiantly challenged the umpire's authority at the wicket. Raman's handling of the situation had mixed reviews.

A nine year stint as match referee included 41 Tests and 119 ODI's. Clashes with players make for interesting reading. Raman's long and illustrious cricketing journey concluded as Pitch inspector. Alastair, Raman's son, thought it most appropriate that his father's final contribution to the game should be at the grass roots level. Raman was Chairman of the International Cricket Council in 1989. He was awarded the CBE, and became an Honorary Member of the MCC, in 1991.

This is a wonderful, easy to read, informative story of a much respected gentleman's impact on cricket. Not only will Raman's grandchildren derive great pleasure from the read, but anyone who has an interest in cricket and how it barrelled its way through unprecedented change, will be entertained by the charm, determination, diplomacy and creativity of this remarkable individual. For those who love the detail, the stats are there as well.

**Lesley Smith**





Tim Hogan  
**Reading Australian Rules Football: The Definitive Guide to the Game**  
 Walla Walla Press: Petersham (NSW), 2017  
 ISBN: 9781876718251

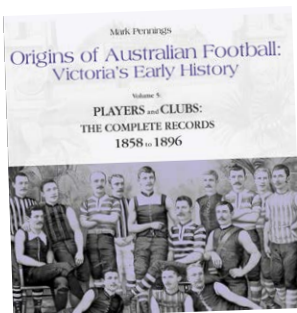
enabling us to link names to many moustachioed faces. The timeline of team existence is a useful walk along the story of our game, while the teams of the nineteenth century delivers profiles and potential debates – delightful to think that discussion of 21<sup>st</sup> century ‘teams of’ could possibly run parallel to such an exercise involving their colonial brothers.

If, of course, you like to dip and learn, Pennings provides a handy opportunity for this as a round out to the volume, with General Records and Anecdotes starring at the back of the book. These are sparks to the curiosity, with – for example – the following July 1877 anecdote from *The Argus* about the Melbourne ground (just outside the main MCG) giving a fascinating insight:

*[A]bout 1,000 spectators [went] to the Melbourne ground. This was the first time that use was made of the temporary fence. Though there were only hurdles enough to shut the public out from the ends of the field, the players found them of great service.*

Both Hogan and Pennings offer works that are “of great service”, and well beyond the initial idea of lists and guides. While Hogan and his cohorts take reader-researchers on a helpful tour through the mass of material relating to the game, Pennings offers a comfortable seat and a fascinating time travel opportunity back to its origins, the details and the personalities who continue to make it memorable to this day. Both publications are worthy without being stodgy, and interesting without resorting to frivolity.

**Lynda Carroll**



Mark Pennings  
**Origins of Australian Football: Victoria's early history. Volume 5: players and clubs : the complete records, 1858 to 1896**  
 Grumpy Monks  
 Publishing: [Victoria], 2017  
 ISBN: 9780646955971

Lists and guides...at first glance, such volumes can appear testing at best. But it's the second check that counts. Two recent additions to the collection are sound evidence of the value of guiding

the way, providing signpost information, and sending the researcher off, well equipped and ready to face the fray.

The first volume under consideration is *Reading Australian Rules Football: The Definitive Guide to the Game*. Edited by Tim Hogan, and with contributions from across the football history spectrum, it delves into a wide range of topics and gives a helping hand with reviews of the literature contained therein. The chapters include “Business and Management of Football”, “Football Art and Images”, “Playing, Training, Coaching”, “Scholarly Theses and Dissertations”, and much more besides.

An introduction to each segment is provided, which includes an explanation of how publications are categorised – handy for those inevitable cases of overlap. Along with basic publishing details for each publication, a brief overview and – sometimes – an opinion is offered.

Overall, *Reading Australian Rules Football* offers a valuable insight into the myriad insights surrounding our game, from articles to books to plays and academic works. It is useful in the ‘I didn't know that was out there, need to track it down’ vein, and while some reviews are briefer than the titles of the publication being canvassed – for example, *A Day at the Camp: 150 Years with the Castlemaine Football and Netball Club* receives ‘Castlemaine is in central Victoria’ – this is a volume and concept that will hopefully be expanded upon in the future, assisting researchers of all levels as the plethora of material surrounding the Australian game continues to grow.

