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MEMORY CORNER

The brief report that accompanied this photograph in our February 2014 newsletter of the President's XI team that played in the keenly contested match against the School in 1977 concluded "*Drama indeed and perhaps the tightest finish in the history of these matches*".

Martin Beagles has long suggested that he believes the 1981 match to have been an even closer encounter and you can read why from Page 5 onwards!



Those pictured in the 1977 President's XI, flanked by umpires David Yates and Len Menhinick, were Chris Eve, Roger Gaffney, John Roulston, Paul Fuller, Reg Taylor and John Beagles, Ricky Richmond, Brian Poole, Harold Glynn, Steve Little and Alan Stacey.

A WARM WELCOME TO OUR NEW PRESIDENT



At the Annual Dinner on Saturday April 15th Dave Grainger was installed as President for the coming year and is pictured here with his predecessor, Jez Crook. By way of introduction Dave has written:-

"It's a great honour to become Club President and I would like to thank George Heseltine and the committee for my nomination.

For those of you that don't know me I am the current Football Section Chairman but I first came to the club in 1990, aged 18, joining the OCs Cricket club where I was placed under the care of John Swinney and Kev Menhinick. Whilst they may not have improved my cricket skills, I was lucky to have Terry Charrington alongside me for that, they certainly made my early club days great fun!

It was during those early cricket days that I was lucky enough to spend time with the greats of our club, Len Menhinick, Harold Glynn, Ricky Richmond, Pete Gill Snr and Chris Eve to name a few. They loved the club and their affection for the OCs definitely influenced me. Like many before me, football and cricket have been a passion of mine and

I'm delighted to see both sections of the club so vibrant (despite the challenges local sport faces). I hope our younger members get to enjoy the OCs like I have done over the last 30+ years.

The committee have been doing tireless work in modernising the approach of the OCs and continue to try develop the clubhouse and facilities. Jez Crook, our outgoing President, has done a tremendous amount of work in this regard and I hope he is able to continue that as I start my tenure. It goes without saying that there are three people at our club that do so much for us: George Heseltine, who somehow has the had the patience to deal with us all over his 50+ year tenure as secretary; Brian Terry, my football mentor, groundsman, club bar operations, you name it Brian knows how to do it and Chris Flint, my cricket mentor and groundsman. Without these three people alongside me the President's role would look a little more daunting! Here's to a great 2023 everyone".

THE HEADMASTER, TOM CARTER, WRITES

The Spring term of 2023 brought a full programme of events. Some of the standout highlights included the whole school production of "A Monster Calls" – an extremely moving and engaging piece of theatre involving a large number of students, under the expert guidance of Mrs Garnish. The concert was another highlight – the senior orchestra's rendition of Shostakovich's Festive Overture was one of those memorable moments for all present - the choir were in excellent voice – and it was a joy to see KEGS's latest new ensemble, the Big Band, performing. Meanwhile in sport, the school has notably maintained its standards in basketball, winning the Essex Cup for the second year in a row. Indeed the team features quite a number of players who will still be with us next year, so expectations for the future remain high.

Trips and visits can also provide some of the most memorable moments in a young person's experience of school – and so it has been very pleasing that a large number of trips are now back in action. Foreign trips last term included sending a team of staff and students to Mogonjet, our partner school in Kenya, as well as a middle school trip to Paris, a Year nine trip to Pompeii – and a Geology trip to Iceland. Alongside these expeditions it is worth noting that the DofE team has continued to be very active and the Spring CCF camp was a great success.

In the house competition, as usual the Spring term saw House Drama – one of those important fixtures in the calendar – and then by the end of March the results in a closely fought competition were in, and Holland were proclaimed winners. This coincided with our traditional end of term events – charities week and then final assembly. It gave me great pleasure at this last event to present so many service ties to students who have given time and energy to some aspect of school life. In a society where self-interest can sometimes appear to be rather a dominant feature it is a lovely thing to be reminded how much young people and indeed people of all ages are so motivated to help and serve others.

Tom Carter.

OTHER SCHOOL NEWS

The Headmaster mentioned the latest KEGs Drama production, 'A Monster Calls', and whilst sitting in the audience waiting for the performance to begin and surveying my surroundings in what I still refer to as the 'New School Hall' I suddenly realised that, having been completed in my final year at School, the building now nearly sixty years old, is anything but 'New'.

At the time in July 1964, the School Roll was 658 of whom 191 were in the Sixth and Seventh Years and, whilst we had managed to squeeze into the Old Hall, now the Duffield Library, for morning assembly, for six of my seven years we had to crocodile down to the Odeon for Speech Day to enable parents and other guests to attend. (*It was never known how many started out from School but failed to arrive at the Odeon!*).

I do recall though that every year the guest speaker would propose to the Governors and Staff that in light of the excellent scholastic and sporting achievements a day's holiday should be granted to all boys and from memory this was always given as Ascension Day, at that time already a school holiday, but it kept the guest speaker, if not we boys, happy!

Peter Beanland has sent us these memories of his School Years 1950-1958.

I joined KEGs in September 1950. In our first year we were being taught Maths by a Mr Kettle. On one occasion he said “Where has polygon?” Our respect for him lessened then, as he got cross when one of the class came back with the obvious: “Polly’s gone to put the Kettle on!”

I recently found the programme of the celebrations marking the School’s 400th anniversary but I have no memory of that occasion. However, a Field Marshall unveiled a memorial to those lost in the Wars, and a General inspected the Cadet Corps. Not bad for a School!

Recently I saw again the film *Zulu*. It reminded me of an event in 1952 when the school held its annual Tattoo. It would have been October, and we recreated the British Square being attacked by natives. Members of the Band, in their red uniforms, holding 303s, were surrounded by second formers in swimming trunks, and covered in cocoa, wielding shields and spears. Not very P.C.!

Other memories include a Field Day of the Cadet Corps in Hatfield Forest. Blanks were being fired, then there was a sharper *crack!* followed by a ricochet sound. Presumably someone had managed to save a live round from firing practice. Luckily the officers (ie, the teachers) did not notice it..

In 1956, when the Suez crisis happened, debates in the Fleur de Lys* were lively. One of the debaters had a Cadet Corps title of CQMS**. Later he became the Lord Speaker of the House of Lords. You may recall him better by name: Norman Fowler.

**The name of the debating chamber was taken from an element of the School’s namesake’s coat of arms.*

*** Company Quarter Master Sergeant.*

We were a lively bunch. One of the floor boards could be pushed back; if a chair got broken, it was rapidly converted into small pieces and posted into the gap so no evidence remained. On one occasion, one of the bookcases at the back was pushed forward. In the English lesson, four people played cards round a table.

I enjoyed being in the Sixth Form where being academic rather than sporting no longer was a burden! The Upper 6th Science students had a form room called the Old Lab. At the morning break, an electric razor was available for those who had not had time to shave. Percolated coffee was made: a halfpenny to the Science sixth, a penny to the Arts!

