

# Bledlow Ridge 1s v Horsley 2s

Away: Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> July 2018

-----

Rain Defeats The Ridge But Makes Brooksie  
Happy

## **Alan and George in Slithering Contest as Hamsah and Gilet Each Take Four Wickets**

Gilet's Brain on Statistical Overload

-----

Twyford: 168 all out (52 overs)  
BRCC: 62-2 (12 overs)

### **Result: Match Abandoned - Rain**

The carphone rang. It was Brooksie. "It's going to piss down all afternoon" he said cheerily after 70 consecutive days of sunshine.

A win at bottom-of-the-table Horley would help us pull away from one or both of the other top sides, Challow and Twyford, who were playing each other.

In bright sunshine Twyford were 3 for 3.

BenDog caught Andrew "Shagger" Parker off Dakes in the first over. Shagger who had made 82 in the first fixture went quickly back to his nest.

Unusually this was the only wicket Dakes would take during the innings though he was mean as usual. "Great shape" called SamDog after one particular delivery. I reflected that SamDog and I had known Dakes for about 20 years since he came to High Wycombe CC as a junior and that in all that time he had received a number of compliments (probably as many as half-a-dozen) but "great shape" wasn't one of them.

Hamsah, had given up expecting anyone to take catches after BenDog shelled one off Henry "Half" Moon, who, try as he might, couldn't get anyone to put him out of his misery at facing Hamsah on a lively bouncy wicket. Hamsah chose the better option of hitting the

wickets and bowled David Quinney and "Half's" father (presumably) Perran "Full" Moon (as if you need a nickname with a name like Perran) who departed with the comment "Well that worked well" as he was bowled the first ball after altering his stance.

Half Moon began to burn brightly, this, only two days after Friday's lunar eclipse had caused a Red Moon. After 68 days of consecutive clear skies, the sky had clouded over Britain on Friday evening so the Great British Public could not witness the event for themselves. Photos from elsewhere in the world only proved what we know already: that the moon is made of Red Gloucester.

Later BenDog shelled Half Moon again who turned around and said "hard cheese". By now though, they were 28-5, Mike "Statto" Gillett having accounted for Richard "Lion" Hart and Mark "Bath" Tubb. Two wickets close together is a rarity for Statto - he finds it hard to bowl just after taking a wicket as his mind is busy updating his average.

He was also busied with regularly recalculating George's Diving Score. This, George was maintaining at around 50% for Success, but well over 80% for Style...at least until he gave chase to a lost cause down the hill which ended up with a self-tripping manoeuvre and a belly-slither into the hedge. Once Statto had allowed for the Neymar Factor, George's percentage for Style rocketed to 94%.

So far so good and no sign of rain, or of Brooksie who was very quiet at gully. The only other aspect of our fielding of note (other than all BenDog's dropped catches while standing in for RolfeDog at slip, no offence meant) was Gilet's method of throwing the ball in underarm in an action reminiscent of a Nineteenth Century Dutch Windmill.

Why he chose Holland for inspiration when there were many fine windmills in Buckinghamshire to Yorkshire is anyone's guess (though orange may have been his favourite colour at school) but the outcome was almost the exact reverse of his bowling action with less accuracy.

As the ball softened, Horley fought back. BenDog shelled a chance at slip off Half Moon (did I mention this before?) this time off Hillarious who seems destined to bowl a few unlucky overs before being taken off. BenDog had been promoted to first clip as RolfeDog was by now fielding in one of the euthanasia positions under the lid, Short Euthanasia Leg in fact. It was on crossing to Silly Euthanasia Point on the other side that the plug had been pulled on Bath Tubb who chipped one up two balls later and RolfeDog was given a bear hug by Gilet which nearly asphyxiated him.

The comeback continued with an assault by Simon Cox and for us, the unusual experience of sensing relief when a delivery only went for five, as the previous two had gone for six. Hamsah accounted for him on his return, snaffled by RolfeDog in the more usual lid-position of Short Euthanasia Leg.

Drawing inspiration from George, Alan went for the double-legged side-slither. The ball passed him to the boundary, so he gained low marks for Content but 95% for Style putting him straight into the lead at the first attempt. Eat yer heart out, George.

Unluckily for 16-year-old Half Moon, he had been unable to get out before the return of Hamsah and having given up on Keeps at first slip, tried SamDog behind the stumps but the latter got BenDog fever and shelled a diving chance. It was only at this point that BenDog

realised Half Moon was too young to buy him drinks and so snaffled the hardest chance of the lot later in the over. Half Moon departed for a brave 21 runs and 32 bruises.

Mark "Imp" Hillman batting at 8 was joined by Julian "Frank Lloyd" Wright batting at 9 boasting well over a century of years between them. It was only after the game that The Imp told RolfeDog that this was his first league match for 20 years and "Frank Lloyd" came along to add that "We haven't batted together for 25 years."