One publication that definitely needs to be earmarked as a major contribution to knowledge is Mark Pennings' latest offering. Volume Five of *Origins of Australian Football: Victoria's Early History* deals with players and clubs between 1858 and 1896. In some cases, this publication fills in gaps and updates material from the first four volumes. It also serves to show that lists can provide the gateway to a fuller story.

By detailing that East Melbourne had three incarnations before disbanding, that Geelong players wore blue hats before moving to scarlet caps and shirts with white trousers, and that Williamstown's nicknames were ‘The Townites’ and ‘The Villagers’, Pennings provides a platform and the intricate details needed to dive into the rabbit hole of nineteenth century Australian football. Given that this is a place where most of us would love to venture, the generous extras of the publication are even more delightful, filled with contemporary illustrations and documents, as well as

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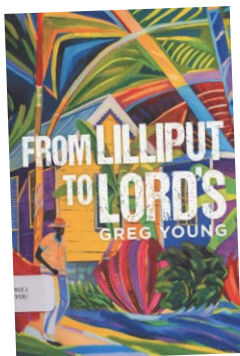
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Greg Young  
**From Lilliput to Lord's**  
Silver Wood Books: Bristol  
(UK), 2017  
ISBN: 9781781326282

This book by Greg Young is about Barbados' cricket legacy. It concentrates primarily on the nineteen fifties and sixties, which means Sir Everton Weekes, Sir Frank Worrell and Sir Clyde Walcott (The three Ws) followed by Sir

Garfield Sobers. There were, of course, others but this book concentrates on these four.

Young starts by giving a short history of the development of the country, setting out the conditions that he sees contributed to the way cricket developed and thrived in the small island. He describes how children played ball games like Lilliput or "hopping ball" cricket. The ball was either a knitted ball rolled in tar, or simply a tennis ball. This allowed children at a very young age to play without the fear of getting hit and injured. This encouraged them to hit the ball often and hard. The country was populated by small villages, sufficiently close that they could compete against each other within walking distance. The best players were given scholarships to schools. These schools played in the main cricket competition on the island against adults. So, young players matured very quickly.

Born between 1924 and 1926 Weekes, Worrell and Walcott grew up within a short distance of each other, close to the Kensington Oval in Bridgetown. Young makes the convincing argument that these three were the best in their era, comparing them statistically against the top three batsmen for England and Australia in the same period. He includes appendices in which he summarises thus:

"Between 1948 and 1958 the top three English run scorers, Len Hutton, Denis Compton and Peter May, scored a total of 12,227 runs in 92 Tests in which they played together at an average of 133.4 runs per Test. The three top Australian run-scorers, Neil Harvey, Arthur Morris and Lindsay Hassett, scored a total of 10,006 runs in 62 Tests in which they played together at an average of 161.4 runs per Test. In the same period Weekes, Worrell and Walcott scored a total of 10,860 runs in the 54 Tests they played together, at an average of 201.1 runs per Test."

Young uses large amounts of statistical data. He has copious quotations from writers such as C.L.R. James, Richie Benaud and Garry Sobers. One quotation I smiled at was a letter from C.L.R. James to Frank Worrell which simply said: "My dear Frank, I have nothing to write except that I perpetually wonder that a little scrap of the West Indian territory has produced Garfield Sobers and you..."

There are short descriptions of highlighted matches, particularly the first successful series in England in 1950. Young concludes with summary biographies of all Bajun Test cricketers from the 1950s to the present day. I enjoyed this book and recommend it to anyone interested in that era of cricket.

**Jim Blair**

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Duncan Hamilton  
***The Kings of Summer: How cricket's 2016 County Championship came down to the very last match of the season***  
 Safe Haven Books Ltd: London, 2017  
 ISBN: 9780993291128

This is a very well-written, charming little book describing in detail the final match of the 2016 County Season. Fittingly it is played at Lord's between the first and second placed teams in the County Championship – Middlesex

and Yorkshire. The third team, Somerset, also had a chance of winning. In the final round at Taunton, Somerset faced the already relegated Nottinghamshire so there was much interest at Taunton in following what occurred at Lord's.