We did ‘O’ Level one year early. After ‘A’ Level it was decided we had not done well enough, so we re-sat a year later. After University entrance exams I was now in my fourth year in the Sixth Form. Just before Easter, Mr. Lygo (Head of Maths) called me in “Beanland!” he said. “Mr (A.N. Other teacher) is leaving at Easter. Could you take his classes for the Summer Term?” I replied “I think so.” I had 1st 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th forms, plus 4th form Additional Maths. I was paid 35 shillings and sixpence a day – good money in 1958! Now those 4th formers will have had their 80th birthday and the 5th formers their 81st!

Having started at the School in 1957 I was in awe of the older boys such as Peter, his good friend Paul Herrington, the Senior Prefect, Bruce Choppin and Second Prefect John Foster and certainly was unaware that they behaved with anything less than ‘due decorum’ so nice to hear that they were as human and caused as much trouble as the rest of us!

Having followed my brother into Holland House I was thrilled that we won the House championship in my first year with Paul Carver, writing in the October 1958 Chelmsfordian, that “*At last the blue rosette adorns the House Championship Shield. For the first time in 17 years of gallant effort, Holland are now Cock House. This victory is due in no small part to the very hard work of John Foster who led the House so ably until he left at Easter. But a worthy successor was found in **Peter Beanland** who guided us down the home straight.*”

For this I am grateful to Peter for, from memory we came nowhere near the top during my successive six years!

Peter's mention of the unveiling of the Memorial Boards at the School coincides with a request received from John Miller who is a volunteer with the Imperial War Museum. He had been tasked with adding the names from the photos of the boards both at the School and Lawford Lane to the IWM war memorial website. However, one panel originally supplied to Clive Farmer in 2019 was of very low resolution and John was unable to read all of the names. We forwarded a new photograph and John has now confirmed that he has completed adding all the names from both wars to the 'backroom server' and they should become available on the public website in the next few weeks/months.



Having mentioned the late addition of the name 'R. Hillman' to our WWI Board, John supplied this information "Rifleman Richard E Hillman, 301024, 1st/5th Battalion, London Regiment, (London Rifle Brigade) died on the opening day of the battle of the Somme, July 1st 1916. He is commemorated on the Thiepval Memorial and from that I infer that he either has no known grave or his body was never found. I can understand why his mother was initially reluctant to accept his falling in battle as she probably received a telegram stating that he was missing in action."



The **Thiepval Memorial to the Missing of the Somme** is a war memorial to 72,337 missing British and South African servicemen who died in the Battles of the Somme of the First World War between 1915 and 1918, with no known grave. It is near the village of Thiepval, Picardy in France. A visitors' centre opened in 2004. Designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, it has been described as "the greatest executed British work of monumental architecture of the twentieth century".

‘200 CLUB’ AND ‘DEVELOPMENT FUND’

New members are always welcome - the monthly subscription is just £1.10 and half the money received from members is paid out in winnings whilst the remaining half of the subscription helps boost club funds. More information is available from the organiser, **Adam Dessouki**, at adamdessouki@gmail.com.

Our other fundraiser is organised by **Mark, Turbo, Allison** who suggests 'It is very easy to join at just £5.00 a month and the more people that get involved, the higher the monthly prize pot becomes'. Mark can be contacted on mark.allison@pinnaclegroup.co.uk.

HIGH SHERIFFS



Following the inclusion of this photo in the last issue Michael Wood, John Baker and John Aldridge have enjoyed an exchange of emails regarding their thoughts on who the High Sheriff was accompanying Lord Parker and the date of the photo. **Michael Wood**, for whom the Essex Yeomanry is of particular interest, concludes that of the candidates mentioned, and given that the medal ribbon appears to start with a Military Cross, he suggests it is most likely 1963 and Col Hugh Edward Hunter Jones.

John Baker agrees that Michael's deduction of both sheriff and date from the MC is absolutely correct having himself discovered a clip on YouTube of Lord Parker LCJ at the Chelmsford assizes in June 1963 in which the sheriff appears to be the same as the one in the group photo.

As previously reported, **Nick Alston CBE DL**, (1965-1971) has spent the last twelve months as High Sheriff of Essex and to mark the end of his year, held a Cabaret Dinner at Chelmsford Cathedral on Saturday February 25th. This was attended by the Head Teacher, former colleagues from School and other OCs who gathered with Nick for this 'school' photo. The evening was a huge success raising £5,500 for the High Sheriffs' Fund which supports local charities and voluntary groups to make their communities safer.

Pictured left to right are:- Phil Cottee, who was part of the Allegro Choir who performed throughout the evening, Nigel King, Dave Lines, Tom Carter, Brian Greatrex, Nick Alston, John Aldridge, George Heseltine and Chris Beach.



50 Years and counting...an invitation by and for the Class of '73 (ish)

A number of 1973/4/5 leavers who have stayed in contact over the years are this year coming up to a half-century since leaving KEGS. They wish to celebrate this by inviting any and all of their classmates from their years to join them for an afternoon of drinks and reminiscences at The Ale House, located in two of the railway arches right by the railway end of Chelmsford Bus Station. As no single date suits everyone, we will be holding this event TWICE – from 1.00 p.m. onwards, on each of Friday, 2nd June and Friday, 14th July this year.

This invitation is issued by Ian Davies, Andy Doyle, **Ian Hennessey**, Rob Hesketh, Geoff Marden, Clive Poel and Phil Upcraft. Any queries, call 07547 917486 (**Ian H**).



INTRODUCTION by MARTIN BEAGLES

More than nine years have now passed since the publication in OCA Newsletter No 256 (February 2014) of a photograph and short accompanying article under the heading "Memory Corner". The photograph showed the OCA team for the President's match against the School on July 23rd 1977, and the text provided a summary of that match based on an OCA Newsletter report from the same year. This was the game in which the School captain Steve Wilson made his first-ever century, and Harold Glynn as OCA President led the chase in scoring 69. The President's XI ended up falling 14 runs short of the School total of 204-7, with the OCs losing their last five wickets for five runs, mainly to the left-arm spin of Chris Alexander. The final wicket fell to the penultimate ball of the game and was followed by huge celebration – for the first time in several years, the School had wrested the shield from the OCA. An impressionable 13-year-old spectator at the Lane, I put my head into the School changing room after the game to witness the revelry and singing led by the charismatic school captain; my own enthusiasm was tempered by divided loyalty as the last wicket to fall that day had, I think, been that of my own father.

The “Memory Corner” article of 2014 ended with the following observation, written, like the rest of the text, by George Heseltine: “Drama indeed and perhaps the tightest finish in the history of these matches.” I later wrote to George to point out that there has been at least one tighter President’s XI finish: only four years after the 1977 game, the all-day fixture of 1981 went down to the very last ball. I promised George that I would one day write something about that match for him, and he kindly tracked down and sent me the 1981 Newsletter report on it, complete with scorecard. That report turned out to be very limited, as well as being almost comically OCA-centric, but it has proved useful in writing the account that follows. It’s taken me far too long to keep my promise to write about the 1981 match, for which I would like to apologise to George.

