



"Who says your way is right" said Darryl<sup>Phillips</sup> "Just because he run this cricket club differently to the other, Sydney clubs doesn't mean we are not right or rather that you Gallahs have got the right method". ~~Dennis~~<sup>Darryl</sup> continued

"Darryl + your club just isn't profitable enough to keep in the competition". All the other clubs are businesses in their own right". Mr Phillips replied to Dennis.

"You don't get it do you mate, Its not about who the Guildford makes any money, Its a family club, run by families, not CEOs with egos the size of Jupiter, I don't



"Go what you say make (you can't kick us out, you just can't" ~~Darryl's~~ <sup>Darryl</sup> answered, annoyed at the conversation.

"Darryl its not my decision make, its the board. Don't blame me" Phillippe replied.

"Oh yeah, bloody well wide behind ~~by~~ your board you coward. This is definitely ~~to~~ not the last you'll hear of this make, we ain't going down without a fight" Darryl puts the phone down annoyed.

Darryl was the secretary of the Guilford cricket club that was one of the teams in the Sydney competition. It was a small club in comparison to the falcons



and Eagles, who were a share based club that ran like a corporate business but Darryl did not care. Guilford club had been founded by ten families ~~eight~~ in 1912 and was still run by descendants of ~~the~~ those founders in 2002. Membership was free, and the competition fees were raised through social outings, family gatherings and fund raising. Other clubs had hefty playing fees and demanded success from their players. The remarkable thing was despite Guilford being the least professional club of all it was still middle of the table. ~~The~~ The first grade side wouldn't win the competition but they were never disgraced.

Darryl had recently received a letter



stating that Avil Ford was to be forced out of the Sydney league. Apparently the cricket board had made assessments of all the clubs' financial assets, ~~and~~ ground facilities, success levels and decided that only quifled was to be kicked out. The board it seemed wished for the Sydney league to be one of the best in the world, and to do this is needed progressive, commercial clubs, not family run, clubs.

Darryl ~~Dennis~~ walked over to the couch and sat down, obviously distressed. His wife Mel walked over and comforted him.

He "Darryl Darrl what's wrong?" she questioned.



"Met they want to kick us out of the  
et competition. They say we are in  
the way of progress. It really gets  
up my nose. They don't want family  
clubs, they want grand corporation  
that have cricket as just one of  
its faces." ~~De~~ Darryl replied rubbing  
his face with his hands.

The next day was the first match  
of the year and there was a massive  
turnout from the Amford Supporters  
for the first grade match. It was  
obvious that word had leaked  
about what was facing the club  
and the cricket ~~to~~ family wished  
to show its support. It also seemed  
that the ~~the~~ Sydney Cricket board  
members had tuned up as well  
to see what the club was doing.



One of the men dressed in expensive suits, as were they all, walked over to the sausage sizzle.

"I'd like two sausage sandwiches please" the man asked. "How much is that?"

"Nothing mate, it's free" replied the man in the world's greatest chef apron.

"What do you mean free?" How do you make money if you're just giving them away?" He queried.

"It's not about the money, it's about the families and supporters, gathering and having a good time. \* But I guess it won't be happening for much longer. You workers want to kick us out don't you" He replied



"I don't know how you know ~~it~~ that, but I can assure that nothing is definite, we are only looking into matters." The man in the suit replied.

The day was successful for the Anilford faithful for the first grade side beat the Morpeth Mammoths convincingly. The next day Darryl called a general meeting to discuss the future of the club. All the players, the families and more turned up to offer their support. Darryl walked over to the microphone and started talking.

"I am sure you all know by now that they want to kick us out of the competition. Now I can assure you that the club is doing everything it can to fight this. We need your help however in order to be more

effective. I have discussed this with my colleagues and although we do deeply regret having to go to such measures, I'm afraid we will have to introduce playing fees for this season. The fee will be \$50 for each senior player and \$25 for the junior." Dennis spoke, nervous of the reaction.

~~It~~ Instead of the expected barrage of complaints, the gathering responded by clapping and cheering of the people who were determined to stand up for their club. One man in the back started to sing the eels song for Amiford's mascot was an eel.

"You ~~here~~ hear a tremendous roar go up when Amiford takes the field, you hear the mighty roar of



to mighty eels, they play it hard  
they play it tough, they really like  
to win, if you want to see how  
cricketers play then come and see the  
eels, good on ya Aul and you're  
brave and you're bold, you're  
fighting fit you're true and blue  
to you're worth you're weight in  
gold, and when you see the  
opposition slowly start to yield,  
you raise your voices to the sky,  
and glory the eels..." ~~and~~

This rendition was met by an enormous  
cheer by the people and ~~then~~ Darryl  
and the spirit of the club could be  
heard at the Sydney Cricket boards  
head quarters on the other side of  
town

Over the next six months Darryl and



his supporters raised funds through trivia nights, dinners, dances and secured a number of sponsors. He regretted resorting to the means of the other clubs but he knew he had to in order to stand a chance. He kept in his mind though that the club was still the same at its core with families enjoying it, running it, and supporting it.

Darryl was even able to secure an interview on national television on a current affairs program. He stated his case and asked that everyone who supported Quilford or supported their cause should gather outside the Cricket boards office at Adelaide <sup>or Saturday</sup> <sup>10/11/74</sup> in a protest march against their exclusion from the next seasons cricket competition.



When that day came crowd Dennis and many of his supporters travelled by train across Sydney wearing their teams jersey and singing the team song, hoping for a few hundred people to turn out. When they arrived, half an hour early he was disappointed. There was perhaps fifty or sixty people gathered outside the office. Darryl was absent, after an hour to turn home when he learned that an accident on the ~~the~~ Glebe Bridge has caused massive traffic delays. Sure enough within another hour thousands upon thousands of people started assembling on the road outside the office block. The road had to be blocked off and eventually near 1 one hundred thousand people turned up. Darryl was even greeted by six of the heads of other ~~cricket~~ cricket



teams from the Sydney competition.

The rally was of enormous impact on the Board. Those six clubs who supported Amikoid's cause threatened to pull out and this was too much for the board to cope with and consequently submitted to popular demand