

Cricket in Bugbrooke.

Bugbrooke Cricket Club at one time had its cricket pitch in one of the fields belonging to Mr Radburn Adams, this field was situated off to the left, down the bridal road off the Heyford Road, that leads through to The Byre, home and farmhouse to the Adams's.

To the left of this track way was a thatched barn and the gateway into the field where they played cricket, or to the rear of what is now known as ladder Makers yard.

From what I have been told they were playing cricket in this field, in the years before the second world war, and after up until the early 1950s, when they moved to the West End of Bugbrooke in the field belonging to Dr White.

The cricket pitch was at the far side of this field next to the Brook, for it had a makeshift Pavilion that was either not finished, or had been vandalised, for as a very young boy I remember climbing up the spars on the inside of it, and sitting on the beams to watch the cricket matches.

I well remember some of the Adams's family playing for Bugbrooke, also the Rev Charles Harrison the Rector, one man who I loved to watch was Joseph Hakes, for at times he would hit the ball all over the place and score many runs, another man to do this was Gavin Fields, his mothers maiden name was Higginbottom.

Some times instead of watching the cricket, we would take our socks and shoes off, and go for a paddle in the brook, during this period in time the brook had a hedge both side of it, so when having a paddle, it was like being in a tunnel with the hedge tops touching.

Parts of the brook would be very shallow with a gravel bottom with the water babbling over them, other parts would be too deep to paddle or wade in, with the water hardly moving, as it was three to four feet in depth, as I found out in later years when I could swim.

At this time the brook was teeming with fish, if and when we had a net it took no time at all to fill a jam jar, that we always emptied back before going home.

Up in the bushes or hedge, there was lots of grass and rubbish at different heights to where the water rose or flooded, leaving these tidemarks some higher than we could reach, even when standing on the top of the brook banks,

Some parts of the brook were to be partial blocked by boughs or by large pieces of wood, making small waterfalls, where they had blocked the normal flow from one side to the other,

Over the years before the cricket pitch was moved to the West End of the village, I recall many activities going on in this field, beside playing cricket, as at times they would have sports days, with lots of different activities going on, with pillow fights on a pole, that I always loved taking part in, win or lose as it was such fun, I was not big enough to take part in the tug of war, some times it was done over parts of the brook where there was no obstructions, so the losers got soaked, I was quite good at getting apples from out a bath full of water with my mouth as I had very sharp teeth, not only that one old fellow told me to suck hard on it as well as biting into it, I was none too keen to get the apples from out of the top of a bag of Flour, but I would manage in the end, finishing up looking like a Ghost, I know it was great fun, as the laughter never seemed to stop.

Some of the memories of my childhood days.

Stanley Joseph Clark.