There are four chapters to Duncan Hamilton's match narrative simply headed Day One, Day Two, Day Three, Day Four. These are followed by the scorecard. Each day's play is described from his perspective taken from the copious notes he made from various vantage points as the game progressed. The result keeps the reader enthralled until the thrilling climax is reached with the final ball of the game.

The match is described in the author's inimitable style which is evocative but not pretentious so that the reader enjoys many chuckles. For instance the first Middlesex wicket which is Sam Robson's leg-before to Jack Brooks is related. Hamilton wrote Robson was "Not off the mark, he's pecked tentatively at 14 deliveries. To the 15<sup>th</sup> his footwork is awry. He moves back and across, tangling himself up in an awkward half-stumble. His weight is in the wrong place. He falls, ungainly into the ball, which smacks against his pads. The roar of Brook's appeal is loud enough to be heard in the Lock and Laker stand at the Oval. Middlesex are 11 for one."

Or again when Yorkshire, with only one wicket left, is desperately trying to reach 350 to gain an important batting point. Number 11, Ryan Sidebottom is facing Toby Roland-Jones, "The fast bowler paces his run and his studs hack at the turf energetically, as though he is beginning a dig to Australia. His face is as solemn as an undertaker's. Sidebottom looks up, blinks and rams his bat into the block-hole after taking guard. He's been batting for 54 minutes. He and Bresnan have scored 15 runs off the last 75 balls. The 76<sup>th</sup> of their partnership is quickish but slips towards leg stump and gives Sidebottom the slack he needs. He sees the chance and seizes it." He sends the ball to the fine leg boundary. The author describes the joy evoked "To judge from the shouting and the applause, which distant ships will register, you'd think the Championship itself had been won." Many such similes and metaphors are used to enhance the reader's enjoyment and indeed excitement engendered by such descriptions. The inclusion of the author's many reminiscences of other days watching games of cricket sparked by the play add to this enjoyment.

As with Duncan Hamilton's earlier book *A Last English Summer*, *The Kings of Summer* expresses how greatly he loves the County Championship, a love he shares with the great cricket writer, Neville Cardus, who Hamilton refers to and quotes from frequently in his narrative. He writes, "I've been as jealous in pursuit of Cardus as Boswell was of Johnson", so his next book about Neville Cardus, "The Great Romantic" should be another most enjoyable read.

**Ann Rusden**



Andrew Marmont  
***Their Finest Hour: A History of the Rugby League World Cup in Ten Matches***  
 HarperCollins Publishers  
 Australia: Sydney 2017  
 ISBN: 9780733335877

Andrew Marmont's *Their Finest Hour* was launched with exquisite timing. It tied in with the 2017 Rugby League World Cup, hosted by Australia, New Zealand and

Papua New Guinea. His format is unusual in that he has chosen ten matches, not all finals, which he considers to be the most memorable, in League World Cup history. While the author describes aspects of each game, he does so without overwhelming the reader with details of every set of play. In fact, he has placed each match in context with cultural, historical and dramatic events.

France hosted the first Rugby League World Cup in 1954, a remarkable feat considering the French government had outlawed the game and stripped it of all assets. Paul Barriere initiated the event and persuaded the BBC to telecast the final, a first in Europe. Incidentally, the Barriere trophy, stolen from the Australian team hotel, was found 25 years later at the Bradford rubbish tip.

The author describes the brutality of the game, most prevalent in the 1960s and '70s. Britain's Prescott playing with his broken arm hanging from his shoulder, the practice of "nipping" and the "Liverpool Kiss", Australia's Wally Lewis playing on with a broken arm, the massive collision in the 2000 final between the Kiwi Richie Barnett and Kangaroo Wendell Sailor, leaving Barnett in intensive care with horrendous injuries. The list goes on. Television coverage, videos and regulations have done much to rid League of its thuggery reputation.

Marmont also describes the impact of News Limited (now News Corp Australia) and Super League on the game, with the associated injections of cash and media coverage. The inclusion of many new nations, with a surprising new member joining the league family, the USA, is also considered. A shift from beer and cigarette sponsors to airlines and telcos actually changed the way in which the tournament was perceived. Community involvement proved to be beneficial in various ways when England allowed cities to bid to host a match for the 2013 World Cup.

