

## 1995-World Records in the CC game against Gloucestershire CCC

1995 was world record year as Gloucestershire were again the visitors and among their eleven were Javagal Srinath and Andrew Symonds. A number of records were set in this match, one a world record for Symonds who broke the record for the number of sixes in an innings (16) and for the number in a match (20) David hemp scored 157 his second consecutive century at Avenue Road and a career best. Srinath took 13 wickets for 156 to record his best bowling for an innings (7-93) and then for a match (6-63) Darren Thomas scored his career best batting(78\*) and took 5-99 in the Gloucester second innings



David Hemp, at rear, and Matthew Maynard leave the pavilion to resume their third-wicket partnership.

### World records at Avenue Road

ONCE again, the Avenue Road wicket lived up to its reputation for runs with more than 1,500 being scored - with two world records thrown in.

The drawn match between Glamorgan and Gloucestershire saw three individual scores of over 150 - and two world records by Gloucester-

shire batsman, Andrew Symonds.

The first came in his side's first innings when he hit 16 sixes in his unbeaten 254 - the most sixes in an individual innings.

Then in his second innings he hit another four for a match record of 20.

The rain-affected first day saw Glamorgan struggling, but a championship best 78 by Darren Thomas saw them to 334 on the second day.

Gloucestershire were struggling at 79-5 when Symonds came in and by the end of the day they were 373-7.

Symonds continued to slaughter the Glamorgan attack to steer his side to 461 to be followed by a 306-runs partnership for the 3rd wicket by Glamorgan's David Hemp and Matthew Maynard.

Glamorgan 334 (H Morris 78, D Hemp 71, S D Thomas 78no; J Srinath 4-74) and 471 (H Morris 62, D Hemp 157, M Maynard 164; J Srinath 9-76).

Gloucestershire 461 (A Symonds 254no; S Watkins 3-122, H Anthony 2-81) and 263-9 (M W Alleyne 64, A Symonds 76, M Lynch 56no; S Watkins 3-51, D Thomas 5-99).



World record breaker Andrew Symonds pictured in the field at Avenue Road.

**Glamorgan v Gloucestershire at Avenue Road**  
**The Match ended in a draw but not before Andrew Symonds**  
**broke the world record for the number of sixes in a first class**  
**innings (16) and then in a match (20)**  
**Gloucestershire had the upper hand until rain intervened and in**  
**the end they were clinging on for a draw. Glamorgan either**  
**way were doomed to be in the bottom third of the teams in the**  
**League. David Hemp (157) recorded a career best as did**  
**D.Thomas with (78\*) There was a 306 3<sup>rd</sup> wkt partnership**  
**between Maynard and Hemp and a 73 9<sup>th</sup> wkt partnership**  
**between D.Thomas & N.Kendrick. For Gloucester a 6<sup>th</sup> wkt**  
**partnership of 213 between A.Symonds & R.Williams**

### ***"When's Abergavenny?"***

by Nico Craven

The late and great John Arlott was referring to Basingstoke, where he spent his childhood, when writing thus about county cricket at Stroud in his Journal of the 1959 season . . . "Cricket at Stroud is a country occasion of rare nostalgia and importance. The folk there speak of 'the cricket' as we did when I was a boy, and the cricket sometimes came to us, seeming – like the circus elephants when they paraded through the main street – a very large matter indeed in our small country town . . ."

He could just as easily have been talking about Abergavenny – a very large matter indeed in my cricket-watching life. "When's Abergavenny?" is the first question that springs to mind (I already know about Cheltenham) and rolls off my tongue when the time comes for me to go fixture hunting in Wales and start outline out-ground planning for my travels with a notebook during the summer season to come that still lies a long winter of discontent away.

It's been like that with me ever since I read about it – 'Cricket at Abergavenny' – in David Foot's evocative, deckchair report from the Pen-y-Pound ground in some Sunday paper during the batting extravaganza of 1990, when county boundaries were crossed – 16 sixes and 249 fours – and the scorebook set free:

"Wales in wonderland – if you come from Worcester. It was a day when records outnumbered the bumble bees in the local hollyhock, a day for a canvas and easel almost as much as a cricket bat . . . The canvas was needed to capture arguably Britain's most informal and prettiest county ground, with its zigzag boundary ropes and refreshing lack of officiousness . . ."

The first time I saw Abergavenny ("Never mind about Paris"), the Gloucestershire team that took the field on a scorcher of a day bore little resemblance to the stardust names acclaimed by Stuart 'Buster' Hoskins in that old Cotswold codger's poetic tribute to the one and only Wally Hammond:

'Applause! "Glo'ster be fielding",  
 Jessop, Townsend, Charlie Parker,  
 Long Tom Goddard, my Hammond,  
 Follow their bearded leader . . ."

