

REMEMBER FIVE BELLIES SAYS (PART III)

- J. A shiny new knacker is only in the eyes of the beholder.
- K. Bees round the till certainly beats going down t'pit.
- L. Its grim in Witney's jock strap but it's cheaper to buy your coal from Newcastle.
- M. An apple a day avoids paying for parking tickets.
- N. Strike a light for freedom'. Support your local Gas supplier.
- O. There are faries at the bottom of Archies cabbage patch.
- P. A pot of gold can never equal a verse in a hymn book.
- Q. A stitch in time leaves no stone unturned.
- R. Where there's life there's the hopeless weathergirl.
- S. I've got two birds in my hand and I'll give them one in the bush.

\* \* \*

Answer to our testing Poser: They are all old and grey and they all like a good jump.

*M.P. Bells*

# The Bledlow Bosh.

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## INTRODUCTION

Hello again and welcome back to the Bledlow Bosh. If all has gone to plan and these have been printed on time, and you've supported the club by attending the functions, you should be reading this at the cheese and wine. If so you're probably half cut and just settling into a typical Bledlow session. At this point you should start chanting "Skipper get a round in, Skipper get a round in" and don't stop until he does.

Cheers Biff!

Now thats what I call a good captain, and with the new season coming up lets all get behind him and the club and try and give a bit of time and a helping hand to anyone [Harry, Biff, Fivebellies etc] who might need it. Meanwhile pay your subs, clean your boots, brush your teeth, wash behind your ears, have a good time today, have a good season, and hopefully enjoy the rest of this.

### LETTERS

Did you know that the average number of runs scored by a Bledlow player last saeson was 304, although this figure did vary from one player to another.

Steve Williams

What a crucial piece of reading B.B.one was. Now whenever I chill out I checkout your mag, it's awesome. Wicked man.

Splitting, Dave 'Whako' Chaimberlin.

Please, please, please, if Dave Benning is reading this can I emlore you to let me bat at number eight this season. Please, please, please mate.

Steve Williams.

I read the Bledlow Bosh number 1. What a load of crap. And if there are any more hints about me being short I'm going to stand next to Nev.

Neil Waite.

I think born again Magic Roundabout buff and new Sunday Second Eleven skipper, Trevor Saunders is talking a load of nonsense when he says "Goo nanner igle flop bin bin whoop?? Ginadee.

Rex Muchperson.

When drinking in the east end some guy came up to give me some grief. I told him to clear off because I could soon sort out some swings and roundabouts, and anyway I had a toothbrush in my back pocket which was more than a twistre for his front lawn. He was soon hiding his ashtray in a picture frame.

You'rs Sincerly  
Biff.

What???

You'rs Sincerly  
Mike Rafferty

I rushed to my pen and paper when I thought I'd got a letter on the tip of my tounge which I thought your readers would find realy interesting. THEN I remembered I w eating Alphabetti Spaggetti and it was in fact a K.

Alistair Muchpersons.

### NETS

Pre-season nets will be held at the club on Tuesday and Thursday Evenings at six pm., They will commence some time in April. Please see the Club Notice board for exact date and any other information that could be to your benefit.

## PROFESSIONAL TO BE SIGNED

Bledlow Cricketing Committees' recent decision to sign the clubs first ever profesional has suprised many, shocked a few, and led to untold speculation and rumour. When asked for the name of the player club chairman Maxi 'In the gloves' Large refused to say a word. "Thats a tricky one which I feel unable to commit myself on at the moment. However I will go to the committee for a formal statement. I can explain fully though the laws regarding the use of runners.

Despite this we at the Bledlow Bosh can bring you the truth. Many players have shown an interest in Bledlow, and Bledlow have had a few ideas of their own.

First choice was Imran Khan, but having met a few of the club players at Lords he decided he could not match up to the standard of dress the club required. Hopes were then high of signing Sri Lankan opening bowler Wickremasinghe, however John Baverstock refused to do the scoring if the deal went ahead, claiming Kelloway was a stupid enough name already. However Mr Baverstock did suggest we try for his childhood hero. Despite numerous letters to the individual the club recieved no reply, which was considered most un-W.C. Gracious.

