

# The Stroller

Fleet Street Strollers Cricket Club Newsletter • No 6 • January 5, 2018 • Showing the club in its true colours. Just like the chairmen >



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## Batting star sets his sights on Hollywood

# LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!



California dreaming? Jono in pensive mood

By **SAMUEL R BRODBECK**  
Our Man at the Movies

ONE OF the few New Zealanders not to turn their backs on the Strollers in recent years, Jono Addis was rewarded for his loyalty with a bumper season.

Time and again he watched from the non-striker's end, helpless to stem the flow as batting partners came and went.

At Peppard, though, he batted for hours with Aidan Selby to put a mammoth 237 on the

### THE COMPLEAT ALLROUNDER

SINCE his debut in April 2010, Stroller number 630 has notched up more than 4,000 runs at an average of 65 in 85 matches. He has scored eight centuries including two doubles, with his top score of 207 not out being more than 50 runs ahead of any other Stroller. In addition, his occasional medium pace has brought a dozen wickets at 25 apiece, while his allrounder status is confirmed by 39 catches in the outfield, plus 17 victims as part-time keeper.

board, only to see the opposition's 17-year-old star batsman knock off the total in 30 overs.

Strollers High Command are thought to have become concerned at media reports that Addis is considering ditching his stellar cricketing career in a shock move to Hollywood.

*Howards End, Stan and Ollie, Tomb Raider, Good Omens, A Very English Scandal, Red Joan and Fantastic Beasts 2* are just some of 2017's blockbusters in which the Kiwi has been lurking in the background.

"All that nonsense about getting 'indefinite leave to remain'

in Britain was just a ruse," he said. "I knew the Strollers' board would make me sign a new contract, seeing as all the other Antipodeans had jumped ship.

"I went through a gruelling seven-year process with the Home Office just so they'd believe I'd stay.

"All along I've been planning to follow my dream to move to America and make feature films about a batman who never gets out.

"It goes without saying I'll be playing the lead."

Jono was runner-up in the 2017 averages with 585 runs at a tad over 73 and is the Strollers' Player of the Year.

## Down at heel but not down-hearted

POP! You could hear it from the boundary. Birds scattered, dogs awoke. And men at work down the hill at Stanton ironworks thought there'd been a terrible accident.

Luckily for them, though unluckily for Ryan Duff, the noise was caused by his Achilles tendon snapping as he set off for a run.

Stanton-by-Dale's emergency team sprang into action and soon Duffers was sitting forlornly in a bleak waiting room at Derby General Hospital.

Ben Rothberg, who had acted as ambulance driver, confirmed to *The*

*Stroller* that our hero shed not a single tear. "He was just ranting," said a visibly shaken Rothberg, "going on and on about someone called 'Brizey' who he swore had cannily engineered the whole thing."

Impartial spectators agreed, however, that Stanton's eight-wicket victory was in no way the result of Ryan's mishap.

Remarkably the Strollers' wounded soldier made his way back to The Stanhope Arms where he set about a pale and bubbly course of self-medication.

Plastered: Ryan on the road to recovery in the reassuring company of Simon Brodbeck



## Think 2017 was bad? You should have been there in 1981

"THEY truly are the snowflake generation," said one old timer to another as they propped up a Fleet Street bar and reminisced about the days of hot metal.

"That gloomy poet-cum-leg spin bowler David Kelsey, for instance, is talking as if the Strollers losing more games than they won is some kind of national disaster.

"OK, so last summer was the first time in 12 years the Strollers didn't win half of their

games, but that's nothing. In the old days that would have been a stellar campaign. I was there in 1977 and 1981, lest we forget, when we only managed to win two games all season.

"In 1997, when a young Jim Hodgson made his debut, we lost or drew 21 games out of 27. Oh, how we cheered at the AGM, how we danced at the annual dinner!

"And I've heard some Strollers talking about the high number of debutants last season.

They're wringing their hands, wondering if the club can survive with so few regulars.

