

1) Mr. Peter Fisher,

An enigma to the world,

But can tonight his mystery discretely be unfurled ?

A man of many talents, well-hidden you'd agree,

Till he emerged like Chris Tarrant on children's ITV.

2) Mr. Peter fisher, many years ago

Would wait patiently to bat, - with his pipe aglow,

But now we never see it and you may question why

We never see that acrid smoke blooming to the sky.

3) Even for eccentric Pete was it far too wacky ?

No! it was too hard to get - his favourite choice of Baccy.

The Problem peaked in Plymouth, down towards the docks

Pete met two old gnarled sailors – in their summer frocks

They friendly offered him a smoke – but he declined their fag.

Then he naively asked them for some rough cut navy shag.

4) When the fracas had subsided it was not a pretty site,

And since then Peter's Peace Pipe has never seen the light,

And smoking for our hero would never seem the same

But I must admit, it did improve his game.

And with a name like Fisher , he never missed a catch,

He may have chucked his pipe,

But he would never throw a match !

5) Now Pete has had his moments, mainly with the bat

Or fielding in the covers as agile as a cat (Garfield !)

Or straight driving at Stamford - against a bowler of great pace

It was a piece of pure theatre to see the shock on Peter's face !

(1)

6) But Pete, remember Bampton, - dear Bampton in the Bush,

No! twas not a Yankee girl on whom he had a crush !
But a tour destination - with an interesting track
That would a certain frisson to any pace attack.
The pitch it was a minefield, - windswept and eroded
And it looked as though half the mines ---- had recently exploded !

7) Obviously when batting - we were quickly skittled out
But we had our hero who went in and stopped the rout
A certain Mr. Fisher, of whom we're very fond
Who swung his old Grey Nicholls like a magic wand.
A veritable Boycott, in the midst of rural Oxon,
And with that bumpy bowling -- he was glad he'd got his box on !

8) But cometh the hour cometh the man !,
We needed Pete to win it !
Cometh the hour ? HUH !
From what I've heard it's more like half a minute !

9) But I digress - batting prowess

We should focus on

Top score that day of eighteen was really worth a ton !
With a little help from extras he went on to win the match
And he will also probably tell you - that he took a brilliant catch !
next year at the re-match - on another pitch less shifty
He strode out like David Gower and went and scored a fifty (but we lost !)

10) Yes it's Mr. Peter Fisher - carving his own path,
Ignoring all shocked faces - in his aftermath,
He always thinks uniquely - He's no time for the mundane
He shuns boring conventions- such as, getting off a train !!

11) Yes it's Mr. Peter Fisher, convention he perplexes
He plays a part then switches,
(He has) a long, long list of exes,
Ex Barford chairman for 3 years
Then social sec for two
Then tour sec - then fixture sec
Is there nothing he can't do ?
Any secretary's position - you can add the prefix " ex "
And it seems to me for ten long years
He was obsessed by secs !

12) His work place was Fosmula,
From whom he left with thanks,
(for) making measuring instruments
You put in petrol tanks
Can we gauge his contribution ?
Did he earn a place in Mensa ?
No ! his not so measured comments never passed the sensor !

13) Mr. Peter Fisher - has foiled us , we now learn,
He's left beloved Wellesbourne, -- never to return,
I called, but found him absent- (a normal state of Mind)
So I called round to a neighbour – who appeared quite refined
I asked this neighbour simply , why had Peter moved ?
He smiled and said " Well, the neighbourhood's improved !"
Did they go to be near family ?

He said " No! not a bit
The rumours got extensive so he did a moonlight flit !

(3)

14) But BCC will miss him, a stalwart to the last,

And for all his work through four decades

We will forgive his chequered past.

But as a full life member, we hope you'll keep in touch

And tour with us for years to come – and cheer us on and such.

15) And as small memento - before you sadly part,

May I present to you - a classic work of art ?

By a masterly Mike Ireland , you must admit “ not bad”

Taken from a photo from Peter's toothpaste ad !