

**Mayfield CC Tour 2011**  
**Bournemouth 22<sup>nd</sup> - 25<sup>th</sup> June**

An unusual Tour this year, we continue our voyage around the UK with a different venue yet again and this year extended the tour by an extra day to incorporate a Stag event for Lazza.

Some weeks earlier we had been informed that our prospective Thursday opposition had cried off, so we were looking at two games of cricket (on the Wednesday and Friday) with Golfing on the Thursday and Surfing on the Saturday.

So, gleefully, we assembled at the Ramada Encore ready to head off back the way we'd just driven for our game vs. Warfield CC (another touring side) at Ashurst CC in the New Forest.



First day touring party:

Rich, Phil, Lazza, Colin, Starcky, Ray, Gilly, Gadget, Norm, Sarj, Femi, Nigel



It had been raining on and off most of the morning, but as I'd had no contact from the opposition and the afternoon looked clear we were looking forward to a good game. A bit of a worry then when we arrived at Ashurst CC to find a boarded up pavilion, a square fenced off with the kind of iron-work that might (and that's a big might) even keep the ~~scum~~

footballers off Hazelwood and no opposition. In fact the only sign of life were a couple of ponies and a few dogging pensioners.



*Pointless wandering at Lyndhurst*

Some pointless wandering and a few phone calls later I got through to the wife of the main man from Ashurst who kindly informed me that he'd gone to walk the dog and had told her that morning not to bother preparing teas as the game was off. Kind of him to be so thoughtful.

Oh well, off to the pub in Lyndhurst where we were greeted with open-arms (despite all wearing Orange shirts - of which more later), splendid beer and chicken wings. Then it was a long, boring drive back to the Ramada.

The tour then split into two - Gadget, Starcky, Colin, Nigel, Lazza and Gilly when off to golf and the rest of us (minus a sleepy Ray) opted for a walk to the sea-side and a few beers in town.

Or at least that was what we thought would happen. The sea-side went OK but when we tried for a beer we were greeted with disgust. Imagine five 40odd year old blokes thinking they would get served in Bournemouth wearing orange shirts, how ridiculous. The cheek of it, us thinking that we'd be allowed to have a drink, in a pub, at 3.00 PM in matching shirts.



*Finally we got a drink, but not before Norm and Sarj had to remove their shirts!*

Eventually the magic trick of putting a non-orange shirt over the top made us a totally different proposition and we were allowed to have a drink. After a couple more in a much more accommodating Lloyds bar we made our way back to the hotel and got changed for the evening.

I can't recall the exact sequence of events but the night was spent in Walkabout, which being a Wednesday evening was fairly quiet, generally having a laugh and a dance. And in the case of Femi and me, a lot of fun podium dancing and jumping! There then followed the inevitable kebab for some, and sleep for others.



The Walkabout.....



Thursday morning was spent lounging around, visiting the sea-side and generally killing time until the golfers went off (minus the departed Gilly, but with the newly arrived KY) to play golf and the rest of us went for a bowl. Once again Ray stayed in bed, but was joined by Plunger.

I don't know (or care) what happened at the golf, but at the bowling it was all serious for the first two games, but by the third round boredom (and sore thumbs) had struck so we resorted to silliness. I showed my fast bowling potential with the fastest bowl of the day (clocked at 21 MPH), Phil got the slowest strike at about 5 MPH and Femi managed the slowest delivery to hit a pin with around 2 MPH. This was still quicker than his fast ball on the pitch!



Thursday evening it was out again, and after a bit of bar hopping we ended up in Heroes karaoke bar which turned out to be a lot better than I'd imagined.

We were treated to star turns from Femi, Ray and then the whole ensemble performed YMCA (and Colin let rip on stage with a true stinker). The end of the evening is a tad blurred due to my somewhat daft decision to have a double vodka with every pint, but we all got home safely after a fantastic rendition of Hey Jude.....Nahhh, nahhh, nahhh, nannah, nahhh, nahhh.....