In order to understand the game, played on Sunday July 19th 1981, it’s best to provide some context. In the three years after the last-ditch victory of 1977, the School had enjoyed an easy run of success in the President’s XI matches. I can’t remember all three of the games between 1978 and 1980 (was one of them rained off?), but I am sure that in two of them the President’s side batted first and lost ignominiously after being bowled out for less than 100. The fast bowling of the likes of Martin Daniels and Martin Giles was too good for the OCA sides of that period, which tended to be a mixture of past glories, second-teamers and specially invited guests, some of them with dangerously little cricketing prowess. I can clearly remember how the OCs innings came to an end in the 1980 game, which was played in very wet conditions – I was lucky enough to hit one stump to run out Reg Taylor as Reg puffed effortfully towards the bowler’s end, causing him to exclaim “By Jove!” as he assimilated his dismissal. It felt like we were being pitted against players from another, much slower, era.

The one-sidedness of those post-’77 encounters would probably have been enough by itself to cause a tactical re-think at Lawford Lane, but by 1981 the need was made more urgent by the fact that the School side was even better than those of 1977-80. In 1981, several members of the school side were good enough to be playing simultaneously for Essex county youth teams, and by the time President’s Day came around we had managed to avoid defeat in any of our twenty-odd games, including the historically difficult fixtures at Colchester and Felsted.

In the light of this, the school team “manager” David Yates spoke to the OCA and persuaded the powers-that-were of the need for a new strategy. After all, there was no shortage of excellent cricketers at the Lane – by 1981, the first team had won the TC News Mid-Essex League in each of the first four years of its existence, and in July of that year the firsts were once again top of the Premier League, seemingly en route to a fifth straight triumph. Why not bring the schoolboys down a notch or two by having them play against the best team the OCs could muster...? Plans were laid to pick a President’s side based on the all-conquering Saturday 1st XI, and the match was switched to a Sunday rather than the traditional Saturday to make it possible for the first-teamers to play. As a result, the first six batsmen for the President’s XI that year were: 1) Ian Wilson 2) Pete Barham 3) Dick Hickman 4) Chris Flint 5) Dave Salmon 6) Brian Poole. Of the top six, Dick Hickman was the only one who didn’t play for the Saturday firsts, but he could have done if he’d wanted to – Dick was one of the most talented batsmen to have played at the Lane, but always refused to play League cricket and concentrated on making tons on Sundays instead.

The main concession made to the School was the omission of the left-arm quick Jim McDonald, whose inclusion would probably have hurt us in more ways than one. Nonetheless, we still found ourselves facing his first-team opening partner Brian Lovejoy (who laboured under a very old-fashioned calcareous nickname considered hilarious at the Lane). The President’s team also included Graham Castle, one of the best ever OCs wicket-keepers. Thus it was that a team of brash KEGS teenagers was confronted on July 19th by the full force of an OCs side at the peak, or perhaps just past the peak, of its powers.

Turning up for the game that Sunday, we were stunned to see an OCA team that had obviously been assembled with the aim of beating us soundly and putting us in our place. Unfortunately, the quality of the opposition was not the only problem facing us that morning.

BEFORE THE GAME

As we gathered at Lawford Lane on that damp, overcast morning more than forty years ago, we did so in the knowledge that we would have just nine players at our disposal for the first few hours of the game. A number of regular school team members had declared themselves unavailable for a Sunday game and we had struggled to replace them adequately. The most significant absence was that of David Smith, who had chosen to play for Essex Under 19s that day rather than KEGS. David was our regular number three and he and Rob Iliffe

had been our main sources of runs that year. (Rob rejected the chance to captain the same Essex side in order to turn out for the school.)

To cover the gaps in our line-up, we were forced to bring in Rob's brother Tom (then just fifteen years old), my own brother Clive (who was fourteen), plus Richard Everitt, a second-team player then in the Middle Sixth. Though still very young, the mercurial Tom and the leg-spinner Clive were highly talented cricketers in the making and would both have been in the school First XI all year, had they not been playing and captaining their own KEGS age group teams. Richard was a dour middle-order batsman, not usually in the side, but destined to play a key role that day. Crucially, perhaps, the inclusion of Tom, Clive and Richard meant that nearly half of the school team was made up of boys who had been playing hard-ball cricket together since our ages were in single figures. The Iliffes and the Beagles had had the fortune to grow up in houses that backed onto Chelmer Park, where we had spent our entire summer holidays playing "Test Matches" from morning to dusk with the Burns (Ian and Neil) and the Everitts (Richard and on occasion his sister Karen, who lived close-by in Galleywood Road). All six of the boys living in nos. 24-28 Russell Gardens eventually played representative cricket for Essex youth teams and by the summer of 1984 Rob, Clive and Neil were playing together in the Essex 2nd XI – surely an unparalleled concentration of sporting talent? (Neil went on to become a professional cricketer, and enjoyed a successful career as a keeper-batsman for Essex and Somerset.)

The main problem with our President's Day replacement plan was that neither Tom nor Clive would be available for the first part of the match. Tom was playing that morning at the County Ground for Chelmsford CC Under-15s, in the Essex finals of the national competition which Chelmsford went on to win that year; Clive was also playing a morning game, in his instance for an Essex Under-16s team that included a certain Nasser Hussain. Both Tom and Clive were expected to arrive at Lawford Lane at about lunch-time, well after the end of the first two-hour session of the match.

With all of this in mind, David Yates took Rob and me aside that morning and made it clear how he thought the game ought to proceed. It was David's belief that the President's XI should bat first so that its array of stars could amass a big total, after which the School would do its best to scramble a draw. David was so convinced of his vision that he tried to persuade me that a coin-toss before the game would not be necessary. To him, it was so obvious that the President's side should bat that he thought the School captain ought to waive the toss altogether and simply invite our elders and betters to pad up – we were expected to spend the first half of the day watching admiringly as the OCS piled up a big score, so why bother tossing a coin at all? Rob and I had other ideas. It was hard to get away from Mr Yates that morning, but by pretending that we wanted to inspect the pitch, we were able to walk out to the middle and discuss the situation before devising a different plan. The main thing we wanted to avoid was taking the field with just nine players: it was going to be hard enough to make a game of it without leaving extra gaps in the field. We also thought that our best, though admittedly slim, chance of winning involved batting first and, perhaps, taking wickets in the final session, as had happened in 1977. If we were unable to take those wickets, we would do our best to get a draw, but choosing to bowl first seemed demeaning and counter-productive. *Pace* Mr Yates, we decided that we would dispute the toss, and made up our minds to bat first if we won it.

A few minutes later, David was mystified when I told him I was going all the way back out again for the coin toss. When I won that toss and from a distance gestured to Rob and Dave Arnold that they needed to get padded up, he became clearly annoyed. Bloody-minded and awkward before the game had even started, we were determined to go our own way.

THE FIRST SESSION

Brian Lovejoy bowled the first ball of the game, a short delivery outside off stump which Rob slammed violently through backward point for four as if he had been transformed into Gordon Greenidge. The ball left the bat very fast, but running all along the ground it was held up by the early-morning moisture in the grass and stopped about a foot after crossing the boundary, marked by the usual plastic white pennants. Rob's shot was so thrilling and unexpected that I can remember it perfectly to this day. It felt like a statement of some sort.

