

### The Hampshire Hogs - 2nd May

The 2015 season started with a break in tradition via an inaugural match against the Hampshire Hogs at their beautiful ground in the Meon Valley. A further break in Butterflies convention was all 11 players at the ground a whole hour early. Something even resembling a warm-up occurred, and this hitherto unknown professionalism might have even rubbed off - a 141-run win led by Tom Turney's counter-attacking 85 not out and Seb Street's wily 5 for 14 resulted.

### The Weekend and School t20 - 30th to 31st May & 27th July

Due to the modern school half-term the usual season opener against the School has swapped to the Sunday of "the Weekend", the Roteers kindly agreeing to come a day early and give us a game on the Saturday. This situation proved to be sadly unideal this year as after a sunny 114 run win against the Roteers, Sunday morning saw unrelenting rain and both sides heading home without a ball bowled. However what would have been two years without a Butterflies vs School fixture was saved by new cricket m-i-c Simon Turrill's enthusiasm in organising a twenty20 weeks later. Even purists, perhaps already grumbling at the change in playing conditions to a 50-over game in the classic fixture, could not have helped but raise a smile when presented by a school team in coloured pyjamas, walk-on music and Andy Marriott's dulcet tones commentating over a PA installed on the Hawker balcony. Despite this bombast, the young school team, highly rated by their two excellent coaches, didn't quite have the power to match a strong and canny Flies side, losing by 7 wickets. Next year we're working towards two sunny days and two games once again; one to suit those of the *et vetera* persuasion and another for those down with *et nova*.

### The Week - 5th to 9th July

The Stour Cup t20 tournament begins the Week and this year the Flies drew Sherborne in their semi final. Bowling first, the Flies halted an initially tearaway Sherborne innings to a very chaseable 139-6. And it all looked terribly rosy 10 overs into the second innings, the Flies score perfectly poised at 70-1. A collapse of @englandcricket #totalshambles naturally followed, Charlie Austin's classy 61 undeservedly ending up a lone-hand in a total of 128 all out. In the other semi-final Canford beat a severely depleted Clayesmore side to join Sherborne in the final (eventually winning) so the Flies had some middle-practice up at Phoenix by demolishing Clayesmore in the 3rd/4th play-off. Local cider and a pig whose roasting aromas probably caused a few lapses in concentration at the crease, finished the day off with all teams mingling communally under Ed Jenke's kindly donated marquee.

A Butterflies run-glut, in front of a boundary gratifyingly dotted with supporters, further repaired the sting of just 3rd place come Monday. Joe Weld with 79 top-scored in an innings declared at 322 for 7 off 50 overs against the touring Jesters. In reply the opposition never seemed keen on chasing down such an excess, but with only Tom Jenkins, 3-35, getting any sort of life out of a slumbering wicket, it's to their credit that they dead-batted the game to the draw, finishing on 169-6 off 51 overs.

Tuesday brought a trip to Clayesmore and another strong Butterflies performance in the first innings - 269-9 declared off 47 overs, James Ladd-Gibbon, 61 not out, the main protagonist, but joined at the end of the innings by the fresh-faced, debuting/cameoing William Bucknell, son of Guy, who showed a little more attacking flair than the old man for his 3. In reply Clayesmore could only muster 148 off 38 overs, undone by Seb Street's classy 4-34, and a memorable piece of collective mental disintegration.

Sherborne at Hawker for Wednesday. The Butterflies defeated by 6 wickets. Joe Weld with an adroit 79 not out kept it respectable, but a first innings of 188 all out off 45 overs was never pretty. The Pilgrims chased it down agriculturally and fast. The disgust will hopefully inspire us come 2016.

Canford joined us at home for 2015's ultimate game and the best weather of the whole season. Again the Butterflies batted first and Ollie D'Erlanger Bertrand's 85 shone brightest in 242 all out off 55 overs. In the field, inspired catching, especially by Charlie Dickson, and athletic fielding otherwise sealed a wonderful Week with a brilliant win as Canford ran out of batsmen 78 runs short, just leaving James Ladd-Gibbon to lead the team off having taken 6 for 21.

