

## Goodwood Tour of the UK 2013

If you are a cricketer, you always dream of playing in England. It's kind of the Holy Grail.

Sitting at the Roos bar in 2011 with Lloyd and Potsy, we were all regretting that the opportunity had probably passed us by. We had always talked about a club tour, but it wasn't until that night that it all started to become a reality.

Eighteen months later, nine of us we were sitting in the Coopers Bar at the Adelaide airport about to board a flight to the UK to meet up with some old mates, on the other side of the world.

Twenty four hours later, bleary eyed, cars hired, we set off for St Ives, Cambridgeshire, to meet up with Paul "hand on the" Swannell. With no phone reception and lost, the two cars entered a large roundabout, I was driving the lead car and I got severe cramp in my left calf and stalled the car halfway round, in the middle of the road! Bryce Heath did not help, as he proceeded to lay on his horn in the following van!

Tired and tempers fraying, we stopped at a service station to refocus, find out where the hell we were and calm down. Things weren't going well and we had only been in the old dart 2 hours. I sat in the car while the rest of the group went in for supplies and thought; this was all going to be a complete disaster. Minutes later all the boys came racing out of the convenience store, one by one, 4 packs of 600ml Heinekens hoisted above their head shouting "you can buy 1 pound beers at the servo!!" That was the start of the best 24 days of our lives.....

### **St Ives, Cambridgeshire. June 29 to July 1<sup>st</sup> 2013.**

Arriving late afternoon (with a few of those 1 pounds beers under your belt and no sleep) straight to Olivers Lodge, a Fawltly Towers type set up on the edge of town. St Ives is a stunning village on the edge of a river, the main street full of character. A quick change and into the stunning village to meet up with Swanny and the boys. If I was honest I don't remember a whole lot about the next 8 hours (must have been jet lag), but I remember walking from the St Ives cricket club into town, the local lads leading the way, through a churchyard and 400 year old graveyard. I looked at Jon Giddings next to me and I knew we were thinking the same thing, I can't believe we are actually here.

It was a good night, a surprise arrival from our great mate, Scott Woodroffe to join the touring party two days early, made it even better. There were more than several pints and much fried chicken eating (especially from Jim "seven chickens" Lewellyn) as he repeatedly returned to the Pakistani Chicken shop, the guy behind the counter having no idea what this huge man devouring all his chicken was saying. I stumbled home relatively early sometime after midnight.

Rising to the sun the next morning, I tip toed out of the room not to wake my roomie, Dylan "Therapist" Turner. Stepping outside to see the first ray of sunlight and realise it was 4.30am! Already awake, I decided to walk into the village centre. As I walked the main street, several hundred metres up ahead, I saw the unmistakable light blue colour that represents the Goodwood CC casual shirt. As I approached the park bench, I was greeted with "allo mate"; Scott Woodroffe had not quite

made it home. Later stories came through of people sleeping in wheat fields and hay sheds...it was going to be a long tour.

The first game of the tour was at the immaculate St Ives CC. Red Emmel gave us the pre tour speech and fire up. It did not work as we slumped to 4/72 on the flat wicket. I think the pints and jet lag were catching up. Jim Lewellyn and lower order hard hitting from Jon Giddings got us to a competitive total of 178.

As we sat in the Adelaide Airport a few days earlier Jon "noddy" Giddings sat next to me for a chat. "Thanks for letting me on the tour Scroopy". (Jon had been retired for several years; bad groins were his achilles heel).

"Look mate, I am just happy to tag along. Don't need to bowl and happy to bat 11, field fine leg, that would suit me fine"

Don't be stupid Jon. He went on to bowl the second most amount of overs on tour and lead the wicket taking.

We hit the field with what seemed like not enough runs. We bowled like guys who hadn't really slept much for 48 hours and St Ives looked in for an easy victory. 1 for 86 after 18 overs, on came Mark "got your tickets" Hardham. He basically spun us to victory, his 4/26 saw a batting collapse, although Bryce "trailer" Heath did his best to stop the Goodwood momentum with four dropped catches. St Ives were eventually bowled out for 142 and our first victory on tour was celebrated heartily with the St Ives boys.

Goodwood 178, Lewellyn 45, L. Cook 25

Defeated

St Ives Town CC 142, Hardham 4/26

### **Stratford Upon Avon, Worcestershire July 1<sup>st</sup> to July 4<sup>th</sup> 2013**

The stunning Tudor town of Stratford Upon Avon was our base for the next few days. Crammed into an up, down cottage was amazing fun, the toilet under the stairs would have had to be repainted after we left. There was plenty of funny stories about the worst burger bar and the worst strip joint in the UK (apparently I did not go), Dylan's inappropriate argument with a bar tender, but for me having dinner one evening in the basement of a 500 year old pub, who's claim to fame was it was the birthplace of the plague in the 1500's, with about a dozen Goodwood boys (and Libby Round) was pretty special.

We were looked after so well, a Romanian lady coming each morning to cook us bacon and eggs and clean up, I can't imagine what she thought of 9 blokes all in together in a small house.

Starting with a fixture at probably the most picturesque ground in the UK, I will never forget everyone's face as we drove into the grounds of Hagley House. A stunning village cricket ground that sloped heavily from boundary to boundary, bordered by a four storey massive mansion, a 300 year old church and graveyard, stunning wooden pavilion, a tree in play and surrounded by a deer park, it pretty much ticks all the cricket lovers' boxes.

A good standard game, we were two short this day as Noddy Giddings left to meet a mate in Scotland, we were helped by a couple of local lads. Both featured in some of the funniest stories on tour. Tom Cunningham fielding at fine leg, a seemingly simple skied catch that he did not even get to as he puffed up the steep slope and it fell short. Andy Poutney, a "rotund lad" gave us plenty of laughs with his fielding exploits too, but it wasn't until he was asked to bowl his slow right arm off spin and he asking for a short leg against some pretty decent Hagley Batsman, that we came back with "no way, I'll take the crucifixion thanks"!

Batting first on the fast pitch and fast outfield we posted a strong total of 231. Lloyd, Potsy, Jim and Scroopy were all amongst the runs. Mark "Pyro" Hardham coming in with two balls to go, I was on strike, I said to him, "wherever this ball goes mate, just run, so you have just one opportunity to face up and experience the view from the batsman's end, just once in your life." As you stood waiting for the bowler to come, you were faced with the mansion, old church and graveyard in a stunning setting. We did run, he did get that opportunity and ran himself out last ball!

Dropped chances cost us this game as an Aussie made 80 and took the game away from us, but a credible eight wickets down as they passed us in the last over was a great finish to a cracking day. As we sat in front of the stunning wooden pavilion and shared cricket stories, it was hard to think the cricket or setting would get any better. Thanks to the Hagley boys and especially James Trinham, what a champion.

I'll remember this day as one of my favourite cricket days and the place where I learnt about the tradition of English village cricket. I was not out at the end of our innings and sat in the changing rooms at the break, having a quick shower. I joined the boys for teas in the club about ten minutes late. Every single Hagley player had not touched the teas, they were all waiting for me to share the expansive spread before they tucked in, unbelievable, this is cricket in England. It has, since that day, become a Goodwood rule to afford the same to the opposition.