That 1991 side couldn't be faulted, however, when it came to sweating it out. Neil Hallam said as much in the Daily Telegraph ("Gloucestershire, living proof that perspiration can sometimes claim the same reward as inspiration..."), but not enough players had stars in their eyes when they took the

field. What Gloucestershire needed was a talisman – a colossus like Hammond or Procter – and the sooner he emerged from the shadows the better. I'd begin the day right by partaking of a full English breakfast in Wales at my base near Crickhowell. A king-sized Gliffaes kipper was followed by home-made marmalade every bit as good as the pitch at Abergavenny. Bowlers weren't expected to take wickets there, and my morning would have turned to joy if Gloucestershire had won the toss.

The scenic route to the ground took me through narrow lanes and over the River Usk at Llangynidr, where I found the natives friendly when I stopped and topped up with petrol and dispatched my first batch of wish-you-were-here cards to friends and relatives. One of them was mistaken for a prescription and taken to the nearest chemist.

The local garage was giving information away ("I'll tell you the best way to go") and the postmistress chasing after new business ("You've forgotten your change"). I noticed that the poster advertising a local cricket match took pride of place above the counter over the more mundane four-day statutory notices. Calling at Llangynidr for a stamp and a chat became an almost daily occurrence.

I knew that I'd come to the right place – a nice place – by the time I'd paid my dues at the gate. They actually seemed pleased to see me and nobody questioned my age. The Whitecoats could teach a lesson or two to those unsmiling gatemen at some other grounds I could mention ("We're not paid to smile") who never seem to learn – and yet to learn the meaning of good manners. To travel is better than to arrive at such places. The same could never be said of Abergavenny.

It was time to join the ladies. Mrs Beaumont and her augmented army of helpers were already hard at work at the start of a catering marathon, but she still found the time to smile in my direction ("Everybody calls me Dinky") when I entered her domain in the pavilion. She produced a steaming Indian-summer cuppa ("The first one's free") and put up with my nosy-parker questions while I drank it.

Abergavenny Cricket Club had been hosting county championship matches since 1983 – runs totted up in a day sometimes threatened to exceed the bar takings – but this was the first four-dayer to be played on the ground. There'd be some sore feet by the time the match ended – and they wouldn't all belong to the fielders.

I went and joined the two friendly officials who

*(continued opposite)*

were manning the barricades at the entrance to the members' enclosure. They let me occupy the only armchair and I sat and watched the world (of cricket) go by on a day when the sun had taken a shine to the game and the breeze was blowing a cool trumpet.

Abergavenny seemed like heaven on earth that August occasion in 1991, as it did two years later when I was watching the cricket from another favourite vantage point of mine, beside the flag pole of the adjacent bowling green, where they made me most welcome again ("You'll stay and have a cup of tea") and enquired about the state of play in the world of overarm bowling.

I looked over the manicured hedge that separated the bowls from the cricket, and there was one of the aforementioned officials, jovial Jim Mayers, all lit up and leaning on the revolutionary barrier. His smoking pipe of peace suggested utter contentment and seemed symbolic of the general feeling of well-being on county cricket days at Abergavenny, where 'Buster' goes on his chaffered way, leaving his poetry behind him:

'As sun's last amber lulls us,  
 Old codgers like myself renew  
 Some old battling Blenheim or Waterloo.  
 As our steaming ox-made bowler  
 Hurls hatred into the last over  
 Stumps uproot, car doors curfew clang.'

The last time I saw Abergavenny ("Paris can wait"), it was competing with the final Test for media attention. Gloucestershire's long-awaited talisman had finally emerged from the shadows and Andrew Symonds had me counting up to six every time the ball flew through the air and thrilled the crowd. His world-record batting – 16 sixes in an innings and 20 in the match – couldn't have happened at a nicer ground.

There's a suggestion that Abergavenny may have to give ground and perhaps become a bi-annual fixture within the next few years. This may make sense to the centraliser – the two-and-two-make-four brigade – who like to run a tidy ship, but real life isn't like that ("It's often an untidy mess") and Abergavenny is at the heart of matters under discussion in county cricket's corridors of power. Wise heads and hearts as big as cricket balls are what's needed by the decision makers.

What I believe Abergavenny needs is an annual fixture on a fixed date ("No, you can't get married then. You know it's Abergavenny Cricket Week"). Home made is best and that's what you get when 'the cricket' comes to Abergavenny.



Above Left Andrew Symonds leaving the field and right being presented by Brian Shackleton and Brian Mayers