

Match Report 05/01/2019

Canterbury Vets vs Maidstone Vets

HT 25 - 18

FT 50 - 36

Tries

Chris Howson x 3

Richard Cutbill (Converted by Richard Cutbill)

Ben Tugwell (Converted by Richard Cutbill)

Ben Court (Converted by Ben Court)

Squad

01 [Andrew Ribbans](#)

02 [Mark Ingram](#)

03 [Martin Maytum](#)

04 Neil Cole (Captain)

05 [Karim Neseiyif](#) (Lazarus)

06 [Colin Frost](#)

07 [Simon Wright](#)

08 [Ben Court](#)

09 [Ben Tugwell](#)

10 [Richard Cutbill](#)

11 [Anthony Round](#)

12 [Eugene Moore](#)

13 [Danny McLeish](#)

14 Chris Howson [Eva Howson](#)

15 [Stuart Bates](#)

00 R, J and [David Tugwell](#) (Waterboy / Coach / Medic / Photographer)

99 Nick Cracknell (First Aider / Critic / Motivator)

[Neil Cole](#) - Skipper / Manager & Match Reporter;

The club are under pressure from Kent rfu to fulfil our league fixtures so it came as no surprise at selection when I was asked if we would cancel our friendly and take on the 3s league fixture.

They were both away and about the same distance and to be honest we have a far bigger recent history with Canterbury 5s than with Blackheath bandits. We as vets normally play them at least once a season. The final nail in the coffin was that it goes against everything I believe in to play on a 3G pitch, so for me a no brainer, lets get muddy in Canterbury.

Due to injuries and unavailability's we had a bare 15 for this week's game, and a change from norm was that 60% of the players met at the club. However at 12.20pm my phone rang and as I looked at the name on the screen I found myself swearing as it was not the one I wanted to see. But this was a rare call from a normally very dependable team member, although it does put him in the running for TOTM (however as we go to press he's just contacted me and is making amends by bringing along 3 under 18s to this weeks game, which is fantastic as were struggling for numbers at the moment).

So with a team of 14 off we set, normally I would take my van but this week I opted for some comfort having been offered a lift by Colin Frost in his Merc AMF. Well I have to say it was like stepping into a Soho gay bar with purple banded lights at every possible orifice, a little bit worrying was that out of the vast spectrum of colours available this was Colin's preferred choice. However it was a nice ride and I would recommend you take Colin up if he ever offers you a ride (in his car). On arrival at Canterbury I was pleasantly surprised to find out that Karim had bought his Kit (for emergencies only). He was out on grounds of Man (the fcuk up) Flu and to be honest he looked like shite with a shade of the John Major about him, but it gave us 15 so who gives a monkeys do da how he felt, and as for looks, well?

A quick look around the changing room and all seemed fine, and then I notice Tuglett in the corner, what's he up to I thought (NO. it wasn't that) he was stuffing Bananas down his throat like a prostitute on ecstasy, having suffered with calf cramp in the previous two games and having had the piss ripped out of him (youngest player, most are 3 times his age, how unfit, try getting

off your X box) to name but a few. So he was quietly trying every old wives tale in the book to try and stop it happening again. Tuggy must be so proud!

And so we headed out to the pitch. We were playing on the field behind the club house which had a slope into the far corner. I won the toss (and still didn't manage to catch the coin). I elected to kick up hill and they kicked off.

A fine catch by the skipper (Karims words), well I didn't expect that, he caught it (Coach Tuggys words) and apparently I looked like I shite myself (Wrightys words) well it was a really high kick giving 3 players a perfectly timed chance to put me in hospital as I caught it. Somehow it got recycled and we were off into their half. 5minutes later and young Chris Howson was slipped the ball out wide on the left wing after some terrific handling by the three quarters of Richard Cutbill at 10, Eugene Moore at 12 and Danny McLeash at 13. Chris showed his pace and aloof running, carving his way around three of the Canterbury players to score the first try of the afternoon and His first of three. Unfortunately we were not graced with his mums company that afternoon where Eva would have witnessed one of the best trys of the match, and more importantly, would have been able to get a jug of beer in, on his behalf (for some reason nobody was bothered about his dad not being their). And Chris, Jug avoidance is a heinous crime. And as such I'm sure the matter will be dealt with. later.

Back to the game. From the restart we quickly found ourselves back in the opposition half were the forwards exerted pressure until we were up in there 22, a break from Tuglett (playing 9) found him out wide and heading for the corner flag with one man to beat, but in true Tugwell style (why go the easy route). Tuglett decided to step inside, straight into the path of a covering centre, another side step and another covering centre. Another step and a spin out of the tackle and he was over for a well placed try just right of the posts and an extra 2 points from our conversion kicker Richard Cutbill. 12 points ahead in 15 minutes, a great start. I'm reliably informed (by his mum) that despite the minimal warm up this is thanks to the focused pre match coaching from Tuggy.

Unfortunately our dominance did not last as Canterbury then retaliated with a brace of their own. Confidence was still high and we stuck to the game plan of trying to play in their half and eventually we were rewarded with another great try from winger Chris Howson who scored out wide on the left flank.