Goodwood 231, L.Cook 64, W.Potts 36, J.Lewellyn 55, J Scroop 45\*

Defeated by

Hagley, 8/236, Hardham 2/49, S Woodroffe 2/19.

We woke the next day and were heading to the cricket at New Road, Australia versus Worcester in a warm up game for the Ashes. It was about an hour away and with the prospect of a few pints, we hired a local bus company to drive us for the day....very responsible. The bus rocked up on time (we weren't of course, the toilet under the stairs still had some paint stripping to do). "To Worcester County Cricket Ground thanks", the bus driver looked at us blankly, "where is that?" "I don't know, that's why we hired you!" "I've never been to Worcester" he said. It's basically like living at Murray Bridge all your life and never being to Adelaide! We eventually got there, after the customary pub stop. The bus driver ended up being a champion.

It was a brilliant surprise to find out that at the time, you can take a six pack of beer or a bottle of wine into the cricket ground. Like a bunch of excited school children we rushed to the liquor store. What we also learnt was that when you had finished those, you could get a pass out and replenish supplies. It was a pretty important match really as it was Darren Lehman's first game as Australian coach and Steve Smith first being considered as a top order batsman for the first time.

I must admit it all got a bit blurry (mainly because Shane Watson made a boring 100 against the struggling local attack). But it was great for Lloyd and the roaming Darren Lehman to catch up and chat about when they met in an under 14 district game (Lloyd seemed to remember a lot more about that game than Darren), a photo with Rodney Marsh (thanks Rodney), getting kicked out of a pub because we were singing too loud (or was it too badly) and a very noisy bus ride home made it a very memorable game (well the bits I can remember).

Here was also the day, Mark Hardham made a new friend, Rino, with the Worcester ground packed, seats were hard to come by, when one opened up next to a portly local, Pyro grabbed it. They enjoyed the day talking about cricket and ciders, "we have all the big brands like Dickens" Pyro was overheard saying. Little did we know that the harmless portly guy watching cricket in the stands at New Road was the pill popping, bank robbing weirdo that became our shadow for the next few days....but we will finish that story later.

Finally, the next day, a local game. Stratford Upon Avon Cricket Ground, as the name describes, has the river Avon ambling alongside it and the cricket ground and pavilion was stunning. Only a five minute drive away from our accommodation, we actually got to the ground on time, only to realise that five minutes before the start of the game, we left the ball behind. A strong club and good standard game, again an Aussie made runs and the local side set a competitive total of 193. The bowling was dominated by the slow mixed bag of Noddy Giddings taking the first five for on tour on a pretty good batting wicket.

At 1/103, Payney seemed to be taking us to a cruisy victory. Five quick wickets and 6/120 it looked as though we had wasted an opportunity for our second victory of the tour. A great partnership from Mark Hardham and Bryce Heath took the game to the last over, where Scott Woodroffe and Red Emmel had the chance to win the game for us.

I was umpiring and it was getting exciting! Red on strike, like the true professional he pushed a single to point, the mouthy keeper dropping the incoming throw and a chance for a run out. With Scotty on strike I was confident, he could whack the winning four no issues. Then as he took a single off the next ball, I was secretly saying to myself, nooooo! With three to win and Red on strike, you could see the Stratford captain thinking this old c..t won't be able to hit it through the field and bought the field right in. The next ball the keeper miss gloved one and the Goody boys scurried a couple of byes through the legs of the mouthy keeper (aren't we all). Red was still on strike and they bought the field in even closer as the scores were tied. A dot for the forth ball, I was telling the Pom, just run we have a couple of wickets still to come. Red, not phased at all hit the winning run into the covers with one ball to spare, another run out chance missed by the mouthy keeper and it was a pretty exciting finish to the game for the second day in a row.

Pyros new mate Rino was there clapping us off, it seemed like we had a supporter, he came for a drink in the changerooms, where he refused a beer, his therapist had warned him off the stuff. But he came armed with a treasure trove of ephedrine pain killers, anti-inflammatory gels, heat rubs and strapping. Was this bloke a chemist?

Goodwood 8/194, Payne 47, Heath 20, Hardham 23, Cook 28, Red 3 (including the winning run).

Defeated

Stratford Upon Avon 193, Giddings 5/23, Payne 2/19

Thursday was largely a free day. Red and Libby called us and said to meet at this town called Chipping Campden. Driving through the Cotswolds and all the amazing villages and pubs, Red and Libby said it was the most beautiful village. As we drove there they were all beautiful! Chipping Campden is like a movie set, it was a picture perfect place for lunch and get ready for the evening 20/20 versus Stoneleigh Cricket Club, Potsy and I promised we will return here one day.

Directions were not our thing. Even this early in the tour, getting lost was a regular occurrence. Four vehicles left Stratford in a convoy, Red was going to be "right up your date Scroopy". You guessed it, only three cars made in on time to the ground, Red's car missing in action. Many phone calls later, we finally got him to the ground.

It is hard to describe some of these cricket grounds; you just have to one day go there. For a cricket lover it is almost surreal. As we passed the large hedge bordering the car park and the vista of Stoneleigh Cricket Ground opened in front of us, Red exclaimed "How's the set up Scroopy". This became regular Goodwood vernacular and is still used now and this is where the saying came from.

We were blessed with the weather and in the brilliant evening sunshine Stoneleigh House and Abbey glistened. Standing only metres from the boundary the house dominates the field, a four story mansion overstates the tiny Stoneleigh clubhouse, whose changing rooms could only fit four players in at once.

The game was played in great spirit. Stoneleigh batting first as amassing 144 off their 20 overs. As our second tier bowlers were introduced to the attack, the Stoneleigh batters feasted on the inexperienced bowlers. Our fielding was somewhat distracted by the amazing surroundings, many times fielders caught gazing at the house and abbey and almost forgetting about the game.

With only a few overs to go, I was given the opportunity to represent Goodwood with the ball. I was seeking just one wicket on English soil and I would happily put the bowling shoes "out to pasture". Out strode batsman Sutcliffe, I am sure he was a descendant of the great English Test player. With my wily outswing on fire I beat the bat twice in two balls. Third ball I moved my line closer to the middle stump, expecting to bowl "this bunny". With an almighty swing of the bat, the ball was launched back over my head, over the diminutive clubrooms, over 40 metres high fir trees and into the stratosphere. Chris Muggleton, ever supportive, exclaimed, "I think they serve a meal on that one!"

Our batting was dominated by Bryce Heath as we swapped the order around a little. As victory seemed imminent, we were all sent out with the opportunity to face six balls each and make use of the remaining few overs. There was a lot of wood chopping and backs been put out and we passed the score but it was worth it just to have the opportunity to bat at that ground, even for a few minutes. We sat in the sun in front of Stoneleigh, enjoyed beers and the leftovers from the amazing teas, then headed to the local pub and talk tall cricket stories with the champs at Stoneleigh Cricket Club.

Stoneleigh 5/144, Woodroffe 2/26

Defeated by

Goodwood 3/166, Heath 46, C.Mugleton 23

### **Bath, Gloucestershire. July 5<sup>th</sup> to July 7<sup>th</sup> 2013.**

A long drive to the remote village of Bridgetown in Somerset, we set off early, heading through the stunning Exmoor National Park. Nearing our target, GPS well and truly not working, we flagged down the local postman as we sat at a fork in the road working out which road to take. We knew we were close, so it was lucky we bumped into the bloke, "any idea where Bridgetown is mate?" He looked puzzled and shook his head, "sorry guys not really sure, I am the postie for Devon, which is on this side of the river, Somerset is on that side so I guess it could be over there."

