

Bideford v Paignton at Home 14th July 2018

'That Same old Feeling' Pickettywitch (1969) (A pop group) or
'Here we go again the Hollies' (1965) – a very famous pop group still on the road or
'Deja Vue all over again' John Fogerty.

Lost by 11 runs, Paignton 205 all out, Bideford 194 -8

No I am not trying to be funny – but the point is I think well made. But I am ahead of myself
let me begin at the beginning.

First to my devoted followers who avidly follow the live action it didn't happen. Why it didn't
happen I have no idea, the score system said it was working, the web page on my computer
said the information on the web was up to date and everything was alright – except of course
it wasn't. I am waiting to hear from Playcricket who at the moment are puzzled. The result
eventually went up about 10.00 last night after I got home and turned the computer on and off
3 times. There is no doubt someone in the world who can tell me what this means. I have no
idea. Lets keep our fingers cross. Well, having got out of the way. Another sad day.

The team put out was as last week which meant that we are still deprived of the services of
our opening bowler – and I believe his injury may well be hampering his batting.

So -0 as at Paignton – they batted first with Fred King and Alex Hannam opening. Both
showed good pace. Their opening batsman tried to batter them a bit, but Fred got them both,
one a skier to Tom Brend in the covers, the second a stunner by Alex H in the gully. Their
number 3 and 4 put on a stand off 62 when Tom and Alex took another catch each, this time
off Josh Atkinson and Jamie Lathwell. 91-2 became 115 – 7. (At Paignton it had been 96).
However as has happened so often, the last three wickets (again at Plympton last week)
proved our undoing. Their number 7 – a youngster playing his second 1st XI match scored 61
and put on 35 for the 8th wicket and 58 for the 9th – exactly what happened before. Clearly the
lack of Paul's bowling is a major factor in this, but our bowlers bowled well, Fred K had 3,
Jamie Lathwell had 4, Josh Atkinson 2 and Jack Ford miserly with 1-14 off 10 with 4 maidens.
However the final total rather than (say) 150 would have been eminently chaseable turned
into a nightmare.

After tea, and shortly delay because their opening bowler demanded the foot holes be fixed,
which was done by Kevin Fishleigh and Paul with a variety of forks soil and other medieval
pieces of torture equipment satisfied his criticisms. Off we went and after a few sighting overs,
James Ford and Tom Brend dealt with the bowling sensibly, the good balls were stopped, the
bad balls hit for 4, singles taken wherever possible to the point that 93 was on the board
before Tom played his first false shot (well perhaps not the first, but certainly his last) and
was taken behind for 45. Ollie Hannam came at number 3. For the last few matches Ollie has
seemed out of touch with the bat – I have no idea why. I have the feeling that no-one practices
more, and has more determination but perhaps the results of the last few weeks have affected
him. However he departed and Alex H came in at 4 Alex and JF put on 32 – Alex never really
looking quite in form and what was apparent from this time on was that the singles nearly
disappeared. At this stage the run rate was just under 4. However a sort of global panic
seemed to descend. Alex was bowled playing a shot I am sure he will see in his nightmares
again, Paul Heard most unlike him waved his bat at a ball outside off stump, Jack Ford came in
and took 14 off 18 and was out caught to a skier off a ball that could well have been above
waist height (Andy Webbe you will recall suffered the same fate). James F had clearly

destined himself to play the anchor to the intent that if he was there at the end then we would win, the trouble was that, he wasn't there at the end, and while he defended stoutly, no runs were scored at the other end either. In the overs 35 – 45 there were 3 maidens and 28 runs for 3 wickets. That was where the innings died. Just at the point when their young number 7 blossomed, we became becalmed. Fred had another good innings but could not do it on his own and whilst we retained two wickets to deprive Paignton of a point.

I hate, and derive no pleasure from pointing out what I am sure everyone already knows, namely we let the other team get away each week when we could kill them off, we become becalmed in the middle of the innings and , frankly, lose matches that we have done everything to win other than crossing the finishing line. There might be a few out there who can remember (or have seen on the replays that come up every now and again on the TV) the marathon runner in the 1948 London Olympics who collapses about 100 yards from the line. Paignton's scorer who has played a lot of premier cricket and is no mug (unlike me of course) says there is no danger of us going down because we are much better than a lot of the teams around us in the table – and in this I think he is right, but we do have to have someone who will take responsibility in the middle of the order, when a few wickets have gone down quickly, not just to stabilise the innings, but to give it some impetus, and someone who can get rid of those perishers who hang around at the end.

Whilst losing a few on the trot does not mean that we are not as good as most of the teams in our division – we could prove that by going to Torquay next week and showing them how to do it.

However, whatever way you look at it we have the talent but at the moment each match seem like 'Same Old Feeling' 'Here we go again' or 'Deja Vue all over again'. None of the problems are terminal – the catching and ground fielding where superb. A couple of the catches stunning. Paul Heard took one screaming past his head as if he were plucking an apple from a tree so come one chaps, you and I know how good you are – just show the rest of the world.

Hopefully my live scoring will work next week, but if it doesn't up to now the Torquay scorer has been on TCS – so if you can't follow it with me – the preferred option of course – you may get on the Devon TCS site.

Off to Torquay

The Quill