

The background of the entire image is a dark green, almost black, field of grass blades. Three cricket bats are positioned vertically, their light-colored wood contrasting with the dark background. To the right of the bats, a cricket stumps set is visible. A single cricket ball, with its characteristic red and white stitching, is placed near the base of the stumps. The text is overlaid on this scene.

Wellington
Wanderers
Cricket Club
(Inc.)

50th

ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION



The attacking field was no indication of the state of the game but the long hair was definitely not the Wanderers but a College side invited to Waikanae. The match in 1970 was played with a backdrop of the after affects of the Wahine storm of 1968 which reduced some of the trees to kindling wood.

The Wanderers have always been supported by individuals and groups who have contributed financially to club activities.

*This publication and the 50th Jubilee would not be possible without the generous **support** of those detailed below for which all members are appreciative and grateful.*

ANZ Banking Group NZ Ltd, Sir Ron Brierley.

- Ian McCarrison ■ John Oakley ■ Alan Revell ■ The Norwood Trust ■ Duncan Priest
- Wellington Newspapers Ltd ■ Wellington Cricket Association ■ Basin Reserve

50 not out....

It's a tribute to those who laid the foundations for the Wanderers Club, with its basic sensible philosophy that it has survived through its first half century.

The openers combined for a solid but unspectacular opening stand, and that has progressed without any significant change in style, with commitment and dedication from a wide range of contributors.

Time has forced change on the club to help it develop and while in its early days there was a specific need to be fulfilled that has changed little in the ensuing years. Although the requirements are somewhat different now the Wanderers Club still has an important function to maintain.

Its impossible to acknowledge every individual who has contributed to the clubs success but in this Jubilee year some important contributions must be highlighted.

The club received significant financial support for the 50th celebrations from Sir Ron Brierley, Ian McCarrison, John Oakley, Alan Revell, Duncan Priest, the Wellington Cricket Association, ANZ Banking Group NZ Ltd, The Norwood Trust, and Wellington Newspapers and that assistance is greatly appreciated.

Special thanks are due to Don and Paddianne Neely for allowing us to reproduce a page from their marvellous book, *The Summer Game*, Peter Bidwell, Dominion Cricket writer for his contribution to this publication, and to all those who provided the photo's that revive memories so often forgotten in the passage of time.

An acknowledgment also of the excellent work of the special sub-committee headed by Duncan Priest that have arranged the celebrations.

Alan Revell, whose attention to detail ensured that nothing was forgotten, John Revell who's memory ensured the true record of the club formation was factually reproduced and who maintained the records of the club over a number of years, John Gibson who organised the design of a special 50th anniversary tie, Tony Hunt who undertook various duties along with chairman Richard Allan in preparing for this occasion.

Few of us will celebrate the clubs centenary, but if the next 50 years provide the same fun, fellowship and cricketing enjoyment experienced over the initial stages of the club it should be a momentous occasion.

Bryan Waddle, President



Life Members

Every sporting club relies heavily on its membership to succeed and the Wellington Wanderers have been fortunate the aims of the club have been diligently adhered too by the large number who have served in a playing or administrative capacity.

The club has honoured thirteen individuals with life membership, the appropriate acknowledgment for outstanding contribution to the clubs success.

Patron Dutchy du Chateau holds an important place in the clubs history, He and John Standish developed the initial plan for the club and

Dutchy has been an active member since its formation, serving as Secretary until 1963, then following John's death in 1966, assuming the role of Patron.

Dutchy's enthusiastic support of club members and activities was recognised with life membership in 1974.



Life members John Revell and John Rose relaxing after lunch at Peter Field Oval. John Revell was a long serving committee man, from 1962-74, serving as Secretary after Dutchy du Chateau from 1963 to 70. John Rose served even longer on the committee, elected in 1954, he was treasurer till 1974 and served as Auditor from 1980 to 89. Prior to that Bill Hunt had been the clubs auditor, serving for 32 years from 1948 to 1980.

List of Life Members:

D.R Alexander
J.G. Ashenden
L.J. Castle
V.H. du Chateau
G.A.H. Field
A.D. Grey
W.B. Hunt
E.C.V. Knapp
R.T. Morgan
Sir Walter Norwood
C.L.W. Randall
J.G.Revell
J.H. Rose.

Club Patrons

J.W. Standish 1963–66
V.H. du Chateau 1966

Club Presidents

J.W. Standish	to 1964
L.J. Castle	1964–65
M.G. Browne	1965–67
Brig J.R. Page	1968–69
W.G. Smith	1969–72
C.L.W. Randall	1973–74
D.R. Alexander	1975–76
G.J. Whiteman	1977–78
J.G. Revell	1978–79
J.G. Ashenden	1980–81
T.G. McMahon	1982–83
A.W.Hunt	1984–86
M.D. Priest	1987–88
I.E. McCarrison	1989–90
A.A. Revell	1991–93
B.A. Waddle	1994 –



A typical pose, particularly at the Officers Mess after the Army game at Trentham. Life members Dave Grey (left) and Diddy Knapp (right) surrounding David Rollo, without appropriate glass.

Early Days

In the years before and after the Second World War there was always a hard core of cricketers thirsting for extra play over and above net practice and Saturday matches.

It was comparatively easy to recruit not only social players but also those of true ability even up to international standard. Many test players have since played for the club.

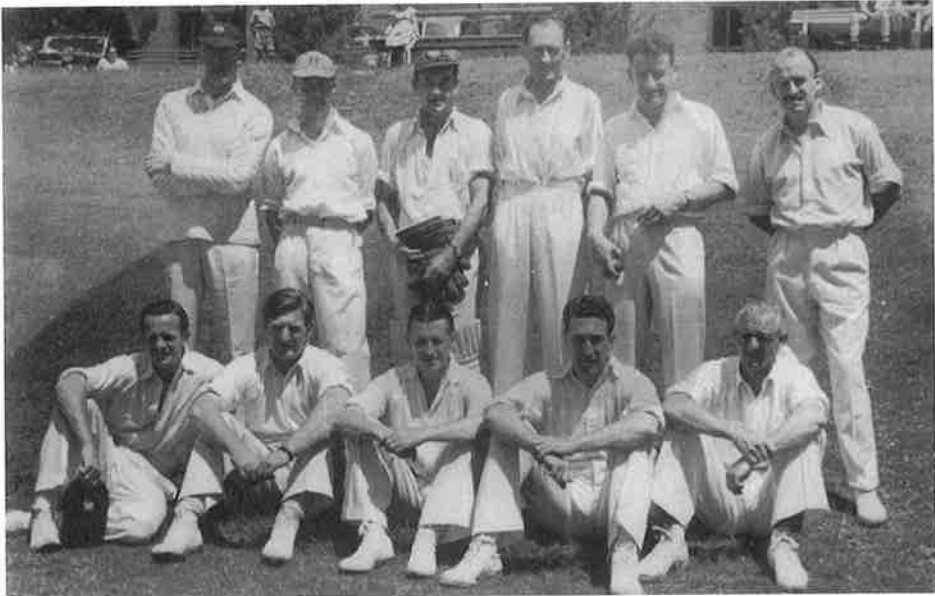
Sunday and midweek games had always been part of the cricketing scene in Wellington but mostly on a haphazard basis. It seemed logical that the then cricketing climate should give birth to a club of more permanence.

John Standish, who presided over the club's affairs till he became patron in 1963, had often talked about a social cricket club he played for in England, Romany, who because they did not

have their own ground travelled gypsy-like to each venue.

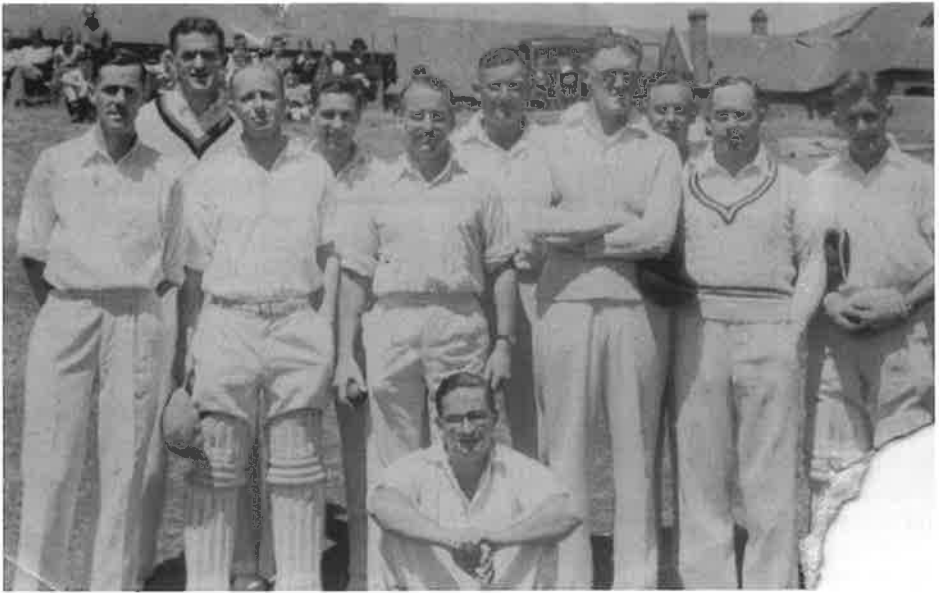
The question of forming a similar club in Wellington was much discussed and often became a heated topic at Barretts Hotel much to the bewilderment of the head barman.