We took the Somerset turn off, sure enough, 10 minutes up the road, the stunning village of Bridgetown, the Poms just do not get out do they, he had lived there all his life and never heard of a village 10 minutes away! As we sat at the local pub, The Badgers Holt, had an amazing Venison Curry and took bets what time Red's car would arrive, there was no way he was finding this place. Armed with no GPS, only a large paper map of the entirety of England and Jon Giddings for assistance, he was to pick up Jason Pike from the Bath train station and meet us at Bridgetown. He did find the place; late of course, six overs into the game...I can't remember who won the bet.

As you walk over a narrow wooden bridge spanning the river Exe, the small, wooden thatched roof pavilion of Bridgetown CC is in the pages of many cricket magazines and has been voted the best village cricket ground in the UK several times. The sloping field raises around four metres on one side, the river on the other and surrounded by stunning Somerset farmland, it does not get much better.

Bridgetown only fields one side in the local league and some of our batsman got away and scored heavily on the fast small ground. Balls were quickly and skilfully fetched by the local players from the river, getting down to their jocks in seconds to wade into the brisk waters. Payney, Potts, Muggs and Lloyd dominated as we posted 8/270 and sat on the hill at tea enjoying the once again amazing feast of cake, sandwiches and buns.

This is where Rino turned up, again. The weird bloke we left three hours away in Stratford upon Avon. He caught a train and three buses to get to Bridgetown, a bit odd, but he was kind enough to take some photos of the day whilst we fielded, later we thought they might of ended up on his bedroom wall, with pins and red texta all over them!

Pikey, Red and Jon Giddings were rewarded by the skipper for actually finding the ground and opened the attack. Before the tour we all agreed that sledging was a no no in the UK and we would play in the right spirit and just enjoy the company and experiences of our new UK friends. Pikey did not get that speech, arriving part way through the tour during the fifth game. Snarling as per usual, hands on hips, waving his arms, dropping a return catch, exclaiming "what sort of shot is that!" With a split webbing, bleeding profusely, the blood from the ball transferred to the batsman's bat. As the local batsman wiped the blood from his Gray Nichols Powerspot, we told Pikey just to calm down a little, he did...just a little.

Bridgetown put up a good fight making 208. My favourite memory of that innings was Jim Lewellyn who fielded fine leg and deep mid-off the whole innings, not moving from the same spot, chatting for forty overs to the locals that were watching on the park benches surrounding the boundary. My least favourite, Bryce dropping another catch off my bowling, that wicket in England was proving elusive.

A dip in the Freezing river Exe after the game with Red, Mark Hardham and a few of the local team, was better than any ice bath, even in the middle of Summer in England the river was absolutely icy!

Ciders in the evening at the Badgers Holt, we had to leave to drive back to Bath, we all agreed we must come back here again and stay; we kept our promised and returned in 2018 to stay four days in the amazing area.

We had only gone a few miles and we passed a pub, alcohol stocks were low, so we stopped. Jason Pike rushed in and asked "what ciders you got?" The unimpressed bartender waved his arm across the 8 or so taps on the bar, "I'll have one of each" said Pikey, we were in the middle of Somerset Cider country so it was a pretty daft question.

With an armoury of cider on board, we were driving late at night only to get to a road block, the M4 freeway closed. Once again we got lost, split up on the way back to Bath, arriving well after midnight and only arriving after paying a fare to a local taxi driver to show Red the way to the hotel we had booked. We offered the weirdo, Rino a ride from Bridgetown, the two hour drive was plenty enough for Reno to tell stories of his escapades, robbing banks and spending time in jail, sleeping rough, we could not get him out of the car fast enough.

Red Emmel recounts "One thing I will never forget is picking Pikey up at the Bath Railway station after he had been touring Europe for months. His excitement at seeing Johmeyer and me was heartfelt. On the way back to Bath from the Badgers Holt that night, Pyro and I were in the front seat listening to Pikey and Rino in the back, discussing life and experiences etc and we lost the lead car and were basically driving blind. Pyro was tired, hungry and getting agitated. I was just enjoying the ride in the countryside. Rino chimed in with some theories about how the best of plans could come unstuck. Pikey asked him "what do you fucken mean Reno, give us a fucken example", to which he replied with the infamous...." When we were planning our bank job.....". Pikey was fucken speechless. I reckon we drove for a few miles before anyone said a word. I only had two regrets from the trip. The first was not being able to continue on with the last week of it and the second was not taping the conversation in the car that night."

We had a booking at the hotel, which was full, Rino got the last room, we had a couple of extra players to fit in, Rino offered his spare bed, no thanks, a few guys just slept on the floor. We never saw Rino again, we dodged a bullet there...possibly literally! "And that's all I have to say about that", as the great Forest Gump says.

Goodwood 8/270, Payne 61, C.Muggleton 42, Potts 40, Hardham 32, Cook 28

Defeated

Bridgetown 208, Payne 4/32, Cook 3/29

**Dublin, Ireland, July 7<sup>th</sup> 2013 to July 11<sup>th</sup> 2013**

After five games in a week, were all looking forward to some Guinness and a few rest days. We arrived into Dublin during a heat wave, where it was reached a scorching 28 degrees for the time were we there. In a great inner city location we enjoyed the bars and late night music, toured the Guinness Factory, (where Potsy now does his traditional clothes shopping every 4 years) and also spent a day in the Irish Hills and Kilkenny.

Much of it was testing out the local brews, with The Hairy Lemon, The Oliver St John Gogarty and O'Donoghues the favourite bars, as we trolled around listening to local music in the area known as Temple Bar. There were plenty of nicknames from many stories of these few days, Chris Muggleton and Kyle Adcock have my favourite, you will have to ask them about it next time you are having a beer with them.

We were looking forward to catching up and having a game with our great mate Lingard Goulding, the main reason for our Irish adventure. I received a call they day he was driving a bus from his home in Kells, an hour away, that he had broken his collarbone, playing drinking games with a bunch of touring St Peters boys!

Like the trouper he is, the bus arrived on schedule to pick us up from Dublin, Lingard, broken wing tied up in the passenger seat, off we went to Kells. Lingard has been the headmaster of Headfort School for over 25 years and now divides his retirement years between a 6 month sojourn to Adelaide playing cricket and some teaching, generally staying in a small unit or nook in someone's backyard and in the Irish Summer located at his home, at Headfort School which is a four story, 100 room palatial Mansion bequeathed to the school by the Tylour family last century.

We stayed at a nearby Hotel in the village and had planned a grand dinner at Headfort House and share an evening with Lingard and some of his friends in the recently restored "eating parlour" which had just had almost \$1,000,000 AUD spent on it by the school and the World Monuments Fund.

