



**Village Cricket by Robin Harwood,  
extracted from "Memories Shared",  
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*"I can remember several cricket grounds. One was behind the Wheatsheaf in Anders Oak; Laurence Young, the builder in the village, started the cricket off there. He was our umpire and it was mainly thanks to him that pitches were prepared and kit taken care of. Then Albert Franklin rented the field which is the site of the current sports ground and we played there for a time but he ploughed it up in the Second World war and we moved to his field along Portway (where Keith Franklin's house is now). Then we finally moved back to the original site down Granborough Road where it is now.*

*There was no League cricket until after World War 2, just friendlies. The local village games were always needle matches and none more so than those against Granborough. Everyone wanted to play in these and one evening we arrived for an away game and were just about to start when the farmer who owned the field rushed across and stopped the game because he hadn't been picked to play.*

*In another game against Mursley, the opposing wicket-keeper stood with his foot near the wickets and, as the ball passed, he tapped them with his foot, the bails fell off and the batsman was given out. In the pub afterwards he laughed with the batsman and admitted what he'd done.*

*The umpiring was a bit suspect sometimes – it wasn't unusual to hear from a bowler whose father was umpire, "How's that, dad?" and the answer would come back, "Out! Well bowled, son!"*

*The team I played in from the late 1940s through to the early 1950s won the Buckingham and District Cricket League six times, which was quite an achievement! In my best match I scored ninety out of the one hundred and twenty runs. I was voted Best Batsman and Best Bowler one year. We played in two leagues and some of our medals were inlaid with real gold and silver. Ray Young was a good batsman – he could really cut the ball. There were two other Harwoods in the team too – Eric and Chib.*

*After bringing home the League Cup the celebrations went on and on. The cup was filled up time and again in The Bell all through the evening for drinkers and non-drinkers alike. One man was so drunk that, as he lay on the green, they thought he was dead! A search for another man the next day found him asleep on top of the coal in his shed."*