### *Friday Morning*

Hooray - cricket to look forward to at last!

Boo - stinking hangover and crappy weather once again.

After a morning of mooching about it was off to Pimperne for a game, minus sleepy Ray who opted to go home for a sleep instead. Due to vodka poisoning I dropped myself from the squad and acted as Milty; so the XI, under Norm's captaincy was:

Norm, Gadget, Plunger, KY, Phil, Lazza, Colin, Starcky, Nigel, Sarj, Femi

Not as bad team, and as the oppo only had eight men, we were thinking a win would be possible....

....how wrong we were.....

Captain Norm won the toss and put Pimperne in to bat (at this stage they were hopeful of a couple more men coming along later), and thus 10 men in white and 1 in orange took to the field in miserable conditions. Cold, rainy and generally not cricket-friendly.



Ex-Mayfielder Danny Barnett, with  
ex-Mayfielders Gadget and Plunger



Sarj and Gadget opened the bowling and Gadget picked up a wicket in his first over. "Haa, Haa", we thought, "We're in here", but the Pimpernese set about building a partnership and it was not until Norm brought himself on replace Sarj after 4 overs that we were to get another breakthrough (courtesy of a blinding catch by the limping Femi). The Pimps were now beginning to open out a bit and take advantage of the small boundaries when Gadget picked up his second wicket in his 7<sup>th</sup> (and final) over. A good spell - 7 overs, 2 for 26.

The new Pimpesque batsman (House) was said to be a bit of a hitter. Oh Boy, was that right. After getting off the mark with a single his scoring record goes like this:

6,6,4,4,6,1,2,2,4,6,2,2,1,1,1,1 - 50 retired out in just 30 minutes.

The main beneficiary of this schmacking was the Captain. After 4 overs (1 for 17) Norm's next (and last) over goes like this:

1, wide, 6, No ball (6), No Ball (4), 4, No ball (6), 2 wides, dot, 1, dot. Yes, that's 11 balls and 34 runs!



*Starcky  
bats....and  
Norm enjoys  
his birthday  
cricket match!*



Once Mr House had retired it was time for Mr Franklin to continue his work. Whilst not being quite as impressive he still managed to hit 6 sixes in his 55 (retired). At this stage Femi had bowled out with a reasonable 34 off his 7 overs and it was KY and Starcky who were getting battered. KY: 5 overs 0-49 and DS: 3 overs 0-44.

Meanwhile Mr Shepherd, the number 1 bat, was continuing to bat on and eventually he too retired (on getting his ton). We found out afterwards that this was a maiden for him and very grateful he was too!

Sarj (6.3 overs, 1 for 36) returned for the rest of this spell and picked up the final wicket, that of Yaz for a duck.

Pimperne 252 all out.

Tea was very enjoyable and very fresh and then it was out to bat with Colin and Nigel looking for quick runs from the off.

Colin started well, getting off the mark with a four, but in the next over he tried for one of his trademark straight drives only to see the ball plucked out of the air by the bowler (Burn).

Next man in was Lazza (now disappointingly in whites) and he and Nigel set about building a partnership. They managed to survive 10 overs until the hostile Burn got one through Nigel's defences to leave us reeling on 15-2.

Starcky then joined Laz and we started to look like a team that could actually play, between them they pushed the score along to 78 when the match took a very controversial turn.....

Femi was umpiring and taking the opportunity to take some video of Lazza batting, when a big appeal for LBW went up! Femi decided that a video review was called for, and despite hot spot, snicko and the ball-tracking technology being absent from his camera, he decided that it was out! Probably the best Golden Moment of all time, and taken in good sport by Lazza (despite Colin trying to wind him up afterwards). L Swann 29.



During and post Game

However, it didn't do our cause much good as Starcky (31) perished soon after and new batter Phil (3) lasted just 10 minutes. Sarj (20) and Gadget (11) tried to get things going but by now we were just batting for pride. Once Sarj and Gadg were out Norm completed his crappy day (it was also his birthday, just to make things worse) by getting a duck, KY scored 6 and then Femi and Plunger struggled through to the end of play to leave us on 135-9.