Now, we only took backpacks to Ireland, leaving the bulky gear in the UK. So after 3 days in Dublin, in hot conditions, drinking Guinness and bad food, as we congregated in the foyer of the hotel. I could see that we had a problem and we were a touched "under dressed" for the occasion. As we climbed on the bus for the short ride to Headfort clad in bike shorts, tank tops and Guinness paraphernalia, everything seemed fine. Then we passed through the grand gates to Headfort, down the long landscaped driveways, past huge homes and out buildings and then on to the entrance of Headfort House. A welcoming party of smartly dressed men and ladies in cocktails dresses were waiting our arrival on the steps, I looked at "our lot" and we looked completely out of place!!

We spent a magnificent evening in the eating parlour, adorned with massive portraits of the Earls and Countess's that ate here before us. The ornate walls and ceilings had taken months to repaint and the huge windows opened to the manicured rear gardens. We were looked after famously, drank all Lingard scotch, talked about curtains and to Pikey's delight, Lingard gave us a clarinet rendition, with his broken collarbone, one handed, skilfully resting on Lloyd's shoulder. "That's not the first time you have had a flute on your shoulder Lloyd", Pikey toted. It was the closest any of us would get to dining in Buckingham Palace, in our tank tops!

There was some cricket in Ireland, a 40/40 against Lingard's cricket club Knockharley. Another stunning day, their ground surrounded by scenic, lush farmland, we were put into bat on a green wicket. Not sure if it was the Guinness, the lack of sleep, or just the lack of talent but we were soon in trouble against their New Zealand opening bowler. Our normal reliable top order crumbled and Kyle Adcock and Chris Muggleton saved us to get a competitive total of 151, which was a little surprising as Kyle was unconscious, laying in the sun wrapped in the Goodwood Flag until about two minutes before he had to out to bat.

It seemed a hopeless situation, but we bowled well against the locals, opening with the fire brands, Red Emmel and Jon Giddings. On the slow pitch this was a masterstroke, runs were hard to come by, but Knockharley always seemed to have their noses in front. The game came down to the last over and the locals hit the winning runs with only two balls to spare, I don't think we were ever in the game and it seemed like one of those E.J. Whitten games when the outcome was decided before the game had started. Thanks so much to Lingard (who umpired 80 overs in the Irish heat on painkillers and a broken collarbone) and the Knockharley Cricket Club for hosting a great day.

Goodwood 9/151, K.Adcock 34, C.Muggleton 42

Defeated by

Knockharley 5/152, Heath 2/15, Hardham 2/26

### **Tunbridge Wells July 10<sup>th</sup> to July 13<sup>th</sup> 2013**

Straight off the plane from Dublin and back in the old dart, our livers happy for the rest from Guinness's "Black Puddin Soup" as Jim Lewellen calls it. We headed for Tunbridge Wells, a trendy market town in Kent. We expected a strong game from the local Linden Park side. We did not start the game until almost 3 o'clock, as we were all watching Ashton Agar make 98 against the Poms in the First Ashes Test of the series, so we would be using all of the late English daylight.

The ground is near the centre of town with a quaint new clubhouse, surrounded by forest and those bloody stinging nettles. This was a club that reminded us most of Goodwood back home and was certainly the toughest game of the tour as they fielded their three South African imports.

Captain Potts lost the toss and we were in the field and it was soon obvious that we were playing a serious team. To his credit Bryce "Snowball" Heath bowled the best he did on tour, Kyle Adcock bowled fast and with plenty of swing, unlucky not to take a wicket and Jon Giddings again was hard to get away taking 2/40. These guys could play cricket and it did not help that we were getting battle weary and our fielding resembled those figurines in the old test match board game. In fact our best fielder was probably Dylan Turner, playing his first game on tour with a plaster cast on his left arm he nearly snaffled a skied catch at fine leg.

Frustrated by his preseason injury when he took a blow from a Lloyd Cook cover drive to the left wrist during a net session two weeks before we left, Dylan, had spent most of the first part of the tour umpiring, his plaster covered wrist prevented him from any cricket to this point. But it was time we turned to our less conventional bowlers.

Unable to bat and more known for his work behind the stumps, he made his debut as a wily slow inswing bowler here, his plaster cast acting as sort of a counter weight during his bowling action. It was an inglorious start as the first ball was sprayed wide of the stumps on the third bounce. He soon found his rhythm though and the batsman's eyes lit up as he saw a short pitched delivery sent down. Batsman Tom Baxter moved inside the ball and prepared to dispatch it to the square leg boundary. Unfortunately for him, the lack of pace saw the ball barely make the stumps and as the delivery lost momentum and headed for a second bounce, it was too late the batter knew an embarrassing situation was approaching as the ball crashed (or maybe kissed the stumps), out, bowled, the Therapist had his first wicket on English soil.

There was much apologizing (and a few laughs) but all was well as Dylan and Tom shared about a dozen Vodka and Red Bulls together that night.

To be honest after 39 overs they were 232 and we were pretty happy with that on the fast out field it was pretty much one or four. With Pikey crook ( he bowled the longest over in history, stooping every ball to dry reach and cough up a lung, no kidding it took at least 10 minutes)and Potsy sore, we had to find the last over from a part timer. Potsy chose Lloyd because he was bowling "land mines" at the start of the tour, but bowling to their South African import the over went for 24 and we were chasing 256. Lloyd later commented "I thought I had the batter in two minds the whole over, should I hit this for four or six!"

They had the best bowling of the trip as well, this brought the best out of most blokes and with partnerships of 40, 64 and 67 we were in the game. The Poms treat their friendlies pretty seriously and there was no letup even down to a bit of sledging when I was out batting, I just seem to attract it wherever I go, even in England. A short ball, pulled for four, next ball in the slot, through the covers for four, the bowler was breathing fire at me, "you bowled it there", I exclaimed. I never wanted to hit a ball for four more in my life, short and wide outside off, the perfect ball, I swung as hard as I could but missed the damn thing.

The old war horses greased the joints and competitive juices started to run, Potts , Cook , Scroop and Lewellyn got us to 3/171, but we just could not hold on and our lower order miss fired to be all out for 213, still a really good effort against that side.

We did not finish the game until 9pm, spending plenty of time looking for balls in the stinging nettles, Potsy apologizing to the fielders every time he hit the ball into the prickly weeds. Linden Park were a really great bunch of blokes and stayed around late into the night, luckily, we only had a short walk to the hotel so we could all enjoy their hospitality. We discovered a few new drinks that night and then dragged poor old Pikey up the hill just before midnight, he slept off his illness most of the night in the car.

Thanks to Stuart Clarke and the boys at Linden Park for this fixture. A special thanks to the tea ladies that produced two cakes adorned with berries, one decorated with the British flag and one with the Aussie flag.

Linden Park 8/256, Heath 3/39, Giddings 2/40

Defeated

Goodwood 213, Scroop 60, Potts 51, Lewellyn 25.

A well-earned rest day the next day, we spent it getting haircuts at ladies hair salons and sitting at the local pub (surprise, surprise) watching the first test and Stuart Broad square cutting to first slip and not being given out. Then most of the boys headed to Trent Bridge, Nottingham to watch the test the following day, we managed to get 8 tickets thanks to Jane Sale, they were lucky enough to see a great day's cricket. An eight hour round trip from the bottom of England to the Midlands is some great effort. This left Lloyd and myself to fill in and help the Linden Park 5<sup>th</sup>'s smash local team Bells Yew Green's 3<sup>rd</sup> side in a Saturday league game against some 70 year olds and a bunch of 13 year olds.....talented 13 year old though. It was still great fun at an accustomed lovely little ground, surrounded by a hedge of blackberries (not fun), but what was fun is Lloyd showing of his less than amazing fielding exploits.

