

## MATCH REPORT

### BLEDLow RIDGE 1s V ASTON ROWANT 3s (Away)

Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> May 2015

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## **Ridge register first win in catching festival shock horror**

*Umpire claims (correctly) he could “keep better with his  
head”*

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BRCC 1s                    254-5 (52 overs)  
Aston Rowant 3s        144 all out (43.1 overs)

**Won by 110 runs**

Catches win matches.

I *caught* sight of a hulking figure in the doorway of our changing hut – only for a moment though, before all light was obscured like a lunar eclipse.

Debutant David Hywel Alwyn Morgan Reese Tegvan Yestun Llywelyn Jones, from the northeast of England, friend of Simon Llllloyddddd had arrived and immediately impressed with his ability to get into my spare Ridge shirt.

TombsDog, we soon learnt, had failed to hold a *catch* the previous evening and had been forced to make a late, unexpected retreat from a far-off five-bed dwelling house.

We were nearly all there but who was this? After a two year break Middsy finally *caught* up with us and opened the batting.

He has obviously slowed up as he only made 47 of an opening partnership of 79 with RolfeDog, who got his leg in the way (more than Geoff had done the previous evening) *catching* the attention of the young umpire who, during the winter, had unfortunately trapped his hand between a digger and a dump truck, rendering all but one finger useless for the foreseeable.

That one digit was enough for RolfeDog, legs in front, but was held in reserve for a confident appeal against Llllllloydddddyy and then unleashed later in the

same over for one which, if Lloydddy's reaction was anything to go by, he possibly did not hit.

As he left the pitch Rowant had a conference and generously called him back. Less generously someone on the touchline observed that if Rowant are so kind as to call batsmen back when given out, this might account for their position at the foot of the table.

Midsy was caught for 47 and Fats and Lloydddy put on a few before the umpire's active finger came to life again and accounted for Mr Martin who much to the amusement of the rest of us was not called back as we wanted to see George bat.

George started slowly then exploded; Simon was going well by this time but fortunately did not explode. During their partnership we witnessed the 'Strange Incident of the Umpire and the Appealing Bowler', wherein Umpire Alan delivered a lecture on appealing, to a surprised bowler Sam Shepherd who was unaware that a similar lecture had once been delivered to Dan Strange formerly of this parish, albeit with the visual aid of a cricket stump.

George was of course, batting Georgeously by this time and one could not imagine him getting out, so he solved that problem by being run out (not for the first time this season) for 59. By this time David Hywel Alwyn Morgan Reese Tegvan Yestun Llywelyn Jones had replaced Lloydddy who had made a meagre 53. Hwyl Whatsit had a brief look and started thrashing the bowling to all parts ending with 32no; Brooksie briefly joined him making 6 no and pushing his average up to somewhere just over a million.

We had to bowl a team out and hold our catches to win. The most remarkable thing of all was that Scott (who had spent most of the afternoon so far on a sofa on the edge of the boundary) held the first one. Fats held the second at wide slip - no pun intended - and when Matt Donnelly held one off Paul Plumridge who had made 91 the week before, we were faced with the prospect of Taggart taking all 10 wickets, all caught off his bowling.

Luckily Umpire Alan intervened, granting the Geordie with a long Welsh name, an LBW. By this time our total was beyond reach but could we get the next six wickets?

Hugo Fry, who sounds like someone who ought to have been in Blackadder, launched a huGe skier. Georgeous set off after it more in hope than expectation. As the ball returned to earth George kept running clearly under the impression that it must have gone over the boundary only to find it in his hands. A truly Georgeous catch.

Five down and hope... but at this point Sam Stonewall arrived at the wicket and gave one of the great displays of blocking ever seen in Division 5 - one assumes. Five runs from 49 balls is something even RolfeDog has never managed and not even Umpire Alan could get him out.

Taggart squeezed an LBW out of younger umpire giving the latter an unassailable 4-1 lead in LBWs, less happily for us giving Taggart five wickets. Paul Humphreys offered resistance before being caught behind by Brooksie off Fats which must signify the lowest point in his career. Well it could have been Caught TombsDog I suppose.

Notice all these catches? They win matches! This catching was catching.

Despite his catch Phil Brooks was by now on the receiving end of a good deal of stick from his father about his 'keeping which seemed fine to us but which Umpire Alan reckoned he could have done better with his head. We are not sure of the training routine for 'keeping in this fashion.

We needed three more – re-enter Matt Donnelly bowling at about twice the pace of his first spell and almost inducing a shot from Stonewall Sam. He did induce a catch – another one – to end a spirited innings of 25 from young Joe Chown and this one was held by David Hywel Alwyn Morgan Reese Tegvan Yestun Llywelyn Jones who did not want to be left out.

The Geordie Welshman returned to bowl with the brief to “make them play”.

This he did but with Rowant wanting about 120 and eight wickets down he might have been surprised that Jacob Humphreys chose this moment to introduce the reverse sweep and managed to be both bowled and hit wicket.

One wicket wanted with 8 overs left. Could we do it? Would we catch it?

Well we did not need to because Lee Anning decided this was time to launch another missile into the stratosphere to see if George would strike lightning a second time, unfortunately missed and was bowled, appeared to rupture himself in the process and went through the process of shaking hands in a state of near collapse while Sam Stonewall looked on in disbelief at the other end.

A win at last. 25 points our reward finally, for scoring 990 runs and taking 33 wickets in four matches so far.

A good day only ruined by the news that Ady Summons had made 110 not out for Rowant 4ths and mitigated by his return and the purchase of a large jug of beer.

It's had to imagine he did not offer a catch.