

*Another cricket story from Broadmoor days (1970s?)*

### **Another cricket story from Broadmoor days**

Each year I tried to arrange a match, Patients XI versus a guest team, and one year I gathered a very mixed guest team. I cannot now recall who exactly my team comprised but certainly in it were two former patients now discharged, a county cricketer, David Evans of Glamorgan, my cousin John Riddy (who had played occasionally for Warwickshire), Bill Pertwee the air raid warden in the TV show "Dad's Army" who had played cricket with me at Southend, a couple of staff nurses from Broadmoor, two of my neighbours at New Wokingham Road Crowthorne, and one chap from the Ministry of Health who had several times played for the Gentlemen of Berkshire.

The game was very entertaining and the weather sunny. The viewing spectators loved the occasion, the guest team enjoyed the game and I was pleased with the pleasure everyone clearly got. Most of the visitors had come in individual cars so, after the game, we all (except the two ex-patients who had to catch public transport home) went for a drink in the Staff Club, and then left in convoy to go down to our house in New Wokingham Road, where Dorothy was preparing an evening meal for us all. I asked my cousin John Riddy to lead the cars as he knew where our house was - and I would be in the rear of the convoy to re-direct anyone who got lost. All went smoothly and Dorothy stood at the door awaiting our arrival. I had said to all those who had never been to our house and never met Dorothy "Just follow John's lead and do whatever he does". So John led the chaps up to Dorothy, kissed her and walked into the house. The others all remembered the advice; each in turn clasped her in his manly arms, kissed her to her astonishment and walked in. I am not sure how much she enjoyed being so greeted but I felt there were not many husbands who would have provided their wives with such a lavish supply of men and kisses.