### **Hastings July 13<sup>th</sup> to July 15<sup>th</sup> 2013**

Great to get down to the home of our great mate Scott Woodroffe for a couple of days. We booked in to a local BnB and headed out on the town in Hastings. Nothing too eventful other than plenty of beers and a late night, it was just great to finally see Scotty in his home town.

This fixture was to be against Scotty's much loved local club, Sidley, but, unfortunately only a few months earlier the club had to fold. Thanks to Hastings Cricket Club that fielded a Sidley/Hastings combined side, for a game at their superb ground in what was to be known as the "Wildman/Emmel Trophy" in recognition of the two clubs champions. Tyrone Wildman passing away earlier that year, thankfully our legend was on tour with us. This also was the beginning of a relationship that has seen four players from Hastings coming to play for Goodwood in the future, two of them played in this game, Elliot Hooper and Jed O'Brien.

A 20/20 on a flat wicket and lightning fast outfield, we won the toss and batted first. It was one or four, as all our batters got amongst the runs in the outstanding batting conditions. Posting a competitive total of 172 we thought that we may have been a few short to be honest.

Hastings opened with their strongest batters and even our strongest bowling line up of Adcock, Muggleton, Heath and Hardham found it pretty hard going in the batter friendly conditions. Pyro finally grabbed two quick wickets and Noddy Giddings continued his love affair on English wickets, stymieing the run rate and taking a couple of wickets. It was coming down to the last over with Scott Woodroffe being held back by the Sidley/Hasting team.

With 23 runs needed by the home team off the last two overs, Noddy Giddings put the game almost beyond doubt with a miserly four runs and the prize wicket of Scott Woodroffe, stumped, going for an almighty slog, in the penultimate over. With his arm still in a cast, Dylan Turner took the responsibility of the last over with 19 to get, Elliot Hooper (who came to Goodwood a couple of years later and is a proper player) was batting 11 and proceeded to take 14 off the first 5 balls. With a six required off the last ball, Elliott hit hard down the ground, one bounce to the long off fielder

and the victory was secured, the Wildman/Emmel trophy safely in the hands of Goodwood, returning to Australian soil.

Goodwood 172, Adcock 37, Scroop 36, Heath 31

Defeated

Sidley/Hastings 168, Hardham 2/27, Giddings 2/8

### **London July 15<sup>th</sup> to July 19<sup>th</sup> 2013**

We left Sidley on the south coast of the UK for 4 free days in London. We left the cars at Beckenham Cricket Club, the location for our next fixture and caught the train into London. This was a sound decision; driving a car in central London would have been a nightmare. Perched in a Travelodge Hotel next to Kings Cross Station we spent the days seeing the sights of London. By this time the UK was in the midst of a heatwave, most days in the low to mid-thirties, no air-conditioning at any of their hotels and they were starting to resemble saunas. The worst thing for me was I had to wake up to Bryce Heath sleeping in his jocks.

The afternoon we arrived we had a guided tour through Lords. Ticked off seeing the Ashes, the long room and standing for a photo on the hallowed turf (and in the hallowed toilets). The traditional photo at Abbey Road just a short distance away (the locals must get so annoyed with the tourists doing this) dodging traffic and the crowds for your Beatles shot.

As the group split up to see the sights of their choice we ticked off, Big Ben, Parliament, Westminster Abbey, The Eye, Buckingham Palace and the changing of the guards, Tower of London and Kew Gardens to name a few.

We would meet for breakfast, plan the day then off we would go, Potsy and Mark Hardham lucky enough to have a day at the second Lords Test, the rest of us headed to the underground and popped up somewhere else in London like a pack of unregistered dogs (you don't mind if I borrow that saying, Red).

In the evenings we would catch the tube to the West End, grab a meal and catch a show, \$50 to see We will Rock You, \$40 to see Jersey Boys, it was pretty awesome. Generally the group was well organized but throw in underground ticket purchases and ultimately someone loses their day pass, normally Dylan or "Got your tickets Mark" Pikey would be sprouting, as we walked the endless tunnels.

We caught the train back to Beckenham, a first grade club in a leafy suburb of South London. That was an eye opener in itself as one of the locals decided to display his nether regions to us as he asked us for a drink on the train. Beckenham had once been the host of the Wimbledon warm up tournament and the clubrooms were adorned with honour boards with names like Navratalova, Lendl and Newcombe.

By this part of the trip the grounds were hard and dry, Foxgrove Road was no exception. The wicket was grassy and today's captain Daniel Payne won the toss and decided to bat. It is always difficult to know your opposition in a friendly. Generally they are a mixture of tradies that take the day off, a few older members and the larger clubs have their overseas players play.

By this part of the trip we had a lot of cricket and all the bats were in form Lloyd, Potsy, Jim, Payney, Scroopy and past Goodwood player Tim Munro rounded out the top six.

It was brilliant that we were able to catch up with so many cricket people in England that are connected with Goodwood. Not only the touring party but we were joined in with, or met up with, the likes of Lingard, Tim Munro, Mike Wakim, Togs and Skills Thomson. After our 40 overs we had amassed 250 which seemed enough even on the quick outfield.

Then began the afternoon tea of our lives. All the clubs we played showed us amazing hospitality, but, Beckenham went above and beyond. Two tables full of sandwiches, cold meats and tasty treats greeted us as we walked into sit down lunch. Jugs of Pims and lemonade were plentiful and we each enjoyed a few glasses of the juicy alcoholic treat. Forty five minutes had passed and the tables were being cleared but it did not seem that the Beckenham boys were preparing for the run chase.

Next, the table was filled with cheese platters and fresh fruit. Port glasses were brought out as the Beckenham captain welcomed us officially. It is tradition at Beckenham during friendlies that the teams share a glass of port. 34 degrees is not really port weather, but after a few glasses of Pims, a couple of glasses of port went down well.

Seventy five minutes later we stumbled out on the field like a group of drunken sailors. Beckenham then proceeded to put on an opening partnership of 160, maybe it was all a cunning plan!! We finally broke the partnership through a stumping off Dylan Turner, still bowling with a broken arm, who stemmed the run tide with 1/32 off 8 overs.

We slowed the run rate and started to sober up but Beckenham were well in charge at 3 for 230 after 35 overs. We then took 4/10 with Daniel Payne and Potsy running through the middle order until it came down to the last over, Beckenham required 7 runs to win with three wickets in hand.

By this time it was around six o'clock and the rowdy after work crowd had swelled to what seemed like about 50 people (biggest crowd of the tour, previous best was 2 at Stratford, our bank robber mate, Rino and the local newspaper reporter). Potsy drew the short straw to bowl the last over and we were confident of a win as Beckenham were down to the older blokes in the team.

First ball dot, this bloke doesn't look like he could hit it off the square. Second ball pitched up on middle stump.....bang straight into the tennis courts! "I haven't hit a six for 10 years" the batsman exclaimed to me. One run to win off four balls.

Ball three, hits the thigh pad and rolls on the leg side, they scamper for the winning run, keeper Scroopy takes it in his left glove rolls over and throws down the stumps, OUT!