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So. 10 games. 6 wins. 2 defeats. 1 draw. 1 rained off. 1725 runs made. 72 wickets taken. Handsome statistics that mean the precise sum of missing a straight one first ball. The 2015 Butterflies season's qualities somehow added up to something a little greater. Another number but a most gratifying one is the 31 players

taking part in the above - a brilliant show of participation after a few lean years. 2 new games, the Hogs and school t20, were embraced and meant that everyone contributed to some really good cricket. The excitement and support in the club was most gratefully received by a new captain, and with next summer promising two additional games, one a trip to the Isle of Wight after the Hogs, then a late season London jaunt, there is a feeling of renewal and growth. 2017 will take us back to Sri Lanka, touring some of the Test grounds we played in 2006 but also some rarer wickets north in Jaffna - so to those out there who've never played, haven't played in ages or would just like to get on our mailing list for info and full match reports, get in touch! You're most welcome and there's plenty of cricket for all!

Sincere thanks go to the School for hosting and supporting us - especially to Simon Turrill for organising a fun t20 and to groundsman Rob Froud in preparing the wickets for some great games of cricket.

Batting Cup: Joe Weld (3 inns, 160 runs, 1 not out, 80.00 av.)

Bowling Cup: Seb Street (49 overs, 13 maidens, 179 runs, 16 wickets, 11.19 av.)

Nudger Cup: George Nelson (Spectacularly consistent displays of catch-dropping proficiency)

Champagne Moment: William Bucknell (Gary Prating the Canford captain)

## *Butterflies vs. The Rioteers @ Bryanston School by George Nelson*

Again the Butterflies assembled and the recruitment process seems to have stagnated somewhat (*Vad?* - *Ed.*). Either the skipper isn't pulling his weight or the lure of first class cricket is no longer attractive to the contemporary school leaver. That said, it's hard to imagine an 18-year-old possessing sufficient guile to displace the current crop. Not that the Flies is an impregnable institution, far from it, this opening paragraph is merely a battle cry designed to stir passion in recent alumni — so if there are any budding scorers or specialist square leg umpires out there please write to Chris Cosgrove.

Spirits were high. Our amicable demolition of the Hampshire Hogs instilled a certain confidence in the injury blighted 10-man squad as we whited-up and applied vats of sun lotion; the factor 50 ran dry. "We must be the fairest cricket team in the world," quipped Max Dawes— a new motto to accompany the badge, perhaps? The Hawker Pavilion is no oil painting but its dank lower level is reassuringly familiar, much like an old trusted jockstrap, and the ambience soon thickened into a heady soup of prospect, perspiration, and linseed oil. If those cold, russet tiles could speak imagine the years of wisdom each enamel might impart: Quentin Craddick witticisms, rousing Mike Prygos monologues, Andy Marriot's sharp wit...three erudite thinkers echoing in eternity. But straight up, tactical nous was required to overcome The Rioteers, a friendly bunch forged from youth and experience who play a reliable brand of cricket.

With this in mind and batting first C. Cosgrove elected to open with the ever-dependable **Badger (38)** and **TJ (30)**, and a fine decision it turned out to be. A fast, incredibly manicured outfield paved the way for some racy boundaries from the fourth over and it wasn't long before the scoreboard bulged. The enemy's bowling attack was solid; J. Hall throwing down measured, well-pitched regularity one end and the more spritely C. Gibbons uncoiling his rapid right arm at the other. Both openers hit spectacular sixes before the LBW rule, enforced by the first bowling change, cut short what was in danger of becoming a match-winning partnership. Badger culled by an unlucky low bounce.

TJ was joined by **T.Turney (18)** but walked shortly after when he unwittingly blocked the stumps with a pad. **Cosgrove (49)** was summoned to the crease and wasted no time in settling into his typical steadfast rhythm — even the most liberal of teams require a dash of steady conservatism to maintain equilibrium, the great stonewaller William Scotton will attest to that. But surprisingly he channeled something altogether more caddish a few overs in and brandished his willow stave like an AK47. The runs surged and the man was batting unleashed! What had brought this newfound freedom into our captain's game was hotly debated on Hawker's balcony: the love of a leggy Swede or the viscous upshot of a broken heart? We shall probably never know for the bearded warrior is a man of few words.

