

S.W.C.C.

THE DEXTER
OR

ED WISEMAN!

WHOEVER SAID THAT
THE GREAT BRITISH
ECCENTRIC WAS DEAD?



A WORD FROM YOUR EDITOR

Welcome to round three of the newsletter.

This months issue is dedicated to a member of the club who by his actions has immortalised himself in the annals of club history. The subtitle reveals all!

I must apologise for the delay in producing this month's ripping edition but I hope that it was worth waiting for. I failed in my search for cricket in Portugal whilst I was on holiday there. I put this down to the appalling standard of driving which makes it impossible to be sure that eleven people would turn up alive to an away fixture.

The only part of my holiday worth recounting here is the fact that at my departure from Stansted, I was searched and interrogated as if I was a terrorist. My inquisitor turned out to be an "acquaintance" of Mr Simon Sargent! I boarded the plane wondering if this occurrence was a coincidence or not.

For this edition I must thank Steve Fletcher for his contribution, The Saga of Bonny Lad.

I hope to produce the next Dexter for distribution during cricket week. Therefore I would ask for any contributions to be in before 25/07/89.

Yours as ever

Chris Jossaume (+ invaluable help from Frances)

THE SAGA OF "BONNY LAD" - A.K.A THE THIRDS VS. GRANTA

Until last weekend. I was getting the feeling that SW 3rd team matches were starting to enter into the mundanity (if there is such a word !!!) of regular club cricket, but fortunately this contest restored my faith in the game.

I was picked up at 2.05pm for a 1.30 meet, and 10 mins later our convoy of 3 cars miraculously (having taken completely different routes) met up in the Vith form college car park. Whereupon our captain lead us on a tour which includes 3 sleeping policemen, across someones lawn, round a waste bin, back across the same 3 sleeping policemen, out onto the main road, round an industrial estate, back onto the main road and finally into the Vith form college car park again. The time is now right, Hon. Captain decides, to interrupt a drama class and having got explicit instructions on how to get to the ground we end up jammed against a gate in someones driveway.

Fortunately by now, we are in the same hemisphere as the ground and the call of "over here bonny lads" takes us to where a group of 8 people (6 of whom appear to be about 9 years old - this turns out to be their entire team) are debating how to get into the locked pavillion, and what form the match should take as there are no stumps. After 15 mins earnest discussion one of the 9 year old "bonny lads" is sent to steal some stumps from a nearby match, whilst another emaciated one is pushed through a hole in the brickwork and, after suitable instruction, manages to open the door from inside.

About this time, Dermot, using his very best cricketing terminology remarked that the playing "bit" was very close to the edge. About 3/4 hour after the due start we begin a 10 vs. 8 contest. Three fielding changes and 20 "bonny lads" (this if you have not already guessed is their captains favourite catch phrase) later, the first ball is bowled. A couple of overs into the game a passer-by wanders up on to the edge of the playing "bit" and non-chantly catches me one handed. Having ascertained that this is the ninth member of their team, I depart and watch the 2nd wicket partnership take the total past 200, during which time more passers-by wander on. The last of whom claims to be a semi-professional and despite the fact that he is clad in a striped t-shirt, shorts and boating shoes, insists he should bowl, not that the captain needs persuading as by now it is apparent that he has not actually met any of his players before since he knows none of their names or whether they can bowl or not. The majority appear to be "or nots" though one who can, fails to stop a straight drive with his foot, but succeeds with his ankle bone and crawls off the playing "bit" only to be summoned back on 5 mins later, as he starts to hop to hospital by "Oh, good you can stand now, come back on bonny lad".

THE SAGA OF BONNY LAD CONT'D.

The semi-pro takes the second wicket, Phil Saich takes 20 runs off the following over to reach his 100. By now Ade - the vocal scoreboard (due to the fact that this was the only method of relaying the score onto the field of play) was losing his voice, so our captain decides this is a good time to call a halt for tea. "Funny you should say that bonny lad, but I don't think we've got any". Fortunately someone finds a carrier bag behind a tree and what appears to be four untouched thick sliced loaves actually has the odd bit of cucumber intermingled, so we assume this is tea, and the less discerning of us devour it as such. In the absence of any liquid refreshment three of us visit a local garage and plunder their stock of canned drinks, and we return to a glare from our captain which we take as meaning he is keen to go out and field. The opening overs pass uneventfully, though not peacefully as their captain has opened the batting and discusses each stroke with every "bonny lad" who is within earshot, which due to his not so dulcet tones is half the population of Cambridge. Grant does outvoice him at one stage with an appeal for L.B.W only to be equally outvoiced by the umpire yelling back "Not out!"