Like everyone else in the school team, I watched that first ball through the window of the visitors' changing room. One reason we were cooped up inside might have been that we didn't want our opponents to see how few of us there were (!). But it was also because we weren't quite ready for the game to begin. So much time had been taken up by pre-match discussions and arguments, plus those long walks to the square and back, that I hadn't been able to think about our batting order beyond numbers one and two. In the absence of Dave Smith,

and while the first over was already being bowled, I decided to put myself up the order at number three instead of the usual five or six; Willie Alderton would go in at four... I was still putting on my left pad when disaster struck. The last ball of the opening over was short again, but this time Brian directed it closer to the body, and when Rob tried to hook it, he was so cramped that he succeeded only in spooning it from high on the bat straight to Dick Hickman at square leg, who took an easy two-handed catch at sternum-height. With one over gone, our makeshift nine-boy team was 4-1 and neither of our main run-scorers would be able to do anything for us.

I finished putting on my pads as fast as I could, asked Willie to sort out the rest of the order and went out to the middle. I have only vague memories of what happened next. All I really know is that the atmosphere was humid and tense, and that the left-handed Dave Arnold and I managed to bat to within fifteen minutes of lunch without giving any chances, despite the number of close fielders. Neither of us made runs quickly; our aim was to stay in and make some sort of contest possible. I was out for 34 within sight of the lunch break, playing back when I should have played forward to Ian Wilson. Dave followed a few balls later for 33, caught off the bowling of Chris Flint. After keeping our opponents at bay for so much of the first session, we were suddenly in danger of slipping.

With the score at about 80-3 and one over to go before lunch, the OCs brought on Dave Salmon to serve up some of the most ridiculous donkey-drop slow bowling we had ever seen. Willie Alderton dealt circumspectly with the first five deliveries but greeted the last by running down the wicket and taking a huge swipe at the ball with the intention of leaving it somewhere near the clubhouse. In my memory of this shot, Willie missed the ball altogether and was bowled, but the scorecard reads "c. Castle b. Salmon 1", so he must have nicked it through to the keeper. We went to lunch at about 80-4, only another four wickets away from being all out. One of the most remarkable things about Willie's dismissal was the reaction to it of the President's XI side, who exploded into laughter, noisy hooting and derision as Willie dragged himself off the square with his head bowed. Such open displays of disrespect became quite standard in both professional and amateur cricket in subsequent years, but at that time I don't think any of us had experienced anything like it. Out-and-out aggression was something we were familiar with – Willie himself had come close to being beaten up by an irate defeated opponent at the end of a game that same year – but this was the first time we had been on the receiving end of a crude form of sledging that seemed intended to intimidate as well as ridicule. Had it not been the last ball before lunch, it might have had an effect, but I think the break in play gave us a chance to absorb the shock.

Lunch was taken in the hall, and the only thing I remember about it is my captain's speech at the end of the meal. I said all the usual things, thanking the OCs for their hospitality and so on. As I was about to finish, out of the corner of my eye I saw through the closed glass security door to my left that my dad and my brother Clive had finally turned up at the Lane, more than three hours after the start of the game. I remember watching them turn one way and another, looking surprised at the lack of sporting activity. Clive's arrival wasn't likely to strengthen our batting much, but at last we were up to ten players! Possibly emboldened by the sight of my brother, I ended my speech with the provocative words, "We look forward to dominating the game as much after lunch as we did before it". This was little more than ironic teenage bravado, but it triggered just the sort of response that I had anticipated. For the second time in just over an hour, we found ourselves subjected to loud sneering and shouting from the OCs, together with angry table-banging of a surprising intensity.

I sat down and absorbed the barrage, like the rest of the still-depleted School team around me. The over-reaction had confirmed the depth of animosity towards us, but I think the only real effect it had was to strengthen our resolve.

THE SECOND SESSION

With the game in the balance, Richard Everitt and Dick Ketley went out to bat for the School after lunch. Neither was a first-team regular (although Dick had made a fifty in the President's XI match of the previous year); both set about accreting runs cautiously at a time when we could easily have slid towards defeat.

We passed 100, we passed 125, we approached 150... and slowly we made our way towards 200, the minimum score we thought we needed to make a game of it. The problem was that we were eating up a lot of overs. By the time Richard was eventually run out for a heroic 35, Tom Iliffe had finally arrived from the County Ground and we threw him on at number seven with instructions to up the tempo. Young Tom complied brilliantly with this request, which gave him the freedom to play the natural game he probably would have played anyway. As Tom himself remembers, there was "a mixture of anger, frustration and bemusement" among the OCs

players as the tiny asthmatic lad took the game to them. One shot in particular has stuck in my mind: Tom flayed a straight ball just back of a length from Brian Lovejoy over wide mid-on in a way that made us laugh out loud as we watched him do it. With the possible exception of Brian Poole, I think Tom was the only player on either side who could have played a cross-bat shot like that, and it wasn't his only outrageous moment.

Time was now running out and David Yates was keen for the School to declare and make sure that the OCs received roughly the same number of overs as us. Sitting beside Rob and me on the boundary, David began insisting that we wrap up the innings, and when Dick Ketley was out to Ian Wilson for 42, David stood up and tried to call Tom in. I was forced to stand beside David and contradict him, holding out the palms of both hands in front of me: "Stay out there!" We were intent on getting to 200, Tom was batting as well as anyone all day, and we had to make the most of our brief ascendancy. A few minutes later, with David now umpiring, Adam Massie was dismissed for a duck and David made another attempt to declare our innings closed. This time I stood up and held up my right index finger to Tom in the middle: "One more over!". In that last over, Tom took Brian Lovejoy for a further 12 runs, and at last we felt able to stop, with the score on 202-7. Tom was 35 not out, John Gray 0 not out. Against all the odds, and without any school player reaching fifty, we had managed to get the total we wanted.

Ten minutes later, Willie and I opened the bowling and soon after the start of the President's XI innings I bowled Pete Barham for 4. Still feeling confident, we set attacking fields until tea. During this period of the game, we actually believed we could win, but it soon started to prove difficult to take more wickets. Ian Wilson and Dick Hickman batted serenely despite everything Willie, Adam Massie, John Gray and I could launch at them.

Just before the tea break, I brought on my brother Clive to bowl the first of the very few overs he was to get that day (he still hasn't forgotten this meagre allocation: when I whatsapped him to ask him for his memories of the game, he replied within seconds that he remembered he didn't bowl very much!). For Clive's over, we deployed a tactic which had sometimes been successful for us and which consisted in making a change in the field after every ball in a provocative attempt to induce a rash stroke from the batsman. This was perhaps a form of gamesmanship, but I don't think it could be considered cheating and it certainly wasn't time-wasting, given that the umpires had already decided that Clive's over would be the last before tea.

For maximum effect, I positioned myself at silly mid-off with my hands outstretched Tony Greigishly for a catch, and after each ball was bowled I wandered slowly back to Clive to discuss the finer points of his field placements in the mock-earnest style. Rob also strolled over to join our discussions a couple of times. After each consultation, we ended up with a more aggressive field than the ball before, and by the end of the over the batsman (Ian Wilson) was completely surrounded by close fielders. Ian was too sensible for any of this to affect him in the slightest, and he blocked or left all of Clive's deliveries with ease, but our shenanigans had a clear impact beyond the field of play. Right on cue, we were subjected to irate shouts from the OCs players, who were sitting indignantly beside the willow tree, where the scoreboard was placed at that time. The protests reached a crescendo towards the end of the over and at one point as I stood beside Clive and a bewildered Len Menhinick, the umpire at that end, I had to turn my back and look down the ground because I didn't want anyone to see that I was laughing. The evident hostility towards us had warped into an absurd display of impotent pique and for a few brief moments it felt like we were in control. Len was visibly perturbed by the situation, but to his credit he said nothing to reprimand either Clive or me – at times of dilemma, you could always rely on Len to root for the School.