Sunil Gavaskar applied claiming he had only one ambition left in the game, to run out Mike Rafferty, and ruin his average. He was told to wait his turn and apply again next season. Carlisle Best was also dissapointed, and somewhat bemused, when told the club did not want an over-the-hill ex-footballer and West Ham had always been a load of crap anyway. Phil Newport and Ian Botham both made the final shortlist, but also lost out. Newport because the club has enough Wycombe regects already and Botham because Scunthorp are a bigger load of crap than West Ham.

The man who got the job after thorough vetting was Roger Ballcock. Although not renown for his batting or bowling, he bought all the committee a drink and in view of the fact that the clubs heating has been playing up, and the ladies toilets are to be moved, Rogers expertise in the feild of plumbing was considered qualification enough.



WELL WIT, YOU WOULDN'T BE SMILING LIKE THAT IF YOU NEW WHY RAFF BOUGHT YOU THAT BEAMISH. HE'S JUST TOLD BIFF YOU'RE AT THE BAR BUYING THE SKIPPER A DRINK AND HE'S BEEN SENT OUT FOR THE SLOG HIMSELF!

### 'HARD LUCK' BAVER

We have searched the nation looking for the most hard-done-by-old-timer in Great Britain, and sure enough we found ourselves at Bledlow. Our man is known locally as 'Baver' and is Bledlow C.C's long standing scorer. We tracked him down to a freezing cold, lonely, rising damp-ridden, woodlice infested scorebox 60yds from the pavillion. This is where we interviewed 'Baver'.

Bledlow Bosh; Well 'Baver', how are you?

Baver; What! How the bloody hell do you think I am, climbing up this poxy ladder in a biting wind just to score for this bunch of no-hopers.

B.B; Ah well it can't be that bad Baver.

B; Wadda-ya-mean. I gotta walk 60yds just to get here, and with my knees'n'all, I just can't do it. Last week I dropped my pencil and missed the first 15 overs trying to pick the bastard back up.

B.B; Exactly how far back can you remember hard-done-by?

B; I bin shirty all me life and I even cried the day I was born 'cos the nurse, you see, first she cut me belly button, then she smacked me arse 'till I cried. So I thought sod this, best I kick up a bit of a stink, so I did.

B.B; So you mean you can actually remember being born?!!

B. Just as if it was yesterday. I've had it hard all me life 'cos I was born in six foot of snow you know. It was the middle of january and my old dad said to the nurse, you give her the 'hurry up' 'cos I want that boy to know what it is to be cold. So they put my old mum in the barrow and wheeled her out the back door and sat her up against the coal bunker, then they give her  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pint of castor oil and 10 minuits later I was shot 15yds up the garden. They had to get a shovel

to dig me out.

B.B; We know the festive season is now over but what can you tell us about your Christmas as a youngster?

B; I have bad memories of Christmas 'cos one year they sent me out to get wood for the fire on Christmas Day and they forgot about me. I didn't get back in doors 'till New Years Eve and by that time I'd got an icicle afoot long growing off me snotta!!

B.B; well Baver, you really do seem hard done by, but at what age did you start work?

B; I can remember me old dad saying he wanted me to work down the pit 'cos thats what real men do. So, when I was nine years old, every morning I'd get up at 2.30am and walk up to Yorkshire where I'd do a 15 hour shift and walk straight home again. I used to get home about 2.15am.

B.B; Christ Baver your shoes must have been killing you after that walk home.

B; Humph!! I never had no bloody shoes 'till I was 18 and they was a pair what old Frank Floyd made for me from a sheet of old ply wood. That takes me back to christmas again and one of the best presents I ever got was a satsuma. The next year I got half a walnut and then one Christmas morning, I woke to find a dead rabbit at the foot of my bed, which I duly made a pair of slippers out of and with minor repairs from the hide of a field mouse they're still going strong today.

B.B; Well that concludes our interview, thanks for the time Baver.

B; Thanks!! Thats no bloody good is it? Thanks don't pay the bloody bills!!!

AT BLEDLOW

At Bledlow we are proud  
to say we're good at batting,  
Our skipper even played  
With ex-England skipper Gatting.

Now one fine day we one the toss  
The pitch was hard and true,  
Willow was to open  
With a talent matched by few.

The first ball was a good one  
A swinging, cutting cracker,  
Poor Steve was out for nothing  
They'd used a brand new knacker!!

Next to the crease was Floyd  
Our most elegant-a-player,  
His third ball rose and clipped his glove  
He didn't stand a prayer.

