

Match Reports

The Week

Baz Street

8-12th July, 2018

The Stour Cup

The Week began as it often does. Tense negotiations as to who would play at Hawker and who would be on Phoenix. After much gesticulation, Sherborne would play Canford on Phoenix and we had to get past Clayesmore in order to remain in our favoured changing room. One thing to note was the very very fine weather. Outfields all over the county run rapid, wickets hard as concrete.

Unusually, there were some jaded bodies amongst the Butterflies. Weddings, 40th birthday parties, or just the cold hard kitchen floor of Ed Jenke's house to blame. Mike Davies passed out under the tree in his car was a sign it would be a good Week.

We would start against Clayesmore with only 10, not for the first time this year. A blunder on my part, again. We had won the toss though, quietly confident that our 10 were pretty decent.

Butterflies Bat First

Debuts were handed to **Frank Turrill** and **Owen Morris** this year. Hopefully names that will be mentioned in these reports for many years to come. Added bonuses of having **Owen** in the side are that he can keep, but mostly that his mum takes great photos, as you can see here:

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/132839637@N06/albums/with/72157698624325604>

Frank thrown straight into it, opening the batting alongside **Adam Fowler-Watt**. A sedate start, but the pitch was doing a bit for the Clayesmore bowlers. **Adam** could not get going and was bowled for 10. **Frank** had gotten into his rather long stride and was despatching the bowling to all parts. Joined by **Henry Turpie**, we began to whip along. **Henry** even hit a six. **Frank** did too, but that's less surprising. **Turpie** departed for 23 to the bowling of Tom Hicks, a veteran of Clayesmore and much minor county cricket, so no shame there. He in fact came on to bowl a very tidy spell, which slowed our progress. He also removed **Frank** for a very fine 53. His debut half century featuring three sixes and many a lusty blow. **Owen Morris** came to the crease batting at number four and showed much class in his swift 19, before being caught. **Alastair Tedford** was in at five after a lengthy stretching routine and manoeuvred the ball around the field to keep the board ticking over. **Mike Davies** briefly saw action, but was removed by Hicks, stumped being braggadocious and tracking Hicks on only his second ball. **George Dickson** made his way to the middle and together, he and **Alastair** finished the innings. We started positively, but were reigned in by the spin of Hicks to post 139-5 from our 20 overs.

Clayesmore

Adam Fowler-Watt would open the bowling as well as the batting, with **Frank Turrill** sneaking in the second over of the innings with his slow left arm. Opening the batting and the bowling, this pair clearly holding some kompromat on the skipper... **Frank** would only bowl one over to start with though, and **George Dickson** joined the fray from the Blandford end. A mite expensive, he would only bowl 2 overs. **Tom Jenkins** took a wicket with his first legitimate delivery, but it was downhill from there, his two overs similarly costly. So we turned back to spin. **Henry Turpie** continuing on his good form with the ball from previous fixtures, he bowled a great spell, removing four and five of the Clayesmore order. **Frank** completed his overs, conceding only 12 runs from his four overs. I bowled my four for 21. At this point, the game had been tight, spin dragging us back from the brink. **Adam** came back to finish off the resistance and took 3 for 17 from his four overs, leaving too much for the lower order to do. The game was quite tense for a while, perhaps not portrayed here, but they finished 7 runs short, batting out their 20 overs 7 wickets down.

Excellent win and the motivation of staying down at Hawker clearly working again. Could we do it again in the final against Sherborne? The dry wickets clearly helping our spin-heavy (or is it heavy-spin..) attack.

Butterflies vs Sherborne - Stour Cup Grand Final

This was not an unusual proposition. We often win our first T20 of the day only to go into the final without sufficient hunger/drive/determination/adjectives to win the day. We were determined this wouldn't happen and were parachuting in an 11th man, fresh from a party of some sort in Hong Kong. **Jago Poynter**, he of good hair. Thanks to him for turning up a day earlier than planned.

We won the toss and would bat first, with conviction our spinners could again strangle and contain.

Butterflies Bat First

Frank would again open, but this time with **George Dickson** as his partner, after word of a recent hundred reached the ears of those who make these decisions. **Frank** fell for 1, but **George** batted

with great purpose and scored freely. **Owen Morris** in at three, but could only make 5. I batted at four and together **George** and I put on a few runs, only for me to get caught at point for 22. **Charlie Dickson** joined his brother and for a short while there was progress. **George** reached his half century, but could do no more and was caught. **Charlie** was stumped for 10, rather sharp work from the Sherborne keeper. **Mike Davies** tried to bat out the overs ran out of partners in the final over, as our innings fizzled out somewhat. **TJ** did hit a boundary first ball, though, and second ball brought out a reverse sweep, which was his downfall.