Tea was taken with the score at about 40-1. Honours were roughly even. All we had to do now was win, or at least not lose, the game itself.

THE FINAL SESSION

Things became much harder for us in the last session. Several hours into the game, certain realities started to impose themselves and the stronger of the two sides began to dominate. Try as we might, we simply couldn't take enough wickets and our chances of winning the game dwindled by the minute. The situation was also complicated by our need to bowl as many overs as possible and thereby make up for the length of our own innings – if we could point to the scorebook at the end of the day and show that both sides had received about the same number of overs, the late declaration could, perhaps, still be justified.

The best way to get through overs quickly was to ask Tom to bowl a long spell. With his virtually non-existent run-up, Tom was (like his father Ken before him) able to deliver six gentle off-breaks in a very short time, and this was the main reason I asked him to bowl so much. Clive was a much more dangerous spinner, but his

run-up was lengthy for a slow bowler and we simply had to squeeze in as many overs as we could before the “last twenty”.

Ian Wilson eventually went for 40, caught by Tom off John Gray, and Dick Hickman was bowled by Tom for 46, but despite our best efforts and a constant succession of bowling changes, no further wickets were to fall that day, Chris Flint (59 not out) and Dave Salmon (37 not out) batting until the end of the match. As the game entered its final phase, I brought Willie and myself back on to bowl the last eight overs. The required run rate stayed at about six an over throughout that spell. Chris and Dave sprinted back and forth to pinch as many runs as they could, but we managed to keep boundaries to a minimum and the game never got away from us completely. By this late stage, the School was essentially just clinging on, but we succeeded in taking it down to the last over.

At 196-3 and with the light thickening fast, the President’s XI needed seven runs from the final over to win. What the School needed was to limit the number of runs scored to a maximum of six if we wanted to hold on to the shield for another year. The situation was desperate, but we were still in the game.

THE LAST OVER

The OCA Newsletter report of 1981 has remarkably little to say about the match itself, mainly focusing instead on the social aspects of the occasion and giving “sincere thanks” to a long list of non-playing OCs, from the OCA Treasurer to the groundsmen, umpires, duty barmen, and so on. The report punctiliously provides the names of a dozen such people (all men), but fails to reveal the identities of “the lovely ladies who prepared and served such fine food”. As far as the sporting action is concerned, the report focuses exclusively on the events of the final over, which it describes as “unbearably exciting” – imagine what it was like to bowl it! The report’s context-free account of that last over has proved useful to me in writing what follows, but it is seriously flawed in places and I’m pleased to have the chance to correct it here, with use made not only of my own memories, but also the corroborating recollections of Rob, Tom and Clive (I’ve also consulted Willie, but he claims to remember very little about the game). Interestingly, the Newsletter report achieves the difficult feat of describing the last over in some detail without ever deigning to name any of the School players, thereby consigning us all to the same anonymous oblivion as the “lovely ladies” who gave us sustenance that day.

According to the report, five runs were scored from the first five balls of the last over, only two of them coming from the bat. This sounds about right, although I have my doubts about the truth of the Pickwickian section which describes “three quick byes” being run when “the ball thundered into the keeper’s gloves and batsmen SALMON and FLINT scampered home”. None of us can remember a ball that cannoned off the trademark red gloves of our half-Polish wicket-keeper Luke Crawley, and it seems unlikely that three byes would have resulted – when did two batsmen ever run that number of byes off a ball that bounced out of the keeper’s gloves?

However it came about, the fact is that the game went down to the final ball. The President’s XI needed to make two runs to win and the School needed to prevent that happening. In an atmosphere of extraordinary tension and what the Newsletter report describes as “high drama”, Chris and Dave consulted in the middle of the wicket and a small group of School players (Rob, Luke, Tom and myself, if I remember correctly) huddled together and prepared for the final act of a match that had gone on for more than eight hours.

For the first five balls of the last over, we had kept one close fielder on each side of the wicket to prevent singles, but the situation now forced us to set a ring of fielders half-way to the boundary “saving two”. We talked at length about exactly where to position those fielders, but eventually we could delay no longer. I still remember the sudden loneliness in the middle when everyone departed to take up their posts in the outfield. I also remember standing a few seconds later at the start of my run-up and looking at the field one last time, with the light fading and complete silence right across the ground. No-one was barracking us now! Down at short fine-leg, Clive was, he remembers, praying that the ball wouldn’t come his way; Tom says something similar. It was a classic finish to a gruelling game and I never experienced a tenser situation on a cricket field. Eventually I ran in and bowled as fast and as straight as I could, delivering a leg-stump yorker which Dave Salmon dug out with some difficulty, “oofing” audibly as he did so. The ball dribbled slowly back along the track towards me and I bent to collect it with both hands as Chris Flint came charging down from the non-striker’s end. After moving the ball into my right hand, I pulled my arm back sharply as if intending to hurl the ball energetically at the stumps – had I hit them, Chris would have been well short of his ground, but I had absolutely no intention of taking such a risk. The game was already over, but for a second or so, I was the only person on the ground who knew it. As I stood before the stumps, pretending to be on the verge of throwing

the ball recklessly, Rob sprinted in from backward point, his hands outstretched and shouting “NOOOOO!” at the top of his voice. I paused for a while and lowered my arm, allowing Chris to run through for the single that brought the scores level. Then I turned to Rob, smiled at him, and under-armed the ball gently into his mid-riff, causing him to double up – years later, I realised this could probably be considered a bowler’s equivalent of a “mic drop”.

The game had finished as a draw with the scores level: KEGS 202-7, President’s XI 202-3.

AFTER THE GAME

I don’t think we celebrated much on the pitch and I’m fairly sure we didn’t shake hands with our opponents, especially as such niceties were less compulsory at that time. Dave Salmon may have walked over to me and said “Well played, son” – the best possible tribute from one of the toughest and noblest men on the ground. Had he tried as hard as possible to get the runs in those final overs? I’m in no doubt at all that Chris had, but I sometimes wonder about his batting partner...

We trudged from the field and holed up in the changing room once more. The overall feeling was one of relief, and perhaps slight disbelief at what had just occurred. It was one of the most remarkable games I played in – against all the odds and in the face of all sorts of challenges, a side made up of youngsters, only four of whom were in the Upper Sixth, had managed to hold its own against a team of championship-winning adults. I’m not sure that any of us really knew how to react. Ironic to the last, we broke into a muted version of “We gave ’em a f***ing good hiding...!!”, our go-to song throughout all my time at the School whenever we’d been beaten or managed to scrape a losing draw. But I don’t think we sang it very loudly or for very long – we were afraid of another angry reaction from our hosts.