Bozo had watched in horror  
Before he'd faced a ball,  
Already we were nought for two  
His wicket must not fall.

His fifth ball was a bad one  
And he launched a mighty drive,  
But mid-on caught a blinder  
So enter number five.

The stage was set for skipper Biff  
But the ball he did not see,  
The stumps, they went a tumbling  
Damn that mysterious fir tree!!

Desperate for a run,  
With nothing on the board,  
We hoped with Neil and Robin  
At least a quick one could be scored.

Indeed a run looked favorite  
When both did start to run,  
But yes, no, wait and sorry  
And the damage had been done.

In the shape of David Rutt,  
With his experience of cricket,  
Could he be our savior?  
No he's caught at short mid-wicket.

Robin survived the run out,  
It was Neil who had departed,  
But Rob was soon to follow,  
To a long hop he should have carted.

Now Wit could hit a ball  
But surely he'd defend?  
First ball and what a restless swing!!  
And yet another innings ends.

Brownny and young Brackers  
They'd steadied these things down,  
Till the first decent ball he got  
Saw the end of our Paul Brown.

Out strode the mighty Rafferty  
With nine men down and out,  
With no runs on the board  
He thought he'd give the ball a clout.

Try hard though he did  
The result was just the same,  
No score for Rafferty,  
Though it's not the end of his game.



No runs for himself  
 And no runs for the side,  
 It was a wicket that Mike wanted,  
 But first ball he bowled wide!!

The moral of this tale is this,  
 No matter how good your batters,  
 If Mike Rafferty is bowling  
 Nothing really matters.

### STUMPS

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### REMEMBER FIVE BELLIES SAYS [Part 1]

- A.Never pay a pony for a stray dog.
- B.Rolling stones never stray far from spilt milk.
- C.Two sleeping dogs in the hand are worth more than points in the bag.
- D.There is always moss at the end of a tunnel.
- E.If you throw stones at a greenhouse a rainbow will appear.
- F.The straw that broke the camels back must have been bloody heavy.
- G.A bolt from the blue is worth more than the pound in your pocket.
- H.A light under the bushel does you no good at the end of the night.
- I.Allways looking on the bright side of life can only lead to Trafalgar Square.

### MARTIN BAKER "I DID IT MY WAY ALRIGHT"

It started when Mum and Dad put a bat in my hand and I done good.Dad said I done good so I duffed him up.

I got sent down to Risbro' colts and done a bit bowling down the nets.The coach said "well done" so I said "you looking for a fight"and I duffed him up.

I progressed to Risbro' Primary School and took five wickets in my first match.The teacher said "Well done Martin you show some promise,keep it up".I told him"right smart arse ,you're for it" and I duffed him up. By this time the county started showing some interest and I was asked to attend county under 11 nets.Full of hope and optimism I went along wondering what was in store for me."You look a strong young man"the coach said "Get your kit off and lets see how you shape up in the nets""Calling me a poof are you?"Isaid and I duffed him up.

My county career in ruins I returned to the safety and familiar pastures of Bledlow. I was desperate for some breathing space as I had already been expelled from school for glue sniffing and some unexplained sexually perverted behavior. However I never at any time lost faith in my God given cricket talents. Indeed the gods had smiled on me when it came to dishing out the away swinger. "Are you calling me an away swinger God? so I duffed Him up.

By now a social outcast, drug-addict, alcoholic, sexual pervert, tramp and even worse, social mingler with estate agents and accountants I had nowhere to turn. It was the innocent and at the same time guilty, naive yet experienced cricket and moth collecting fraternaty at Bledlow which salvaged my dying yet at the same time blooming cricket career.

David Benning, club captain, tee-totaller, chess addict, father of eight, took me under his wing. One day he pulled me aside "Who are you pulling" I said and I duffed him up.