Ball four, through to the keeper, DOT! By this time the crowd is going off and it really feels like an international match, the competitive juices are really flowing.

Ball five, pitched up, played to mid-on, taken by Bryce Heath and he throws down the stumps...RUN OUT! If we thought it was amazing Scroopy was nimble enough to get a run out, it was even more amazing Bryce got one. Adrenaline must really be flowing. Nine wickets down scores are still tied.

Captain Payne is in a frenzy trying to plug the gaps, players going from one side of the wicket to the other, this has turned from a bunch of old blokes playing a friendly to a must win international. Last ball, full at middle stump, right on line, the fielders charging in, batsman inside edges to mid-wicket and set off for a run, could this be the third run out of the over? No.....we did not have a mid wicket!! In the confusion Dylan went to the wrong side of the wicket, the game was lost by one wicket on the final ball, the local crowd went wild.

What a brilliant day, the Beckenham boys were just as hospitable after the game as we enjoyed pints and Pims in the warm evening sun. Thanks so much to Beckenham Cricket Club, they also let us park our hire cars at the club for a few days and looked after our gear as we backpacked into London. A special thanks to Errol Valentine for his help with this fixture and also helping me with other parts of the trip, we will never forget this day.

Goodwood 9/250, Cook 30, Potts 25, Lewellyn 50 ret, Payne 60 ret, Scroop 27, Munro 23

Defeated by

Beckenham 9/251, Potts 3/28

### **Chichester July 19<sup>th</sup> to July 23<sup>rd</sup> 2013**

We really have had a dream run. The weather had been perfect all tour and as we moved smoothly from place to place all our plans seemed to be working. We had a two hour drive from Beckenham, south London back down to the south coast for the last stop on our tour, Chichester, the home of Goodwood Cricket Club, UK.

After two hours driving we had gone less than 20 kilometres, finally we have met up with London traffic. We had plans for a nice lunch stop on the way at some country pub; these had to be aborted as we had a 20/20 fixture against Singapore where we were going to combine with Goodwood UK for a "super team" and we were looking like being late.

Four and a half hours later we arrived in Chichester, West Sussex. Like all country towns in England it was beautiful. Plenty of character buildings, quaint shopping strips and manicured gardens. After unloading our baggage in our side by side houses, we took off for the short drive to Stirlands cricket club, the hosts of this evening's fixture.

By the time we arrived, they game was underway. The plan was we would supply 5 players for the combined Goodwood side. Injuries and the smell of Bbq and beer meant that only Jim Lewellyn and Scroopy joined in.

Stirlands was a beautifully picturesque ground. Tucked in amongst stunning farmland on the outskirts of Chichester, the oval bordered by country homes a church and graveyard. The updated timber clubhouse fit in perfectly and the manicured oval and wicket were probably the best we had played on. Jim made 30 and Scroopy 40 to help Goodwood to a solid victory chasing against the touring Singapore.

The obligatory Bbq and beers after the game as we got to size up our opposition, Goodwood UK for the final fixture of the tour, two days later. Thankyou to Stirlands Cricket Club, it was a very social and spectacular place to play, as per normal we were well looked after.

We spent the evening with the Goodwood UK boys back in Chichester exchanging cricket stories and singing cricket songs well into the night. The poor old local drinkers did not know what hit them as the rowdy Aussies were the life of the party, or so the drunk Aussies thought anyhow.

This Saturday was a free day and we trekked around and hour north to Sparsholt a cricket club near Winchester, the home during the English Summer to Adelaide's own Daniel Payne. Dan had spent time with us during the tour playing a few games and we were delighted to be invited to his club to watch a game and be hosted in an Aussie Day.

One car took the direct route to Sparsholt and one the scenic route, as we went on the hunt for the town of Hardham in the countryside of Hampshire. Mark "Pyro" Hardham was delighted to get the photo standing next to the town sign of bearing his surname.

The UK is just a brilliant place to get in a car and get lost. There is scenery in every direction. We had to stop for lunch at "The White Heart" a stunning little Pub perched above a river and old stone bridge that was just wide enough for one car, or you could imagine a horse and buggy. A great feed and a few Fursty Ferrets (the local brew) and we joined up with the rest of the crew to watch Sparsholt play.

Potsy and Bryce Heath were called up to play for the Sparsholt second eleven, both performing well to help them win. The rest of us lazed around sipping imported Australian Sav Blanc and enjoying the sunny day.

It just is amazing the amount of cricket clubs over here. Most contain only two or three sides and are tucked away in some of the most unusual situations. Sparsholt is no exception, about 10 minutes out of Winchester you turn off the country road onto a dirt road, then two miles up that road you turn onto, call it a track, that looks nothing more than a small driveway to a farmer's paddock. As you make your way down through the large English Elms covering the farmers paddock to the right, you notice a gate to your left, through the thick hedge, another stunning ground, in the middle of nowhere bordered by large English trees on one side and a hedge on the other, hiding a magnificent old country home.

Once again the local club went well out of their way for us. Aussie wines and beers (well Fosters anyway, it actually tastes pretty good over there) were stocked up on and supplied from the fridge (well I called it more of a cupboard, a fridge would actually get the beer cold), the entire club was so welcoming.

I think we bought the only two bags of ice in England to cool the warm beer and by the time we arrived at the game Dylan and Lloyd were well into several bottles of warm Sav Blanc. We enjoyed the local hospitality as we watched the local side go down, in a top of the table clash, Payne got a few which was nice. We dined on imported kangaroo steaks and soaked up the atmosphere, it was hitting us now that the end was near and we did not want it to come.

The local tradition of new members to Saprsholt, is a stump run. Dylan took up the challenge, down two pints, spin around a stump with your head down ten times, then sprint to the centre wicket, skull another pint, shortly followed by a sprint to the change room toilets! With Lingard busting his collarbone earlier in the trip doing the same thing and Dylan only a few days before, getting his plaster cast off, it did not seem like the best of ideas, but at the time it was pretty funny. Thanks so much to Sparsholt Cricket Club and Daniel Payne for hosting the event, all the Goodwood boys had a brilliant social day.

### **The final game**

We found out when we were scheduling the tour that there was in fact a Goodwood Cricket Club in the UK. No tour would be complete without playing a fixture against them in the beautiful town of Chichester in West Sussex.

Goodwood UK is a small club consisting of only one team that plays friendlies throughout the English Summer. Each year the boys have a flood of requests to play them. This is because they play in the grounds of Goodwood Estate.

Goodwood Estate is the home of the Duke of Richmond. A huge estate on the outskirts of Chichester which has its own racecourse and hosting the Goodwood race meeting each year. It also hosts a classic car race throughout the estate attracting around 100,000 rev heads and it was just after this event that we arrived so unfortunately there was still scaffolding, temporary grandstands and damaged grass around the oval. It is hard to believe that a duke would allow such an event in such a beautiful setting, apparently the GFC hit everyone hard and this car race is the Dukes main form of income!

The quaint thatched roof pavilion is stunning and the 300 year old cedar tree presiding over it was majestic.

Goodwood is seen as the home of the first organized game of cricket in 1727. The duke of Richmond and his friend Mr Broderick drew up 16 rules that are said to be the base of the rules of cricket today. The Duke also was one of the inaugural MCC board members and Goodwood is the only club outside of Lords to be allowed to wear the MCC colours because of this fact.