Shortly afterwards, Clive was taken home in a huff by my dad. Some of us stayed in the bar for a couple of hours, and Chris Flint plied me with drinks as he tried to make me promise that I would play cricket for the OCs ahead of any other club – a promise I was to keep until I left the country for good three years later. The post-match carousing didn’t last long, given that the following day was a Monday, and work and school beckoned. Soon everyone drifted away into the night and I don’t think it was too long before most people at the Lane had just about forgotten the game. This may have been because an attritional draw is less memorable than an exciting win or because it wasn’t an easy series of events for the OCs to assimilate, but it might also have had something to do with the fact that the match had featured a brand of cricket that was on the very brink of starting to fade into obsolescence.

The 1981 President’s XI game was an old-fashioned sort of all-day match, of a kind that may have become almost incomprehensible today. Thinking about it now, I realise that the School team played it in the exact spirit of John Arlott’s famous dictum about cricket being a game in which you did your best to win and, when that became impossible, you did your best to prevent the other side from doing so. Over the course of the last forty years, the expression “playing for a draw” has come to describe a miserable approach to cricket, but the way we performed that day was anything but shameful and was in keeping with what we understood to be the spirit and whole point of the game. From the moment we decided to dispute the toss until the very last ball, we paid the match (and the game of cricket itself) the compliment of taking it seriously. The 1981 match was, in other words, a heated battle of the generations in which, somewhat surprisingly, the teenagers assumed the role of dogged upholders of a long tradition. Within 24 hours, however, came the first signs that such an approach to cricket might soon vanish altogether.

The very next day (Monday July 20th), Ian Botham played an innings for England against Australia which came to represent the birth of a completely different strategy for dealing with desperate cricketing situations. In the Third Test at Headingley, Botham hit his way to a famous back-to-the-wall century that enabled England to win a game in which they had followed on 227 runs behind. Botham’s innings and his performances for the rest of that summer in “Botham’s Ashes” kick-started a change in the way the longest form of the professional game was played by applying limited-overs tactics to a Test Match – the consequences are still being teased out to this day. Just a few hours after our game at Lawford Lane, cricket paradigms had started to shift and the very idea of attributing merit to the process of clinging on for a draw had begun to seem outmoded.

Many people may have forgotten the 1981 President’s XI game almost as soon as it had finished. But some of us remember it very well.

FOLLOWING ON

Chris Langdon (1946-1948), has sent us this further information about John H Woods (1945-1952) whose death we reported in the last issue.

“Although I had heard of John’s death on receiving a Christmas card from his wife, Avril, I was pleased to see the article that his son had written in Newsletter No 295. I hope I may be allowed to add some more personal information.

John and I first met at Trinity Road Infants’ School in October 1939 when my family moved from London. (I wrote an article about how that came about in Newsletter No. 275, Jan/Feb 2018). I was living at 61, Springfield Park Road and John was around the corner in the Lane. We could wave to each other from our back gardens. He was born on 8 April 1934, just four days before me.

As five-year-olds, we did not really understand the dangers of war. Besides our walks to and from school, with our gasmasks, and playing various games, we thought it exciting to watch sometimes the dog fights going on in the sky above. And then, one day someone told us that a plane had crashed nearby. We set off and were thrilled to see an almost complete German bomber (I think it was a Heinkel) which had finished up in the garden of the Bishop of Chelmsford!

This early friendship came to a pause the following August when my sister and I were evacuated to Canada. John told me more recently that he and his sister, June, were also entered for the CORB scheme to be evacuated but their parents changed their minds when it became near the time to leave.

However, when we returned in July 1945, John and I immediately renewed our relationship. Indeed, he promptly got me to join the 12th Chelmsford Sea Scouts where he had been a Cub and then, on turning eleven, became a Scout. We were both in Curlew patrol and later on, John became Patrol Leader and I was his Second. John was deeply involved with the Troop for many years as was Avril later on. The photo that Geoff sent you was, I believe, taken in the Autumn of 1946 or the Spring of 1947 at Barnes Mill where the Troop was based. Besides John, I am in the back row, second from the right and next to me at the end is Doug Dennis who I believe also went to KEGs.



Once again, we were to be parted when my father was promoted to a position in Leeds and so the family moved there in February 1948. As it was felt that it would be better for me to remain at KEGs until the end of the Spring term, John’s parents very kindly agreed that I could stay with them. So it was that I shared his room and his family’s hospitality for about four weeks before leaving.

We remained in touch and John was good enough to send me a tie that was made to mark the School’s 400th anniversary in 1951 as I was not able to go the Dinner. We last met in May 1954 when I stayed with friends of my parents on a weekend leave during my National Service. I believe that John was deferred due to studies he was doing.

Sadly, we then lost touch. It may have been due to his doing his National Service in the RAF later than I did. Also, when my wife and I married in March 1957, we emigrated to Canada which, no doubt, did not help. And, as I found out later, shortly after John and Avril married, they moved to Cornwall.

I did make enquiries when I attended the 450th anniversary Dinner in 2001 but drew a blank and, at the time, the OCA had no record of his current whereabouts. Then I saw in an article in the June 2012 Newsletter written by Nigel Fanshawe, mention that “a John Woods, who left in about 1952, was now helping Jake Jackson, a former pupil and master at the School, in the museum of which he is curator in Cornwall.” So, our Secretary, George Heseltine, was kind enough to pass on a letter I had written to Jake in which I asked if he could find out if it was indeed my old friend, and if so, would John like to get in touch.

It was a great joy when, shortly afterwards, I received a letter from John filling in the gaps from when we had last been in touch. And since then, we remained in contact by cards and phone calls. So it was very sad to hear of his death last year as it brought to an end a friendship which, with some gaps, had lasted for almost 83 years.

We were delighted to welcome Chris, who had travelled up from Cheltenham, to the Annual Dinner on April 15th.

Geoff Chivas wrote that the brief mention of Cyril Bilney brought back many happy memories of KEGs schooldays but asked why is it that after nearly 80 years he can still remember the alphabetical list of his 1945 class first formers – Allen, Balls, Bilney, Bish, Boulter, Brown, Cartwright, Chivas etc but couldn't tell you where he went for his morning stroll yesterday?

Bryan Reeve sent 'Just a note to put the records straight. Ed Turner, in his comments mentioned Richard Butt regarding our practice of Butt Reeve & Simpson. This should have been David Butt who is very much alive!

Donald Kelly wrote "Following the item in the OCA newsletter, my contemporaries may be interested to know that I recently made phone contact with one of my classmates from 1B in 1944 - **WD Needham** - originally from Oxney Green in Writtle. We reminisced about our good fortune as beneficiaries of the Butler Education act and wondered if there are any other survivors of that era?

We understand that Keith Andrews, another close contemporary and now near neighbour on the Kent coast also contacted Duncan.

