

RidgeBears 2s in Victory over University City

BRCC 2s 215-8 (45 overs)

Oxford 4s 56 all out

RidgeBears won by 159 runs.

A new season a new regime. The 2nd X1 is being run by a Haggis. The ground is now being run by a combination of Mr Martin Harris and Mr Russ Moran. And the club generally is being occupied on ever increasing occasions by hordes of junior cricketers and their mums and dads whose thirst for good living is even stretching the organisational skills of the Mighty Saint.

On Saturday the 2s took to the field ridiculously early with running and fielding practice. Cheersley had decided that when the sun came out and the wind got up on Friday and the weather forecast was excellent, it would be the perfect time to call off the 1s game. Club ambassador Jamie Stevens visited their ground, declared it fit for play and so we were embroiled in discussions with the league even before a ball of the season had been bowled. But to no avail as far as the 1s were concerned.

Still the 1s loss was the 2s gain as Jamie scored all afternoon with aplomb while his father cut a dashing figure, umpiring at both ends. The mighty intellects of the Ridge's Sprawling Metropolis welcomed the mighty brains of Oxford's University City.

The World's Greatest Scotsman (after Doug Mackindoo, who made joint last place with him in the World's Happiest Scotsman Award at the Club Dinner) now to be known as Taggart for short, lost the toss, useless tosser that he is, and announced we were to bat.

The ghetto-blaster was in place in the dressing room and for the very first time a captain's pre-match address was made to the background of "Disco Inferno".



Henry tires of dirtying his pads and spansks one

Thus motivated Henry H and RofeDog went out to bat or in Henry's case to "pad" for a while. Henry's running challenged his partner at times prompting George in the pavilion to ask what happens if one runner 'laps' the other. The cheek of it: RolfeDog was never that far ahead.

Eventually H located the bat, or at least the edge and one of the edges went for six. With nearly 90 on the board Henry went for 29 to be replaced by Malik who was bowled off his

legs. RolfeDog was almost begging for the arrival of Doug Mac on the basis that this mad-cap running would cease, but out came Brez, convinced by Henry that it was all some sort of sprinting match and made a dashing 35 with only one six going 60 yards into the property of Lord Keeping. Rolfedog was put out of his misery next ball and left the field but not before posing for a photo for

our new square-leg umpire-cum-photographer Malik who seemed surprised said batsman was not wearing his biggest smile.

The 'chase' was on for the rest of the innings as with wickets in hand we went for everything.

George and Dan entertained us briefly. Doug ran himself out reasonably spectacularly in the quest for runs after blasting the ball around for a while, one or two others came and went, and Matt Donnelly made 1 not out from his one ball meaning he has now not been dismissed for the 2s for at least three innings.



If it's haggis for tea, I'm staying out here and batting through their innings as well

Haggis for tea and another rousing speech from Taggart prompted George to bowl the wildest opening over since Taggart responded to a rousing speech from myself last season by starting with four leg-side wides. People were starting to make comparisons between the two captains.

George located his radar and splayed the stumps, then did so three more times. Brez for his part hit the stumps but the bails did not fall off.

Far and away the Champagne moment came as George ran up to bowl to cries of "C'mon Georgina" from lots of young Brzezickis standing on the mound. When George obliged by knocking one of the stumps back, there was pandemonium from his admirers.

As we tightened our grip on the game one batsman decided to hit out and Doug was placed close in, where the ball had been hit rather hard rather like you might sacrifice a foot soldier in the first line of fire to see what the opposition have got. A sort of "Useless sacrifice Perkins" for those of you old enough to remember.

Doug had already gone full length attempting a difficult catch at gully and his reward for being put in the line of fire was to go full length again with a similar result but more pain. It would be fair to say that with attempts like this he is getting longer. His diving around did not escape the notice of a spectator, one Chris Roddick who had been selected then dramatically axed as soon as he had purchased a new club shirt. Chris expressed his amusement after the game at Doug's horizontal tendency, then fed his own son Max a pickled egg in return for some sponsorship for his upcoming school rugby tour. The pickled egg did not stay down for long but may have been worth the six quid.

Anyhow the Brzezicki-Umpire Stevens combination was begging to come into its own and Brez ended with 5-20 to add to George's 4-17. The Skipper chipped in with one wicket and Malcolm did not bowl at all. Or bat. But it was a pleasure to be placed between him and Birdy at first slip where I could not get a word in edgeways.

A good win and lengthy celebrations on a glorious evening (see RolfeBlog). Saint provided a range of burgers and hot dogs while the young kids played on the field and the older kids drank and ate.

Freddie Roddick managed to peel some cheese from its plastic wrapping in one go. Another of many firsts for the Roddicks in one day, even if slightly less spectacular than the pickled egg.

The ground looked superb, this and the wicket was a great reflection on Russ, and on Schniff who had watched much of the match circling the boundary with a backpack, disguised as a rambler. Thanks too to the President and Rodney for their work on ground.

None of this had prepared us for the arrival of Shaky(no E) dressed as a member of the Paramilitary Referee's Army. None of this had prepared us for pickled eggs or for Chris Roddick (nearly) becoming a cricketer... or for our being captained by a Haggis.

The lunatics are taking over the asylum.

Rolfedog