

MATCH REPORT

Bledlow Ridge 1s V East Oxford (Away)

Saturday 22nd August 2015

=====

Ridge beaten in short match prompts short report shock horror

Doug in Hat Trick Attempt

Wendy scores her first runs for the Ridge

=====

BRCC 1s	69 all out (23 overs)
East Oxford 1s	70-5 (19.1 overs)
Lost by 5 wickets	

Eight of our number travelled direct for this match – must be a record. Once it was established that none of the team would be flying in on the morning from foreign countries the biggest challenge was Hari finding Scott's house and getting him to Oxford. He did and they have made a film about it: "When Hari Met Scotty".

"Yes" said Doug on being asked, 'he had had a great holiday with his family thanks'; Jude "couldn't believe" he'd get back and go straight off to cricket.

Really Jude? Like it had never happened before?!

She's got a point though Doug: you should say "goodbye" first.

With this in mind we contrived a short match.

Plucked from obscurity the night before and faced with the choice of doing a day's housework or spending the afternoon with a load of young men, Wendy was making her debut as scorer. Having met Doug and, learning that the first two Ridge batsmen were RolfeDog and Brooksie, she felt she might have agreed under false pretences.

College groundsmen tend not to put so much effort into pitch preparation once the university term has ended and so it proved at the Lincoln College ground which offered the bowlers a mix of grubbers and flyers and which looked a bit like the brown mince with green veg which I had had for dinner the night before.

I nevertheless managed to get out without the assistance of the pitch... bowled off my foot...again (why doesn't the ball ever *miss* the stumps?) MSD did not last long, Brooksie got an unplayable one. When Scott joined Rory, East Oxford identified Rory as

the person to whom they had given a bit of a send-off in the previous fixture... as if it was all his fault.

His departure was much quieter this time. Scott and Rory followed soon after and you may have gathered from all this that we had lost a lot of wickets for very few runs. You would be right – and then we lost Hari too.

Our innings did not give me much to write about until that is... CapGate. Or was it HelmetGate? Doug had spotted that the wicket was not the best and donned a helmet to bat in for the first time ever. Well not his exactly, he borrowed Brooksie's. Not that that affected anything except that after facing just one ball and running down the other end he complained that he had become completely imbalanced. or unbalanced... he wasn't sure..

Now, Doug, let me tell you something: it may not have been the helmet – anyone who comes home from holiday and goes off to play cricket may be considered slightly off-centre by approximately 50% of the population, even though any like-minded cricketer thinks this quite normal and offers to lend his helmet. Well at least now we know why Brooksie can't run straight and with the helmet Doug's running was out of kilter which sounds about right for a Scotsman.

So Doug decided to rid himself of the helmet and had it returned to the boundary. After a few more deliveries he realized that he was not wearing his cap and called for it (not Brooksie's – too risky). We identified Doug's bag by the yuppy phone inside. Also inside were three Bledlow Ridge caps. Three. Presumably one was Finn's, one was Cam's and one one Doug's. These were all marched 70 yards out to Doug who decided to wear Finn's.

Perhaps Jude was best off without him for the day.

James HairBear hung around with Doug for seven overs, mainly on account of James' shirt flapping about and refusing to tuck into his trousers thereby confusing the opposition bowlers, who were probably more concerned about Doug's cap.

It was only when Luke joined Doug that any of our batsmen reached double figures. Luke had not noticed how hard the other batsmen had found it and batted with ease while Doug, although able to run without going off-centre, struggled to keep up with Luke. I would like to say that as an undergraduate medical student Luke 'cut and carved' his way to 50 but in the event we were grateful for his rapier-like 15 and Doug's 18 before Cooperman blasted a massive 4 not out to set the opposition a daunting 70 runs for victory.

Motivated by a passing comment that East Oxford's No 3 would not have to pad up, Cooperman bowled his best spell for the club and an opener was soon dismissed for a duck, courtesy of a fine diving catch by our off-balance keeper Brooksie.

Although the pavilion was situated at long-on the batsman disappeared off to deep square leg, his bat preceding him in leaps and bounds. No 3 arrived and Ben “show no mercy” Cooper ensured that this stay was brief as No 3 left the field injured due to a hard blow on the forearm having learned that ‘padding up’ should always include wearing an arm guard.

We chipped away, MSD was having hip problems which we put down to too much hip-hop with his band at Astonbury a fortnight before. Ultimately No 3 returned and batted East Oxford to victory. In between, Rory took two wickets in two balls and we were treated to another special Rory catch, off Cooperman.

He chased a swirling skier and circled under it endlessly clockwise before finishing in a heap with the ball in hand. This and a few other fine catches makes the dropped catch in the first pre-season friendly rather a surprise in retrospect, but we have to assume that, newly arrived from Australia at the time, he had not yet got used to the water in the bath swirling the other way.

As East Oxford neared our total we were given one more treat as Hari took off and held a fine two handed slip catch, nearly squashing Brooksie and his helmet – in a manner of speaking - in the process.

It’s hard to be funny about a heavy defeat. We had fought back with five good wickets – if we had only made 30 more runs instead of seven of us being bowled out – and Cooperman took a fine 3-25 off nine overs while wearing a Che Guavara headband, the first known instance of its kind.

Time for a beer at The Victoria Arms on the riverbank and for Wendy, accompanied by Knappy, Brooksie and RolfeDog to reflect on a fine afternoon spent in the company of young strapping men.