Words finally became action one Sunday morning in 1945 when two men and a dog – Dutchy du Chateau and John Standish with his bull terrier, Ben – met in the sunshine which filled Dutchy's basement doorway at 5 Lucknow Terrace, Khandallah. Behind them in the basement was Dutchy's trusty 36 gallon oak



Silverstream College hosted many games through the first 30 years, both against the School, St Pats and an annual fixture in later times against Brabin Shield and Secondary School teams.

Team Back Row from left:- Cyril Parsloe, Bill Hunt, George Ivamy, Tom McPhee, John Oakley, John Standish. Front Row: Bob Vance, Guy Smith, Ken Wrigley, Mick Randall, Mal Matheson.



Wanderers at Silverstream left to right:- Dutchy du Chateau, Jumbo Symes, Father Evatt, Mandy Maris, John Standish, Peggy O'Neil, Joe Fortune, Fred Harding, Ron Hunt, Trevor Barber. Front- Jim Foy.

cask full of potentially lethal home brew, seething and bubbling, and impatiently waiting to be decanted.

The name was to be the Wellington Nomads with reliance on opposition teams providing the venue. John and Dutchy were adamant that though it would be a social club the playing and conduct of the games would always be of the highest standard. The first fixtures were played in the summer of 1946-47, and the club's colours were navy blue, green and yellow. John was a fanatical recruiter. No one approached to play would dare say no. In a short time a sound and solid membership became a reality.

The club struck early trouble with the Nomads name. They received a firm request from D C (David) Collins of the New Zealand Nomads that they come up with an alternative.

With the New Zealand Nomads well established and widely recognised the club

happily became the Wellington Wanderers for the start of the 1947-48 season.

The subsequent annual games between the two clubs became the highlight of the Wanderers' season. With "DC" at the helm and playing at his Te Kopura ground at Featherston the matches took on a test match atmosphere.

Not only did the games have unforgettable old world charm but also deep laid plots and insider trading. For example Collins' son-in-law John Hornsbrook, a Wanderers member, would brief "DC" on the various strengths and weaknesses of the Wanderers, and it was quite common for the opening batsmen to have to face the venomous bowling of former New Zealand great John Reid, and possibly another past New Zealand captain Harry Cave.

Straight after the war transport was a problem with the owners of cars with sufficient petrol scarce. On occasions those players with

transport were selected at the expense of better cricketers, which caused a few heartburnings. The club was often grateful for the generosity of Ron Hunt and Mandy Maris in providing transport.

Another consequence of the war was a shortage of white flannel so while the wearing of whites was desirable grey slacks were permissible.

In selecting teams the choice of wicketkeeper was of paramount importance because it was realised that an indifferent keeper could lower the morale and performance.

Two of the clubs early keepers, Trevor McMahon, later to play for New Zealand, and Trevor Barber were so outstanding they made some makeshift bowlers look very good. On one occasion McMahon demonstrated his skill when on a batting wicket at Foxton he stood up to Jim Newbigin and Bruce Morrison, the latter playing one test for his country.

In those days John Beck, who toured South Africa with the 1953-54 New Zealand team, was brilliant in the field with his agility and anticipation.

Lester Castle, later the Ombudsman and president of the New Zealand Cricket Council and the Wellington Cricket Association, was a foundation member of the club. He succeeded John

Standish as president, drafted the rules and constitution, and was closely involved in securing the Waikanae ground.

Dennis Carey was the club's first secretary, and a particularly efficient one. Dutchy du Chateau became a long-standing secretary/treasurer in 1951.

Membership was originally limited to about 40 to ensure each member had a reasonable number of games.

Initially membership cost five shillings with an additional charge of two shillings each a game. This would give the club revenue of around £20, regarded as sufficient to provide a surplus for the season, which would be used to help subsidise the club dinner.

Other "unsung heroes" in the club's formative years were Ru Morgan, Jack Ashenden, Morrie Browne, John Rose, Bill Hunt, Mick Randall, Charlie Clarke-Smith and Charles Clifford.

*The chairman (John Standish) mentioned that the suggestion had been made that the captain of travelling teams should be allowed a small sum to be able to return the odd 'shout'. It was resolved that the captain should be allowed expenses of £1 to do the 'honours'.
– October 1951.*



Cartoons such as this portrayed the obvious lack of women members in the early years. The full set of cartoons can be found inside the 3rd Annual Dinner Menu featured in later pages.

Acquiring the ground

In the early 1950s the du Chateaus, Dutchy and wife Ote and their children, rented a cottage on the Waikanae River over the Christmas holidays.

Among their friends in Waikanae were Peter and Dorothy Field and their son Peter. The du Chateaus were invited to take part in an annual match between the City Slicks and the Country Hicks, played on a paddock on Peter's farm.

After the holidays Dutchy told John Standish there was a possibility that this ground might be suitable for the Wanderers club's headquarters.

At the 1958 annual meeting John outlined that successful negotiations had been made to use an area of Waikanae farmland owned by Peter Field. He wanted no formal arrangement. He preferred the Wanderers use the ground under a "gentleman's" agreement subject to certain conditions.

There was an annual rental of £25; the pitch area was to be fenced off and advance notice was required for the use of the ground. The club also had the right to erect buildings and put in an entrance drive. The Wanderers had use of the ground except for matches organised by Peter.

In the original proposition put to members the costs of immediate development, including a mower totalled £745, and to have a clubhouse was going to cost an additional £955.

To finance these immediate requirements and to provide a source to cover future developments it was agreed to levy all members £5, introduce an entrance fee of £5 for new members, increase the annual subscription to £4 and to raise membership as soon as possible to 75.

The next two years were busy many hours were put in acquiring equipment for the ground, erecting toilet facilities, establishing a water supply, laying the wicket block and planting trees along the main road.

Extensive drainage and top soiling were carried out by contractors. Initially it was hoped to open the ground in February 1960 but due to an abnormally dry summer and a lack of water it was deferred till the following December.

While some of the oak trees planted on the road frontage survived and may be seen today the majority fell victim to livestock. Annual deposits and an undulating surface made ground fielding "interesting" but the worst hazard was puddles of water on the south-western corner where drainage was a problem for a few years.

The official opening of the ground, was marked by a match between a specially selected Wanderers XI captained by Ru Morgan and a side selected and captained by Joe Ongley.

In the early days before the erection of the pavilion shelter for luncheons and bar facilities was provided by a metal framed canvas awning, which had to be erected for each match. Another tent served as a changing room, and equipment was stored in two car cases.

The first century at the ground was made by former New Zealand representative and national selector John Guy, who now lives in Melbourne. He scored 103 retired for the London New Zealand club on February 5, 1961.

The first century by a Wanderer was Jack Tynan's 105 retired against Wellington College Old Boys the following month on March 26.

It was quickly recognised there was a need for a permanent pavilion, and with the costs of work on the ground exhausting the club's resources in 1963 the club successfully applied to the Norwood Trust for financial assistance.

They granted the Wanderers £200 toward ground improvements, and a second approach resulted in a loan of £1000 for seven years at three per cent.

This enabled the club to authorise Ru Morgan to proceed with the pavilion. He in turn enlisted the aid of fellow builder and club member Diddy Knapp, and several others. Jack Ashenden completed the roofing and plumbing, John Beck's company did the wiring and Garnet Phillipps donated the carpet.

In 1964 John Standish was tragically drowned while trout fishing in the Hutt River, a huge loss. Two years later on January 30, 1966, his wife Rosalind opened and named the John Standish pavilion.

Despite the best of intentions and many hours of work by volunteer groundsmen, "Nugget" Cohen, Jim Beattie and Ernie Wesley, it was

found impossible to give the pitch the attention it required to reach a standard that some players expected.