All was not yet lost because the only one in the club had any respect for came to the rescue. Ian 'Charles Atlas' Wynands grabbed me behind the pavillion, pinned me against the wall and told me "For Gods sake pull your self together. You are blessed with talent I and the others can only dream about. Your away-swinger is the stuff legends are made of. You are able to do things with a shiney new knacker only Mike Rafferty in his wildest dreams can do. Your batting technique is the most correct and perfect since David Minter. Remember his maiden century against Skittle Green five years ago? Remember how he stroked over wide mid-on to reach that wonderful landmark? You can do this, you have the ability, you must think positivly before all is lost and the committe give you a free transfer to Winchmore Hill. Act quickly Martin or you will be lost to Bledlow forever. You calling me a poof? I said

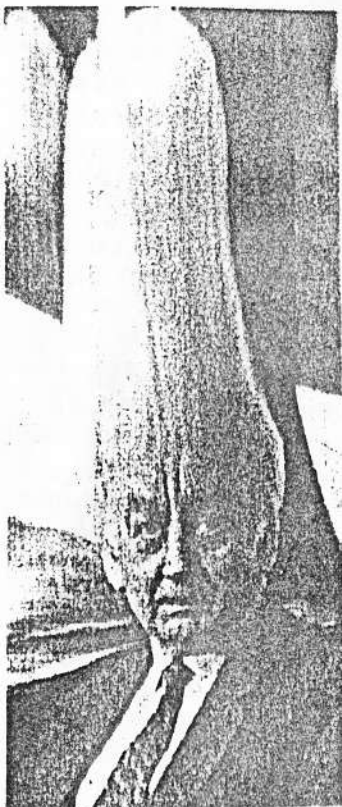
so I duffed him up

Whenever I look back on this tempestuous period of my career I regard this moment as a turning point. Ian 'Charles Atlas' Wynands single handedly salvaged my career. From here I went on to become 3rd change bowler for Bledlow Sunday 2nd's for 25 years. Now at the age of 103 I can honestly say I have mellowed considerably. I restricted myself to duffing up oponents only when they hit me for four or six. Bowlers who were inconsiderate enough to bowl me unplayable deliveries also came in for some treatment. I broke so many bats I finished up borrowing some six inch nails from Steve Williams. A quick repair job in the middle of the wicket, give the bowler a smscking, get on with the game, lovely jubbly.

I never went on to recieve representative honors exept to represent Skittle Green Ten-Pin Bowling veterans assotiation. I allways felt I was hard done by. In fact after just one appearance I was telephoned the next day only to be told I was bloody hopeless and my services were not required any more. Anyway I soon sorted him out, went round to his gaff and gave him a good kicking-no problem.

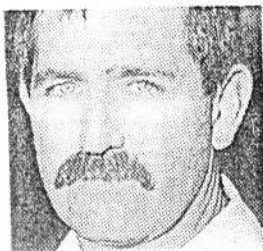
The moral of this story is if you want to progress don't go round duffing up important people.

MARTIN BAKER CAREER STATISTICS				
	<u>INNINGS</u>	<u>NOT-OUTS</u>	<u>RUNS</u>	<u>AVERAGE</u>
BATTING	269	0	481	1-9
	<u>OVERS</u>	<u>MAIDENS</u>	<u>WICKETS</u>	<u>RUNS AVERAGE</u>
BOWLING	8,694	1	12	48,921 [408.2]
FIELDING	CATCHES 2 [1 disputed-I duffed the umpire up]			
	STUMPINGS 0			



Mekons' grandfathers  
earthlike disguise  
was blown recently  
when his forehead  
restraint snapped.

Graham Gooch and Dave  
Benning share what are  
apparently two vital  
qualities for a good  
captain; old age and  
thinning hair.



Reports that Ken  
'Windswept' Folley  
overdosed on anti-  
ageing pills can  
now be confirmed.

Apparently worse  
than batting with  
Willow is meeting  
him in the shower.



After being sighted in  
a New York Nightspot  
with Nev Linnell, Goldie  
Hawn tried to excuse  
herself by claiming she  
thought he was Dudley  
Moore.

Andie Witney abandoned  
his annual shave after  
an early slip of the  
razor.





### FAIRWELL TO MR HARRISON

Many people were surprised to learn of Mr Brian Harrison's departure from the Bledlow scene. But how many people who knew Brian really knew the truth behind what can only be described as an incredible life story?

We all remember only too well his broken smile and his heart felt greeting "Blegglo Clicket Club" but have you ever stopped to wonder where these traits originated from? Well at the Bledlow Bosh we can exclusively reveal an astonishing story surrounding Brian's role serving as a guard in the British Army [this following a previously unsuccessful career with British Rail]

Brian and his troop had been ordered to go undercover and live with the wild people of South Wales. Skillfully disguised wearing belts of leeks and of course the proverbial Wellington boots, the guards found themselves living in a small backward mining community in the village of Llynell. The only thing to distinguish them from the villagers was the fact that the soldiers were about eighteen inches taller than even the tallest of the locals Dai Llynell. Now Brian was smarter than your average British soldier and thought it would be cunning to change his name to be more in keeping with the village folk, and so was born George Brian Harrison.