122 all out from 19.3 overs.

Sherborne Chase 123 To Win

Adam took a wicket in his first over and so we began positively. The other opening batsman was Fergus Taylor though, who seems to get runs whenever we play them. **Frank** again bowled a tidy opening over from the other end, followed up by **George Dickson**. **TJ** took over from **Adam** and took a wicket in his first over, bowling a tidy three over spell conceding only 16. Fergus took a liking to **Henry Turpie**, and though he dismissed him in his second over, much damage had been done. Fergus got 67 from not very many balls, which broke the back of the run chase. 16 extras helped too. Two run outs brought us back from the brink though. **Jago and Frank** involved (I think. Sorry if I've gotten that wrong). We had two fresh batsman and the ball spinning. Another couple of wickets and we could still win this. **Adam** came back from the Durweston End and bowled a very tidy over, conceding only 1 run. At the other end, **Frank** was back and he too conceded only 1 run. **Adam** then took his second wicket, but conceded 6 runs from his over, which brought into focus that we were 15 or 20 runs short when we batted. A boundary from **Frank's** first ball of the 18th over and that was that. Sherborne won by 4 wickets.

A valiant effort by all concerned. The other game was taking forever, so this gave us plenty of time to raid Spar in Blandford for BBQ food and sundries.

The now traditional BBQ was a success and we ventured to the Stour to dissect the day's play and scheme for the Jesters the following day. Fun was had by all.

Butterflies vs Jesters

It is noted down in the scorebook that the weather for the day was 'glorious sunshine'. Only slightly tender heads were soothed by the classic Bryanston breakfast, though sans Hash Browns, to some chagrin.

We chatted a little to the Jesters up in Cranborne, as they stay on Sunday night too, and couldn't help but notice some accents among the group. Was there an Australian? Kiwi?

It turned out there were both. Two Australians and a Kiwi, I believe. But they would probably be making up the numbers, with little to no cricketing skill.

The toss was won by the Jesters, who decided that on a hot, cloudless day, they would bat first.

Jesters Bat

'Glorious sunshine' also meant 28 degrees. And with the high proportion of fair haired folk in the side, much sun cream was applied. It would be a tough introduction to timed cricket for some of our new comers.

Adam Fowler-Watt and **George Dickson** took the new ball on a brand new pitch, which looked very hard with a few cracks already apparent. They started well and **George** removed one of the openers for just 4. This brought in a man with one of the accents. Australian. He looked determined, right from the off. After a few overs, he began to time the ball, but consistently hitting fielders, so as not to get away too quickly. Eventually, the other opener was trapped LBW by **Henry Turpie**, for 28. A Kiwi accent came to the crease and the running between the wickets became comically colloquial. 'Yeah mate, maybe two mate. Mate.' Kiwi dismissed for just 12 by **Frank Turrill** and a familiar Jester came to the wicket. The wicket keeper, who is not blessed with sartorial elegance in his batting, looked eager to press on from the start. We thought this would present us with some chances. And it did. Though we couldn't hold on to them... Together with The Australian, they scored at a decent lick and batted through lunch. And batted after lunch. In fact the Jesters gamefully declared after 48 overs, only 3 wickets down, when The Australian had reached his hundred. The score 241. On another day, The Australian could have hit 150 in that time, as he hit fielders with such regularity that we wondered what was going on. Perhaps just very fine fielder placement...

Anyway, 241 was chaseable with the time we had, and we weren't too dispirited from the field, as we were never really chasing leather.

Branston Send Out The Young Guns

Thinking that **Frank Turrill** and **Owen Morris** were the players who most often net and play, they opened the batting, with the intention of getting us off to a good start. They would be most able and best equipped to see off the new ball and whoever was bowling it. However, The Kiwi bowled the ball very, very quickly. As shown by the image below



Owen and **Frank** did actually put up a good fight, ducking and weaving out of the way of some proper bouncers. **Owen** succumbed, but **Frank** decided to give it away to the more gentle pace coming from the other end, caught down the legside. **Mike Davies**, fresh after an early and chemically induced night's sleep, decided the best form of defence was attack. He was two steps down the wicket first ball, meeting fire with fire. Second ball, he was out. But we were all suitably impressed with Mike's bravery. 20-3 and we weren't looking all that comfy on our own turf. **Badger** and **Guy Locke** were now at the crease and looking to put together a partnership, but they had The Kiwi to negotiate. And negotiate they did. I'm sure I saw some money change hands, but The Kiwi would only bowl 5 overs. This was a couple of Guys batting for the team. And Tea. **Guy Locke** did actually say to me at tea 'He's not that fast'. I refer you to the image above.