For some fixtures the surface was quite acceptable but there was a need for improvement to provide a strip the status of some of the matches deserved.

In 1972 a heavy roller was acquired but its use was restricted to match days. The playing surface only slightly improved and some members were reluctant to play at Waikanae.

In 1984 a coir matting surface was laid, and at the end of the 1987-88 summer a concrete based artificial surface put down at a cost of \$8000. Grants from the New Zealand Cricket Foundation, the Norwood Trust and the Wellington Cricket Association made it possible.

In 1988 Peter and Dorothy Field consented to the ground being named the, 'Peter Field Oval' in memory of their only son, himself a Wanderer, who was killed in a motor accident near the ground in 1964.

In more recent times efforts at the ground have concentrated on upgrading the pavilion and facilities, improving the drainage and tree planting.



Old friends.....Life members Peter Field and Dutchy du Chateau survey the new artificial pitch at Waikanae. The new pitch was opened in 1988 and allowed the pair to reminisce about the early days of Wanderers cricket and the City Slicks v Country Hicks game that was a feature of early Waikanae days.

The Annual Dinner

In the early 1960s other Sunday cricket clubs emerged in competition with the Wanderers. In order to maintain its playing strength a decision was made to approach new members to swell the numbers to a hundred.

It brought about a change from the first 10 years of the club's existence when the membership was relatively small and the atmosphere intimate. In the first decade members' nominations had to be supported in writing.

Initially club dinners were held at the Grand Hotel at the bottom of Willis Street, and the occasions lived up to the venue's title. Heavily starched table linen, highly polished silverware, printed menus illustrated by cartoons drawn by Jim Ell, and uniformed waitresses were a feature.

The dinners were festive occasions. Drinks in the ante-room were followed by a sit down dinner presided over by John Standish, who invariably called for cigars to conclude the meal.

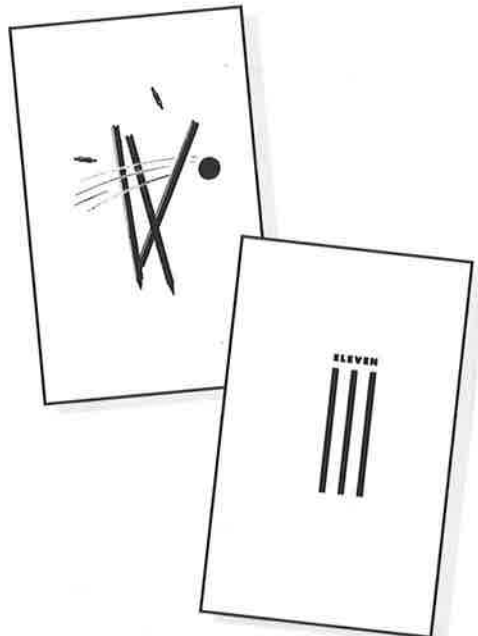
An extended licence was obtained, the activities were under the watchful eye of minehost Tom Coltman and his son Jim, and the committee always had the foresight to arrange the dinners for a Friday night.

Eventually the costs of dinners at the Grand became too great. A succession of alternative venues were tried before settling on the more appropriate but less formal surroundings of the Long Room at the Basin Reserve. Originally the dinners were a male only preserve but since 1981 the members' partners have graced the proceedings.

Reproduced on the following pages are snippets from the highly acclaimed menus.



AN APPEAL AGAINST THE LIGHT



CLUB MEMBERS

1948-49 SEASON

A. H. ANDREWS, D. K. CAREY,
 L. J. CASTLE, V. H. Du CHATEAU,
 D. P. DUMBLETON,
 N. V. FARRELL, F. FORDHAM,
 J. FORTUNE, A. F. HARDING,
 A. HARDY, D. P. HENLEY,
 J. R. HOBBS, R. HUNT,
 W. B. HUNT, G. IVAMY,
 C. E. B. IRVING, S. R. JENSEN,
 H. B. LUBRANSKY, H. R. LUSK,
 H. McSHERRY, M. C. MARIS,
 R. E. J. MENZIES, R. T. MORGAN,
 R. MURRAY, C. J. OLIVER,
 R. O'NEILL, J. R. PAGE,
 T. PAGET, H. PURCELL,
 M. RANDALL, I. D. REID,
 J. H. ROSE, P. F. SIMM,
 J. S. V. SIMPSON, W. G. SMITH,
 J. STANDISH, J. R. STEVENS,
 N. S. TRIGGS, D. S. WILSON,
 H. R. C. WILD, K. A. WRIGLEY.

★

MATCHES PLAYED

1948-49 SEASON

28th Nov. 1948, v. Johnsonville —
 Won by 11 runs.
 5th Dec. 1948, v. Silverstream —
 Drawn.
 8th Dec. 1948, v. Wellington College
 — Drawn.
 12th Dec. 1948, v. Paraparaumu —
 Won by 79 runs.
 30th Jan. 1949, v. Eastbourne —
 Won by 55 runs.
 6th Feb. 1949, v. Johnsonville —
 Won by 48 runs.
 6th Mar. 1949, v. Silverstream —
 Lost by 1 run.
 6th Mar. 1949, v. Junior Chamber of
 Commerce — Won by 94.



Wellington
 Wanderers'
 Cricket Club

3rd
 Annual Dinner

ROYAL OAK HOTEL, WELLINGTON, 2nd SEPTEMBER, 1949

Menu



Canapes Anchovies

Creme of Toheroa

Grilles Fillets Trevalli
Matre d'Hotel

Kidneys En Brochette

Roast Chicken and
French Salad

Trifle Royale

Apple Pie

Glacc Chocolate Sundae

Sardines A La Huile

Dessert

Cafe



**WELLINGTON WANDERERS CRICKET CLUB
(Inc.)**



21st ANNUAL DINNER

CARLTON HOTEL

Willis Street, Wellington

Wednesday, 11th October, 1967

Sir Donald Bradman

The Silver Jubilee celebrations in 1971 remain the most significant social occasion in the clubs history. Guest speaker, Sir Donald Bradman, wasn't an easy catch but a willing one all the same.

It took a few months and more than a few letters to gain his acceptance. That was helped by his address at the Sportsmen's Dinner for the Murray Halberg trust, facts all faithfully recorded at the time and retained in the clubs records.

Sir Donald's speech is reproduced elsewhere in this book, so too is letter of good wishes to the club for its 50th celebrations, declining an invitation to speak once again.

SIR DONALD BRADMAN

2 HOLDEN STREET,
KENSINGTON PARK,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA

3rd September 1971.

Mr. W. Guy Smith,
Buddle Anderson Kent & Co.,
P. O. Box 233,
WELLINGTON. N.Z.

Dear Mr. Guy Smith,

Thankyou for your letter of 3rd Aug. I delayed my reply until I had received further information from the Murray Halberg Trust and hope you are not inconvenienced.

It would now appear possible for me to accept your kind invitation to attend your Wanderer's Club 25th Anniversary Dinner providing you can hold it on the night of Wednesday November 10th.

The whole of the N.Z. itinerary for my wife and myself is in the hands of the Murray Halberg Trust and according to the programme I understand I am to be at the Sportsmen's Dinner on November 9th, will go on to Wellington on November 10th and can attend your function that evening. Then we shall go on to Christchurch on November 11th.

To avoid any possibility of over lapping or misunderstanding I am sending a copy of this letter to the Halberg Trust and feel sure that between you a satisfactory arrangement can be made.

Yours faithfully,



The cunning of Guy Smith did not go unnoticed...

2 Holden Street,
Kensington Park. S.A.
5/10/71.

W. Guy Smith Esq,
Buddle Anderson Kent & Co.
P.O. Box 233,
WELLINGTON. N.Z.

Dear Mr. Guy Smith,

Thankyou for your further letter of 23rd Sept, and for the copy of your annual report. Just as well I read it carefully because I discovered therein that I had agreed to speak. Perhaps I ought to be reasonable about this and say that I had a sneaking feeling you intended to ask me - not that I wanted you to - but merely that I expected it.

Having committed me to your members I guess I had better know more about it.

Naturally I would expect that your chief speaker will be Sir Richard Wild and that he would speak before me. On that assumption I will prepare what I hope will be suitable. Not having any claims to oratory, and doing as little of public speaking as I can, I find it necessary to prepare information for an occasion such as this. That being so (and in any case for the benefit of others as well as myself) I would hope and request that a lectern would be available.

I note what you have to say regarding dress and regarding other invitees, transport etc. I'm sure my wife would be pleased to fit in with the arrangements you suggest for her and I look forward to hearing from you again in due course.

