

Match Report - Saturday 27th July 2013

Bledlow Ridge 2s v Wolverton 2s - Home

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SHAUN DRYDEN AND LAST-GASP RAIN WREST MAN-OF-THE-MATCH AWARD AFTER HAWKINS FLUKES 143 NOT OUT

UMPIRES IN AWARD-WINNING CHUCKLE BROTHERS PERFORMANCE

JUDE MCINDOE TAKES BLAME FOR MAGNIFICENT TEA

WOLVERTON'S BUTLERS KEEP RIDGE WAITING (GEDDIT?)

RIDGEBEARS REPORT TAKES RECORD FOR MOST-EVER HEADLINES

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BRCC 252-3 dec – 45 overs
Wolverton 248-7 (48.4 overs)

Drawn – (Abandoned – rain)

This game was mostly about the rain. There wasn't any, despite BBC Weather's prediction it would start at 9am, at least not until the vital match-deciding last moments of the match.

How did it become so vital? The story starts with covers on, sheets on and raincoats at the ready. Before that it had started with a magnificent week by Taggart, getting a team together.

Shak(E)y was persuaded to forget about his recent back operation again and keep wicket on the basis his doctor has told him not to bat or bowl but hasn't mentioned 'keeping. Malik and Saeed, in the umpteenth week of Ramadam (not 'Ramdin' Brooksie) braved the hot weather without even water, Tex gave up an afternoon looking after Albert, Freddie gave up an afternoon on the piano, Baz came back early from his holiday in Suffolk, while Doug could not think of anything he would be doing if there was no cricket.

To add to it Malcolm the Guv'nor gave up his afternoon standing around doing nothing, to, well, stand around doing nothing and umpire for us. No one had even asked him to dress as a combination of Father Brown and Albert Steptoe but it added character to the afternoon. Even if his long white coat did make it look as though he might be returning to a 'Home' in the evening rather than to conduct his usual Saturday evening performance as the other half of the Chuckle Brothers.

Before we batted, attention was drawn to physical evidence that MS Donnelly might be in love, prompting the memorable comment by Freddie that “Matt is going out with a Vampire”.

Thus inspired, Baz and RolfeDog went out and compiled 160 for the first wicket..

Mindful of the possibility of collapse against the spin of Colin Keighley and Glenn Dickinson, the openers guarded their wickets. RolfeDog ‘compiled’ 55 while Baz fluked a lucky 143 not out which just about made the return from Suffolk worthwhile.

Once out, RolfeDog returned to the pavilion and sat painfully on his coccyx. What was it doing there? Saeed and Malik had a smash and a crash, Baz continued while Doug brought some semblance of order with a redoubtable 1 not out and Captain McTaggart was clearly out of his senses declaring after 45 overs with only 252-3 on the board.

RolfeDog’s tea was a tea made by a man for men.

No golden sausage rolls, no strawberries coated in chocolate, no fruit salad. Just sandwiches, porkpies and chocolate. There was one exception; Jude decorated jam scones with cream to add an artist’s touch. His job done, RolfeDog sat outside eating his food while Jude stayed in the kitchen taking the blame for this corner-café tea. I did notice that everyone who complained had a full plate.

Surely we could not go wrong with 252 on the board? They got up to 80-1 Matt D having bowled Roger Garrini and it was only some excess showing-off by Baz in a blatant attempt to secure Mo M, with two catches in the gully, one a ridiculous one-handed diving effort, that reined them back. But after McTaggart’s third wicket Wolverton’s fifth wicket pair took them within about 15 runs of victory with several overs to spare.

How did this happen?

In 1987 one Trevor Butler was opening the batting for Bucks and he played in the historic NatWest trophy win over Somerset at High Wycombe in 1987 followed by the game at Warwickshire against the bowling of Alan Donald and co.

He plays very little now. Well you wouldn’t would you if you had had open-heart surgery? But he chose to play his first game of the season in this vital near-bottom-of-the-table clash, with a variety of sons he has churned out for the benefit of Wolverton CC. So we got slowly battered by someone with a stent who guided his able young partner to the point of victory.

While this was happening McTaggart came near to “bleeding-heart” surgery, having become more and more frustrated all afternoon at something or other. He peaked (or ‘piqued’!) with the comment designed to encourage us to move quicker after one over : “There’s no point running through the overs quickly if

we are walking between them” and promptly posted himself to long-off at the end furthest to which he was bowling.

Behind the stumps, ShakyE, inspired to take up keeping by the absent PC Ady Summons (“I could never be as bad as him”) could no longer stop his Richie Benaud impressions. “Heezsh shmakked that sshhott for another maaaavellous shix”.

Tex had ceased congratulating his teammates on fine bowling and Saeed had stopped asking which part of the US Tex was from having finally understood the connection between “Tex” and Texas” and that Tex had never been a Bee Gee.

The game seemed lost. But we had reckoned without Doug and Shaun... and the rain.... Well the storm.

We had appealed gently to the two Malcolming umpires that the ball was by now too wet to play with. This fell on deaf ears: mostly because our Malcolm for sure has deaf ears. Must do after a lifetime of talking.

So we continued. McTaggart’s *stint* had not proved as effective as Butler’s *stent*, but with only a dozen needed Doug got him LBW!

“So he faced Alan Donald OK but I beat him for pace” remarked Doug later.

Then an inspired first and only over by Shaun with a clean bowled as the rain began to get stronger. Then....with only five needed for victory and Wolverton six down, their fine young player whose name I cannot remember, hit one in the air... straight to McTaggart. The latter had no idea it was coming his way of course until the rest of the team yelled at him, shouted out the SatNav location of the ball’s likely arrival, he spotted the ball and somehow caught it.

As if to demonstrate how wet it was, the batsman had let go of his bat which prescribed a large arc before landing tantalisingly near our own Chuckle Brother.

Rain, five to get, a batsman to find his way to the wicket and no way to dry the ball. While RolfeDog left the field to find some cloths the rain increased and the game was finally ‘called’ by the two Malcolms, as being too wet even for ducks, ha ha, of which for once, there weren’t any.

Well by the time it was all over we had the momentum so who knows what way the game might have gone. Five to win, two new batters in and Doug and Shaun “on fire” (the mention of “fire” being a slightly touchy subject at our ground at the moment and would that there had been a rainstorm Thursday before last, to put out the embers). But the odds would still have been on Wolverton winning.

So it was a draw and McTaggart’s inspired team-raising and the response of many players to help both teams resulted in a fine points outcome for the 2s.

In the bar Malcolm-Wolverton-Umpire thanked his partner Malcolm-Bledlow-Ridge-Umpire and commented on his partner's fine sense of humour.

With judgement like that, no wonder neither of them had been able to see the rain.

RolfeDog

Marleene Deitrich is on holiday.