Tactical developments in the game are seen through the prism of successive World Cups. Coaches' methods are an example, such as Australian coach Harry Bath's approach with discipline in 1968, following his 1962 Kangaroo team's trashing of a hotel room. By the 1980s Australia was setting the standard with preparation, training, discipline and the use of psychology, an approach other coaches in other Rugby League centres of Great Britain and New Zealand would emulate. Training camps were organised. In preparation for the 1995 competition, team New Zealand had a stint with Military Service, a practice that became the norm for many teams. Wayne Bennett's assistant coach role in New Zealand for the 2008 World Cup also raised a few eyebrows, for several reasons – but most notably that he was heavily identified with Australian Rugby League.

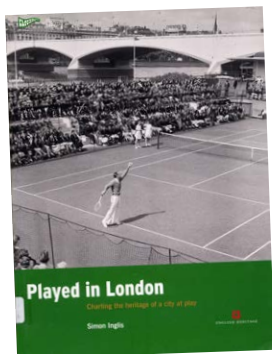




The big names are mentioned by Marmont such as Australia's Reg Gasnier, Johnny Raper, and Bob Fulton, and Great Britain's Billy Boston. Marmont also tells individual stories framed by the great matches, from the profound, such as Great Britain's Terry Clawson's fight against tuberculosis, to the frustrating, such as Australia's Graeme Langlands' "greatest try never scored". Great Britain's charismatic and skilled Martin Offiah, Australia's Glenn "brick with eyes" Lazarus, the Walters brothers – Kevin and Steve, and "King" Wally Lewis all feature. Sonny Bill Williams' impact on team New Zealand is also discussed. England's Burgess brothers – Sam, Tom and George, New Zealand's Shaun Johnson, and Australia's Darren Lockyer, Cameron Smith, and Billy Slater are just a few of the more recent players featured. The author has delved into the backgrounds of many players, one such, Shaun Johnson, whose talents supposedly became apparent at the age of twelve months.

*Their Finest Hour* is full of facts and history that will be enjoyed by any reader. The format makes it a quick and easy read for those who have little time. Marmont has managed to deliver an interesting and entertaining book without succumbing to the temptation of overwhelming his audience with copious statistics. Highly recommended.

**Lesley Smith**



Simon Inglis  
***Played in London: Charting the Heritage of a City at Play***  
 English Heritage: Swindon (UK), 2014  
 ISBN: 9781848020573

The liveliness and sheer enthusiasm that emerges from Simon Inglis' work is one of the main reasons that *Played in London* has made it to my Christmas wish list. An architectural historian, journalist and advocate of the sporting landscape through time, Inglis was a founding member

of the Played In Britain group in 2004, and has been ushering wonderful stories into being ever since.

While Inglis – complemented by his contributor wife, Jackie Spreckley – undergoes some early turmoil regarding the difference between 'history' and 'heritage', the battle is quite unnecessary. History may be more formal and bound about with convention and footnotes than the material Inglis gives us, but what he is offering here is invaluable and in depth. With engaging detail and obvious empathy, he guides us through the bustling London landscape, giving sports of all kinds a platform for their evolution to the current day.

In addition to the sports themselves, the arteries of London are exposed to the reader's fascination, with examples abounding to lead the eager traveller astray. An example dealing with Wembley Park gives ready indication:

As shown on this 1896 map, two years after the park and its station opened, the tower occupied the southern corner of the site. To the north was a cricket ground, on which the Australians played in June 1896, surrounded by a track on which, two weeks later, WJ Sturgess of the Polytechnic Harriers broke the two mile walking record. In later years trotting races and polo also featured. (p. 71)

This is the beauty of this exploration of London; the setting is given, enabling you to locate yourself in the maze, followed by detail and examples to grant identity and belonging. London, of course, is packed full of personality, and Inglis is delighted to share that with us. At the same time, his acknowledgement of the debate as to whether heritage "constitute[s] an asset or an obstacle to progress" (p. 11) is obviously heartfelt, and sometimes conveys the feeling that he is ensuring that what may eventually disappear at least has a tribute in this publication.