Some of the rules included a 23 yard pitch, 12 players per side, catches were allowed in clothing, bowlers were only permitted underarm and an over constituted of four balls. Who knows if this is all true, there seems numerous clubs that lay claim to the first game of cricket in the UK, my vote for what it is worth, is that Goodwood may take that mantle. They are the only club outside Lords that are able to wear "the bacon and eggs colours", it's a good yarn anyhow and a great read if you ever visit the ground.

We arrived before time to this fixture for the first time on the entire tour. We had the customary team photo before the game, the two clubs united before a fight for the bragging rights.

Dylan Turner was captain for the day and he proudly wore the Goodwood captains blazer to the toss, Goodwood UK tasted first blood and decided to bat. We were a little broken and sore as we had 10 games in just over two weeks so we brought in a couple of English recruits for this fixture, our great mate Scott "The Great Scotsman" Woodroffe and new Goodwood recruit Henry Smith.

The pitch was certainly under prepared as Goodwood UK was only returned the ground that week after the month long hiatus for the Goodwood Festival of Speed. In fact the entire square looked equally green but Pyro and local Goodwood player Matt Geffen swept vomit from chosen wicket left there the previous weekend.

Bryce "Snowball" Heath and 2013 Goodwood Australia recruit Henry Smith snared a couple of quick wickets in their opening spells, Goodwood UK shaky at 2/9 after 6 overs. Ever reliable and leading wicket taker for the tour Jon "Noddy" Giddings again bamboozled the home side on the slow deck with a mixture of slow seamers and wily leg breaks on his way to 2/24. Goodwood teetering at 6/94 after 26 overs.

Leading into the trip Jon was worried that his dodgy groins, luckily his well-prepared pre trip training allowed them to hold out until the second to last ball of his eighth over in the final game on tour. As it went ping, Jon refused to come off and bowled his last ball from a standing position like the bowler with the ramp in that old test match game.

We had a tour mascot for the entire trip. A terracotta gnome, Jeffery, came on to the field with us for every game and was placed in various positions between overs, kind of like a 12<sup>th</sup> fielder. Jeffery number one was killed by Potsy during our third fixture in Stratford Upon Avon, smashed to pieces from a throw in from the boundary, striking him flush and sending him to gnome heaven. Jeffery "the second" had taken the mantle and proudly been fielding in various positions after we picked him up in the Hastings Garden Centre a week or so before. He was a cricket gnome resting his rather plump body on a terracotta wicket, if you could imagine Milton Pedlar leaning on a bat you know what he looked like; we thought he was perfectly appropriate for the tour. Jeffery had struck a special friendship with Jim "seven chickens" Lewellyn, the two were inseparable.

On this occasion he was fielding at short cover when a defensive stroke rolled into him, luckily no damage, but Goodwood UK desperate for runs, claimed a 5 run penalty!! We banished Jeffery to backward point to nurse his wounds and keep him out of the action for a rest of the innings.

With only 8 overs left, I was relieved of the keeping duties when Dylan threw me the ball. I was yet to take a wicket on tour and I was starting to feel as though it was a dream I was destined never to realize. I felt as though I finally had a captain that supported me for the first time on tour, the one armed Dylan was sensitive to my own one legged injuries.

He gave me the wind and the downhill end, my bowling plan was to bowl straight and make sure Bryce "budgie" Heath was nowhere near the wicket so he could not drop another catch off my bowling.

My first ball was amazingly straight and poor old batsman Johnny Clifton must have lost it in the trees as it crashed into off stump, I could now leave England happy.

With confidence now at an all-time high, a short wide ball to the last remaining batsman, a fierce square cut to backward point....smash straight into Jeffery!! The terracotta wicket was smashed off him, but luckily Jeffery was ok, but Goodwood UK claimed another 5 penalty runs!!

We moved Jeffery to the spot where you put all injured players, he was sent to patrol the fine leg boundary. Next ball I over corrected, strayed onto the pads and the batsman glanced it. It was as

though the next few seconds were in slow motion; we held our breath as the ball raced over the dry turf heading towards the boundary. Jeffery the gnome knew that every run was going to be crucial and like the true team man that he had been on tour, he put his body on the line to stop a certain four. Jim Lewellyn let out a loud cry of anguish as Jeffery exploded into shards of terracotta, he had stopped a four but Goodwood UK claimed a third 5 run penalty!! Jim cradled the crumpled pile of clay, Jeffery's upper torso still intact and that cheeky smile ever present, even with the loss of his legs.

Our skipper picked up the final wicket and his fourth on tour, the most by a Goodwood player with a plaster cast on his arm in history. Goodwood UK finished with a competitive 162.

What had become a reliable top order of Cook, Potts Lewellyn and Scroop failed for a rare time on tour, the slow wicket coupled with good bowling saw us in deep trouble at 5/38. The odd time our top order did not pile on the runs, Bryce Heath and Pyro would be there to get us to a competitive score, not today and at 7 for 85 it seemed the tour was going to finish on a sour note.

Almost every loss on tour was due to an international player on the other side. Our first loss to Hagley due to an Aussie making 80. Game three saw a South Australian make 82 in a narrow Goodwood win. Linden Park had three South African professionals help dismantle us and our loss in Ireland was on the back of an Aussie top scoring and a New Zealander grabbing crucial wickets.

Finally, unlike the war (sorry too soon?) two Poms came to save us. Henry Smith and Scott Woodroffe revelled in the local conditions putting on an unbeaten 80 run partnership to steer us home to an unlikely victory, both were chuffed and will go down in Goodwood Australia folklore as the two Poms that helped us knock off the "other Goodwood".

Goodwood Australia, 7/164 H.Smith 56\*, P Woodroffe 42\*

Defeated

Goodwood UK 162, Gidding 2/24, C.Smith 2/16, Scroop 2/8

As we celebrated the two great Goodwood clubs, in the stunning evening sun, the two clubs became one and will forever share a common bond. Goodwood UK threw a Bbq and beers and we "talked cricket" well into the night. The local boys also entertained us with an impromptu rendition of the hurriedly penned song "We are the real Goodwood" which was a great laugh.

The two clubs also spent a moment as we buried our mascot Jeffery (well the bottom half anyhow) under the huge 300 year old cedar tree, the flag was at half-mast as all the players filed past the grave to throw a handful of the hallowed Goodwood Estate turf over Jeffery's lifeless body. If we return to the UK again we most certainly will visit the final resting place of our good mate. The top half of Jeffery did come home with us and he now sits proudly in Jim Lewellyn's outdoor entertaining area.

There were stump runs and even a Goodwood 11 sightscreen to sightscreen running race, I wish we got a video of this as it would have been hilarious to see our sore and battered bodies being dragged

over the 200 metres after 11 games of cricket, over 800 overs in 23 days. From memory Bryce Heath won the race that's how slow we were!

Thanks so much to James Mayne and all the boys at Goodwood UK they are a cracking bunch of lads, we had such a brilliant time and we sincerely hope we will see you again, either back in the UK or perhaps in Australia. If you are ever down Chichester way drop in, say g'day and look at their amazing ground and pavilion.

