

Senior Ridgemen sink sadly at Bledlow

BRCC 2s 123 all out

Bledlow Village 2s 124-7

Lost by 3 wickets

Yes, sad it was. A Ridge team full of experience (= age) but on the day not so much wisdom, crashed unexpectedly against a Bledlow Village side who appeared to have only three players over the age of 18: Bob Floyd, Jim Spooner and the wonderfully named Trac Walker who I think leant his name to a brand of baby accessory when I was young.

We were strong on paper. Regrettably we had to play on grass. Dogged Doug had a difficult decision to make on batting order as he had eleven batsmen on paper. But we had to play on grass. Or did I say that.

The Rolfe Brothers set off well with SamDog scorching Extra Cover's hands until at 52-0 he was one of the few players to be dismissed by a good ball, bowled off his thigh for 18. No doubt we were all dreaming of a total of 250+ when Senior RolfeDog waived his bat casually as a ball from Jim Spooner went gently by. A little nick, and an oldish man at slip remained bent as the ball entered his hands.

Yes, although playing against a team of mostly teenagers RolfeDog was Caught Floyd, Bowled Spooner: the stuff of nightmares. Dismissed by a combined age of about 120. Aaaagh!

There then followed a brief procession as Dickers tried to assault Spooner so to speak and missed, Andy Walters making his club debut - a living proof he is not just a figment of Steve Bird's wild imagination - tried to outdo Dickers, Malik also fell to the Canny Spoon bringing together Shaky (No Z) "Bee Gee" Dryden and Tombsy.

They set about the attack and suddenly from 62-5 we were dreaming about 200+ again as Geoff (14) and Rik Dryden, who had now taken the place of Shaky (No X) set about the bowling. That is until Geoff got a grubber – and it's not often you can say that about Geoff – and we were on the slide again. Not Shaky (No Q) though as he could not understand what the problem was as he dispatched The Spoon for six which was the most exciting thing so far with the exception of the appearance of the local steam train which attempted to smoke us out from time to time during the afternoon.

It was a day when things did not go right. Scott offered some resistance, Deadly Doug walked to the wicket and walked back again. Saeed followed him in and out before Mr Schniff went in at 11. One of the most experienced RidgeBears at 11! Still we had a chance of posting a good total as Shak- (No Y, geddit?) was batting like he thought it was Christmas (Noel – geddit?).

Shakeeeey, struck, Shakeaaagh called, Shakeieie ran. Shniff ran too but not quite quick enough and we had suffered our second five-wicket collapse and were all out for 123, ('do rey me, and that's how difficult batting can be' - fade to close). Shaky (No F) ending 30 not out.

After Determined Doug's rousing talk we found ourselves playing on grass again and were unable to make an early breakthrough as one spilled c&b chance off Saeed spared the opener

The hot weather brought back personal memories of a wonder Bank Holiday's cricket at Bledlow Village back in 1978 before the days of iphones, Margaret Thatcher, and it must be said, of most of the opposition though not most of The RidgeBears. That game was followed by a Bbq and endless music from The Bee Gees who were the disco kings at that time. So it was a fitting tribute to the recently departed Robin Gibb that Shakey (with E) performed one of the most famous dance moves of the time in fielding a ball, where his body stopped but both legs continues in parallel.

This was Jive Talking at its very best, and thus inspired we had no difficulty Staying Alive as Saeed got amongst the wickets and the game looked as though it might tip our way if only we could get the opener. Scott, Determined Doug and Andy Walters (several times) all went horizontal as we did our best to contain the runs.

At this point cue Bledlow Village's cunning plan. The steam train passed again and left behind it coals on the rails. Cue panic from the clubhouse as the clubhouse manager – and everything else manager for that matter – Andy appeared running with fire extinguisher. Geoff must have thought "I've Just Gotta Get a Message to You" and called that the whole field could go up. The Fire Brigade was called but the arrival of Bob Floyd with a second extinguisher solved the problem and Bledlow Village's equivalent to The New York Mining Disaster was narrowly diverted. The local Fire Brigade nevertheless arrived enjoyed an hour in the sun watching some tense cricket as Desperate Doug rotated Geoff and Shakey (no B) at one end although as mentioned earlier Shakey (One A) had been doing a good deal of Bee Gee-inspired rotation of his own.

Saeed hatched another cunning plan where instead of catching the opener again he deflected to Dramatic Doug who ran out the other batsman. Eventually at 107-6 the opener lofted one and Malik who had fielded well pouched the catch and Saeed had five. 17 to win, plenty of time, 3 wickets left. Sadly although the ball flew agonisingly in the air occasionally, Bledlow got home, and for us it was something of a Tragedy ("When you lose control and you got no soul").

And so it was that our hitherto unbeaten side were unexpectedly Shaken, Rattled and Rolled over and we all felt sorry for Dejected Doug.