After tea, The Guys put on 50 together, stroking the ball around with super timing and bringing us squarely back into the game. **Guy Locke** was unable to get past 29 though, and not long afterwards, **Badger** was out for 30. **George Dickson** was carrying on his good from from the T20s though and made his way to 23, before getting caught. His wicket was taken by The Other Australian. He bowled part time off-spin. Part time being the operative word, given that he was a professional cricketer. Turns out he was their best batsman, but they were holding him in reserve, thankfully. **Jago Poynter** was now into his stride though and playing two shots very effectively. The slog sweep and the forward defense. Only two singles the result of this strategy in his 32 not out. A lovely big six also included. **George Dickson** out for 23, I was in at eight. **Badger** praised my bravery in batting when The Kiwi was nowhere in sight. 12 runs later, I was out, caught behind to The Other Australian. The Australian was now bowling from the other end too. Lots of 'mate'. **Adam** then **Henry** then **Medium Badger (Will Bucknell)** all came and went in fairly short succession. We were all out for 165 (or 167 depending on which bit of the scorebook you believe). Comfortably beaten. **Jago** the last man standing.

A few getting in and then getting out, we rued our middle order wickets. We were desperate to make amends against Clayesmore, who were visiting Hawker for the Tuesday game and prepared for this with some pints in the Stour. We then doubled down on preparation with a delightful curry in the Simla. There was a good group of us for this, including the full set of Badgers. Great fun was had by all and many thanks to all who attended, particularly **Guy Locke**.

Butterflies vs Clayesmore Cormorants

Clayesmore turned up to Hawker having been humbled a little by Canford the previous day, meeting us, who had been humbled a little by the Jesters. So, all to play for.

Another warm day and there was only one thing to do if you won the toss, on a pitch that was in its second day of use. Bat. We won said toss. And batted.

Butterflies Bat First

Badger, once again, was not happy with my place in the order, as I would open. He mentioned that Clayesmore lacked any Kiwis and that perhaps sacrificing the youth against the Jesters and then opening against Clayesmore wasn't entirely sporting. I agreed, but by that time I had my pads on and didn't want to fuss. **Henry Turpie** was my opening partner and together we negotiated a tricky opening spell. Particularly, one of Clayesmore's openers was bowling with reasonable pace and good control from the Blandford end. We put on 59 for the opening stand

though, **Henry** dismissed first, for six. **Adam Fowler-Watt** in at three, Clayesmore began to rotate their bowlers. Then they stopped rotating and settled on Andy Dike, the left arm wrist spinner, and the good opening bowler as the pair who would bowl for the foreseeable. This stifled the run rate on a wicket which wasn't straightforward.

It was around this point during a drinks break that Old Bryanstonian Alan Beattie came to say hello, thanks to being published in the Bryanston Magazine. I think he said he left in 1954 and then went on to captain the Butterflies for many years thereafter. He said he bowled 36 overs in a day at Hawker once. Must have been light on bowling options. Lovely to see people coming down to watch and thanks to the Bryanston Magazine for publishing some of these reports.

Back to cricket and I was out for 47, **Adam** out for 35. **Jago** whacked a slog sweep, which was heading for six, until Clayesmore's best fielder got in the way. To be fair, he didn't have to move, but it would have gone over the boundary. Gone for 1. **Alastair Tedford** was batting for lunch and had compiled 13. However, the ball before lunch was a full toss. So he dispatched it to the mid-wicket boundary. Except there was that same fielder, in exactly the same place, who took another good catch. 107-4 at lunch and we were scoring at the same rate as the Jesters had up to lunch the previous day. So we thought we could aim for 240 or thereabouts and declare.

