

Shaky batters Banbury

Banbury V 41 all out

BRCC 2s 44-2

RidgeBears won by 8 wickets

19th March 2012

With each passing week, it seems that regimes are destined to rise and fall and the Celtic combination of Murdoch and McIndoe was in danger of being usurped by the Brooks dynasty as three generations of the latter took to the hallowed turf of Meadow Styles on Saturday. Alan donned the umpire's coat, Phil donned the wicket keeper's gloves and Jack primed the exocet missile that is his right arm for the visit of a young Banbury side. So young in fact that it was something of a mystery as to how they all managed to get there given that there were only 2 of them that looked old enough to drive.

The skipper reduced his "useless tosser" quotient to 50%, and despite being desperate to bat after the tsunami of runs that had flowed the week before, took the only logical decision, given the soft pitch, overcast conditions and presence of the 2 oldest swingers in the village (himself and Shaky), and inserted the opposition.

Bearing in mind that he was going to have to write the match report after Rolfey had been horse traded up to the 1s, there was a strong temptation to open the bowling with Jack Brooks in the hope of a ball passing close enough to the bat to inspire the conversation "How's that grandad?" "Did you catch it son?" "I did Dad" "Then it's out grandson", however common sense got in the way of a good tale and in the end it made it into the report anyway.

After 2 fairly uneventful overs (2-0), Banbury's left handed opener decided that Shaky was a lot less scary than he looked and spanked him over mid wicket for 6. Immediately sensing that this may not have been a fabulous piece of decision making, he then scurried a leg bye up to the other end and let the other bloke face the ensuing wrath, which resulted in him being trapped leg before a couple of overs later. The following over, said left hander, having hit the first of what was to be only 2 boundaries in the innings, was removed by a jaffa from the Scottish end, and from there it was a bit of a procession for Banbury, mostly to and from the pavilion as Shaky ran through them. The skipper gave way to debutant Saeed, who bowled with a nice loop and induced a smart stumping from Brooksie, unfortunately at the other end from his paternal umpire, thus once again avoiding the conversation, "howzat dad?" "That's out son", but in the end, it made it into the report anyway.

We bowled straight and they batted..... well, not straight, and the resultant target left even those Ridge veterans of bygone disasters, feeling pretty confident. A couple of young pups were sent out to chip 'em off, but both fell to hesitant shots before Brooksie and Stranger brought us home.

With the game done by 3.30, Banbury sportingly offered a 10:10 game after tea, and politely requested that we bat first in order to avoid it being a 5:5. This proved a valuable bit of practise as Sniff, protecting his "post slaughter 10:10" match average, retired on 17, Malik brutalised the already somewhat downbeat bowlers for 24 and Rob Hawkins, having delighted us with his home made BBQ chicken and rocket sandwiches for tea,

produced a silky and effortless 22.91 was always going to be a bit much, but with some slightly less aggressive bowling from the Ridge, Banbury managed to surpass their first innings total by 8.

It's still early days, but 2 games in, we are 13 points clear at the top of the league, the cost of a Bledlow Ridge wicket for the season is 28.78, and the price of an opposition wicket is 4.85. No chicken counting, but a good place from which to roll on to the big Bledlow "Ridge v Village" double header next week.

It would have topped the day off nicely if someone had come into the bar at 5pm and asked Alan how it had gone, if only to hear him reply, "The boys done good, especially my boy, and my boy's boy", and although it didn't happen, in the end it made it into the report anyway.

Taggart

in the absence of Rolfey while he swans about in the 1s