

# **BLEDLow RIDGE 1s v CUMNOR 2s – Away**

Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> August 2020

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## **Cumnor Load Up on Hyphens in Cruel Act of Namesmanship**

### **The Ridge Run Out of Run-Outs in Defeat**

### **Shaun Gets Hit in the Balearics**

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**BRCC:** 222-6 (40 overs)

**Cumnor CC:** 226-2 (37 overs)

**Result: Lost by 8 wickets**

Cumnor had done their homework. They knew the threat posed by Armstrong-Hyphen-Jones (RAJ) and selected a team accordingly. They opened the bowling with both barrels. Noah Hilton-Drew at one end and Thomas Lydford-Brace at the other. A double-barrelled double. Our only chance on the day would be if RAJ had brought all his middle names with him

RolfeDog had never faced anyone called Noah before. He played out the first over as a maiden out of respect to cricket, including a full-toss that arked in sharply (geddit?). Hamsah then hit the first ball of the second over out of the ground. Our openers simply play themselves in in different ways.

Hamsah then hit his next two balls for four which was the only Brace we could manage.

It soon becomes Hams' partner's job to try and stop him hitting every ball for four once the field has been spread. It's rather like the owner of the factory of the future who will have just two employees, a man and a dog. The man will be there to feed the dog. The dog will be there to keep the man from touching the equipment.

Eventually Hams missed one from Noah and was sunk when on 29 and he was replaced by Wellsy who looked rather good until he took on mid-off's arm and was run out.

Out came Hugo who had clearly taken note of Wellsy's approach to running and calling and so it was that he hit one cleanly to midwicket, whereupon RolfeDog looked up to find Hugo had arrived at his end in a few long strides. Generously, the Cumnor 'keeper failed to gather the ball at the far end so RolfeDog engaged in a mad scramble to reach safety as the ball pinballed around between the slips, the 'keeper and the stumps, and which he did just in time.

"Sorry Rolfey" said Hugo abjectly, "I will never, ever, EVER do that again".

RolfeDog squirted one or two shots here and there and had inched his way past Hams' 29 to reach 30 only a few hours later when he missed one down the leg side. While the 'keeper was moving a few

steps to retrieve the ball. He looked up to find that Hugo, keen to get a better view, had arrived at his end in a few long strides. Having learnt that Hugo does not normally engage reverse gear RolfeDog set off and must have got at least five yards down the wicket before the ball reached the other end, was gathered safely and the bails removed.

In seeing off RolfeDog run out, Hugo had managed to achieve what RolfeDog, Hams and several fielders had failed to achieve in three matches so far despite numerous attempts.

Gilet remarked that he thought this was the first time RolfeDog had been run out anywhere in Oxfordshire by anyone called Eleanor.

RolfeDog trudged off and on passing the incoming batsman Robert Tewdwr Rodric Oswallt Armstrong-Hyphen-Jones, generously gave RAJ the advice to “tell Hugo not to worry”. By the time RAJ greeted Hugo at the wicket he had translated this to “RolfeDog says I am to run you out.

Hugo made 8, RAJ looked quite stylish for his 26, Dakes boshed a short one in the air straight to a fielder, so with the score at 143-5 and The Ridge looking rather undercooked, 3-year-old Shaun Dryden joined 43 year-old Philip Brooks at the crease.

I’m joking of course: Phil is 53.

RAJ had had a terrible awakening before the game began. As our resident 20-year-old he has been rejoicing in being the youngest member of our team but was rather put out by the selection of Pint-Sized-Shaun (two hyphens) who RAJ assumed was just completing GCSEs in Year 11.

It would be an easy mistake to make, however as it looks as though Shaun will graduate from Oxford *Brookes* at least a year before RAJ graduates from Durham Uni, it is possible that the Pint-Sized 20 year-old is older than the Posh one and that RAJ’s status remains intact. Both being a bit daft they could not remember when they were born – who can? – and agreed to check their respective birth certificates before making a final claim.

