Barry Hadlee talked about the 1970 Ambassadors cricket tour at a meeting last year and for all of us it was a life changing experience, both Cran Bull, Rod Fulton and Barry went on to have long and successful careers for Canterbury and I meet Anita at the match in Los Angeles. We were married in August 1971 and I had never met her parents so they decided to come out and visit NZ and meet their son-in-law. We travelled over Arthurs Pass, had to stop for some 45 minutes while the road was cleared, down to Queenstown, over the Lindis Pass and on to Mt Cook. Of course at that time the road from Omarama was not sealed and it was rough and dusty. The in laws were in the back seat and not saying much but eventually Del leaned forward and asked me quietly was I certain I was on the correct road, was I lost as this could not possibly be Highway 1. He tried to tip the waiter at the Hermitage.

Bermuda I was introduced as Barry Evans, Ken spoke to Governor afterwards. ken said always a back up name if he had a memory loss. Asked what he did he said 2 novels plus a biography on Carles Upham, said he had just finished a book, good he should read another.

I had started keeping record and providing individual player statistics in 1980 and once I had arrived at the present players I wondered about the background of the players who took part in the first first class match in 1865. After I retired in 2003 it became a hobby and with Papers Past in particular I learnt a great deal of information. Around 2010 I arrived at number 296 Alan Burgess. I had been speaking to many of the players and I wondered whether Alan at 90 would be still alive. I found a phone number for a AT Burgess in Rangiora and he was a delightful character to talk to. I was keen to ask him about his first match for Canterbury. He was aged 20 on debut and took six for 52. One of the umpires was Tom Burgess, Alan’s father, well respected and umpired NZ first test match at Lancaster Park in March 1933. Umpired from 1928 to 1948. Alan first wicket was an LBW, four caught and one bowled. You will have to believe me as all the rest have died. Today still living in Rangiora at the Charles Upham retirement home and still with a good memory. He is NZ oldest living first class player and turned 100 on the 1st of May 2020.

**Match manager**

As he came off the field at the end of the innings an elderly gentleman came up to him to give him some advice, and said “Son, ignore the people barracking you, forget them, don’t worry you are doing your best, it is not your fault, its the fault of the selectors for selecting you.

I played alot of cricket in England mostly for the LNZ CC club. As we had no home ground we played on some magnificent village cricket grounds. Ripley, Thornbury in Gloucester, WG Grace’s home ground, a weekend to Badminton to play at the Duke of Beauforts home and another time to Lord Cobham’s home at Hagley,

Hambledon, was probably the most interesting village ground we played on. It was the foremost cricket club in England from 1750 to 1787 but was mainly a private club for the upper gentry who saw it as an opportunity for betting, on occasions it has been recorded that up to 20,000 people were watching their matches, I am not sure that figure is accurate. The ground had a large slope so much so that the anyone fielding on the boundary, you could only see them from the knees up, the club folded in 1796 and no cricket was played there again until 1905, the ground was taken over by the Royal Navy in the 1958 and they created a new club called the Broadhalfpenny Brigands. I think I would have enjoyed playing for the club, they were very social with a sense of humour. The Hambledon club kept copious minutes on their meetings, one said : A wet day, only three members, nine bottles of wine”. Their annual dinners must have been very long with a six toasts. The Kings mother, the King, the Hambledon club, cricket. the immortal memory of madge, the President,

I made 2 tours to Denmark with the LNZCC club in1966 and 1968. We played 5 matches on matting which was a new experience for me. **Copenhagen,** (540,000) **Odense** (190,000), **Aarhus** (250,000) and **Aalborg** (99,000). The tour had been organised by Peter Hargreaves, a Wellingtonian who had fallen in love with the Danish life style and had been there living there for many years. Peter was quite a character, he loved his cricket, beer and was a practicing nudist. He had a most unusual routine before any game, he would take off all his clothes and then wander around the dressing room talking quite naturally to everyone, a little off putting I have to say. His routine for getting into his cricket clothes was to first wrap his calves and thigh muscles in some type of wrapping, he said it was to prevent pulled muscles. When he came into bowl you could hear him running in because of the rustle of the wrapping.I do not remember any of the Danish language but I do know that a **fast bowler was a fart kaster. Literal translation is speed thrower**

I arrive back to NZ in October 1968 without a job but my mother said that Laing Wood had rung asking when I was returning to NZ. So I began working with Laing.

7 months later a notice was circulated about a cricket tour being promoted by Ken Sandford,

The team selected was very strong with 7 first class cricketers, 2 later played for New Zealand and certainly most of the rest well up to B team ability. It cost 1,400 dollars, we were billeted with the locals or they provided accommodation at their own expense. We played in 17 different countries and were the first NZ cricket team to play in South America, the West Indies, Portugal and Gibraltar. In all modesty I believe it was one of the great cricket tours ever undertaken, in almost all cases our visit was the highlight of the year for the hosts. We left on Feb 26and returned on June 5, away 100 days. The start of the tour was tiring with three overnight flights, Auckland to Tahiti took 4 hours leaving at midnight, we had the day in Tahiti to explore the island. Tahiti to Easter Island was a 10 hour flight at leaving at 4pm and arriving at 6.30am, the plane was a DC6 and the flight weather dependent as it was

**West Chch Cricket Team**

I had the good fortune to be a member of a very good cricket team in the 1960’s, **Fred Goodall, umpiring. Recently retired umpire.**

Peter Sharp. Joined in 1962. He had particular success against Old Collegians and in January, 1965, playing on Hagley One, an outright victory was achieved in one day with Peter taking five for 0 and six for 38. In the 1968/69 season he had figures of eight for 19 and eight for 43 to demolish the Old Collegians batting which left West Christchurch to score 62 runs for victory. A batting collapse meant that Sharp coming in at nine had to score the winning run. As captain of the senior team for three years from 1967/68 he had an outstanding record with three grade victories and a second placing in 1968/69. Sharp was an outstanding captain, he set high standards, was calm and composed on the field but off the field could be quite blunt on the need to improve.

Peter Sharp Fred Goodall. Could not get an LBW, offered support, but he said the umpires in this city are blind, Goodall what did you say. Look not only blind but deaf as well. You don’t know any better, because you are from Invercargill.

Jack Streeter Turning the ball too much too much to get a wicket. better bowling around the wicket, see I told you so.

BWU suggested by Neville Huxford to take over from him as club captain in 1970/71, we were not going anywhere and students were not the best at fund raising. Cricket wise we were a good club the decade from 1962 to 1972 there were three championship victories, four second placing and two third placings.

**Flat mate Ian James** Taking a bath. Brussells sprouts saga.