Now George [from now on referred to by his initials to save typing costs] had become friendly with Dai Llynell. They had started spending some considerable time together at the local ale house 'The Dirty Finger Nail' - an old miners haunt. It was there, in the 'Dirty Nail' one cold, wet, miserable summer's night that G.B.H. first took part in the old colliers game of Port Talbot roulette. Although there are variations of this game played throughout South Wales the version played at the 'Dirty Nail' was perhaps the most

ancient and certainly the easiest to learn. Contestants would sit around a table and spin a gun loaded with one bullet. Whoever the gun barrel pointed at would then fire the gun at their own closed mouth [It would be remiss not to note that in 1987 the South Wales Police managed to get the game banned, but only after furious opposition from local mine owners who believed it to be the best regulator of over employment available]

G.B.H. had become one of the finest players of Port Talbot roulette, so much so that he represented the Rhonda Valley in the national cup competition appearing three times at the famous Barry Hotel. By 1979 however, many of G.B.H.'s team mates had become suspicious of his outstanding success. One evening Dai and his brother Levin decided to find out why G.B.H. had done so well. They devised a plan so simple and devious it was above suspicion. Sure enough the next night after twelve pints of Brains G.B.H. confessed that his extra strengthened teeth would rebound the bullet back down the barrel, thus reloading the gun for the next unfortunate victim of fate's spin. Now the brothers knew full well that when G.B.H. woke up next morning he would be unable to remember any of the events of the preceding evening. It was agreed that the plan would be carried out on one more occasion, this time the dose was raised to fifteen pints and the brothers employed a dentist to severely weaken G.B.H.'s teeth as he blissfully slept. The next morning G.B.H. awoke totally unaware of the dentist's tinkering.

Soon after G.B.H.'s unit had been ordered to carry out a surveillance exercise on the comings and goings of the local girls school, St Margories. After a few weeks absence G.B.H. was gleefully looking forward to a pint of Brains and a game of Port Talbot roulette at the 'Dirty Nail'..... The scene was set, our brave hero was sat on the edge of an old splinter ridden chair staring

at the gun spinning in front of him. A mixture of fear, hate and perverse enjoyment flows through the body untill the gun comes to rest, pointing its knowing barrel at the next gambler.....G.B.H. confidently placed the barrel end against his lips and squeezed the trigger!!! There was a scream, and before the blood had settled G.B.H. had gone, never to be seen in Llynell again.

Indeed sightings of him anywhere in the next few years were few and unsubstantiated, untill one morning I had need to call the cricket club to explain why I had paid the membership fees of two haevies, only to be greeted by the unfamiliar welcome "Blegglow Clicket Club"

G.B.H. was back on the scene and the rest we think you know.

This report was provided by the Bledlow Bosh military history expert Lora Patuly.

We wondered if the political implications of these startling revelations were likely to affect the club in any way, so we asked the people with thier fingers on the clubs pulse what they thought. Club captain Dave Benning said "Luvvly jubbly, lets get jugged up"

unfortunatly club chairman, Maxi 'in the gloves' Large refused to comment "thats a trickiey one which I feel unable to comment on at the moment, but I will go to the committee for a formal statement. However, I can explain fully the laws regarding bat.

we didn't ask Steve Williams but he told us "Well mate I don't think it should stop me opening. Do you think I'm a good opener mate? I scored a hundered last week and it wasn't easy out there" Senior first eleven player Bob Howe, however, seemed quite concerned "Pshhhhhh!!! The less Jen hears about this the better.

## TOP TIPS

Pretend you are Slices by bending over and talking through your bottom.

Anon.

If you live in a bungalow don't ask Nev to clean your windows because it takes him two days to dig a hole deep enough to get his ladder in and he charges by the hour.

Chiddy.

Mark the crease perfectly straight by using the specially made frame that lives in the garage.

Harry Floyd.

Avoid being mistaken for a cat by barking.

Janjo.

Avoid being mistaken for a cat by going to the bar and ordering a large V.A.T. and saying 'Luvvly Jubbly'.

