

# BRCC 1s v Thame 2s

Home – Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> May 2014

## **Ridge X1 serves up an ‘Eton Mess’ of Run Outs as Sundae Cricket returns**

*Dickers’ personal atomic explosion threatens start of match*

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**BRCC 1s** – 228-7 (52 overs)

**Thame 2s** – 120-8 (47 overs)

**Result:** Match Drawn

After all McTaggart’s pre-season’s efforts, the first team for the first match was still something of an Eton Mess laced with the sort of variety you might find in an ice cream van... if you can find one.

Following the Skip and vice-Skip, Rory was the first to arrive. No sooner had he set his kit out than a hermit arrived and said that he had changed in that spot for over 30 years and that Rory should move.

The fact that Geoff had departed for Aston Rowant for a number of years was temporarily overlooked, but to be fair to both parties it was pointed out to Rory that Geoff’s spot was nearest the door in case of medical emergency, and that in any event the coat hooks were lower there.

Umpire Alan was next. His health has not been the best and he hoped he would not keel over and pass on to the other side during the match. When I asked Simon Martin’s father, who has also not been well, how he was doing he replied “I’m alive, that’s the main thing”.

Against this optimistic background the team began to gather, Rory met George and was pleasantly surprised to learn there would be someone else under the age of 50 in the team, and that they might survive the day together and alone.

Lloydy parked his ice cream van, then suddenly our very own Mr Softee walked in, in the distinctive form of Dave Bird who announced “I am as unfit as \*\*\*\* ” just to cheer us all up. As soon as the dressing room was full, he

unleashed some chemical warfare so powerful that the room instantly emptied.

Rory, our Croydon Australian, proved his Aboriginal heritage by clambering high up the sightcreens to refit the slats. Once the dressing room had been declared safe from explosion, Captain McTaggart delivered his first motivational talk of the league season and soon we were 29-3.

It's good to have a gentle run out early in the year and once RolfeDog and Dickens were back in the pavilion cheaply, we managed three of them.

Simon Martin wanted to get to know Simon Lloyd and so met with him in the middle of the wicket, to say "hello". Well nearer Lloyd's end actually and all they said was "goodbye" as the former was run out by further than the latter can throw.

Georgious George and the Beechdean Farmhouse Dairy Ice Cream Representative affected such a fine recovery that with the score at 87-3 they seemed set to bat all innings. Lloyd however felt it was time for another run out, and in a novel manoeuvre, missed a ball and as soon as said ball was safely lodged in the wicketkeeper's hands, set off for a run and was run out a split second later by a distance even greater than Dakes can throw on the few occasions he can be bothered. This was hardly "heaven in a tub" more like "from cow to customer" as prosaically stated on Beechdean's website.

George was batting gorgeously and with Rory now at the wicket their combined ages was less than the age of any one of the rest of us except perhaps Dakes who does at least look older than the rest of us.

George must have been bored because eventually he hit the ball straight to a fielder near the stumps at the far and set off for a run, cursed, and was run out by a distance farther than he can throw... which is quite a long way.

Three run outs out of five wickets. Bearing in mind that last week our response to Captain McTaggart's team talk urging us to field sharply was to do all our fielding with our feet, and that this week the instruction was to bat sensibly, the real problem seems to lie in Captain McTaggart delivering team talks at all.

All was not lost. In walked Geoff at No 7. McTaggart had given Geoff a motivational talk of his own earlier in the week. "You have a very special role within the team Geoff. One that I can only entrust to someone with considerable experience who has been with the club a long time, notwithstanding your years in the wilderness at Rowant". Geoff blinked with pride. "Yes", Captain MacTaggart went on, "I want you to collect the match subs each week".

Thus fortified Geoff went out and made 33, sharing a large partnership with Rory, the Aborigine from Croydon, despite Rory's best attempts to run Geoff out so he could have Geoff's place in the dressing room.

Geoff eventually perished to a long hop, although it looked more like a Strawberry Mivvi to me and was replaced by someone much younger ... Phil Brooks. Rory clearly needed to get back to that spot in the dressing room before Geoff, so after passing his second fifty in two innings for the club, got out for 55 and was replaced by a Sloth whose age, as hinted above, is impossible to determine.

Dakes seemed to have arrived from Croydon as well, but does not speak with an Aussie accent - then nor does Rory. Following Brooksie's good advice (according to Brooksie) Dakes batted sensibly at first before producing a few Woppas to get 26 not out, so that we ended up with a fine 228-7. Phil batted like a Sticky Toffee Fudge to start but soon did well enough. Regrettably copyright laws do not allow me to say how many runs he made - less than Dakes though, and Geoff for that matter.

Roz had been given more than £20 this week by Brooksie (see last match report) and produced a fine tea, although Scorer Tom, smarting from previous match reports and maybe still full of last week's tea at Kimble, declined to eat at all, thus leaving more for the rest of us.

I am not going to dwell at length over Thame's innings. They managed that for themselves scoring just 120-8 in 47 overs for a draw in which we ended up with 19 points to Thame's 4.

Yes, it was a boring draw, but as somebody observed, at least nobody died... which came as something of a relief bearing in mind that availability is hard enough.

Dakes. TombsDog and Rory all got two wickets, (Dakes 2-24 off 15) and there was one each for MacTaggart and Lloyd. Yes, I did say 'Lloyd'. In our attempt to encourage some shotmaking, Lloyd came on to serve up a load of Cornettos, mixed in with the odd Exotic Explosion and High Fat Gelato. Needless to say one poor batsman succumbed to temptation being caught by Georgeoeeous on the boundary and we hid the keys to the batsman's car as a safety precaution.

Geoff had tried everything he knew. I am not saying that's much, but we had the slider, the skidder, the dipper and the wrapper, all before Simon Martin suggested he tried bowling overarm (in-joke). At one point I heard Geoff in discussion with Umpire Alan and the number "54" was mentioned. "Are you 54 Geoff?" I enquired - "No that's Lloyd's IQ" came the unexpected reply.

"Well stopped Gibbo" said Mr Softee (Dickers) at one point, referring to Simon Martin. "Why Gibbo?" I enquired. "Because he's like a Silverback - the clue is in the name" came the reply. It was a little unclear why someone who may or may not slightly resemble a certain brand, sorry family of gorilla, should be given as a nickname the shortened version of a completely different creature namely the "Gibbon". It's a bit like calling someone Domenico Gabriele just because they look a bit angelic (See Kimble match report). Such is life on the

Ridge.

Domenico had a good day in the field but we were unable to get the opener Jinman out – perhaps the clue is in the name - although he gave two sharp chances nearer the end, one a bit of a Twister to George and the other, something of a Zoom to Dickers. Or was it Gibbo? They seemed to end up holding hands as the ball went past.

After the game, Geoff kindly offered half a dozen of us a drink. You know how it is when you don't really want one but feel obliged to accept so as not to upset the feelings of the person offering? Well we all accepted, Geoff distributed six pints and pointedly said "My one pint of beer has cost me *twenty* quid". ....Ungrateful or what?

George rather surprisingly declined an offer from several of us to accompany him on his evening's date and refused to comment on whether he might turn into Mr Whippy at round about half past ten.

Geoff had gone home grumbling about his round, hoping to employ his Magnum on an Orange Maid.

RolfeDog is away. Jacob Rees-Mogg is alive and well in Somerset