Time then for a beer and the awards; Femi won the MOM for Fantasy League points, but Gadget got the Player of Tour trophy for his performance in the one and only game. Femi also got Tourist of the Year for his excellent work throughout the tour, being whip-monitor, official photographer and al-round dancing queen.

There then followed a very long, boring drive home for Nigel, Starcky, and Plunger and an equally boring (though not as long) drive back to the hotel for the rest of us.

And thus, with the conclusion of the Tour, the Stag Do began.....

First up was welcoming the new staggers: Ben and Scott Dawson, Bill Dewick, Steve Mccole and Chris Francis. Then it was off out for the evening, initially in small groups for various munchies, but we all rendezvoused in the Walkabout. Tonight, the Walkabout was packed out with numerous other stag and hen parties but not much fun as we were all too sober at this stage. This led to some confusion as people bugged off in small groups and ended up in different venues, but by the end of the night most were back in the karaoke place where you could at least get served in under 30 minutes. Kebab's for some and bed.



Ben & Scott



Gadget & Bill



Saturday morning dawned and we were ready for some surfing. Unfortunately swollen knees put paid to Gadget's dream of wearing into a wetsuit with 10 other men so we were a man down, but we were joined by surf-expert Glenno (who has his own suit no less!).

After a morning killing time it was off to the beach.....



*Colin and Phil  
show the  
enjoyment to be  
had from putting  
on a wetsuit.  
Not sure quite  
what Glenno is  
up to behind  
Phil!!!*

If you have never worn a wet suit then put it on your list of 'things to do before I die'. Even with coaching, advice and physical help from other people it's bloody hard work. At least two of the squad also got them on back-to-front front which didn't help. Anyway, after much struggling we were all suited up, feeling built like young Arnies, sweating buckets, and ready for action so it was on to the sand for our lesson.



***The First Mayfield Surf Team***

After the warm up, which consisted of our coach Kat basically making us look stupid rolling around the beach like a stranded whales, some basic safety instruction and guidance how to 'push and glide' it was into the water.

Surfing is fun! And a lot more physical than it looks.

An hour or so later, after some more land-based coaching we were back in the waves trying to stand up. Bill was the first to manage standing very briefly, followed one of the Dawson boys, and then it was with great pleasure we saw Lazza get up, surf for about 5 secs before tumbling in. Personally I got up for approx.0.3 of a second, and that counts as surfing as far as I'm concerned!!

So, after two hours an exhausted and elated bunch made our way (via various pubs and fast food joints) back to the hotel to get ready for evening.



As we'd seen the previous night that there would be no problem getting into the bars and clubs with stag shirts, we all got dressed up and made our way to O'Neil's beer garden where we were entertained by Scott and Ben double-teaming Colin mercilessly. I wish I

could relate some of the comments, but despite being very funny, they are unfit for public consumption. Colin did fight back as hard as he could and scored a point from an own goal when Scott asked for (in the most pompous loud voice) a Jaego-Bomb and cause Steve to spit up his lager and the waiter to piss himself laughing.

After O'Neil's it was the Litton Tree for dancing, followed by Wiggles for wiggling and then some big club (Inferno or something similar) for arms in the air leaping around. Throughout all this Lazza was kept well plied with drink and seemed to be enjoying himself (despite the urinary problems caused by his morph suit).



Steve & Chris...he does speak!!!



Final call was a very nice sit down kebab at about 3.00AM, and a last round of drinks in the hotel before bed.



And that was it.....

....four days and nights, one game of cricket, some golf and some surfing and shit-loads of beer and cooked breakfasts.

Thanks to all the Tourists and Staggers; especially KY for organising the tour, Colin for organising the Stag and Femi for taking all the pictures and making sure our glasses never ran dry.

See you all next year in Barbados!

**Rich 'Harry Potter' Granger**