COFFEE MORNING

These have continued throughout the winter and, whilst not over-subscribed, have recently reached double figures again and, with Terry Mynard's presence, the two-hour session is happily filled with reminiscences spanning nearly 90 years as he started in the junior School in 1934! We were delighted to welcome **Colin Wigmore** (1952-1957) to the March meeting following his earlier visit to the clubhouse one Sunday lunchtime in February. Apparently, Nigel Fanshawe had added a red-inked comment to Colin's leaving report expressing



the hope that he would join the Old Chelmsfordians Association, so Colin was particularly pleased to have finally responded to this - albeit some 66 years later! He also produced this photo of himself as a bugler in the Corps of Drums attending the crowning of the Chelmsford Carnival Queen at the Odeon cinema in 1953. This had originally appeared in the Essex Chronicle and Colin also produced a press cutting from this paper containing a letter he had written in response to an earlier article, presumably a report on Speech Day, which recorded KEGs pupils

now passing as many as 14 'O' Levels. Colin had enquired where the time had been found to study a further 6 subjects as he recalled his timetable of 40 lessons a week was as much as could be fitted in for the 8 subjects he took!

Doug Rollings had been in touch with Rex Hobbs following his earlier query as to the whereabouts of **Neil Budd**. Doug suggests that he was in touch with him from time to time until his death in 2002, now some 21 years ago, and added that he is buried at Stisted Church.

We were also sorry to hear from Anne that her husband **Leon Easter** had died last October. Despite being diagnosed with Alzheimer's five years ago he had been doing well and for a time was able to join us at coffee mornings with his brother-in-law, Mick Russell.

Our regular gatherings are held between 10am and noon on the third Thursday of the month and further information is available from Ted Caton on 01245 256790 or at ted@hausgisela.plus.com

OBITUARIES

We are sorry to report the death on February 23rd of Past President, **Gerry McCabe**, who joined the club in the early seventies having moved to Chelmsford. The story goes that he called in at Lawford Lane one evening to enquire about playing football for the club and was told by Ricky Richmond to turn up with kit the following day! Thus started a playing career of many years and a half-century involvement with the club, helping on bars, organising meal nights, encouraging bookings of the club for wakes and organising the calendar for these and other functions. He was a regular on the Portugal trips and a keen golfer playing with a group of members at the Stisted club early on Saturday mornings and was a regular attender at our Sunday lunchtime bar where his good company and humour was always enjoyed. We will forever be indebted to him for his involvement in the rebuilding of the clubhouse in 2008. As project manager to this, and working alongside the club's Brian Terry and Nick Ward, he put his professional skills to good use in overseeing the works with Paul Hopkins (second from right) of the building company, M & P Dunn Ltd. A well-attended celebration of his life was held at the club on Sunday March 26th with fond memories of colourful shirts and jumpers and, moreso, the very colourful character that wore them. To his wife Gloria, daughter Victoria and grandson Callum we extended our sincere condolences.



OCA WILDLIFE February to April 2023

Nick Green reports that the Met. Office stated that February was the driest February for 30 years for England, the fifth mildest on record with less than half the expected average rainfall for the UK. March was the wettest in England and Northern Ireland since 1981 and the third wettest on record. However, after a long dry February and a drought of 12 months, there's still a deficit to recover. April typically continued to be unsettled. There's currently also a severe drought in Spain and Portugal.



The western bank of One Bridge Stream (behind the pitches) produced 5 clumps of Snowdrops plus Daffodils, Bluebell



and Cowslip. At Writtle University College, a field of Cowslips immediately west of the buildings viewed from the public footpath was stunning.

Local resident birds recorded: the usual suspects Carrion Crow, Magpies, Jay, Collared Dove, Green and Great Spotted Woodpeckers, Blackbird, Song Thrush, Robin, Dunnock, Greenfinch, Chaffinch, Some 23 Wood Pigeons, on the bottom pitch on 16th April was unusual but Brian Terry confirmed that the pitch had recently been reseeded! Summer migrants: Blackcap and Chiffchaff. Expect Swallow, Swift, Whitethroat and Lesser Whitethroat soon.

Nick is always happy to hear from you with your own sightings or questions at nick7green@aol.com.

FOOTBALL

Dave Grainger writes that, as we go to press, the Saturday 1st XI - after finding themselves with only 1 win in the first 5 games with a total of just 4 points – now managed by Jim Wright and Scott Fleming have embarked on an eleven-game unbeaten run, winning ten of these, to find themselves top of the league with two games to go.

A win in their final game at home on the 29th April should secure the title. Can leading scorers Billy Duke (12) and Liam Landers (9) fire them to the title?

International Update – Congratulations to two of our Veteran section, Nick Wright and Chris Moore who made their England Over 50s debuts against a Birmingham League Over 45s Representative side on Sunday 26th March, followed by another game on Sunday 16th April against Cambridgeshire County FA with Nick scoring!



Saturday 1st XI Essex Olympian League Senior Div 1

04/02/23			
11/02/23	Home	Wakering Sports	Won 4-0*
18/02/23	Away	ACD United	Won 3-1*
25/02/23	Home	Harold Hill	Won 3-1*
04/03/23	Home	Sungate (1-1)	Lost 7-6 Pens**
18/03/23			
25/03/23			
01/04/23			
08/04/23	Home	Epping Town	Won 3-1*
15/04/23			
22/04/23	Home	Harold Wood	Won 3-1*

2nd XI Essex Olympian League Senior Div 3

Home	Pitsea Athletic	Won 3-0***
Home	Springfield	Lost 4-0*
Away	Leigh Town	Lost 2-0*
Away	Sungate	Won 3-2***
Away	Buckhurst Hill	Lost 7-1*
Home	Corinthians	Won 11-0*
Away	Manford Way (1-1)	Lost 5-4 Pens***
Home	Pitsea Athletic	Lost 3-2*

*League, **Senior League Cup, ***Reserve League Trophy

League Position to date 1st of 11
P 16, W 11, D 2, L 3, GF 47 GA 26, Pts 35

League Position to date 8th of 10
P 17, W 5, D 2, L 10, GF 38 GA 38, Pts 15 Adj

Saturday 3rd XI Mid Essex League Division 1

04/02/23	Home	Boreham	Won 5-4**
11/02/23	Home	Brentwood Ath	Drew 2-2*
18/02/23	Away	Brentwood Ath	Lost 5-0*
25/02/23	Home	Benfleet	Lost 3-0*
04/03/23			
11/03/23	Away	Benfleet	Lost 6-0**
25/03/23	Away	South Woodham	Drew 2-2*
08/04/23	Home	Emerson & Upminster	Won 3-1*
15/04/23			
22/04/23	Away	Beacon Hill Rovers	Won 1-0*

4th XI Mid Essex League Division 3

Away	Eversley Athletic	Lost 9-0*
Away	Rayleigh FC	Lost 2-0*
Home	Rayleigh FC	Lost 11-0*
Home	Southend Rangers	Lost 5-0*
Home	Rayleigh Town	Lost 6-1*
Home	Great Baddow	Postponed
Home	Harold Hill	Lost 5-0*
Home	Broomfield	Lost 3-1*

*League, **League Cup,

League Position to date 4th of 10
P 15, Won 8, Drawn 3, Lost 4, GD +2, Pts 27

League Position to date 10th of 10
P 15, Won 3, Drawn 0, Lost 12, GD -47, Points 9