Yours sincerely,

Benjamin

2 Holden St.
Kew Park
S.A. 5068
11.6.95

Dear Duncan,

Your letter of 2nd June has been
forwarded on to me via the S.A.C.

I will remember the previous occasion upon which
I spoke in New Zealand & great regret it was
badly timed & I will shortly
be 87, long past the stage when I can make a
public speech. In fact I have not done so for
the past 8 years.

My wife is not at all well these days
suffering from leukaemia & as a result she will
shortly be hospitalized for major surgery & in
prospect of a long air journey.

So, although I appreciate your invitation
I must respectfully decline.

I wish you a happy & successful anniversary
& good luck for the future.

Yours sincerely,

Alan Bradman



ABOVE: In the years before and after World War II there was always a hard core of cricketers in Wellington thirsting for extra play over and above net practice and Saturday games. It was comparatively easy to recruit not only social players but also those of true cricketing ability, even up to international standards. Sunday and mid-week games had always been part of the cricketing scene in Wellington, but mostly on a more or less haphazard basis. Two gentlemen in Wellington, John Standish and Dutch du Chateau, decided to form a club to play against college First XIs mid-week and arrange social fixtures on Sundays. They had no ground, and would be referred to as the Wellington Nomads. However, they struck trouble with the name Nomads, and received a firm request from D.C. Collins that they change the name, as his New Zealand Nomads were well established and well known in cricketing circles. They changed to Wellington Wanderers without demur, and very quickly established fixtures against those colleges in Wellington that had good wickets and those organisations that were able to get a wicket for Sunday play. Seen at the opening of the Wanderers' ground in Waikanae, in the striped blazer behind the arm, Lester Castle, Ron Hunt, Dutch du Chateau, Peter Field (the owner of the paddock), John Beek, John Standish; and scoring, Aulie Stothart.



BELOW LEFT: In the early fifties Dutch du Chateau and his wife and children rented a cottage on the Waikanae River over the Christmas holidays. While he was there he met old friends Peter and Dorothy Fields, and was invited to take part in their annual cricket match in one of their paddocks. Dutch du Chateau supplied the Wanderers' gear. Discussions were held between John Standish, Dutch du Chateau and Peter Fields, and eventually it was agreed that the Wellington Wanderers could use the paddock as their permanent home. The opening match was played against a social team from Palmerston North called the Carltonians, named after the hotel where they met. An ex-New Zealand captain, Harry Cave, opened the bowling for the Carltonians, with an ex-Wellington captain, Joe Ongley, fielding at deep mid-off (pictured). The umpire is Sir Roger Clifford, and Ron Hunt is the non-striking batsman. The Wanderers Club scored a great coup when they celebrated their 25th anniversary dinner. Their guest speaker was Sir Donald Bradman. He was a personal friend of I.A.H. "Jumbo" Symes, who had played for Wellington in the thirties and was a keen member of the club.

To mark the Centenary of New Zealand Cricket in 1995, Don Neely and his wife Paddianne, produced the definitive history of the game, a book that portrayed the game from grassroots to the very highest level.

Cricket The Summer Game devoted a full page to the Wanderers Club and with Don Neely's kind permission we reproduce the page as part of the recorded history of the club.



Wanderers v Army was a much sought after match to play in at the Army ground. Back row l to r: David Rollo, Reg Johansson, Doug Alexander, Diddy Knapp, Mick Randall, Albie Falconer, John Sigley. Front:- John Salmon, Brent Hilton, Brian Miller, Tony Hunt, David Grey.



Stumps in any match at Waikanae was invariably preceded by the arrival of Peter Field who often drove up in an old jeep to enjoy the clubs social atmosphere. In the early days at Waikanae, Peter stored the clubs bar in his garage to avoid the obvious dangers of burglary. Peter sharing a tippie with Tony Cooper (left...how old is he there?) and Diddy Knapp.



The lunch break was often blamed for the standard of cricket in the afternoon session. A dozen was provided while the lunch was being served and it may have also accounted for some sloppy photography for there is no other reason why the back row is incomplete.

Those who played this game at Waikanae in 1967 were back l to r:- Cedric Hall, Bruce Heather, Wayne Nicholls, Michael Dossier, Michael Coles, and Roger Clifford. Front:- Alister Botting, Noel Brooks, Diddy Knapp, Jim Kelly and Duncan Priest.

The absence of a crest on the Wanderers Blazer goes unnoticed, but it does seem strange for a sports team not have an emblem. The minutes have revealed this...

"Designs submitted by Mr Airey for the blazer pocket were considered not quite suitable. Mr Airey and Mr Standish were to see if a suitable design could be evolved." – September 1957



Wellington
Wanderers
Cricket Club

Silver Jubilee
Dinner

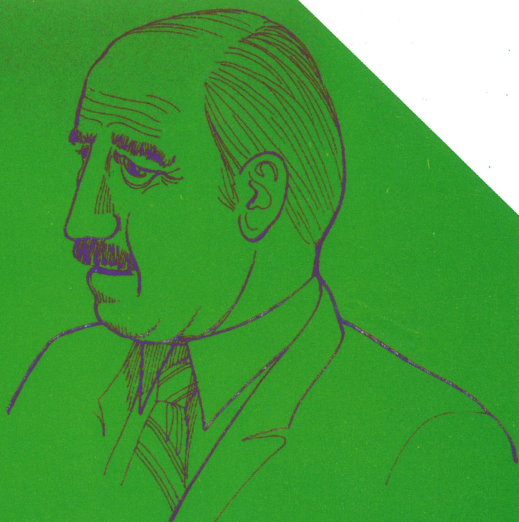
Greenstone Room
Wellington, New Zealand
November 10th 1971

Handwritten signatures:
Newman
McDonald
Muller

Handwritten signature:
Salston

Handwritten signatures:
Richardson
Henderson
[unclear]

Handwritten signatures:
Tony Cooper
John [unclear]



Wellington Wanderers Cricket Club

But for a very tragic happening some years ago, these few words would have been written, not by me, but by the late John Standish, to whom I would like to pay tribute.

At club anniversaries such as this, the question of who was the founder is almost inevitably raised and my view is that, as a general rule, no one person truly founds a club. I'm sure John would have been the first to agree that this club's formation was a combination of the ideas and efforts of a number of dedicated and hard working cricketers in continuing on a permanent basis an already existing pattern of Sunday, and other fixtures.

I sincerely feel, however, that, had it not been for the intense enthusiasm, drive and, to use a possibly harsh word, fanaticism of our first President, the club could quite easily have foundered in those early years.

My vivid recollection of John and cricket was his absolute devotion to the game, and his terrific intentness towards everything he did, exemplified, not in his batting, nor in his rather innocuous bowling, but in that much neglected part of the game, his fielding.

To see him, moustache bristling, as he tore in from the covers, quite oblivious of the hazards of an uneven field, was an unforgettable sight—and his bullet-like return over the top of the stumps was a true delight to our long succession of first class keepers.

And who amongst the earlier members will forget his passionate devotion to his long line of bull terriers, and his serene indifference to their many failings as cricket-followers.

And that occasion at Silverstream College when the school's, now magnificent creeper, was in its incipient stage, and Ben, with the strength possessed only by his breed, worried it at the base until he finally took out a whole root. All who saw this sorry deed, including the Rector, were horrified but, from memory, I feel John was inwardly proud of the feat.

Yes, he was a truly unforgettable and delightful character, and the club, on the occasion of this 25th Anniversary, should feel deeply grateful to him.

John Standish

Batting Order

Openers
TOMATO JUICE

A great catch
SHRIMP COCKTAIL

First Drop
CREME POMODORA

Dulip Special
RISSOTTO MADRAS

Middle and Leg
MATZ GALLINI

Late Cut
PORKA BAKED

Full Toss
LEGUMES VARIS

Well Bowled
FRESH STRAWBERRIES

Twelfth Man
COFFEE CHEESE BISCUITS

Stumps!