"Pah! In 2017 there were 20 Strollers virgins. That's only 16th on the all-time list. In 1993 and 2000, there were 30 debutants in a single season.

"These youngsters should stop fretting and start girding their loins. The season is just around the corner. To the nets, young men, to the nets!"

### RETURN OF THE NATIVES . . .

## Hamish bestrides the world for glory

By **RICHARD KEIGHTLEY**  
Educashum Correspondent

related to his PhD research, quoting sources in the Home Office.

Despite the best efforts of *The Stroller's* top investigative journalists, it remains unclear whether the conditions of McDougall's student visa permit competitive sporting endeavours, or indeed whether Starfleet Academy is even a recognised tertiary institution.

Morgan could not be reached for comment regarding McDougall's intentions. One could speculate that this was because he was on hold to UK Visas and Immigration at the time.

What is certain is that commentators around the globe will keep a keen eye on the Strollers' 2018 season for a conclusion to this controversial story.

The year 2017 saw the return of Hamish McDougall, who will evidently stop at nothing in his pursuit of the club's wicketkeeping dismissal record.

He finished the season only a handful of victims away from securing the title, which is held by Mike Morgan.

McDougall spoke candidly about his motives in an exclusive post-match interview with our reporter, Hamish McDougall.

*The Stroller* can now reveal the true reason for McDougall's return from his self-imposed hiatus in the southern hemisphere colonies.

McDougall told McDougall: "My dream is for recognition among my peers, and to set an example for Strollers of the future. If I get a PhD along the way, then, hey, that's great!"

Earlier reports had suggested that McDougall's return was solely

## Tom defies gravity

The 2017 season was not a vintage year for batsmen but there was a good news story – the return to form of Tom Wood.

His innings at the Bank of England showed what we had been missing. In pouring rain, Tom was the only person to cope with the conditions, biffing an unbeaten 77 in a total of 129 while all around lost their footing. Sadly, it was in vain. He followed it up with a quick-fire 70 at Newdigate that always kept the Strollers in touch with a stiff target.

His approach is simple, relying on hand-eye coordination, a good judge of length to deal with anything short and a hefty swing through the line if it's pitched up. More Bresnan than Root, Tom deals mainly in boundaries and singles. Twos are a matter of negotiation, providing the second

By **ALASTAIR MACAULAY**  
Research Specialist

can be jogged. Threes are for other people.

The value of his wicket to the opposition was illustrated by the unseemly jig performed by the skipper of Stanton-by-Dale when Tom misjudged a ball that didn't turn.

Then there was That Catch at Wall. Jim Hodgson trundled in and the batsmen hit it hard and well wide of mid-on. Tom instinctively launched himself at it. Time stood still. Newtonian laws were briefly suspended, as he leapt to his right, clung on and emerged from the grass cuttings in triumph.

As the Strollers gathered to acclaim the feat, Oonagh settled down by the pavilion and wondered what was for tea.

### POETS' CORNER – A doctor writes . . .

## 'Til next year then – and never mind

By **DAVID KELSEY** Inspired by *My Boy Jack* by Rudyard Kipling

*So you heard the news, the season gone?*

*The year was unkind.*

*With half lost still half was not won,*

*'Til next year then and never mind*

*Did you see my name, the averages?*

*The year was unkind.*

*I numbered more in sandwiches,*

*'Til next year then, and never mind.*

*Though we longed for them, those far off friends,*

*The year was unkind.*

*It was ours the ground, us not them.*

*'Til next year then, and never mind.*

*When autumn rain on summer's whites fell,*

*The seasons unkind,*

*I looked for you, you played it well.*

*'Til next year then, and never mind.*

*We saw you from the pavilion,*

*We looked on in kind.*

*You carried the bat for us, my boy,*

*'Til next year then, and never mind.*

*When spring's unfailing hope has had its season, its time,*

*We'll run the crease together, my lad,*

*'Til next year then, and never mind.*