Dermot, the volunteer wicket keeper, is ignoring all deliveries down the legside with the result that byes are in danger of buying a jug. The home teams vocal scoreboard calls out 30, then 2 overs later, 130. This does not appear to be related in any way to the events at the wicket, but nevertheless, Phil decides that it is time to strike terror into the hearts of the batsmen, and brings on Ade and Malcolm White. The latter was almost a masterstroke as his first delivery is hit into the hands of Phil Saich at silly-mid-on, who promptly drops it. I reassure him by telling him this is the first time I have seen Malcolm bowl with any fielders within 30 yards of the bat. Malcolms minders are not so forgiving and rush onto the field at the end of the match and after suitable encouragement from their Dad, beat him up.

We are applauded off the field by the 2 umpires, the 2 outgoing batsmen and a dog. The rest of their team and supporters having long since left for the pub, and finding (not unexpectedly) that the showers are cold, we do the same.

Steve Fletcher.

S C O R E S O N T H E D O O R S

1ST XI.

SWCC 231-6 (K.Wright - 100)
RAMSEY 163-6

MARCH 123 (S.Selves - 7-42)
SWCC 124-0 (A.Brown 64*)
(S.Plumb 53*)

SWCC 155
H'FORDBURY 159-3

SWCC 226-5 (A.Brown - 72)
(M.Wright -66*)
ST.GILES 157-9

SWCC 180-6 (K.Pluck -55*)
(S.Plumb -41)
PRESIDENTS 174-8
(S.Plumb 4-48)

SWCC 207-8 (P.Dawson -69*)
ORSETT 164-6

SWCC 228-5 (K.Wright - 91)
(S.Sargent - 74)
BRENTWOOD 232-4

SWCC 188-9 (T.Rowlandson - 55)
(S.Sargent - 51)
WISBECH 176-8 (M.Sparrow 5-52)

MILLFIELDS 204-6 (M.Sparrow 4-37)
SWCC 205-3 (E.Wiseman 97)
(K.Wright 58)

SWCC 216-5 (K.Wright - 92)
(M.Wright -66*)
PAPWORTH 160-5

SWCC 139 (S.Sargent 46)
WISBECH 123-7

MARCH 174 (J.Sparrow 4-41)
(M.Price 4-27)
SWCC 125

GRANTA 135 (P.Dawson 4-36)
(S.Selves 4-40)
SWCC 136-4

2ND XI.

RAMSEY 250-3
SWCC 228-9 (J.Edgecombe - 51)
(G.Chapman - 57)

MARCH 137
SWCC 138 (J.Edgecombe - 47)

PAPWORTH 242-5
SWCC 211-7 (J.Edgecombe-76*)
(G.Douglas - 73)

WISBECH 164-8 (T.Burton 4-36)
SWCC 134-9 (C.Pearce - 53)

STAPLEFORD 219-5
SWCC 198-7 (S.Fletcher - 43)
(R.Sparrow -46*)

WISBECH 199 (M.Price 4-28)
SWCC 136-9 (J.Edgecombe - 76)

SWCC 166-4 (C.Fisher - 56)
ROYSTON 163-8 (T.Bunting 4-43)

ST.GILES 197-8 (R.Sparrow 4-46)
SWCC 200-8 (G.Chapman - 58)

STANSTED 198-8
SWCC 189 (M.Wright - 95)

MARCH 145 (P.Dawson 7-28)
SWCC 147-2 (J.Edgecombe -87*)

2ND XI CONT'D.

RICKLING 189 (H.Wederell 5-37) SWCC 184-8 (S.Skingley - 46)
SWCC 190-7 (S.Skingley - 45) (M.Coulman - 41)
(T.Rowlandson-40) GRANTA 96 (M.Coulman 4-45)

SWCC 167
BRENTWOOD 156-9 (M.Price 4-31)

3RD XI.

SWCC 171-5 (P.Toomey - 67) SWCC 156
STAPLEFORD 172-6 (Speed 4-55) B'HURST HILL 157-5 (Bowyer 4-30)

SWCC 218-3 (E.Wiseman - 100*) SWCC 109
ROYSTON 62 (J.Rowlandson 5-5) L.O.S.C 80 (P.Speed 5-26)
(N.Bowyer 5-48)

SWCC 196-4 (P Saich 77) SWCC 168-8 (Lawal 54)
WESTCLIFF 198-8 (Speed 4-124) BERDEN 139-6 (McGurk 4-25)
(Saich 4-61)

B'HURST HILL 146 SWCC 234-2 (Saich 104*)
SWCC 147-7 (Turner 42) (J Rowlandson 94)
GRANTA 188-4 (?)

SWCC 145 (Jossaume 69) SWCC 241-6 (E.Wiseman 41)
L.O.S.C. 88 (Speed 4-27) (Turner 50* !!!!)
(Saich 4-30) S'BDGEWTH 136



SHITCE