Biff.

Avoid a good night out in Oxford Nightclubs by raring up at the Bouncers.

Nev, T & Gang.

And finally, Tommy the Tipsters Tip Top Top of the Tips Tip Top Tip; Save empty B & H cigarette packets in case they become more valuable than gold ingots. Even if they don't you can have a nice bonfire.

### BREEDING A BETTER BLEDLOW

I'm sure the club would all wish to congratulate Paddy and Sarah Raffety on the birth of their daughter Rachel, and Wit and Tracy on the arrival (on Christmas Day) of a baby boy, Liam. For some time now the Bledlow Bosh Committee has been worried about the lack of club membership. So well done Raff & Witt, along with other solid club members, Old Boy Scowen and Hifi, for taking on the responsibility of doing something about maintaining the clubs playing stock. While the others were getting carried away with players good old Paddy considered the off field duties and went for a little girl (Nice one Raff, we need a tea lady). This just leaves Lizzie Scowen and Colette Amstrad rounding the last bend with the finishing post in sight, its now a race for the tape so to speak, but at least the clubs future now looks safe.

One of the clubs younger members Smilie Baker has a lot to learn, with a pull-ability rating of -10, he was totally unsuccessful last year in Readymoney's kitchen with his 'get 'em off and form a queue' method. He was last seen chasing Janjo down the Chinnor Rd towards Lonwick sometime last week.. Never mind Smilie, Keep trying, but we suggest you take a serious look at your tatics. You could ask the old 'uns, as far as Paddy, Hifi and Scowen are concerned you don't need to be in the Klu Klux Klan to be a wizard under the sheets.

We interviewed the three of them to try and find out how they are so succesful and what suits each individual. Paddy said "I leave the lights on, I like to see what I'm doing. Then I come in off the chandeliers, if I'm feeling really frisky I can always throw in a somersault.

As Hifi is due next we asked him and his answer was simple, "I swear by the age old method there's nothing I like better than to don my off the buttock, open crotch, superman outfit and dive off of the wardrobe."

But easiest of all was Scowen, who told us he didn't mind being last as he always likes to come from behind, as it were!

From this try our testing poser:- What have Paddy, Hifi and Old Boy Scowen got in common with Desert Orchid? (See back page for answer)

THE BLEDLOW BOSH WOULD LIKE  
TO WISH EVERYONE A HAPPY  
EASTER & EXPRESS A SPECIAL  
THANKS TO LEIGH AND TRACY  
FOR DOING ALL THE TYPING FOR  
THIS ISSUE.  
P.S. THEY DIDN'T TYPE THIS BIT.

## PROBLEMS?

DON'T DESPAIR!

ALL YOUR PROBLEMS  
ANSWERED BY BLEDLOWS  
OWN SEXPERT:-

MISS STEVE BRACKLEY

DEAR BRACKERS



- Q. Just because I live with another man people automatically think I'm a shirt lifter, but it's just not true. We are very good friends but thats all. In fact even if I was one, he's not the sort I'd go for. Let's face it, one of his nicknames is five-bellies, he's 20 stone of wobbling jelly. Even though he's a good mate, I have to say he's just totally unattractive and not my type at all.
- A. Well honey, you've given your game away. I know exactly who you are and who your friend is. As far as I'm concerned you're living with one big lump of love blubber, and if you don't want him I do. I can't wait to get my well manicured hands on that sweaty, smelly mound of erotica. So get ready Mr Fivebellies, here comes your very own love toy.
- Q. I'm at my wits end, I've just moved into a new house with Wit. The problem is the stench when he takes his socks off and I

have to sh t all the doors and windows so that they don't run away on their own. I know it's not his fault and he really is a poor sole, but I won't toe the line any more. How can we heel the rift between us?

- A. Well Tracy, I think you've hit the nail on the head. You could have a run built in the garden or maybe a nose by-pass operation. Whatever you decide don't jump in both feet first because you won't come out smelling of roses.
- Q. I'm forever being ignored, people just don't seem to notice me. When I'm queuing in shops people behind me always seem to get served first. When I'm waiting at a bus stop the buses hardly ever stop and I've never been able to hail a taxi. If I ask someone in the street for the time or directions they just carry on walking as if I don't exist. When I've tried to chat up girls I've had absolutely no success, I've not even been told to get lost, they look straight through me. Just what can I do to get noticed?
- Q. My husband is going mad. Every now and again he has a funny turn and thinks he is Paul Taylor going out to bat. Luckily these turns only last a couple of minutes, but are they likely to get any longer?
- A. Only if it rains.