Wines

CORBAN'S RIVERLEA
McWILLIAMS BAKANO
McWILLIAM'S SPARKLING ROSE
PORT

Wellington Wanderers Cricket Club Members 1946-1971

*Airey W. F.	46-47, 57-71	Cato J. R.	70-71
Aitken A. D.	68-71	Cavanagh P. R.	70-71
Alabaster D. B.	70-71	†Chadwick R. B.	53-57, 59-61
Alexander D. R.	51-71	Chapman H.	61-71
Alexander E. J.	55-71	Clarke J. W.	55-71
Allan R. J.	70-71	*Clarke-Smith C. G.	46-48, 52-60
Allen R.	53-63	Cleal C. L.	60-71
Amies A. G. W.	55-71	Cleary M. P.	67-71
Anderson J. F. G.	50-71	Clement A. F.	68-71
Andrews A. H.	47-49	Clifford C. J.	60-71
*Archer P. M.	46-47	Clifford R. C.	60-71
Arcus W. A.	67-71	Climo B.	69-71
Ashenden J. G.	53-71	Cohen C.	64-71
†Ashford C.	56-67	Cohen R. J.	63-68
		Coles M. J.	67-71
Badderly Q. A.	68-71	*Collinge M.	46-48
*†Balharry J.	46-47	Coney C. J.	70-71
Banks B. N.	58-71	Cooper A. R.	65-71
*Barber R. T.	46-47, 61-67	*Coupland W.	46-47
Barbour M.	50-65	Cousins A.	47-48
Barnsdale A.	57-71	Crombie D. A. F.	60-66
Beban J. G.	65-71		
Beban M. A.	70-71	*Dalton R. A.	46-48
Beck J. E. F.	55-71	Dormer M. E.	57-71
Beveridge R. J.	61-71	Dosser M.	66-68
Bibby N. G.	70-71	du Chateau M. J.	63-71
Blundell G. J.	67-71	* du Chateau V. H.	46-71
Blunt L. J.	50-55	Dumbleton D. P.	47-48
†Boshier F. W.	60-62	Duncan A. W.	61-65
Botting A. G.	64-71	†Duncan H.	60-64
Bower F. J.	58-71		
Bray J. H.	61-68	Ellerington R.	70-71
Brennand R.	68-71	Ellingham J. B.	55-57
Bridger A.	67-71		
Bridger R. T.	67-71	Falconer A. L.	61-71
Brooks N. W.	58-69	Farrell N. V.	48-49
Browne F. A.	58-71	Field G. A. H.	48-71
Browne L. V.	61-71	†Field P. H.	64-71
Browne M. G.	54-71	Findlay F. J.	64-66, 67-69
Bryant L. R. V.	68-71	Fordham F.	48-71
Burke K. W.	58-71	†*Fortune J.	46-60
		Francis J. H.	60-69
Cameron J. G.	58-71	Frederickson B. T.	69-71
*†Cameron P. E. J.	46-56	Freeman W. N.	49-58
Campbell B.	53-71		
*Carey D. K.	46-71	Galbraith D.	59-65
Castle D. S.	58-71	Garrett M. E.	66-71
*Castle L. J.	46-71	Gibson J. A. L.	58-71
Cater S.	70-71	Gosling M. T. J.	61-71

Members

Grainger D. T.	68-71	Malin B. A.	69-71
Grey A. D.	65-71	*Maris M. C.	46-49, 51-71
*Harding A. F.	46-50	Martin G. S.	54-71
*Hardy A. J.	46-51	Matheson A. M.	51-58
Harris J.	60-71	*Menzies R. E. J.	46-56
Hatch R. K.	58-71	Miller B. J.	65-71
Heather B. A. C.	67-71	Miller L. S. M.	61-71
Henderson W. J.	66-71	Mitchell C. M.	66-70
*Henley P. P.	46-58	Morgan R. T.	48-71
Hilton G. B. T.	67-71	Morris O.	49-50
*Hobbs J. R.	46-50	Morrison A. MacL.	64-71
Hogg C. S.	64-71	Morrison B. D.	55-71
Hornabrook J. P.	57-64	Morrison J. F. M.	68-71
Hunt A. W.	64-71	Moss J. R.	67-71
Hunt D. R.	69-71	*Mount-Stevens P.	46-47
*Hunt R. E.	46-49, 52-71	†Murray R.	47-50
*Hunt W. B.	46-71	Nash E.	49-54
Huxford N. A.	63-69	Neely D. O.	57-60
*Irving C. E. B.	46-60	Newbiggin E. J. D.	53-71
*Ivamy G. H.	46-71	Newman J.	61-71
Jensen S. R.	48-50, 55-56	Newman R.	60-71
Johansson R. K. H.	57-71	Newton H. E. B.	60-71
Kelly J. W.	63-71	Nicholls W. J.	67-71
*Kember F. J.	46-47	Nickalls R. J.	64-71
Kemp M. H.	70-71	Norwood C. J. B.	67-71
Knapp E. C. V.	61-71	Oakes D.	57-58
Larkin T. C.	49-71	Oakley J. H.	50-71
Lawson A. N.	61-71	*Oliver C. J.	46-49, 51-53
Lowenthal W. M.	64-71		58-64
Lubransky H. B.	48-49	*O'Neill R.	46-50
*Lusk H. R.	46-58	O'Neill T. P.	64-70
Lynch B. J.	61-71	Osborne H. W.	63-71
Lyne A.	66-71	Paetz D. L.	63-65
McCarrison I. E.	66-71	Page J. R.	47-49, 52-71
MacGibbon A. R.	65-68, 69-71	Paget T.	48-71
McGrath M. E.	66-71	Papps L. M.	53-60
MacKintosh E. C. A.	68-70	Papps T. O.	68-71
McMahon T. G.	52-71	Parson J. St John	61-68
MacMorran G. H.	49-71	Parson T. H.	63-71
MacMorran H. J.	57-68	Pettit K. H.	66-71
McPhee T. A.	50-71	Phillips G. R.	55-71
McRae A.	65-71	Phillips J. H.	60-71
*McSherry H.	46-58	Priest D. W.	67-71
		Priest M. D.	63-71
		Pringe D. H. S.	56-58
		Purcell H. A.	47-48

Members

†Rainey W. E.	60-64	Walker J. P.	49-71
Randall C. L.	47-71	†Walker W. P.	63-65
Redmond R. E.	64-71	Watson J. D. C.	66-71
Reid I. D.	47-51	Watts D. I.	70-71
*Reid J.	46-47	Watts P. J.	69-71
Reid J. R.	63-71	*Webb W.	46-48
Revell A. A.	65-71	White A. P.	69-71
Revell J. G.	54-71	*Whitwell F.	46-48
Reynolds G. T.	56-71	Whyte A. J. O.	50-71
Reynolds L.	57-58	Whyte D. O.	60-71
Reynolds R. W.	52-71	Whyte R. A.	61-71
Roberts G. P.	61-71	Whyte R. C.	57-71
Rollo D. H.	63-71	*Wild H. R. C.	46-57
*Rose J. H.	46-71	†Williams C. H.	61-71
Rowden H. W.	60-71	Williams L. G.	58-71
Rowley J. N.	69-71	Wilmoth E. R.	58-71
Salmon J. H. M.	50-53, 57-69	*Wilson D. S.	46-71
Salmund J. A.	64-71	Wilson P.	55-60
Scollay W. J. A.	56-71	Wilson P. R.	62-71
Scott L.	49-51	Woodall C. S.	58-60
Selby F. G.	61-68	Wright J. N. C.	69-71
Sherlock M. B.	68-71	Wright P. J.	61-71
Sigley E. J.	56-71	Wrigley K. A.	47-71
*Simm P. F.	46-60	Wrigley O. L.	54-71
*Simpson R. S. V.	46-71	Yeoman G. W.	68-69
Sims I. J.	63-71	Zavos S. B.	69-71
Smith G. H.	69-71		
Smith W. G.	48-71		
Solomon G.	70-71		
Standidge J. H.	58-71		
†*Standish J. W.	46-64		
Stevens J. R.	48-57		
Stothart A. L.	56-71		
*Symes I. A. H.	46-71		
Taylor A. R.	63-71		
Thomsen B. C.	68-71		
†Treadwell R. S.	66-71		
Treadwell W. J.	61-71		
*Triggs N. S.	46-60, 66-71		
Turner, J. T.	57-71		
Tynan J. C.	57-71		
Vance R. A.	49-71		
Voss P. S.	66-71		
Waddle B. A.	68-71		
Waddle G. A.	69-71		

† deceased
* foundation member

Sir Donald Bradman's Speech...

While not in its entirety... these are speech notes after all... we reprint a copy of Sir Donald's address at the 25th anniversary dinner...

It is very good to notice that you have placed me in my normal position – number three. I am grateful to the Chief Justice for having opened the innings and taken the shine off the ball. He displayed a wide range of shots in a very polished display.

Then your President played a blind hand. He told us three times he was intending to get on with it but didn't and stayed on the defensive rather long but it was a valuable innings which enabled me to study the bowlers at some length.

They may have overlooked that the match was limited to 45 overs and so now I am forced to get on with it.

Your President said that in his capacity he couldn't afford to score off the Chief Justice, even if that were possible.

Well let me tell you Sir that in my capacity it is my job to score off anyone, Chief Justice or not.

