

Bledlow Ridge 1s v Kingston Bagpuize 1s

Saturday 7th September 2019 – Away

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Not Much Funny Happens in Defeat at Baggers

Cooperman Sledged After Adding to his Fielding Repertoire

Dakes in Quick-Single Shock

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BRCC – 155ao (42.3 overs)

Shipton - 157-3 (36.5 overs)

Result: Lost by 7 wickets

This was the day that Jovan dropped out of the 2s game in order to attend a Chicken Wing Festival. Yes really! You heard it here first. And we didn't even get to hear if there would be ketchup.

In contrast, Morf, back in the 1s, was not going to a Chicken Wing Festival. "What time do we need to leave Radnage" he asked via a squawkbox somewhere in South London. "In half an hour" replied RolfeDog, where are you?" "I'm an hour away in the car" said Morf. "What time does the game start?" "12 o'clock. You could do with some chicken wings to get there" said RolfeDog.

That's what we love about Morf. First class honours degree, top job in engineering and running a large team at work, but we've always had doubts about asking him to post a letter.

Or find a ground.

In the latter respect he did quite well considering the old turning which still bears the sign "Kingston Bagpuize Cricket Club" is now blocked off and overgrown. Unsurprisingly it proved too much for The Greatest Investment Banker in the World who arrived in a state of exhaustion blaming the SatNav in his Batmobile.

If the object of the journey had been to deliver a letter to Kingston Bagpuize CC, neither of MorfDog or BenDog would ever have made it.

The less said about our innings the better as there were few high points. The very highest of these was a six by Dakes which threatened to demolish the new housing development. This development has caused the closure of the old entrance and the creation of a new one off the main road, signposted "Kingston Business Park". Mysteriously this leads to a housing

estate and a cricket ground with no sign of a business park (well, other than the sign). No wonder SatNavs get confused.

Back to the cricket. By the time of the game's only six, Dakes had already decided to try hitting every ball to the boundary and thereby excuse his sore ankle from running, which let's face it, Dakes doesn't really enjoy anyway.

This allowed RolfeDog to dig and also to attend to his good looks, and to contemplate all the strange things in the world, when Dakes was on strike. Then something very strange happened which RolfeDog had not contemplated: Dakes hit the ball at mid-off and ran.

This has never happened before. RolfeDog - in shock - dropped his mascara and set off but, in the words of Dave Warner of Baggers afterwards, "ran on sand" while Umpire Garry Dineen noted afterwards that RolfeDog was a little "slow off the mark" (having compared RolfeDog's acceleration with Usain Bolt in previous years). Anyway the upshot was that RolfeDog (3 off 16 balls) did not make it to the other end in time, and thus failed to complete Dakes' first ever quick single.

Then for the second week, The Real Captain batted with Captain Birdseye and his dismissal for 15 with the score on 64, was the first of several Commentator's Curses that afternoon whereby any praise from the boundary was immediately followed by a wicket. Apologies therefore are due to Alex, Midds (17), Hollywood (8) and Hugo (7). In between, BenDog was a little more successful than his SatNat with 26 and Wellsy, much to RolfeDog's satisfaction, made 0 off 8 balls, and conducted an Inquiry with Umpire Graham afterwards.

Dakes had top-scored with 50 in 46 balls, a standard that none of us was able to meet. Cooperman did attempt to run Junaid out, but Junaid, sensing he did not have Usain Bolt's speed declined, only to be caught behind soon afterwards. We were 155 all out after being 64-1.

This was never enough on the day and we did not have the slow bowling variations that Baggers had used successfully, although it does appear that Morf is turning into a bit of a swinger.

We did manage an impromptu team photo during the tea-break just to annoy Brooksie, BlrdDog and Gilet who may appear sometime in the future, insetted in a photoshopped version as "Also Played". Keeps appeared in the photo as Billy Bunter.

There were three high points for us in the Baggers innings, not counting Hugo. Of the three wickets we did get, Hollywood took 2-30 off his 10 overs and his brief, after a fine spell like that, is to work on that knee during the winter.

The second was the wicketkeeping of The Real Captain who kept near-immaculately, took two fine catches off Hollywood and even managed to divert an edge off opener Ian Harris, into the hands of Midds, who was in the slips checking his departure time for Portugal early the following morning.

The third "high" point, as you might expect, involved Cooperman who found yet another way to stop the ball while horizontal. His dive in the field was not so much jaw-dropping as

jaw-jarring and prompted a sledge from Umpire Garry who referenced Cooperman's good looks or otherwise, and the case will be heard in the "High" court in a fortnight.

For Baggers, Harris, wore a shirt which indicated he had once been sponsored by "Chadlington's Oxfordshire Brewery" and carried enough evidence to suggest he had enjoyed the brewery's generosity. Mids who caught him, bears some resemblance to "The Oxford Blue", one of Chadlington's finest ales: "superbly balanced with a refreshingly clean and citrus finish".

The Cherwell League's leading run-scorer, Jordan Smith, compiled 41 at the other end while Harris' replacement was Alex Bowles, an unusual name for a batsman. His shirt told us he has been sponsored by Coe Capital Wealth Management and while there was enough to suggest that he has benefitted from his sponsor's largesse, he was less generous to our bowlers until Hollywood struck again with a late-swinging fixed rate bond.

Thus we lost the last game of a succesful season by 7 wickets, in what felt like a bit of an end-of term-encounter, and cleared out a changing room for the last time this season. There was a laminated notice in the home dressing room (was Marcus about?) asking us to "Leave This Room Tidy", so naturally we took the sign with us.

The highlight of the day was a video sent from the 2s game on Group Chat, of Tombsy returning to the pavilion after his innings, peeling off helmet, welder's goggles, headband and suntan, much to the amusement of Birdy behind the camera-phone. Runner-up was a cartoon drawing of RolfeDog on his notepad, by Morf, which seemed to resemble a rather hairy meat and two veg and which made everyone giggle even though Birdy wasn't playing.

For RolfeDog and Alex, Cooperman redeemed the day on the journey home, by describing some of his drama school routines like pretending to be pasta-in-oil, or a role as a cartoon cat – quite a large cat presumably – and the two listeners decided it explained a lot about Cooperman. We were also able to reflect on Umpire Graham signalling a wide when The Real Captain left a ball close to his off stump, only to reverse his decision and confess that he had momentarily thought Alex was a left-hander (an easy mistake to make). All three wondered whether Junaid and Cooperman were the first ever pair of RidgeBears to bat together in glasses, though no Specsavers contract is in sight yet (geddit?).

The last evening of the season, back at the club, involved a mix of terrible karaoke (Keeps and Dickers), operatic Karaoke (Christine) and brilliant Karaoke (Cooperman) in between slices of pizza, helpings of ShakEy and bowls of curry. Regrettably there were no chicken wings to go with the curry, but then we learnt that Sniff had provided these for tea at the home game, so Jovan could have played after all.

John Bercow is off his rocker.