## CRACK ARMY UNIT CRACKS UP

Surely everyone will remember the emotional story in B.B.1. Dinky Ninky out of Clinky. Well in B.B.2. we can exclusively bring you the exclusive story of what happened in the dramatic days after his release, exclusively.

This is the exclusive story of the rescue attempt to free Neil Waite from Winchmore Hill C.C.... Everything was going according to plan until one morning Squadron Leader 'Lofty' Linnell, of the crack army unit Nevilles Devils, woke up, and from then on everything went disasterously wrong. Squadron Leader 'Lofty' Linnell called a press conference on his return and in a desperate bid to defend his unit he pathetically tried to account for his actions on that fateful morning. 'Lofty' stood in full battledress with his squeegee tucked under his arm.

"I was watching rainbow with my righthand man, Brigadier 'H' 'Windswept' Folley 'I shot for the regiment you know', we always stop mid-morning for a cup of hot milk and a bag of iced gems. It was then I heard a tapping noise and I realised in an instant Ninky was sending a morse code message. Our radio man Corporal Mike Tyson set about decoding the message, sure enough, just as the papers had reported he was at Winchmore Hill. So wasting no time we leapt into action. Things were looking good when the Astra started third time, and we were on our way with makeshift navigator, Brigadier 'H' 'Windswept' Folley 'I shot for the regiment you know' frantically searching for the map. It was from here that the monumental cock-up began to form. Unbeknown to us there had been some interference in Ninkys message and we didn't realise he was at Winchmore Hill, Penn. So here we were with I might add, a bravery matched by few, charging towards Winchmore Hill, north London. As you know, it never rains but it pours, and we'd got half way along the Bradenham Road when the bloody Astra ran out of

petrol. We waited an hour for Rick to bring us a gallon from his garage and then we limped back to Risborough. Meanwhile, we heard on the Fox F.M. news that Ninky had been released three days earlier. So although we did not actually rescue Ninky, I can say with a fair degree of confidence that the enemy released him in the full knowl edge that we were on our way, and if we had got there first beer, if not blood, could have been spilt.

On returning home my mum (Audrie) had not even missed us and asked if we'd like to see the picture she had been hanging in her bedroom. She then apologised for the tapping noise and hoped she hadn't spoilt our program too much!

When hearing such a lamentable story Club Captain Dave Benning reportadley said "Luvvly Jubbly, lets get juggged up".

Club chairman Maxi 'in the Gloves' large, was asked for his opinion of the army unit which is based entirely within Bledlow Cricket Club. "That's a tricky one which I feel unable to commit myself on at the moment, but I will go to the committee for a formal statement. However, I can explain fully the laws regarding the pitch".

"Hello Mate", said Steve Williams, who we didn't wish to speak to, "Even though Ninky is back now would I still get in your all-time Bledlow Team 'cause he can't bowl a googly you know".

PLAYER PROFILE--NEVILLE LINNELL

Full Name: Nev Linnell

Parents: Mrs Perfect (Audrie)

Born: Just About

Height & Weight: 4ft 11 inches, 16 Stone

Nicknames: Stumpy, Kapil Nev, Nev the Dev, DLB, Lofty, Gus.

Love Life: Yes he does

Education: Princes Risborough County Secondary School

Qualifications: Milk monitor at primary school

Club Debut: 1984

Role: Sausage

Cricketers particularly learnt from: Rory Bremner, Gary Mason

Cricketers particularly admired: Ken Folley, Paul Calcert

Family links with cricket: His mum (Audrie) once saw one ball of the Natwest final whilst flicking through channels in 1985.

Best moment in cricket: 100 wkts (Achieved mid-October 1990)

Worst moment in Cricket: 1-81 off 3 overs versus Tetsworth

Other Sports: Darts, snooker, pool, dwarf throwing, dwarf tossing, football (player/manager?) crib, dominoes

Off Season: Social Animal

Occupation: Window Cleaner, former co-ordinator for Crickathon

Favourite T.V: MOD, TMS, Jacksonory

Car: Astra Estate with Dent

Music: Reggae

Favourite Drink: 6X

Favourite Food: Red Rock