Last August I received a letter from Guy Smith inviting me to be the guest speaker. I duly accepted the invitation and then received a second letter from Mr. Guy Smith setting out the details. Tucked away in a corner of his letter was this sentence. "In case it is of some interest to you, I am sending a copy of our Annual Report".

Naturally I read the report with interest, especially when I came across this little piece rather like the small print on an insurance policy - "Sir Richard Wild and Sir Donald Bradman have both agreed to speak". That rather took the edge of my appetite, despite my wife's disarming rejoinder that surely I did not expect to be invited to dimer without having to speak.

I am reminded somewhat of the chap who was visiting America and he and his wife came to a village hall where there was a large sign reading "Strawberry Festival". They thought they would like some strawberries so paid their money and went in. Once inside they came across a tiny notice which read "we regret that owing to the depression, prunes will be served". All I can say gentlemen is that you have had your strawberries.

Despite the genius of your President in obtaining speakers, I am really happy to be here, even though I have to speak, and I thank you very much for the invitation.

It is a privilege to be at the Club's 25th Anniversary. It makes me rather envious, for that is one celebration I can never hope to recapture.

The day will come when your Club will, I hope, celebrate its 100th birthday. That will be

continues...

appropriate because of the magic of 100 in cricket parlance.

Here tell of Clem Hill's 99, 98 and 97 in consecutive Tests. Also Chipperfield's 99.

Then tell of even the magic of 100 in life when a man gets a letter from the Queen, etc. followed by story of old man who said "It's wonderful, I haven't got an enemy in the world. The buggers are all dead."

I was also envious, Mr. President, when I read in your letter inviting me here that your Club had a reasonably healthy bank account. That is another matter which I cannot share with you. mine looks very much like a man with high blood pressure, especially the colour. It is unusual for me to be at a club function of this kind.

For over 40 years I have been busily engaged either in playing or administering cricket at Test level, or at least in the first class sphere. That of course is merely the "shop window" of the game, and I think it is good that we all pause at times and reflect that the true substance and backbone of cricket is at grass roots level from whence Test Matches sprang.

To speak in the presence of the Chief Justice of New Zealand is of itself far bigger ordeal for me than having to bat in a Test Match, for it is in these circumstances and in this atmosphere that I become acutely aware of my lowly status. From the very earliest days, the Judiciary has wielded their power over cricketers just as ruthlessly as they still do.

After the very first recorded game between Kent and London in 1719 the men of Kent sued the men of London, presumably because the Londoners disputed the result and refused to hand over the £60 involved.

The case was taken to court and duly heard before Lord Chief Justice Pratt. Despite his knowledge of the law, his Lordship was forced to admit he did not understand cricket, so what was he to do? It seems the learned judge had the same low down cunning as the modern judges for he speedily solved his dilemma by ordering them to replay the match. It is humorous to add that when they did one of the Kent players was taken ill and the game had to be adjourned. It was concluded on a different ground two months later - the longest and probably strangest match in history.

I am sure we are all grateful that today judges are much more knowledgeable about cricket, and are in fact such devotees.

However, despite my humility in the presence of the Law, I take some comfort from that lovely story about the accused who entered the witness box and took the oath, whereupon the judge said to him "Have you a lawyer?". Back came the reply "No my lord, I have decided to tell the truth".

Now what can I say to an audience such as this? Perhaps it might not be out of place and of some encouragement to your members if I speak briefly of my own humble beginnings.

Looking back over my own career, I suppose basically the most satisfying thing is that it proved how a person without influence or power, or money, or background can be given unlimited opportunities in cricket both in the playing and administrative field..

As a boy, I attended a country State school we had no organised cricket but merely practised or had inter-class fixtures.

Up to the time of leaving school, I think I only played matches against outside teams, that is schoolboy teams from a neighbouring town.

Leaving school at age 14 (which for economic reasons was a necessity) I did not play cricket for 2 years and so it was 16 before I really began playing at any recognisable level in a District team. From there came the chance to play in Country Week in the city, then a request to play with a Sydney District Club.

To do the latter, I had to get up at 5 am. each Saturday morning, walk half a mile to catch the train which then took 21 hours to get to Sydney. At the end of the day, the journey was reversed and I would get home just before midnight. This was not feasible on permanent basis, so I obtained a job in Sydney. The firm went bankrupt (not because of me I hasten to add) so I had to get another job, which in the middle of the depression was not easy. Then came selection in a Second XI State side followed by a season in Sheffield Shield Cricket and finally the Australian XI.

A somewhat similar pattern saw the development of Bill O'Reilly, Stan McCabe, Doug Walters and other country lads.

I think we can be proud of our completely democratic system in Australia which means that if anyone displays ability, no matter what his status in life may be, he will be given his opportunity.

My father never made a century in his life but did some umpiring in the country (with about average disapproval from spectators and players – especially his son).

Describe further need to move South Australia. Another bankruptcy. Finally had to branch out on my own and managed to survive

Because cricket had done so much for me I felt in later years an urge to put back into the game whatever I could in the administrative field. For that reason I sought election to our SA. Cricket Association Committee and from there was chosen to represent that State on the Board of Control.

The Board elects a Chairman annually, but the Chairman may not be re-elected more than twice in succession, when the chairmanship must pass to another State. I am in my third and final year as Chairman.

Normally it is a fairly exacting job, but recently with the momentous political issues which have pervaded the cricket world, it has been rather a nightmare. Great principles are at stake.

At the International Cricket Conference, both this year and last, attempts were made to get the members to pass a resolution that no country should be allowed to play South Africa because of her racial policies. I fought bitterly against this suggestion, not because I approved of South Africa's laws, but because I thought it utterly wrong in principle that

continues...

one county should have the right to tell another country who it should or should not play. I'm glad to say the Conference upheld the principle involved.

But the question of racism and politics as affecting cricket remains unsolved.

Because of our special situation, I believe Australia and New Zealand may yet be able to make a very great contribution in this field.

At least it is one of the great challenges top our top administrators.

Cricket is currently passing through an era of unparalleled difficulty, but those who love the game must remain optimistic. I presume an optimist is one who fills in his crossword puzzles in ink – a pessimist is one who wears braces and a belt.

Cricket is the kind of sport that fills you with a deep abiding, affection that becomes part of you. It becomes almost a religion. In fact, quite a religion to some. When that great cricketer, the Hon. F. S. Jackson died, he received a hero's funeral and a Bishop referring to it at a later date said "There were hundreds of cricketers present and I could see how they revered him, as if he were the Almighty although of course infinitely stronger on the leg-side".

There is another religious affiliation in cricket lore.

It was a notable English writer and cricket lover who said he must have been all of 9 years old before he knew that Miller and Lindwall were not two of the Apostles.

What is the magic of cricket that it can stir the hearts and minds of the greatest in the land? Men like that most eminent Judge, Lord Birkett, who admitted he couldn't play at all, but loved every moment of the game and wrote wonderfully about it.

It was he who told the story of another famous English Judge who was doing the northern circuit. Arriving at Manchester, to be met by high officials and Civic dignitaries, the Judge observed on the platform a truck piled high with cricketing bags. He left the group, walked to the truck and laying his hand on one of the bags came back and said "Now I can always say that this hand has touched the bag of Johnny Tyldesley"

Cricket has this strange power of uniting men of all degrees, skilled and unskilled, binding them together in a common devotion to the game. It has produced many nerve-wracking finishes. History tells us of the man at The Oval who so forgot himself in a Test Match that he gnawed the handle of his umbrella. Many a devotee has ended his days as he would have wished, by dropping dead at a cricket match, as I nearly did at the fabulous tie between the West Indies and Australia at Brisbane.

The game held such fascination for England's significant all-rounder, Wilfred Rhodes, that for some 20 years after he became totally blind and up to the age of 90, he diligently went to cricket and enjoyed the scents and sounds and watched and enjoyed it all through his mind's eye.

The enthusiasm and patriotism that cricket generates sometimes becomes very heart warming. Take the little boy who so desperately wanted his side to win that he prayed for their success. He started with the opening bats - "God bless Hobbs, God bless Sutcliffe"

and so on to the bitter end when he concluded "And God bless leg byes".

Or even Sir Neville Cardus, who as a boy was an avid Lancashire supporter. One day he bought a paper and saw in the Stop Press that Lancashire had been dismissed by Yorkshire for 33. Cardus said he had to buy 3 papers before he would believe it.

Perhaps most remarkable of all is the incredible literature which has come out of the game and the matchless humour that has sprung, not from fantasy, but from fact.

Here tell the Story of The Oval 1933 and Arthur Wood

England 903 for 7 declared.

6 for 770 when Arthur Wood went in.

