

Dunsfold Cricket Club vs Whiteley Village CC

7th June 2015

Shackleford do a no show failing to get the requisite numbers. I'm not much better off, I turn to press ganging unsuspecting dads having a beer out front of Cranleigh CC. Any fixture at all is in doubt till Julie starts making the tea at which point I agree an away fixture. Doh!

Behind the black gates of Mordor is a long way to go for a game of cricket...



Oops no it was off to the big smoke inside the M25 no less to the village of Whiteley behind slightly smaller gates.



Coveney is crying off with the excuse that his wife's birthday is more important than cricket!! Twaddle... is a word I haven't used in a match report yet... and I still can't think of a reason to use it. My press ganged player also cries off so only nine hobbits enter through the hot gates.

I lose the toss for our first forty over game of the season which sees us with only four recognised bowlers. Put your arm down Wigmore, I said we are bowling!!

The baking sun beats down on the dry ground like summer is only a hemisphere away. Crickey it must be at least 19.7°C . The vapour trails break up the monotone blue, and that is just Ollies run up. He did think the breeze would blow him up the hill but the only thing blowing after his first four overs is him.



Adam is happy to continue rolling down the hill, I hope Julie has brought his sweater! Crazy Yorkie! He will stand outside the pub in T-Shirt and shorts while the rest of us battle frost bite, then on the hottest day of the year so far he will pull on his heavy long-sleeved top and ring Julie to bring his sweater!

I take over from Ollie and entice a drive that would have been along the ground had Ollie still been bowling, but at my pace he's too early. I turn to see it sailing straight to Ollie. At some point after it passes me Ollie spots it too! Whah! But he's is solid and takes a good catch after losing it "in the clubhouse" line of sight. 1-45

Adam takes a blow after seven having been luckless. They are ticking along at five an over and with plenty of wickets in hand it looking ominous. Seb and I try to stem the flow and have success. Their no 3 assists as he appears to only play offside shots. I have a purple patch, a maiden, beating the bat, denied an LBW as it was going OVER the stumps, Whitney even had to take one of my deliveries over his head. A wicket maiden gets the opener caught behind! I'm sure you'll check the facts with the witnesses, I try not to make up too much of the match report honest! I finish my 10 2-40.

Seb bowls the number 3 straight after the opener departed when he tries to play his first leg side shot. Adam replaces me with immediate results trapping their danger man LBW.

We break up Seb's spell bringing back his old man who is glad to have the hill on his side. They use his pace and the quick outfield against him punishing his warm up over with three boundaries.

Another success to Adam in his next over with a great catch to Mike Berry!! No luck in his last over as they are pushing hard to up the rate, two boundaries robs him of our best bowling figures for the day 10 overs 2-47

Seb and Ollie take the run into the forty over mark. The batsman are in the mood to throw the bat at anything. Seb is unlucky when a heave to cow corner is well held by Wigmore only for his running catch to taking him towards the boundary. His momentum is going to take him over so he has the presence of mind to throw it back into the field of play saving 3 runs. Unfortunately he hasn't been watching enough 20-20 to know what he should have done was something like well lets take a look...

Now to understand the finer points of the laws explained by some stiff in a suit and a butcher's tie https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=tkq_kBUi13c

But to just enjoy Mr Cricket show us what Will will do next time have a look at this... <https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=kA7ZsGgF9X4>

"what Will will"!! What what!

So it's down to Ollie to see us to tea with the final over still in search of his first wicket. Success comes second ball when he bowls one of their sloggers. Seb finished on 1-49 off his 10 while dad managed 1-54 off the same

The dust settles and they have exactly 200.

Mike and Steve get our chase under way. Mike with his usual intent is always nervous when I umpire as my report can detail his demise with plenty of detail. From square leg the bails jumping off the stumps only tells me Mikes missed a straight one, maybe it swung both ways and did a bit of the pitch? 5 runs

Steve survives a stumping appeal as I give him the benefit of the doubt. Will and Steve set about a stable partnership. A bowling change sees the dots replaced with more helpful digits. Once more Steve strays out of his crease, the keeper has a go at the stumps off balance and another go takes the bails off. Now did Steve get back in time? Was it the keepers shirt that took the first ball off?

Accusations that I sent Steve back to the pavilion because he only scored 6 runs with his share of the 80 balls he faced are totally unfounded.



Their team has a heavy dusting of league players, you can tell by the relentless chat when they were fielding. Ah that's the spot.... "...relentless Twaddle when they were fielding"

Rob takes up the yoke. A couple of boundaries ups our rate before a snick behind sends him to get changed. Whitney sets the pendulum swinging and our rate increases. Some shots he miss times, they are easy to see, they are the ones going along the ground.

When he sends one down town a good catch under the high ball is needed to end Paul's fun. 25 runs in the four overs he was there. Our depleted numbers means they only need four more while we need 83. Can the tail wag the dog? No is the quick answer, the only highlight of Seb Ollie Adam and I departing in quick succession is Adam hanging around long enough to see Will Wigmore get his fifty ending with a splendid 53 not out. We lose by 66 runs.

A couple more fielders wouldn't have gone astray. Happy birthday Lou! ;-)

Some team mates think that I paint a biased picture in my match report. Twaddle! I'm fortunate enough not to give much mind to what my team mates think. Have you heard some of the stuff they come out with! On this occasion my sense of fashion is ridiculed and then I'm accused of not being willing to show the evidence in the match report.

I therefore tender exhibit A Showing me in a base layer to aide muscle reco... Oh never mind! Just be warned I take the most photos in the club so I would expect future reports may just have other exhibits on show!

