

RIDGE 2S WHITEWASH CUMNOR 3S ON GREEN DOG AS JAKE WATCHES IN SILENCE... WELL NEARLY

Cumnor 3s 61 ao (29 ov)

BRCC 2s 64-1 (14 ov)

The Ridge won by 9 wickets

A short report because it was a short game

The longest thing was the journey, which for stand-in captain Capt Douglas We R Doomed, commenced on finding Cameron hidden in his car trying to catch a lift (although other things had been planned for him that day). Doug spotted a drop of rain on the journey and predicted a monsoon which for Doug was optimism, taking into account the previous week's hurricane. Dickers took our four car queue through as many back roads as possible without shaking us off although their captain, after we hooked up with him and his team at Cumnor's main ground, did his best to lose us saying "follow me" and tearing off at Grand Prix speed.

Dickers predicted we would be following the 'black golf to a 'green dog', cricket-speak for a lousy wicket. He was right. One more reason to get out of this Division this year as no-one, especially youngsters can learn anything from conditions like this as their two promising young players may find out.

Anyway Jamma, on loan from the 1s said Doug's team-talk was better than anything Brez could have come up with, and when I said it was important we should make good points, Doug said that was a good point.

The match announced the return of Sniff who pounced with a run out in the first over. He thought his throw had not been good enough but that's what happens at this age Sniff: when the ball leaves your hand, in your mind it is going to break the stumps in two, when the ball arrives it dribbles slowly into the gloves and so Matt Donnelly did a good job too on taking off the bails.

Aware rain might scupper the fixture we hurried between the wickets, the word for which is Juldee-Juldee said Malik. Saeed found this amusing but did not move with any perceptibly increased speed, adding that we should not learn words from Malik.

Wickets came and went. Jamma caught a catch at the third attempt which means he caught the third catch to come his way but not the first two. Shakey was grumbling about catches dropped off his bowling which also included one off Doug's foot fielding close in (the whole of Doug that is, not just his foot) and one hard one to Sniff who atoned two balls later by snaffling one to his chest so that you could just see a hole all the way through, afterwards.

Jake was in good voice, and on advising a batsman that although the batsman was lucky not to be out on one particular delivery he probably would not survive the next, Shakey advised Jake that if *he* did not quieten down, Jake might not survive it either. This only quietened Jake for a few minutes and the day ended with Jake telling Sniff that Sniff should have got more runs which was hard seeing he did not get into bat.

I will guess the bowling figures as I do not have the scorebook, and Doug may not have it either judging by the look on his face as he thought about it during the journey back. Jamma took one wicket for a few, Shakey, three for not many, and Saeed, four for even less, there was one run out and they only had ten men.

Tea was to be taken after 20 overs and the incentive was to win before then as rain looked likely. Malik opened as he scores runs quickly and RolfeDog opened too as he... oh well.

I suggested to Malik he had a little look. So he blasted a four. Later after a few more blasts from the masterblaster they changed the bowler and I said 'Have a little look first' so he took the ball from outside off and put it over mid-wicket, earning the soubriquet (or sobriquet as it can be spelled, or is it spelt? ask Freddie Breese) Midwicket Malik.

Diesel "Dicky" Bird had had a fairly uneventful afternoon having failed to lose all the other cars around the back streets of Wheatley so when Malik was hit on the pads he decided enough-was-enough, lifted his finger and said 'tweet-tweet' (which will mean something if you specialise in music-hall tunes from the interwar years, and it fits in rather nicely with the 'Dicky Bird' theme).

This brought George to the wicket and with him one sumptuous off-drive for four before with four runs wanted he watched RolfeDog's complete mental disintegration as he edged one short of slip, chipped another into the air and was nearly caught, and chipped another in the air and was dropped.

We got there in 14 overs, Georgeous about 9 not out, RolfeDog 25 not out and Malik 24 (in about three balls).

Jake tried to wind up Sniff over a good tea, and Captain Doug even smiled at victory. No batting or bowling for Sniff, Jake, Dickers and perhaps someone else but your turn will come, on a 'green dog' probably.

We got back to the club to witness the 1s first defeat of the season but they remain on top of Div 3 while we remain 2nd in Div 7 although Bledlow Village and ourselves are beginning to pull away and long may it continue.

As I watched the 1s I thought I saw a green woodpecker, or was it a green dog? Perhaps it was the scorebook? I think I am losing my marbles. Green ones probably.