An easy catch called time on T.Turney's hard-hitting cameo, punctuated by three well-timed fours. **The author (4)** stepped into the fray and a handful of deliveries later slapped a poor ball straight down the throat of an old timer occupying the leg side boundary — one man's fun is another man's funeral and I was back supping what was left of the industrial cider in no time. Cue **M. Dawes (28)**. It was the last chance to see the man with bat in hand before paternal bliss renders his killer instinct to doughy-eyed love for a newborn babe. And let me tell you, he played out of his skin, enacting the watchful Hutch to Coz's wild, gun-slinging Starksy. Lunch was called and it was hard not to admire the bewhiskered brilliance of the duo as they walked off the pitch blossom-cheeked and sweatier than a pair of rutting hobbits.

Bryanston's catering department put on a good spread. The *couverture de plats* concealed gammon steaks, stuffed aubergenes, and steamed petit pois — those anticipating the customary carbohydrate-heavy repast struggled to hide their shock. Had there been a mix-up? It was conceivable that the parent committee's annual fundraiser in Cowley was sitting down to bread, lasagna, pasta, and potatoes as Ed Jenke slipped a fourth slab of Dorset's finest pork onto his burgeoning plate.

After lunch Dawes was caught and the stand toppled. His replacement, **O.Bowring (1)**, was unlucky to be caught by their keeper a couple of balls down the line. Number eight **Jenke (35\*)** — already on a warning from the skipper for abusing the heady spirit of amateur cricket — wasted no time in taking the game to The Rioteers, even if he struggled to make the leather sing early doors. It was suggested a contact lens may have slipped out of place and that Ed was seeing double, but

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Baz Street was quick to point out his vision is usually 20:20. Anyway, Coz offered the opposition some catching practice one shy of fifty and trundled off dejected to gentle applause. A fine innings.

O. D' Erlanger (21) and Ed applied the varnish to a respectable score with some powerful strokes, a notable six by the latter, and Coz called time, but not before **Street (1\*)** sneaked a quick single after replacing the former.

With 265 to chase the last thing our enemy needed was TJ loose, fired up, and on-point. The beard, flannels, and gallant air hark to a bygone era but the pace, accuracy, and brilliant aggression of the man's bowling was certainly not cordial and the wickets fell. Sadly I cannot write anything remotely similar for what occurred at the other end — average, left-arm over with a hint of movement. More impotent than a half-cut eunuch.

Number two batsman S.Brazier managed to settle in after a while and hit a few fours before Street gave him his marching orders. Baz took a wonderful catch in the slips before dropping a sitter moment later.

G.Rees, holding down the number four spot, was The Rioteers' secret weapon and he was rolled out like a nuclear warhead before enjoying a phase of hard-hitting dominance, but the Flies are made of steely stuff and after the big man was lured into smashing the leather down the gullet of yours truly it was curtains. The ageing order collapsed thanks to the craft of M.Dawes' befuddling line and length and Street's persistence. Victory was ours, and well deserved it was too. Until next time gentlemen.

Batsman	Innings	Not Outs	Runs	HS	Average
Tom Turney	2	1	103	85*	103
Jim Denning	1	0	47	47	47
Ed Jenke	2	1	43	35*	43
Guy Bucknell	1	0	38	38	38
Tom Jenkins	2	1	31	30	31
Baz Street	2	1	30	29	30
Max Dawes	1	0	28	28	28
Chris Cosgrove	2	0	51	49	25.5
Harry Parnell	1	0	25	25	25
Si Williams	1	0	13	13	13
Ollie D'Erlanger Bertrand	2	0	26	21	13
Jack Peck	1	0	8	8	8
George Nelson	2	0	9	5	4.5
Ollie Bowring	1	0	1	1	1

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Bowler	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts	Ave	Eco	SR
Baz Street	18	6	62	9	6.89	3.44	12.00
Tom Jenkins	15	3	39	3	13.00	2.60	30.00
Ed Jenke	5	0	25	2	12.50	5.00	15.00
Ollie D'Erlanger Betrand	11	2	21	2	10.50	1.91	33.00
Chris Cosgrove	4	1	5	1	5.00	1.25	24.00
George Nelson	14	2	39	1	39.00	2.79	84.00
Max Dawes	6	2	17	1	17.00	2.83	36.00
Harry Parnell	3	1	13	0	-	4.33	-
Jack Peck	5	0	13	0	-	2.60	-
Si Williams	3	0	14	0	-	4.67	-
Tom Turney	2	0	4	0	-	2.00	-