So it was that I learned of the evolution of "my" team – Arsenal – and its shifts across the city, the development of its stadia, and the leaving of Highbury, absorbing the North Bank Stand and Clock End into a residential development. While I may not have had the chance to see that last game at Highbury in May 2007, I have a sound sense of the progress of Arsenal – and other clubs – courtesy of a detailed map and lively, well-illustrated discussion of the whys and wherefores of club evolution. There is empathy for all reactions to development and change, and a shared appreciation of the 'round eternal' experienced by spectators:

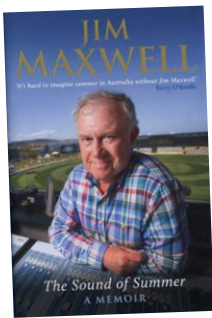
*The Shed at the Bridge, the Shelf at the Lane, The Palace, the Valley, the Cottage and the Den. The Hammers, the Gunners, the Daggers and the Dons, the Blues, the Spurs, the Lions and Bees...The 'thes' of London football have a poetry and a rhythm all of their own... (p. 230)*

The same pattern is followed for the various segments that make up the London experience, their sections indicated with tabulation. From a general history to "Open Space" (and I would love to visit Finsbury Circus, "an island of green and all that survives of Lower Moorfields" – p. 29), we can travel down the River Thames, head to the Lea Valley, where the 2012 Olympics were centred, inspect a wide range of grandstands, and then become absorbed by pursuits requiring particular facilities: billiard halls, skateparks, outdoor and indoor swimming pools, before moving on to a range of specific sports. As so many sports are or have been played in London, not all are canvassed, with criteria as to longevity and facilities imposed. Perhaps the remaining sports provide fodder for future research and writing. I hope this is the case. The references provided for the subjects covered in this publication certainly display the comprehensive and interesting nature of the research undertaken, which provides another attractive detour for the absorbed reader.

I have but one real criticism of *Played In London*, and it is unavoidable due to the dense and detailed content. At 360 pages, this is one chunky volume, almost hitting the 'tome' category. It could perhaps have been split into two parts, one concentrating on specific sports, the other on facilities and a general history. But, aside from its back breaking potential, this may have diluted some of the charm of the whole. However, if you want to use *Played In London* as a guide book, my advice is to deploy a separate trolley and/or willing assistant in order to tote it about as a reference. However you may transport it, also make sure to enjoy and learn from it, with the opportunity for both offered readily within its packed pages.

**Lynda Carroll**





Jim Maxwell  
**The Sound of Summer: A Memoir**  
Allen & Unwin: 2016  
ISBN: 9781742370828

Jim Maxwell has been the most prominent ABC commentator since the 1970's - especially so since the retirement of Alan McGilvray in 1985.

Obsessed with cricket from his earliest days, Maxwell was an only child, spending many hours honing his skills off a rock wall. Both his parents were of an academic, well-connected background with cricket enthusiasts on both sides of the family. However, in 1938, a Maxwell aunt caused a major calamity lasting decades. After his father had sailed to England on the Orient liner, Orontes, with the Australian team, doing some spring cleaning she threw out her brother's set of, "Wisden Cricketer's Almanacs". Maxwell, himself, is still annoyed at having spent a small fortune compiling his own collection, when he could have inherited his father's.

Maxwell's total schooling was at Cranbrook School - a prestigious Anglican institution in Sydney. It has always had a strong cricket tradition. The school team, of which he was Captain, was "the centre of my life". Visiting Test teams often practised at the school, including the fabled West Indies Team of 1960-61. This made a big impression on the then ten year old Maxwell. He admits his comfortable upbringing was "secluded". He had very minimal exposure to people who weren't white, or indeed to Catholics except in inter-school sport. The Cranbrook School had a strong impact on Maxwell long after he left it. He played cricket with the Old Cranbrookians. It was one of his treasured interests.

Maxwell was accepted by the ABC as a 22 year old trainee in the Sports Department on his third attempt. In the 1970's, only very straight-laced commentary was permitted. You provided your own statistics! Maxwell broadcast his first Test at 26. McGilvray, the acknowledged doyen, was forty years his senior. Maxwell is illuminating on this iconic figure. McGilvray could be "intimidating and pontifical". He would utter such advice as "Son, you will never learn anything if you don't listen!"