After lunch, The Good Opening Bowler and The Left Arm Wrist Spinner continued. The Good Opening Bowler had bowled 5 maidens in a row at one point, two of which were wicket maidens. So they were bowling tight. And this bowling partnership went unbroken for a long time. The Good Opening Bowler ended up bowling 18 overs and The Left Arm Wrist Spinner bowled 15 on the trot. Eventually, they got the idea that we couldn't declare on 150 and brought on some slightly lesser bowlers. **Will Bucknell**, **Guy Bucknell** and **Owen Morris** were all able to capitalise on this and scored 27, 19 and 30 not out respectively. **Frank** came in at the last for 6 not out. We declared on 207-8 after what I thought was 47 overs. It turned out to be 50 overs, but still. They would get around 44 overs to chase, which wasn't too far off being fair.

Clayesmore Cormorants Chase 208 To Win

We had something of a lack of seam bowling options. **Adam Fowler-Watt** would of course charge in, but other than that, we had a dearth of spinners. **Badger** would have his say on this too, but I would open the bowling, trying my hand at seam for the first time in a few years. **Adam** bowled a tidy first. I bowled a less than tidy second over of the innings. My second over much better and even inducing the odd play and miss. However, **Adam** nor I could dislodge the openers. **Smallest Badger**, **Freddie Bucknell** on for an over before tea. Still no luck, but a very tidy over, conceding only 1 run. **Henry Turpie** into the attack and he immediately made a breakthrough. He quickly had nos. 1, 2 and 3 back in the pavilion. Clayesmore's best bat was also

the fielder who was well placed on the mid-wicket boundary, and for a while he had them on track. **Turpie** again the man to dislodge him, we had them 60 odd for 4. **Adam** back into the attack and he collected another wicket for the Flies. At this point, Clayesmore were blocking. They had around 10 overs left to bat, with 4 wickets in hand thanks to a run out. However, soon they were comfortable with three wickets in hand and only three overs left. **Will Bucknell** bowled some of his very tidy left arm wrist spinners and prized out one of the Cormorants. 2 overs left and 2 wickets in hand. We could still do this. **Adam** bowled the second to last over, but couldn't get through the defences. **Freddie Bucknell** would bowl the final over, something the opposition skipper was dreading. He had prodded 27 not out and was on the verge of saving the game for his team. A couple of great deliveries and we could win. The first two balls induced false shots, but thereafter, the Clayesmore batsmen blocked carefully. They finished 146-8. A winning draw perhaps?

We had a swift drink at the ground before making our way to Compton Abbas, where **Alastair Tedford** and his wife **Liz**, had kindly invited us for a BBQ. Several of the non-playing social butterflies had also made the trip, including Ed and Jenny Jenke and Tom Scott and his partner Carlea. Again, the full set of Badgers were present, so it was a fine family affair. We had an enchanting evening, eating delicious food outside in the starry evening, with gorgeous views over the Dorset countryside. **Liz** and **Alastair** were tremendous hosts and we all had a delightful evening. Thank you very much.

Negotiations have already begun for a repeat next year, though I'm not sure **Liz** knows this.

Sherborne Pilgrims vs The Butterflies

Another glorious day was well met by the Butterflies, away at Sherborne. We would be starting early and playing a 40 over game, so as to have time to get back to Cranborne to watch the football. It was all going smoothly, although only 10 Butterflies would be facing the Pilgrims. Another bump in the road was that we lost the toss and would field first.

40 Overs in the Field

The pitch was flat and the outfield was not only rapid, but enormous. **Adam Fowler-Watt** opened the bowling from the pavilion end, bowling down the hill, and I would trundle up the hill. I was lucky in bowling the opening batsman, who thus far in Sherborne's week, was averaging 2.6. This brought a good player to the crease, who after playing himself in, accelerated to a rather nice half century. **Henry Turpie** meanwhile, removed the other opening bat, bringing our nemesis to the crease, their Skipper, Fergus. Runs flowed for a time and while we rotated the bowlers, none

could make a breakthrough. Finally, **Frank** removed the half century maker and we had an end to bowl to. Lunch was a blessed relief, though the conversation topics from Sherborne left something to be desired.

Our 13 or so overs after lunch were super. We were good in the field and bowled tightly. We took regular wickets too, but a little late in stopping Fergus meant he got 87 in quick time. Both **Henry** and **Frank** took a second wicket each, with **Adam** coming back and taking two in three balls. I took a second too, this time with spin and enduring more taunts from Badger. **Frank** had a super run out, throwing from long on to hit the stumps directly, all of which culminated in Sherborne posting 270-9. 53 extras were quite helpful in this total.

