

Match Report

JTCC v. The French House

It may be seen as a little churlish of the organisers to whinge about their lot but please allow them this small bleat. Getting a team of pub cricketers and their followers to the centre of London was never going to be (& I apologise in advance) a walk in the park but in the week before the game we had too few players, fewer followers, no transport and, on the eve of the game, no opposition. 'What next?' was being muttered down shirt fronts and ultimately the reply was 'A no show from the replacement coach company'. One did eventually arrive but almost 3 hours late.

Though it was late **Team Travel**, the coach company, were good enough to put money behind the bar. This gave the gathered throng an unanticipated bonus of free drinks in the Jolly Tanners at 11 o'clock on a Sunday morning. Heaven with out the church! Some did spurn this generosity which resulted in the **pro's** practising their after game routine and the novices having a quick net.

With the late arrival of the coach the picnic in the park became brunch on a bus which was not all that bad but, adding injury to insult, with the coach's toilets out of order grown men were reduced to 'Are we nearly there yet?' impatience by their bursting bladders. (See photo of **Richard** running one down to long leg.)

Perhaps the most pleasing aspect of the day was that on arrival we were greeted by friends and relatives. (See even more photos.) After that it was down hill all the way because guess what? We batted first and yet another collapse ensued. The **pros** blamed the coach company's generosity; **Ron** blamed the umpire who gave him out lbw 4' out of the crease; **Andrew** (whose amnesia returned) was further incensed by the umpire's inability to spot a beamer but did eventually apologise for his outburst. Of those that had a 'net' **James** made a courageous 8 n.o. in a supporting role with the last batsman who made 23 and **Stu** was outstanding in the field.

With only a pathetic 93 on the board the French House's innings was always going to be short but the JTCC made them work for it. **Nigel** bowled 4 overs for just 6 runs; from the other end **Ian** (taking a break from his 10th wedding anniversary. Thank you & congratulations to you & the angel **Rachel** from us all) took 3 wickets for 8 runs off 3 overs and **Richard** chipped in with 2 wickets. We gave away just 4 extras.

Unfortunately they had one batsman who kept his head whilst all around him lost theirs and scored 42 chanceless runs. Why does the opposition insist on bringing cricketers to our matches?!

As you can imagine the game still finished in double quick time and so we adjourned to a local hostelry to dry off and drown our sorrows. It should be noted that another game of cricket was being played on an adjacent pitch and when the rain came they whimped off to the safety of their pavilion whilst your stoic sportsmen stayed put.

The journey home was illuminated by **Phil's** none Elvis songs and a good deal of earthy banter. We arrived at Sussex heaven, melted into the bar and the evening became a pleasant blur.

We lost but who cares. It's only a game.

Neil Pwain.
Cricket Correspondent to the Jolly Tanners

Match Stats

JTCC lost to the French House. Merde!

Champagne Moments

Team Travel's benevolence.

Pete's benevolence. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you

Ron's self control.

Andrew's lack of it.

Simply stunning catches by Phil & Nigel.

Out drinking the students who whimped out far too soon.

Beer Moment

The nae sayers.

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