Saturday Vets Essex Veterans League Division 1 East

04/02/23	Away	Springfield	Won 5-0*
11/02/23	Away	Aveley	Drew 3-3*
18/02/23			
25/02/23	Away	Catholic	Lost 5-2*
04/03/23			
11/03/23	Home	Swansong	Lost Away w/o*
18/03/23			
25/03/23			
01/04/23	Away	White Notley	Drew 1-1*
15/04/23	Away	Runwell Sports	Won Away w/o*
22/04/23			

Over 45s Premier Division

Home	Chipping Ongar	Won 3-0*
Away	Harold Hill	Lost 4-1*
Away	Blackmore	Lost 3-0*
Home	Blackmore	Won 5-1*
Away	Chipping Ongar	Drew 2-2*
Home	Broomfield	Won 3-1*
Away	Shenfield Assn	Lost Home w/o
Away	Frenford	Lost 4-1*
Home	Herongate	Won 2-1*
Home	BSC O45s	Won 3-0*

*League

League Position to date 3rd of 9

P 16, W 8, D 3, L 5, GF 36 GA 29, Pts 27

League Position to date 4th of 10

P 16, W 7, D 2, L 7, GF 30 GA 27, Points 23

Sunday 2nd XI Chelmsford Sunday League Div 4

05/02/23	Away	Moulsham Athletic	League	Drew 2-2
12/02/23	Home	Writtle	League	Won 1-0
19/02/23	Home	FFB (S) First	League	Lost 8-3
26/02/23	Home	City Supporters	League	Won 6-1
26/02/23	Away	City Supporters	League	Won 6-0
05/03/23	Away	Melbourne United	League	Won 2-1
19/03/23	Home	Hannakins Farm	League	Drew 2-2
23/04/23	Away	Ingatestone	League	Won 2-0

League Position to date 4th of 13

P 19, W 8, D 3, L 8, GF 42, GA 48, Pts 27

CRICKET

With the weather hopefully starting to brighten up, fingers are crossed that the coming cricket season can get off to a rain-free start, writes Baz Bowerman.

As per last season, we have four league teams competing in the T Rippon Mid Essex Cricket League, as well as our Women's team, an under-11 team playing friendlies and under-13 and under-15 teams playing in their respective leagues. In addition, this season we will also have a Sunday team playing occasional friendly matches in the second half of the season.

At the time of writing, not a ball has been bowled yet, with friendlies scheduled for the end of April and league matches beginning on Saturday 6 May. Details of scores and performances of note will appear in the next issue of the newsletter.

TENNIS

The section chairman, Jane Gray, writes with their news:-

The winter leagues struggled to a conclusion at the end of March with several matches unfulfilled but thankfully, not for our teams - our Captains did a fantastic job of arranging teams and rearranging fixtures to get them all played. Final league tables have yet to be published but as they stand, we have three teams in

second place in their division with an outside chance of promotion (Mens 2, Ladies 2 and Ladies 3) and a couple of teams dicing with possible relegation - further updates to follow in the next newsletter!

Membership renewal is well under way (annual subs start on 1st April) and we're looking forward to a good summer of league tennis as well as club tournaments. We are just hoping that the weather is kinder than it has been recently - our Easter Monday social was rained off but we'll try again on the May bank holiday.

New members are always welcome, whatever your standard of play, please visit our website www.chelmsfordianstennis.co.uk for membership information.

As reported in the last issue the Men's first team won Division 1 of the 2022 Summer League for the first time in anyone's memory and the Cup is now proudly displayed in our trophy cabinet.



TABLE TENNIS

Chelmsford District Table Tennis League – 2022/23 Season

With just one or two games left in the 2022/23 season, the fate of all of our teams is already sealed.

The tremendous news is that our A Team are runaway winners of Division 1 of the Chelmsford League, the first time that we have won the top division since 1994/95. With one game to play and having won 15 out of 17 games, they are already 23 points clear of the Runners-Up, Danbury C. Mainstays for the whole season, captain Paul Lucas (81% win rate) and Mark Mulley (82%) have hardly put a foot wrong. Matthew Mulley missed most of the second half of the season through injury and ended with a remarkable 24 wins out of 24. His replacement Keiran Lally chipped in with a 75% win rate. A fantastic all-round performance by the whole squad.

Our remaining five teams in the League have not fared quite so well. In Division 2 our B Team have been relegated after finishing bottom with only 2 wins out of a possible 21 (they have one game left to play). They have suffered from not being able to pick a regular team for the whole season, although an honourable mention should be made of Berti Makolli (58%) and Kevin Worthington (54%).

Also in Division 2, the C Team has once again dived with relegation and survived. They will probably finish 9th in a 12-team division. This achievement has been almost entirely down to the efforts of Mick Richardson with an impressive 71% win rate.

In Division 3 our D Team sits comfortably mid-table and, depending on the results of the last round of matches will finish either 4th or 5th in an 11-team division. They have benefited from a stable squad of players with Richard Baxter (79%), Tom Barker (61%), and Richard Upson (48%) all having good seasons.

In Division 4 our E Team is in a similar position to their D Team counterparts in the division above. They currently sit 5th out of 10 but with two games to play, one more than the team immediately above them, they should finish in 4th place. More excellent teamwork here with Farooq Ahmed (76%), Dave Newman (62%), and Russell Hall (52%) all having consistently admirable seasons.

Alas our F Team, also in Division 4, have been relegated and all they have to play for in their final game of the season is not slipping into bottom place – they currently stand 2 points above Hatfield Peverel D who currently occupy that slot. Despite a challenging season, special mentions should be made about David Bishop who has achieved a 61% win rate in a struggling team.

Summer League 2023

The Central Essex Summer League 2023 will commence at the beginning of June 2023 and runs for 7-8 weeks until late July 2023. This is an ideal time for anyone interested in playing competitive table tennis to get a feel for what is involved. The Summer League games are played over a shorter format (2-man teams each playing 2 singles and 1 double) and the matches are played in a less competitive atmosphere than the main Winter League. If anyone, of any standard, who plays for another OCA sports section, or any OCA member wishes to give competitive matches a go then please contact David Porter (contact details below) by the end of April 2023.

Interested in playing table tennis for the OCs?

If you are interested in playing competitive table tennis for the OCs we accept new members at all times of the year so please contact David Porter (by email to DJPEssex@aol.com or on 07885 467935). All standards of player can be accommodated across the teams we enter in both the main Chelmsford League which runs from September to the following April and the Central Essex Summer League which operates in June and July.

AND FINALLY

WEBSITE

Please note that our new website address is **www.old-chelmsfordians.co.uk**. Whilst archived material is awaiting transfer to this, the old site is also still running on **www.oldchelmsfordians.com**



As reported in the last newsletter Jez Crook and Alan Ball organised a Christmas collection amongst members to benefit the local food bank and, following on from the success of this, Alan was able to deliver another bootful of provisions in January. Once again our thanks to them and to all who contributed to this.

Our thanks also to all members who have contributed to this issue or indeed, just been in touch over the last couple of months. It is always good to hear from you.

The next newsletter should be published during July so plenty of time for you to comment on this one or to write your pieces for inclusion in the next.

Any members wishing and willing to receive the newsletter by email or wanting to advise us of any change to either their home or email address should contact the Secretary/Editor as below.

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