

Following last weeks cancellation one opportunity for silverware had passed. Today's opponents though presented a second bite of the cherry as the sluggers from Leigh came to town.

Downe batted first though whether this from choice I can't comment having arrived mid way through the innings to find the team on around 80-3. Sadly for spectators it appeared that trub was out and Spindles was still hanging around. Following a brief shower the sun was out and I can't say I was paying too much attention. Another wicket fell as George was stumped with Dave confusingly going in at 6. With the old opening partnership restored Dave quickly settled in. With eyes shut I was relying on young Zack for updates. Clearly his dad was not setting the world on fire as comments such as 'hit it', 'this is boring' and 'I couldn't watch this every week' were uttered at regular intervals.

Things did pick up however when Spindles decided to bully the oppo's junior who'd been brought on, with him at last finding the boundary. Dave was in fine fettle and Spindles was suddenly finding his mark, even hitting a couple of sixes (obviously must have been a short boundary) Spindles soon passed 50 with Dave not far behind. Spindles eventually fell to Ben just short of a tun. Leigh now brought on Sam clearly sensing pace was required against the infamous Downe engine room. Sweet smashed one to the boundary and Dave took the score past 200. A stumping and an almighty heave in the final overs gave Ben the wickets of Sweet and Parf. Young Zack was then cruley run out by Dave. Run out's at Downe normally involve a Warne though for once it wasn't their partner departing. This was apparently the second of day after Spindles had earlier tired of the Bears company and called a suicidal single. Dave was then expertly caught off the last ball just inside the boundary with an imposing chase of 243 off 35 required.

Tea as always a magnificent affair particularly for us poor public sector types who don't get time to have lunch. Sadly it ended rather quickly and it was to run around.

Confidence was high as could be expected from a team consisting of Chelsea and Palace fans, especially as Spindles had enlisted colleague 'Dangerous Dave' and his brother, which meant the team now had two people who could move in the field.

Leigh as always possessed a formidable batting lineup and had even drafted in a first teamer from Sevenoaks. The opening overs saw runs coming rather easily to be fare with Sevenoaks finest in particular farming the strike. George then struck with Sweeeeeet taking a blinder at first slip. Actually it was all rather low key with no real appeal just Sweet holding up the ball and the batsmen walking off. Next ball Sweet then had the big wicket as one snorted through the Sevenoaks defence to send stumps cartwheeling (possibly a slight exaggeration). Team hat trick ball was sadly a duffer though Sweet soon had the other key man Sam in the shed. One in the slot came up trumps when it was smashed to mid on. I am not sure Dave caught it as opposed to it being imbedded in his stomache, who cares! George then took Tom with a skilful caught and bowled and Sweet got revenge on Ben with a plum Lbw. Things could have been even better had Spindles been awake at slip and taken an easy catch off Dinky. With the score on 69-5 the oppo were now in tatters.

Bear and Parf now led the attack with the spin twins displaying their full array of deliveries to keep the pressure on. With a couple of greyhounds in the field runs were being saved, at least until Parf got involved. He is getting on a bit in years and was clearly getting confused as to which team he was on! No fear as he soon woke up to bowl Dinky and the Bear snaffled a couple.

Bill had been seconded back and provided the afternoons most amusing moment when fielding at mid off he started running after the ball, only to find he was actually moving in completely the wrong direction.

There was even time for young tyro Zack to charge down the hill to show he was a 'chip off the old block' with some good pace and movement. He even had the honour of taking the final wicket as the ball was sliced high to gully where Dave plucked it nonchalantly from the air, run out now forgotten!

At last the cup had been won back though sadly it had apparently been mislaid which meant skipper made do with a pint instead !