271 To Win

Ollie DB had joined the team for the last two games and as a reward, would open the batting. This didn't go well, as he was dismissed for 4. **Guy Locke**, however, was on tub-thumping form, happily thumping the tubs that Sherborne bowled his way. **Frank** came and went for 13, making way for **Badger**. **Badger** came and went even more quickly, getting a super googly second ball, which he could not repel. **Owen Morris** came in at 5, with much to do. He looked in fine form and struck a couple of sumptuous boundaries before batting a half volley straight to mid on for a catch. 21 was as many as he could get. **Jago** was at the crease and after **Owen** was out, I went to join him. **Jago** was immediately dismissed, having done some damage with his trademark sweeps, but not going on to a big score. We were 133-6 and looking like falling well short. **Adam** and I then set about a rather tough rate of scoring 138 from just under 15 overs. Only three wickets left of course, as we were understaffed. A number of well worn cliches were used, 'just keep batting and let's see where we are', 'plenty of bad balls out here', 'run hard', but they did work for a while. We ran many twos into the bif outfield and tried to hit the bad ball for four. **Adam** the aggressor, he scored quickly and we progressed well. For 8 overs we batted until **Adam** was bumped out, a simple catch going to point. The score 195, we had put on 62 and anything could happen. So we needed about 80 from 7 overs. **Henry Turpie** in at 9 and he had to press on as soon as he arrived. A couple of lusty blows but 12 runs his total contribution. **Will Bucknell** the last man, we decided we would take it deep and run as much as possible. Bat on ball etc. 56 needed from 4.2 overs. **Will** was outstanding and only produced two dot balls in his 13 ball innings. We were there or thereabouts, but just needed one big over. We were close, but we just couldn't quite deliver the big hits that were required. We put on 40 in our last stand, but fell just 16 short. I finished 45 not out and **Will** was 17 unbeaten.

We got a lot closer than we thought at one stage, but left Sherborne with a few regrets. 53 extras meant we actually scored more runs off the bat than Sherborne. They also had 11 players. So in a tight game, fine margins won it for them.

It was great to be competitive though and we felt like we played some super cricket. We returned to base at Cranborne for the football and ordered a lot of pizza to go alongside the drinks picked up on the way back.

Canford Cygnets vs Butterflies

Away to Canford on the final day of The Week and we were feeling jaded. Late-ish nights and hot days in the field to blame, but the Bryanston breakfast was the elixir we needed. Though no hash browns.

The heatwave continued, the Canford square looked dry and tired and there was only one decision to be made if lady luck favoured you at the toss. Canford had not won a toss all week and thus she favoured the home side. We would once again bowl first.

Bry Field and Field and Field

It was quite apparent that spin was the way to go on this pitch. However, today we had some fresh legs in the form of **Tom Barber**, '18 leaver, and **Matt Davies**, not '18 leaver. Both of these fine gentlemen of the seam bowling persuasion, we bowled about 11 overs before spin entered the fray. Seam had not made an impression on the wickets column and spin took it's time too. **Frank** was the first man to draw blood and removed their opener for 34. 96-1. At lunch, they remained one wicket down, but they had not scored so quickly so as to get away from us. An unfortunate drop of their opener by **Owen** meant an unhappy **Adam**, but we were in good spirits. **Will Bucknell** was the next wicket taker, getting the no. 3, but only after he had got 47. 202-2 after 38 overs and we thought we would be chasing a good score. All the while, the opening batsman was getting a decent century. We were getting lots of turn and bounce out of the pitch, which was puffing dust with every ball that landed on it. However, wickets remained hard to come by. That was until the third wicket fell to **Frank**. 212-3 in the 40th over, the time 14:44. Another half hour or 45 minutes of whacking it and Canford would have a good score on a tricky wicket. The fourth wicket fell at 15:06 in the 46th over, with the score on 243. We turned down drinks, thinking that a declaration would come soon and we didn't want to waste valuable batting time. Successive batsmen came in and showed little intent, but another wicket fell and at 264-6, a declaration was certain. No deal. Frustration and bemusement on the faces of the more

experienced Flies, who were thinking that 260 was plenty, when the wicket was dust and we would not get the same 50 overs to face them.