7 for 876 then he got out for 53.

Member — "Well played Arthur."

Answer — "Thanks, I'm always at my best in a crisis."

On the side of the barracker, I like another one just as well. It concerns the match between N.S.W. and Victoria on the Melbourne Cricket Ground. (Detail - story of Andy Ratcliffe).

No doubt many of you could match or better these stories, and so the charm of the game lives on.

The Chief Justice told a wonderful story about the New York paper which put a baseball writer on to do the musical commentary on a concert and he wrote that last night X wrestled with Beethoven. Beethoven lost.

That reminded me of Cardus' story of the man who came to Manchester and played the organ. It weighs 10 tons. Repeat.

Also the story of the man who was lost and asked the way to Carnegie Hall. Practise.

This has been a very short visit to N.Z. by my wife and me but already it has been a most heart warming experience thanks to the hospitality of your people.

Even the press live up to its highest traditions.

Many years ago, when I was in England - late at Hotel. Describe Pollceman etc.

Front page of paper - The night Bradman was locked out. Immediately adjoining it was a photo of Judy Garland with the big caption "A woman has to earn a living somehow".

What do you think he N.Z. press did to match that.

The day after we landed in Aucklnd they published an article headed "After Dinner Speaker not Talking" with a photo of my wife and myself. The immediate heading of the next article underneath which looked as though it related to us was "No Sterilisation".

I just want to say to the N.Z. Press for the flattery.

May I conclude by again thanking you for your great kindness to my wife and me on this journey and may I exhort you to continue your efforts for without club cricket there would be no other.

The following is taken from the ultimate in collections of cricketing yarns, Jeremy Coney, John Parker and Bryan Waddle's

The Wonderful Days of Summer

One of the most enjoyable things about cricket is the way tradition can mix so well with the unusual. While the serious go about the pursuit of their individual, and collective goals there's always that happy band of eccentrics with other aims.

Quaint names appear for cricket clubs — Erewhon, Nomads, Nondescripts, Ramblers and Wanderers clubs have sprung up around the world carrying the social message of cricket.

In Auckland there isn't a more enthusiastic bunch of eccentrics than those who religiously support the Queen Street Cricket Club, their strange ways evident in the club colours that incorporate pink.

In Wellington the New Ulster club accommodates those who enjoy the captivating traditions of socialising in creams.

Most have been modelled on such famous clubs as the Lord's Taverners or I Zingari, that not only offer fun cricket but support worthwhile charities.

In Wellington, the Wanderers club is approaching 50 years as a social club for invited members, where everyone is regarded as of similar standard whether he be test player or unco-ordinated hack. Members are united by the love of cricket, meeting annually to reminisce on events and the players that make up the club's history.

The Wanderers annual tour of southern Manawatu, Wanganui and Wairarapa offers the best opportunity to recall past deeds. Sunday through Thursday, the tour starts in Foxton, takes in Wanganui Collegiate, PNBHS and Dannevirke and Rathkeale Colleges.

It's developed legends like Tony Supa Dupa Cooper, who took a hat-trick the first time he bowled his slow, tempting donkey drops. As his teammates surrounded him whoopin' and hollirin' and slapping his back, Tony, dumbfounded by the celebration asked, 'Why, was that good or something?'

I batted with the same Tony Cooper on the club's ground at Waikanae, on a minefield of a pitch at

Peterfield Oval, before an artificial track was laid. Playing Masterton, a team that included a test player of the time in Richard Collinge, it was agreed short run-ups and no fast bowling. At 16 for 2, Supa Dupa arrived at the crease. He proceeded to advance down the pitch to Roc's first ball and dispatched it over the trees to the adjacent cow paddock.

That was followed by two similar agricultural slogs for the same result which, I realised with my greater experience, wasn't being greeted with the same mirth by one test bowler. The over completed, Supa Dupa confidently strode down the pitch, Saying 'Who is this guy? He's pretty easy.'

I suggested he remember the pre-game arrangement and not offend the bowlers or they might forget. And so it proved. Collinge failed to see the funny side of the Cooper onslaught and next over lengthened his run-up.

Unfortunately, I was the recipient. The proceeding over had been a few gentle mediums probably bowled by Dermot Payton. Playing to the spirit of the game, I worked a single on the onside that went behind point with all the finesse of an ice hockey player.

Collinge was champing at the bit to get the ball back and my every endeavour to keep the score ticking over off the last ball fell on Supa Dupa's deaf ears; he was having too much fun slogging boundaries. Although not dismissed, I had a painful reminder of the afternoon's proceedings as we celebrated a tied game afterwards.

I'd scored pretty well — boundaries over slips from the gloves, shoulder of the bat and my shoulder were mixed with a few direct hits to the stomach.

David Rollo was a retired army major who loved his

cricket and his gin and tonic. The Major fancied his skills as a wicketkeeper, but had an unusual style. The half crouch and fly trap take is not always the most efficient method of keeping wickets, a fact proven in one match against Wanganui Collegiate.

In the early days of the annual fixture, the school eleven was full of promising Central Districts age grade players, some of whom went on to first class level. It needed a strong Wanderers team often just to match them.

We mustered a useful side one year, including two first class bowlers, Arch Taylor and J. St J. Parsons, who was very quick, if a little erratic. Also included were two rep keepers, Alistair Botting and Trevor McMahan, and the Major. It was tradition for the boys to bat first and often they amassed unattainable totals. Fielding automatically, the Major donned lads and gloves and took occupation behind the stumps, two paces back.

Arch Taylor marked out his lengthy run-up, opening downwind. As he approached the bowling crease he stopped, spying the Major dangerously close. Don't you want to move back a little, Major? 'I bowl quite fast,' said Arch with genuine concern. 'No,' said the Major confidently, 'I always stand here.' Arch steamed in and let the first one, a loosener, go. Before the Major could move a muscle, it was through to the boundary unmolested. As Arch went back for the next ball, the Major reversed, a pace closer to the slips. This ball reached the boundary with even greater speed.

There was a record number of byes in the match... but not so many as might have been, had not the captain diplomatically suggested the keeping duties should be shared.

The club's ground at Waikanae was the originating point for many of the characters and events that prompted the true tales and few apocryphal stories that grace the annual dinner table.

Enthusiasm was never a shortcoming of Bob Nickalls. We'd set off on the tour on Sunday morning, Bob's car last to leave. But he'd then drive at maximum velocity to secure the only double bed at the Manawatu Hotel. Apparently nothing happens at anytime in Foxton so what Bob was going to do with a double bed on a Sunday night is still a cause of wonder.

It was nothing to be a little hungover playing Foxton but we always beat them. The worst possible fate would be to captain the first side to lose. They treat us well.

Sunday school starts in the bar, the team is picked, batting order is usually in the order of arrival to check in. There's no set start time. Bob was late arriving one year. We'd pulled a fast one and sent off an early car, and Bob was fifth. Fuming to be so low in the order, Bob took his *Sunday Times* into the changing rooms at the back of the pavilion and settled down in the wee room, padded and ready if required.

'Where's Bob?' came the cry as we lost quick wickets. Some knew but didn't say, and as another wicket fell Doc Aiken roused himself. 'I'll put some pads on as a precaution, in case Bob Doesn't show.' He didn't and another wicket meant a long pause waiting for Bob. No sign.

Doc, a quiet, thoughtful, slow bowler, economical of movement and as laid back as you can get, hauled himself from the deck chair, as the call went out for Bob. Doc ambled slowly to the crease and was just about to take strike when Bob appeared round the corner of the pavilion, fastening his creams, carrying bat, gloves and newspaper, and charged towards the pitch. He arrived as Doc, a left-hander, was taking guard. Bob, a right-hander, did the same.

Both were left facing each other, trying to take centre simultaneously Doc relaxed and nonchalant, Bob anxious not to lose a batting opportunity. Play resumed ten minutes later when Bob was persuaded to let Doc bat; after all, he was there first and it wasn't allowed to have three batsmen in at once.



Twenty five years on...

'This year our thoughts turn more to the future. Building on the traditions of the past the club is anxious to satisfy the wishes of existing members and to attract new members by providing the organisation to enable all members to play enjoyable cricket with pleasant companions in good surroundings'.....the words of the Guy Smith who was President in 1972 the year after the 25th Jubilee celebrations.

Whether or not they were words of anticipation or prophecy, they adequately forecast the clubs second 25 years.

Fortunately, through times of change, the traditions the founding members cherished, have been maintained.

A glance at the fixture list for that year reveals how much things have changed. No fewer than 25 matches were played in the 71/72 season, 12 against secondary schools while the programme for the 72/73 season detailed 15 games up to the end of January with another 13 ending with a match against the Women's Association to round off the season.