McGilvray smoked heavily including in the commentary box. He drank before, during and after play - this never affected his commentary. They had a falling out which continued whilst they worked together. Maxwell describes working with such legendary English figures as Brian Johnston, John Arlott, Christopher Martin-Jenkins, Henry Blofeld, Jonathan Agnew and Indian, Harsha Bhogle.

The English broadcasting tradition was very much based on setting the atmosphere whilst McGilvray had drummed in the necessity of describing each delivery in detail, with regular score updates. Nowadays Maxwell feels the English have become more concerned with the actual cricket, and Australia's approach has become somewhat more relaxed. Kerry O'Keefe, with whom Maxwell was very close, exemplified this more relaxed manner. Thus there has been compromise from both sides.

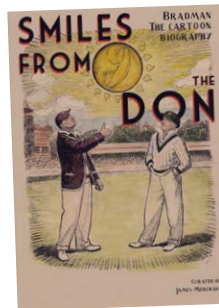
Early in Maxwell's career World Series Cricket opened the cricket world. He says of this time "We kept broadcasting cricket and they [Channel 9] started doing it". In remote areas, ABC TV commentary continued, using Channel 9's pictures. Maxwell concludes that with over forty years of Test commentary behind him "The good (days) outweigh the bad by a long distance". Whilst acknowledging the financial importance of the shorter forms of cricket, the long game is clearly his preferred format. "There can be a score of sub plots and side dramas - and even more across the expanse of a series".

The death by suicide of Peter Roebuck deeply affected Maxwell. Roebuck was a colleague and close friend. He

was also an enigma and often a contrarian. In hindsight, Maxwell "was forced to admit that I didn't know him as well as I thought". He "wrestled with this a lot after his death". A separate chapter has appropriately been devoted to Richie Benaud. "If ever cricket had anointed a pope, it would have been (him)". Most people would agree with Maxwell's comment that "He has been the most influential, revered and respected person in the game for fifty years".

This book is the work of one with an all consuming love of the game. Maxwell's life has been dominated by cricket in both a professional and recreational sense. He has made numerous connections with players, media identities, events and issues. Jim Maxwell is eminently qualified to pass such observations and judgements.

**Edward Cohen**



James Merchant  
**Smiles from the Don: Bradman the Cartoon Biography**  
James Merchant: Melbourne, 2017  
ISBN: 9780648185208

You would think with the end of his celebrated playing career now almost 70 years ago, little else could be written or compiled on the great Sir Donald Bradman's life or his cricket exploits.

Then along comes James Merchant; a self confessed supporter of "Bradmanism", with a completely different look at the Don's career, as he "curates" a selection of brilliant and informative cartoons that depict the great cricketer throughout his life.

Merchant's compilation is full of well informed notes and wonderful depictions of the greatest batsman of them all as seen through the eyes, and sketched and drawn by the pens of the great cartoonists of his time. It traces his career, the ups and downs of his life (not that there were many at the crease) and provides support via superbly reproduced illustrations that were published over the span of Sir Donald Bradman's adulthood.

He finds the first in *Smith's Weekly*; a five panel cartoon titled "The Dead Finish" which covers Bradman's epic triple century for Bowral against arch rivals Moss Vale in 1926. This innings was the ice breaker that led to Bradman receiving an invitation to practice in front of the New South Wales State selectors. He finishes almost 60 cartoons later with a poignant image from the pen of fellow New South Wales and Australian Test cricketer (and well known cartoonist); Arthur Mailey. Bradman used this image at the finish of his 1950 publication, *Farewell to Cricket* and fittingly it completes Merchant's biography of images on Bradman's life as well.

This is a delightful publication of around 50 pages, with every page having at least one cartoon. Merchant has identified the source of the cartoon in a well planned two page table at the end of the publication, and he has also provided short bios on the most significant contributors of the cartoons on Bradman's life. It is a delightful read and viewing the cartoons again gives a fabulous look at a bygone art, with the use of satire and wit in the captions and very clever artistry and penmanship in the drawings, now all too rare in today's digital news and publishing environment.

With a purchase price well below the cost of most good books, I thoroughly recommend any cricket book collector, ephemera collector or fan of Sir Donald Bradman purchase this publication and enjoy his career reproduced, as only the best cartoonists of the day could do it.

**Stephen Flemming**