

Bledlow Ridge CC 1s v Cumnor 2s

Saturday 4th June 2016 – Home

RidgeBear turn up, tune in and turn it on

Alan Partridge in surprise loan appearance for Cumnor from North Norfolk Digital

Happy Scotsman discovered in Cumnor X1

BRCC : 147 ao (47.2 overs)

Cumnor Radio 96.4, 2s : 129 ao (47.4 overs)

Result: Won by 29 runs

Spurred on by radio DJ Alan Partridge, posing as George Setterfield in the Cumnor X1, The Ridge found just the right wavelength to pip Cumnor to the post –indeed pop-pickers – in this cliffhanger at the Ridge.

As an antidote to the usual abusive rubbish spewn out by young fielders Mr Partridge provided a non-stop stream of useful news, weather, travel information and phone-ins while Lloyd and RolfeDog opened up against a bowling attack containing some of the most difficult and confusing names in cricket.

Whoever he really was, Setterfield proved to be a loudspeaker. Sadly the travel reports came too late for those members of both teams who attempted arriving via Chinnor Hill – a little psychological trap we set in cohorts with local authorities but forgot to mention to our own players.

Even more confusing was the early emergence of the opening bowler as a happy Scotsman, especially surprising to those of us whose only experience of this race has been in the dour demeanours of Doug and Taggart who are the holders of joint last place in the perennial BRCC 'Happiest Scotsman of the Year Award'.

The bowler goes by the name Mo Chatterji although suspicion arises that the names of the entire Cumnor team are really the creation of Partridge A. More later.

We struggled through Mo's first over only to find no respite as Pierre During Plessis took the second over while trying to work out if he is a Frenchman, A South African or indeed a happy Scotsman. As our openers got going, Alan Partridge delivered a Sports Report followed by some investment advice.

During this time, or a while later, Pierre During Plessis was replaced by Christopher de Verteuil. It would have been far easier for us all, scorers included, had they just had Five Guys Named Mo. As it was it all proved too much for Lloyd who, proud of his French connection started speaking to him in Swahili. Lloyd had looked a million dollars if The Price is Right, but he chose the wrong frequency and missed a hoik, departing to a jingle from a brewery ad, for 22... 43-1.

Doug dug in only briefly before being Mo-jaxed and on his arrival at the crease SamDog was asked by Mo where he liked to score, a question with a wide range of possible answers. SamDog wittily replied "on the pitch". This he did only once before receiving the wrong signal from a late swinger from Christopher of Verteuil who was giving us very little bandwidth.

He was also keen to get on with things as RolfeDog discovered on one occasion looking up to see him in his delivery stride. One hopes that the Post-Abingdon Spirit of Cricket would have been invoked had the ball hit the wicket although the concept of bowling - or even starting to run up – *after* the batsman looks up, needed to be broadcast more clearly. Fortunately the Spirit was in the right frequency modulation when later in the afternoon Alan Partridge was bowled by Mohsin before he was ready: "Wait a mo, Mo, I've not tuned in yet" he exclaimed and was invited to stay.

One extraordinary thing happened: RolfeDog hit a six. As the enormity of this proud moment dawned, the voice of SamDog some 60 yards away and always proud of his Dad, was heard to exclaim "Top Edge".

Too much all this for RolfeDog who eventually 'missed a straight one' – a phrase once memorably used by the late Sid Bird in a different, unrepeatable context.

After Brooksie had batted, Scotty called Dakes for an impossible two and Dakes left the field run out until he learned that the 'keeper' had suffered some interference with his receiver and not taken the ball cleanly. Scott soon departed however as did Hamsah next ball. It was sheer bad captaincy to ask Hamsah to bat in the middle of a hat-trick, our guy named Mo being destined to suffer the long wave goodbye, next delivery.

When Jerrylee Brandish came on to bowl a solitary over, this name stuff all proved too much. From 69-2 we were 89-8. Matt Donnelly however, whose name could just about be abbreviated to Mo – if so we are up to three such guys – had slept off the effects of Friday night and he and Dakes rebuilt the innings until Dakes – as he said

afterwards – decided to hit one along the ground to long off but went aerial (*geddit?*) and was caught. 115-9, and in a most unlikely partnership the Joint Unhappiest Scotsman in the World put on 32 with Matt before Matt advanced too far down the superhighway, received the wrong signal, was stumped and like the rest of us, had to suffer the Long Wave goodbye.

Tea. Roz. Fab. And lots left over for later.

The second half of this report will be shorter – a kind of sprint finish, not least because Alan Partridge's ongoing narration had run out of steam as predicted by the Cumnor umpire ("he falls asleep after a while").

We had a team meeting and our skipper told us this was winnable before he opened up and served up a load of dross as if to demonstrate how much faith he had in his other bowlers. Dakes bowled Alex Hodder-Williams (all three of him) with a full toss. Michael Race at the other end was in a hurry to finish the game but could not beat the clock as Hamsah ran him out and then accounted for skipper James Lee next over.

The only explanation I can offer for the simplicity of the skipper's name is that had he not have been captain he wouldn't have made the team, Alphonse Waitawhile Von Du Preez being available to play. Surely Setterfield, who offered stout resistance batting at four, would have been a far more appropriate name for a captain.

He even had the presence of mind at one stage to advise Lloyd in the slips, that Cumnor Radio was in fact 96.4 not 94.6

Surprisingly, George Glew did not stick around for long and Christopher de V was caught behind with the score going from 32-0 to 34-5. A long rebuilding process started until about 10 overs later David Mitty, whose brother Walter was unavailable, was out with the score at 40-6.

SamDog, standing up was making some good Takes from Dakes, but Alan Partridge's stand-in and Mo were there for the long term. They had plenty of overs left and got the score up to 69 despite some untimely interruptions and amplified sound from Tommy Beattie on the boundary, before Setterfield was caught by RolfeDog. This is not the first time that RolfeDog's teammates have been so surprised he caught one that he is mobbed by them. Last year he received a hug from ShakEy and then TombsDog who promptly left the club.

Tommy was clearly confusing Brooksie who described RolfeDog as "indisponible".

But still Cumnor ground away with plenty of time to go as we received support from the returning victorious 2nd XI and the ghost of Morf on the boundary. Captain McTaggart brought himself on to bowl 'slow stuff' and gave his 'bowler's name' as I.Turnem which turned out to be fraudulent.

He then decided to give Scott an over to break the partnership – so he said. The partnership was in fact broken in the over between but Scott got his bowl and was astonished to be taken off after a solitary over, having offered Cumnor only 15 runs towards their total.

Pierre During Plessis was bowled by Matt Donnelly and this brought in someone called Joshua Keyte at 10. Joshua had not bowled and was clearly only included to further emphasise how mundane all The Ridge's players names are, Scott Waite being the best we can muster, although Mohsin Sabri and Hamzah Ahmed would rank highly if they were known as Mo and Jo.

Hamsah was back bowling. He accounted for Joshua and then finally for JerryLee with a particularly Great Ball of Fire and we had won by 29 runs.

RolfeDog was awarded Biffens Bridge (don't ask!) for having made a full length dive for a tight run as the ball was being lobbed gently round the field back to the bowler.

We stayed on to celebrate, well except Doug that is who had promised Jude a night out at Burger King or somewhere similar despite having regaled her early in the morning with a 'bacon bagel and tea' (his words). The mind bagles. After all the talk during the day of tuning in, frequency, radio receivers and such, this sounded like an evening of hi-fidelity.