Sadly many of those fixtures have fallen by the wayside, Army, Erewhon, Masterton and even Club Day which attracted enough for two full teams, plus some, have all passed into obscurity.

But not all the old traditional matches have gone. One enduring feature of the Wanderers



Foxton stalwart George Robinson.

Club remains, the annual tour, always in the last week of November, it still attracts a faithful following and enough fresh blood each year to continue the custom.

Its often been an exercise in male bonding, 'what happens on tour stays on tour' has long been the motto.

But not all happenings deserve to be lost forever. It started initially as just a two day trip, Foxton on the Sunday, Collegiate on the Monday. To win at

Wanganui was always a remarkable achievement, the majority of Mondays team nursing a hangover and without recourse to Berrocca tablets.

As enthusiasm for the tour increased, so to did the tour. Dannevirke was added in 1973, and soon some clear headed, smart thinking touring regular worked out that Palmerston was en-route from Wanganui to Dannevirke and so Boys High was added. Wairarapa

College featured in the 1978 tour and the five match programme was maintained when Rathkeale replaced Wairarapa in 1981.

Lies have soon turned to legend following the tour. Foxton was a never great place to begin a week of intense competition against super fit schoolboys.

George Robinson, John Read, Fred McBrydie and Frank 'Crowley' Robinson were the most genial and generous host's, be it at Whytes Hotel, The Manawatu or a few jars at whichever ground hosted the match.

Most recently the game has been played at Horowhenua College and the same hospitality is afforded by Marhaz Narain, or 'Curry' to Allan Brider, Brian Batt and 'Jonesy' the pig farmer.

It mattered little that the pride of Central Districts Cricket was awaiting at Collegiate, Sunday night in Foxton was seldom a night of sleep.

God help those who got to bed before midnight. There were no locks on the doors at the Manawatu, and a lack of courage was rewarded with a wake up call.

Patience and tolerance were qualities often demanded but seldom shown. The air was blue



one evening at Whytes. A sit down dinner was served punctually at 8.00pm. Too early" said the group downing gin and tonics at the bar "We'll get takeaways later" they announced confidently.

But just like the group the previous year that went searching for a nightclub in Foxton on a Sunday night, they soon learned that nothing happens in Foxton on Sunday night. If the truth were told very little happens any night in Foxton. David Rollo

continued playing the piano until a slipped off the stool.

"I'll get up myself" he told the concerned bunch in his very military voice. Rollo, John Beck and one other unidentified non-eater searched high and low, inside and outside the hotel, ransacking the kitchen exploring for food.



Another match that was easy to fill was against The Wellington Womens team at Waikanae. It was a hard fought and at times vigourouse encounter often producing a tie breaker. Packing down with Nick Warner, Bill Lynch and John Hines is Pru Hyman. Celebrating above with the "champers" is John Beck.

The kitchen was spotless not a crumb could be seen, well not until the next morning when the kitchen staff arrived and questioned the early risers.

“Who didn't have dinner last night, there are still three chicken roasts in the oven.”

Wanganui is as traditional as you can get in a game of cricket. More than any other game it fulfils the Wanderers requirements of 'enjoyable cricket....in good surroundings.'

Collegiate has produced some outstanding cricketers in the period since the Wanderers have been touring, indeed some outstanding sportsmen.

David Kirk captained one side against the Wanderers, and a good number of Wanganui Old Boys are Wanderers and make the annual pilgrimage to the grand old school.

Many enjoyable times have been had at the headmasters house with Tom Wells, with Ian

McKinnon and with the many cricket masters who now play the annual fixture.



Allan Brider wakes up in Foxton full of the joys of summer with an unnamed 'sleeping partner'.

Norm Birkinshaw frustrated many with those miserly, I suppose you could call them outswingers, and of course Dermot Payton had a strong influence as coach at the school.

Recent years have produced some indifferent results at Collegiate and the same could be said for Boys High in Palmerston.

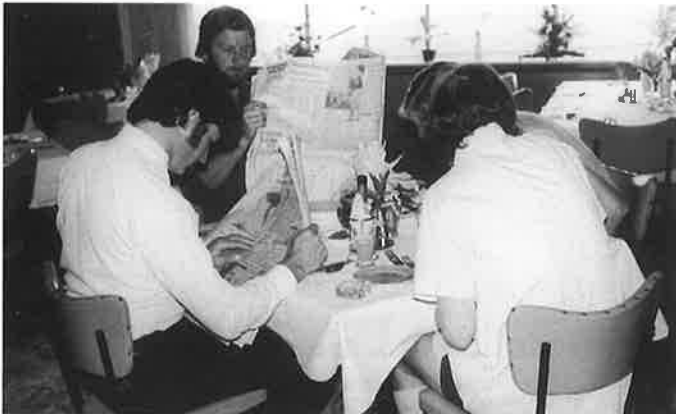
Former New Zealand wicketkeeper Ian Colquhoun instilled the same principles in his players as was evident in Wanganui, and since his

retirement, such strong personalities like Alex Astle and Stew Leighton have carried on the tradition of doing the basics well and being competitive.

They were certainly competitive. Those who had the misfortune to face Derek Stirling on a

green seamer, or Nicky Parkinson, or even Alex Astle who filled-in on occasions, will have many long standing bruises to remind them.

Dannevirke was a different story. Cricket wasn't their strong point but they did their best to encourage the game and in some years,



Breakfast on tour. Alvin Clement and Steve Joiner search for press comment on the match against Foxton.

An extract from a letter written by Rosalind Standish to our Patron, Dutch du Chateau, illustrates the way the womenfolk were taken for granted in the club's early days.

Rosalind writes.....

I remember when I first went to Waikanae, plus small children and all the necessary food and so on for the day. After the end of the match the men retired to the tent opened the keg, poured the beer or whatever. Talk and laughter soon ensued, got noisier - such good fun. Women, wives, girlfriends and kids were ignored, left sitting on the ground - unseen.

The minute we got home, I erupted. 'If you think I'm coming again to be treated as a nothing when I brought our lunch, our children and myself because you wanted me to, think again. I'll never come any more.' or something like that.

John was struck dumb - really. He'd never thought we girls would warrant being offered a beer but it changed, from then on we were invited to join you.

the evidence of that good work was exhibited by players in their second or third year in the first eleven. Nobody wanted to be the first captain to lead a losing side at Dannevirke.

Exhausted, and even humiliated at times, last stop was Rathkeale. Mike Fisher, the cricket master came from the same stock as Colquhoun, Astle and Burkinshaw, a nice friendly welcome, thoroughly hospitable, but murderous when they let their first eleven loose.

Many times on the Rathkeale amphitheatre, there was hours of toil in the hot sun, whether it was field first or win the toss and bat, so as to recharge the already overworked battery.



Tony Hunt suffering from amnesia at the Manawatu Hotel, Foxton.

There are so many reminiscences of 50 years of cricket, so many characters, to many to mention, after all, every Wanderer is a special character in his own right.

In Sir Donald Brahma's words 'the true substance and backbone of cricket is at grass roots level'.

Remember the best moments and savour them, erase the memory of the bad moments but learn from them and do as Guy Smith said in the 26th annual report 'look back with pride on the

accomplishments of the club during its history' and maintain the traditions that have made The Wanderers an enjoyable part of cricket life.

Final Acknowledgements

The obvious success of a club like the Wanderers does not happen just by itself. Over the years many people have made contributions in all manner of forms - financial, administration, volunteer labour or merely ideas.

Many of these contributions have been given under the cloak of anonymity or have gone unacknowledged by the greater membership. Nevertheless, they have been there and all have added to the strength and well-being of the Club.

In recognising these many people it is appropriate to acknowledge specifically the wonderful assistance received from the Norwood Trustees.

It can be said with certainty that the support and generosity of the Trust have ensured the success of the Club in attaining the long-held objective of adequate facilities for playing and promoting the game of cricket.

Dutchy du Chateau, Patron

Autographs



ONE DOWN THE GULLY

**Layout and design by Lone☆Star Publishing & Design Limited
Level 4, 326 Lambton Quay, Wellington. Phone: (04) 499 6912**



Christened.....the new artificial pitch at Waikanae was officially opened in 1988 and Patron Dutchy du Chateau displayed his bowling prowess on opening day. Umpire Blair Furlong attempts to conceal a smile while Duncan Priest in familiar pose, looks on athletically.



Preparing to bat on opening day 1 to r Paul Neal, with Richard Allan, Derek Alabaster and Keith Quinn concentrating on the game or suffering a headache.