The slope of the pitch started to have an effect on our old legs and with Canterbury playing a fast and loose, open game we found ourselves pinned in our own 22 for a while and finally the ref took us back for an infringement, Canterbury sprinted over to the referee and took a quick tap penalty 8meters off our try line, we were slow to respond and they went over in the corner. Canterbury continued to play their fast pace game leaving us fragmented in defence as we got sucked in at the breakdown, and by half time they had one more score on the board and we were 25 to 18 down.

At the half time team talk Karim looked at me and asked if Chris May had made it, after getting held up at work Chris thought he would make it for half time. And that was how I had convinced Karim to put on his kit. When I replied that it doesn't look like it, the expression on his face was priceless. But he sucked it up and returned to the pitch for the second half. I think you owe Karim a pint of water [Chris May!](#)

The second half continued in much the same fashion as the first half ended, we were just off the pace, a split second behind Canterbury who Jackled the ball quickly and effectively when we were tackled, turning over ball and then picking and driving from the back of the rucks. That wasn't to say we were out of the game, but they scored two tries before we responded with a try in the left hand corner by Chris Howson again, after Tuglett made a great break and linked up with his mate Chris who took the ball at pace right on the edge of his finger tips.

Much of the half at this point was played in the centre of the pitch with both teams giving as much as they received, a real bruising game. A Canterbury prop finally broke through our defence from the edge of the 22 to score under the posts. And this was shortly followed by a try on the left hand side by their winger.

The resilience and spirit of the Maidstone team was commendable, our heads stayed up and despite Karims flagging body and numerous other injuries to players such as Danny McLeash and Eugene Moore in the centres we started to turn the table and Canterbury started to give away penalties, so we kicked for touch and the combination of Colin Frost and myself (mainly Colin) going up in the lineout worked well. We then started to dominate in the scrums with Mark

Ingram hooking everything in sight and the props getting under their opposite numbers and getting the drives going. 10 minutes to go and Flanker Wrighty takes a blow to the face and he's off the field due to the blood pouring from his nose, we thought it was bust and we were down to 14 men. But full credit, Nick Cracknell was at hand to take the piss as Tuggy stuffed half a triangular bandage up his nostrils to stop the flow, and then he was back on the pitch (I was a first aider for 15 years when I worked for the MOD and that's the first time I've seen a triangular bandage used, I had always wondered why they were in the first aid box).

A fantastic clearance kick by right winger Anthony Round from the halfway line, saw a spiralling ball land in space behind his opposite number which then bounced into touch for a lineout just of their 5meter line. This kick was just the boost the team needed and the final 10 minutes saw us playing in the opposition half. This was shortly followed by a scrum awarded 8meters out, which saw us drive over their try line, only to see the ball pop out the back of the scrum before we could get it grounded. Tuglett was quick to react and a ball out to Richard Cutbill saw him crash over for another try, Richard then converted the kick for the extra 2 points.

As far as we were concerned the game wasn't over, we stuck at it with great carries from The front three of Mayhem, Andy Rimmer and Mark Ingram and 8 Ben Court. The ferocity of the tackles from the two centres of Cutbill and Moore were a delight to watch and as a consequence Canterbury never got back out of their own half. The last play of the game was a scrum 10meters out which saw us drive their pack back 5meters (I'm not sure where Karim mustered up the strength from) Ben Court then broke off the back, and lets face it, who's going to stop him from 5meters, and sure enough he bulldozed his way over just right of the posts. What we didn't expect was for Ben to kick his conversion (Legend)!

We returned to the warmth of the changing rooms where Karim started to shake uncontrollably as the effects of the game started to take hold, surprisingly though, nobody offered to share bodily warmth with him.

Man of the Match - Contenders:-

Chris (I prefer playing sports with a weapon) Howson
Fantastic running, scorer of 3 tries, didn't shirk a tackle and bounced through several big units that made up the very physical "Cants" team.

Ben Tugwell - playing with supreme confidence, setting up tries, scoring and putting in big tackles.

Ben Court - always a contender, never puts in less than a mighty shift.

To be honest it could have been any one as all players gave no less than 100%

Winner = KARIM as I can't quite believe what you did for your team. Truly put his body on the line for his mates.

(It was so nearly Chris Howson, but like I said earlier. Jug avoidance is a heinous crime).

Twat of the Match - Contenders:-

Karim Neseyif - for turning up when he should have stayed in bed and had a much easier day.

Neil Cole - for letting Sharon wash his favourite hoodie, (subsequently shrunk) which then clearly dominated his mood / thoughts and match preparation.

Anthony Round - for living closest to this away venue and only just getting to the match on time.

Eva Howson - for not believing in her son and not providing sufficient funds to get the jug in.

Winner = Neil Cole - item of clothing not shrunk after all, but rather Neil undergone an increase in mass over Xmas & New Year. Photo evidence attached.(Karims choice)

(I would have chosen [Matthew Ellesmere](#) for crying off with Man (the Feck up) flu. Karim Manned up!)

Report and research by Karim and your skipper.

A Cracking match to open the new year with. Well done to all who played and supported.