"Well I am very happy for you both" I said looking back on their partnership that took Horley from 91-7 to about 150 -8 in roughly five minutes. When The Imp deposited Dakes well into a field with an enormous blow, Statto announced that this shot adversely affected Dakes' economy rate by 0.04 runs per over, the first time this had ever happened at Horley when rain was forecast.

We then went off for rain. "I told you so" said Brooksie. Tea was hurriedly prepared and RolfeDog, Gilet and Brooksie were all enjoying a cuppa when the umpires announced we would not have tea after all and would resume the innings. They calculated that one over had been lost to each innings and that the time remaining for tea-proper would be reduced by 20 seconds for every cuppa consumed.

Alan finally caught The Imp off a big blow to deep midwicket though not before one shot to cover point had caused Hillarious to take cover (geddit?) in an 'I'm afraid-of-the-hard-ball' sort of way, whereupon BenDog noticed that a tube of lipstick had fallen from Hillarious' pocket.

At last Frank Lloyd holed out too, offering a skier to RolfeDog who could almost hear Gilet's brain recalculating his bowling average as the ball descended. A moment too late, RolfeDog realised that taking the catch might mean another bear hug from Gilet, and to his disappointment found the ball in his hands and set off in the opposite direction.

Now nine down, young William "No-Nickname" Connor hit some fine blows before attempting a single to Hamsah at deep mid-on from Gilet's bowling off the last ball of the innings. Fearing for his personal safety and for the safety of Hillarious' tube of lipstick which the latter had put in Gilet's pocket for safe keeping, Gilet screamed "Underarm, Underarm" and at his first attempt, Hamsah perfected the Nineteenth Century Dutch Windmill underarm-throw action and ran the batsmen out by yards.

168 all out, Gilet 4-44 off 12 and Hamsah 4-37 off 14 ... and talking of 'safe Keeping' RolfeDog reflected that BenDog had caught two from four and RolfeDog three from three, prompting Hollywood to point out that both players needed to do more to match his season's total of catches.

We took tea and Dakes took enough cake to explain the earlier comment of "great shape". When it started to rain, Brian Standish, the Chairman of the Cherwell League surprisingly had no idea what the rain rules were and was doubly confused when taking the extra time for cups of tea, into account.

Taking advice from Statto (who wouldn't?) he announced time and overs would be counted back from 7.30 and that the latest the game could start with the full 46 overs remaining was 4.50pm. Statto took his seat in the scorebox, calculator at the ready. RolfeDog and Brooksie faced a few balls, went off for rain at 4.55 and resumed 15 minutes later at 5.10 only to be

told that there were now 40 overs left. RolfeDog started to question how five overs had been lost at 3.5 minutes per over during the 15-minute break but almost lost the will to live so didn't.

The score started to rattle up but Brooksie was LBW for 7 and then – for about the fifth time this season – RolfeDog was bowled by someone roughly 14 years old. This brought in Georgeous to join BenDog, or BenGod as he is called when batting.

Georgeous had trouble recalibrating to Richard “Lion” Hart’s pies, which had Dakes been batting he’d have swallowed whole. At one point Umpire Standish tried very hard to leave the pitch for rain but Umpire Hillary stood his ground and the rain blew over within a couple of deliveries.

The score rattled along to 62-2 off 12 overs but then the heavens did open and Brooksie said “I told you so” once again. Lots of references to handbooks were now taken and calculations made but the sound of thunder meant that we could not take the field for half an hour whatever other calculations applied, under the ECB Safety Guidance for Thunder and Lightning. Yes really, I kid you not.

These rules deserve a match report of their own but because a former cricketer in Malaysia once took a bath outside in a bathtub made of tin during a thunderstorm, the ECB have decided to protect us from ourselves. Yes, it is true there have been some bad injuries on a cricket pitch but the habit of sheltering under a tree which was so popular in the 60s has now gone out of fashion and generally speaking cricketers tend to stay indoors during a monsoon anyway.

Nevertheless the ECB warns that players might be in danger if “You feel you hair standing on end” and now I know that I have spent the last thirty years of my life only one thunderclap from immortality.

The rain did for us in the end though BenGod was able to up his average with 18 not out and we all thanked Hollywood for coming. It was then discovered that any countback should have been made from 7pm, not 7.30 anyway, at which point Gilet spontaneously combusted.

We parted for the club to celebrate Chesh’s score of over 60 for the 2s, though Brooksie went straight home as he is teetotal. My carphone rang. Brooksie’s voice said “It’s nice and sunny in Henton” ... so at least the day ended with good news for everyone.

*No calculators were sacrificed while writing this report.*