We spent the final day in Chichester and headed back towards Heathrow for the long flight home. It was hard to believe that it was all over and something we had dreamed about all our lives had been ticked off the bucket list.

We had one final stop as we boarded the tube and headed to north London to visit the home of a good mate of Jim's that had spent time with us while in the UK, the mighty, "Steeeeeamshovel" as Jim affectionately calls him. We had a lovely dinner at the Steeeeeeamshovels home, thanks mate for hosting a great night.

The next morning at Heathrow we were greeted with drizzly rain, the first time we had seen precipitation on tour during the three and a half weeks. By the time we disembarked in Dubai eight hours later, England was experiencing flooding, we really were kissed on the you know what with the weather.

It is really hard to sum up the tour. Everything went so smoothly even the bad bits when you look back on them were experiences that added to the tour. Of course, we must thank all the hosting clubs, we were looked after so brilliantly by each and every one. We can look back at each fixture and have a favourite moment or scene that we will remember forever.

Thanks to all the guys who took part in the trip, we had around 20 in total come in and out of the tour. It was a diverse bunch of blokes but this made it so much better, certainly not boring, we just had so many laughs.

Thanks in particular to Lloyd, Potsy (tour treasurer), Jim and Jon who committed to the trip from day one and this really was the catalyst to turn beer talk into the time of our lives.

Thanks to Jon Giddings, the bloke is a legend, a great supporter of the club and it was his doing and support that we were fitted out in the great tour attire.

Thanks to the people in the UK that helped organize the fixtures and bookings especially Fox Swannell, James Mayne, Stuart Clarke and Errol Valentine.

Thanks to all the wonderful new friends we met in England, this is really the reason we play sport. When complete strangers can, from opposite sides of the world, come together and have a game of cricket, share a drink and talk cricket....priceless. Particular thanks to the few guys that filled in for us at times throughout the tour when we were short Andrew Smith, Andy Poutney, Tom Cunningham, Kyle Adcock, Tim Munro, Phil Brown, Daniel Payne, Toggers, Cameron and Henry Smith and Mr Steeeeeeamshovel.

A final and most important thankyou to our great mate Scott "The Pom" Woodroffe. There is no doubt that if Scott did not visit Goodwood Cricket Club in 2006 this tour would not have happened.

We were so chuffed to come and visit him, for Scott to spend 3 weeks with us touring around his great country. Speaking for myself he is one of my very best mates and I miss him dearly, it was pretty hard to say goodbye, that night at Goodwood Estate. We will see you again soon mate.

My highlights are many, too many. Every day and I really mean, every day was a highlight. For the blokes on the trip they will know what I mean when I rattle off just a few...in chronological order:

- Calf cramps in roundabouts
- Cheap beers at the servo in Cambridgeshire.
- The receptionist at Olivers Lodge
- Waking up in hay fields in St Ives and Swanny being sunburnt, how do you get sunburnt at night?
- Driving into Hagley Cricket Ground
- Fielding short leg to Andy Poutney.....I'll take the crucifixion thanks.
- Andy Poutney getting the shits on when Potsy wanted to move him in the field
- Tom Cunningham not making it to a skied catch at Hagley
- The house in Stratford, that poor toilet under the stairs
- Bubble and squeak at Stratford
- The worst burgers at Stratford, even Potsy could not eat them
- Dylan retrieving the ball for the first time out of stinging nettles at Stratford. "These weeds bite"
- William Shattner's house
- Sharing cricket stories with Darren Lehmann
- Having a photo with Rodney Marsh "do you mind if we have a photo Rodney"
- The bus ride home from Worcester, that bus driver was a champion.
- Dinner in a 500 year old pub in Stratford Upon Avon
- Dickens Cider
- That Mediterranean restaurant in Chipping Camden
- The sun on Stoneleigh Abbey, "How's the set up"
- The kid that found the ball at Stoneleigh after it got hit into the stratosphere
- Stoneleigh CC changing rooms
- Venison Curry at the Badgers Holt, Bridgetown, Somerset.
- Bridgetown opening batsman wiping blood off his bat

- Playing a cover drive at Bridgetown only to see it roll back down the hill to mid off for no run.
- Jim Llewellyn fielding at Bridgetown
- Retrieving balls from the river Exe
- Standing in the river Exe in my jocks with Red and Pyro
- Ciders at The Badgers Holt
- In the middle of Somerset "Have you got any ciders"
- The drive home with Rino from Bridgetown to Bath
- Daniel Paynes shithouse directions on the way home from Bridgetown, is anyone in this car sober?
- Music in the bars in Dublin and dinner at 11.00pm.
- Dylan and Woodroffe discussing English politics in O'Donoghues bar
- Dinner with Lingard, f..king amazing.
- The clarinet recital
- The 10 minute curtain speech
- The red dress
- The Jon Giddings experiment
- The shithouse ATM outside the Hairy Lemon
- Double bourbons and coke.....and a coke
- The two cakes for afternoon tea at Linden Park
- Fuckin stinging nettles
- The West End of London.
- 10 pound all you can eat pizza in London that cost 30 pounds.
- The guy with his pubes hanging out on the train to Beckenham
- The 75 minute afternoon tea at Beckenham, Pims and port for the lunchbreak
- Cooking kangaroo steaks and drinking warm Sav Blanc from the cupboard at Sparsholt.
- Fursty Ferrets
- Jeffery 1 and Jeffery 2, R.I.P
- A terracotta gnome was not the worst fielder on tour

-Goodwood Cricket Club Clubhouse

-Vomit on cricket pitches

-Goodwood CC UK singing "we are the real Goodwood"

-We still all owe Bryce 50 pence

-Dylan's impersonations of Pikey and Red

-Pikey and Red

-Most of all spending 23 days with my mates playing cricket in England, I still can't believe it.

For the blokes on the trip as well, here are some of the nicknames and sayings from the tour.

The Tralier, The great Scottsman, The Therapist, The Snowball, The Budgie, Seven Chickens, Black Puddin Soup, Noddy, Blue Light, The Weed, Mr Steeeeeeamshovel.

The Sayings

"How's the set up boys".

"Faaaaarkin Scroopy I'll be right up his date".

"Got Your tickets Mark?"

"Even the weeds have pretty flowers"

"Landmines".

"Black Puddin Soup"

"I'll take the crucifixion"

So that's it. That was the tour. If you wanted to come and you didn't, you missed that absolute time of your lives. It's beer talk no more, we did it and we have ticked it off our bucket list. If you were at the club at all during season 2013/14 I am sure you are probably thoroughly sick of all the stories that you have heard from all the boys that did make the trip. Make your own memories next time and get on board, you won't be disappointed as Goodwood tackles the most picturesque cricket grounds of Yorkshire then you won't be sick of the stories in 2018/19, you will be telling them.

Cheers Scroopy

Goodwood Roos Tour of the UK

June 29<sup>th</sup> to July 24<sup>th</sup> 2013

“The first 9”

Jason Scroop

Warwick Potts

Lloyd Cook

Jim Lewellyn

Jon Giddings

Dylan Turner

Mark Hardham

Bryce Heath

Jason Pike

Guest Goodwood CC appearances from:

Chris Muggleton

Jeff Emmel

Scott Woodroffe

Tim Munro

Daniel Payne

Lingard Goulding