*Brookes* and Brooksie had a tough ask when the opening bowlers returned and bowled some good hyphens, but they both established their red-inkers with solid defence at first and expansive shots later.

Solid defence might be a bit of an exaggeration in the case of Pint-Size. In something of a befuddle after returning from a holiday somewhere in the Med, and unknown to the rest of us, he had forgotten part of his kit. I cannot remember exactly where he went on holiday or how far ShakEy had to carry Sharon home one night, but Shaun took a heavy hit in the Balearics and went down like a crumpled map of the area.

That’s what is bound to happen if you ever fail to wear a box: your weakness is inevitably exposed. It’s called Sod’s Law. Not to be confused with Cole’s Law which is thinly diced lettuce.

Well it gave us a bit of a laugh and strangely Shaun, a bit of inspiration as he later launched a six on his way to 24 not out. Brooksie ended 36 not out and the score a semi-respectable 222-6.

RAJ went off to finish his large pasta dish under a tree while RolfeDog spilled milk everywhere and Brooksie said “I wonder what she’s packed for me this time”, he never having made a sandwich or a cup of tea for himself in the last ten years or more even when Roz broke a wrist.

There’s not a lot to say from our point of view about their innings. In a clear attempt to counter the swing of Robert Armstrong-Jones, Cumnor opened with Andrew Hodder-Williams (AHW) and Oliver Gray (what happened to the hyphen there?). Cooperman almost struck gold when, taking a leaf out of Shaun’s book, he exploited Gray’s one weakness and struck him just below the Equator and a Cartographer was bought on with smelling salts and a winch. The score moved to 142 without loss and we had used six bowlers including one hyphen, before Pint-Hyphen-Size -Dryden got AHW to play on: the first drag-on since Game of Thrones ended.

This brought in Kevin Driscoll who seemed determined to bruise RolfeDog's hands at extra cover. At least we were spared any hyphens for a while, with Ollie Gray moving steadily towards a hundred at the other end.

The day brought up two interesting points of cricketing law. Earlier in the day RolfeDog had gently questioned the regular late movement-in of a fielder at short-extra who took a few steps into position 12-14 yards away each time the bowler was halfway in. The law seems to depend on what is considered a "close fielder" as close fielders cannot move in. Legal advice has been sought from a Minor Counties umpire so that will we know for the future. RolfeDog thinks that a fielder 12-14 yards away and visible to the batsman constitutes a close fielder and if necessary, will get a Barista to argue the point while making a Chocolate-Mousse-Latte (see Hetairoi match report).

The other involved batsmen "stealing singles" and what you should do after a batsman has been warned by the fielding side at both ends but continues to do so. It is relatively easy for a slow bowler to keep an eye on things but not easy for a quick bowler (e g Pint-Size) to do so while haring in. Interestingly the law does not require *any* warning to be made.

Still, Oliver Gray, whose running at times was so erratic he could have been playing for us, continued to drive both straight and late on his way to his well-deserved century.

At the other end Driscoll was LBW to Gilet for a rapid 45. There was one more twist-in-the-tail. Other than RAJ we had come armed only with names like. Rolfe, Wells, and Brooks. As if to ram a point home Driscoll was replaced by yet another Hodder-Williams, this one called Barney. He hit the winning boundary and it was all too much.

After the game we learned about Cooperman's career progress at The Apple Orchard and a new coffee formula called North Americano. We also discussed Schniff's reason for omitting himself from the 2<sup>nd</sup> team despite being captain: he had explained during the week that on difficult selection issues he always likes to consider both points of view because he is a Librarian. Somewhat baffled, that intellectual Cooperman reached for a dictionary and we established it must be because Sniphf is in fact a *Libran*. What's a couple of letters between friends?

Talking about letters. How are we going to counteract teams who select so many players with double-barrelled surnames? The word is out that a certain former 2s Player of the Year will return one day and we can only wait in hope for the love child of Robert Armstrong-Jones and Harikrishnan Balikrishnan.

*Any resemblance to real cricketers is entirely coincidental*