

## The Poo, The Fight, The Limpet and the Drops



Nomads have had a few characters in the past who have received life time bans, notably C. Horne and C. Penn. On this day Stokes was handed the unenviable task of picking a fair and reasonable batting order from the team he was given by the MM, the Mighty Blum. There was no way to keep everyone happy. I checked my bag repeatedly through the day as I was mindful of Mr Penn, whom reportedly when upset with his Cobham Skipper (1983) he decided to defecate in the Skippers Coffin. I pleased to say that these Nomads are fine men and my bag was not soiled in anyway. If only I could say the same about Chris Page's underpants, that by all reports were red hot. Sorry to all those whom are clearly capable but didn't make the top 4 on the day, notably Dominic Ramjag at 8, but needless to say he and Raymond were late again.

Charterhouse being the school of PBH May had in the Pavillion a copy of the scorecard from the Oval 1953, when England beat an Australia side containing the likes of Hassett, Morris, Harvey, Miller, Lindwall and Davidson, in a 6 day match to win the series 1 - 0, thus taking the Ashes and giving England their first Ashes series on home soil for 27 years

<http://www.espncriinfo.com/ci/engine/current/match/62762.html>

Trevor Bailey scored 64 in England's first Innings over 222 mins, defending *"as if the idea never occurred to him that any way of removing him from the crease existed in law or custom,"* N Cardus. *"He is not only an anchor for England: he barnacles the good ship to the floor of the ocean,"* concluded Cardus. Bailey was known as Barnacle Bailey from that moment on.

Blumberg thinking we were in Calcutta agreed to Drinks on the hour. After I won the toss and batted, Limpet Lascelles and Leech Lane set of as if we were playing a 6 day match and batted us to a stable base of 42 - 0, at the first drinks. In fairness the Charterhouse wicket was uncharacteristically difficult to play shots on, the ball both dying and keeping low. Both Lane and Lascelles were out going back to balls that kept very low and then Stokes and Derajji were out later pulling balls that were dying on them. Limpet Lascelles got to 21 in 21 Overs, Tom Liversidge looked fluent and impressive until he nicked a half volley behind. Stokes, Thornton, Vib, Jemile and Ramjag all scored at around or better than a run a ball to insure Nomads got to 200, a credible score on that wicket. Vib as last year proved his batting class with an exquisite 48\* batting at 6. Captaining gave me a chance to firm up the pillars of my leadership capabilities and my confidence was growing until Chris repeatedly reminded me that I was Fxxxing Clueless.





*Caption Competition  
(Winner gets a pair of Jockey Wilson's soiled underpants.)*

Jemile and Vib opened the bowling - Vib was bowling interesting lines but finished with 5 for 58. Page and Dom Elliot bowled well as the two change bowlers and both could have wrapped up the game if we had taken our chances. Dominic JamRag caught two good catches at deep mid off, but collectively we were not good enough in the field. I believe that no one ever means to drop a catch, but during their innings we certainly at times may have given that impression, shelling multiple chances. If we had caught one or two of those chances the match would have been our. We came close to potential glory arrived at by incompetents, but it was Sydnehurst Ramblers who applied themselves well and chased down the total winning with a ball to spare 8 wickets down. Aptly it should have been a last ball finish but a misfield backing up the throw in gave the Ramblers Victory. **XXX with 85** runs was the pick of their batsmen.



The world was shocked when George Foreman won the world title aged 45, and shock was abound in the Charterhouse changing room when Page and Jemile took an unscheduled shot at the World Naked Title in the showers, Nomads as ever the theatre of incidents. For the younger generation who may be confused about who George Foreman is, let me tell you he was an absolute master of Heavyweight Boxing, that sweetest science and not just a name on some kitchen appliance. When in Kinshasa, Zaire 1974 v Ali, George just lay on that Canvas all quiet and still, little did we know he was thinking up a plan for a cheap sandwich grill. In all the shower-room antics I was distracted and MB quicker than Doc Holliday was in there collecting match fees ensuring no illegal expenditure akin to Hampton Wick.





*The Ring in Kinshasa, nr Godalming*

So looking forward to the rest of the season; Let us hope for a better tomorrow, Let us not evacuate our bowels in others kit, let us hang up our gloves, and let us do ourselves justice in the field.



*The Mighty Blum expressive hands as ever, tells a tale in the Squirrel Pub afterwards*

Safe Travels Andy

Incidentally George Foreman has ten children, and each of his five sons is named; George Jr., George III, George IV, George V, George VI. His five daughters are Michi, Georgetta, Freda George, Natalie, and Leola.