Badger came to the fore and at drinks we hatched a plan. Without dissent or outward grievance, we would play their game. “Let’s think about this” was the shout from **Badger** almost every ball. A single would bring a field change, rightfully so, as there was one batsman on well over 100 and another new to the crease. These changes were happening several times an over. Every time, “Let’s think about this now”. The game caught on, dropping the ball as we passed it back to the bowler, not finding it in the long grass when it went for four, stopping the bowler at the end of his run and asking if he was happy with the field, which of course he wasn’t. **Badger** was in his element and thus ensued perhaps the most enjoyable fielding period of the entire Week. Wickets were falling at the other end and each time, we expected a wave from the balcony. None came. Perhaps they would declare when their opener had 150? He got 150, but still no declaration. We overheard the incoming batsman say to the century maker ‘they’re just happy for you to bat until you’re out’, ‘maybe you can get 200’. But still, we fought the good fight and kept our cool. The 8th wicket fell at 15:52, the score on 292. Still no declaration. Finally, with **Adam** bowling the last over before tea, an aberration of calling and the century maker called a run. He was sent back but all too late, as **Adam** had pounced and picked up the ball on his follow through and hit the stumps. Run out on 166, he had made a mere 146 more after he had given the chance, the score 305-9. They declared. The time was 16:03. We had bowled 56.4 overs. The great joy we took from this, was that the last 10 overs took us 57 minutes to bowl. The previous 10 overs had taken half an hour. We won that little game as it seemed like no one but us knew it was a game at all. The umpires were kept sweet and Canford were as blind to it as they were the spirit of the game. Tea taken, we were chasing 306 to win from not very many overs. The talk in the changing room was to simply play one’s natural game.

Butterflies Bat

Ollie DB and **Guy Locke** would open up for us once again. Kept fresh in the field with reduced bowling duties, though **Guy** had injured his hand a little with the stopping of a fiercely struck ball. **Ollie** was going well, but the score on 12, **Guy** was caught for 0. **Henry Turpie** in at 3 and the score moved to 20 before he too was caught for 0. **Tom Barber** came to the crease and the pair began to assemble a partnership. **Ollie** played some gorgeous drives and would later say that he thought the pitch was pretty good. It had now become clear, at 17:30, that we would only receive 36 overs. **Ollie** was dismissed for 32, caught again. **Matt Davies** in at five, but a jaffer removed him for just 1. 67-4 and with 15 overs to see out. Clearly the win was out of sight, but how close would it get. I was very keen that we should be as comfortable as possible, so as to highlight the

folly of their declaration, but this was not to be. 71-5 as **Tom Barber** perished for 31, caught once more. **Will Bucknell** was at the crease and **Owen** was sent in to bat alongside him to see the game out. A first baller for **Owen** and 71-6 was looking perilous, though the destination for the Nudger Cup was perhaps more certain. **Frank** made a defiant 19, with Canford giving lots of chat now in the field. Both **Frank** and **Will** were dislodged, **Will** for a very mature 21 and it was then **Adam** and myself who had three and half overs to see out. We did so relatively calmly, to finish 131-8.

The Canford skipper said to me on our way off, that with **Badger** yet to bat, 8 wickets down was probably not representative and that they still had some way to go. I mentioned that if he had declared a little sooner, he would have had more time to bowl us out, but it was taken in jest, unfortunately.

Canford did put on a lovely BBQ for us in the Headmaster's garden after the game, which was very good of them and delicious to boot. They didn't seem to notice that 56 overs for them to bat and 36 overs for us was not particularly equitable, but the consensus from our side was that this was not atypical for Canford.

Anyway, we were more disappointed than bitter and represented ourselves well at the BBQ.

On the drive back to Blandford, I stopped to help an old lady, who had crashed on a roundabout and there was not a Canford player in sight. Typical. Moral superiority confirmed, a final pint at The Crown saw out a marvellous Week.

Sincere thanks to all who came to play, watch or contribute in any way to a very memorable week of cricket. It turns out we didn't actually win a game after the first T20, but it was a fabulous week nonetheless.

Bowling Cup - Awarded to **Adam Fowler-Watt** for tirelessly running in and taking lots of wickets during the week for not many runs. Honorable mention to **Henry Turpie** who actually has more wickets this season, but bowls spin, which requires less running than bowling fast...

Batting Cup - Me. Sorry. Honorable mention to **Tom Turney** for his hundred against the Hogs and Tom Scott who had back to back fifties over The Weekend. However, no appearance during The Week for either was marked down by the committee.

Nudger Cup - Could have gone to **Tom Turney** for the hundred mentioned, but goes to **Owen Morris** for dropping a man on 20 who then went on to make 166. He also got a duck in the same game Sorry Owen.

